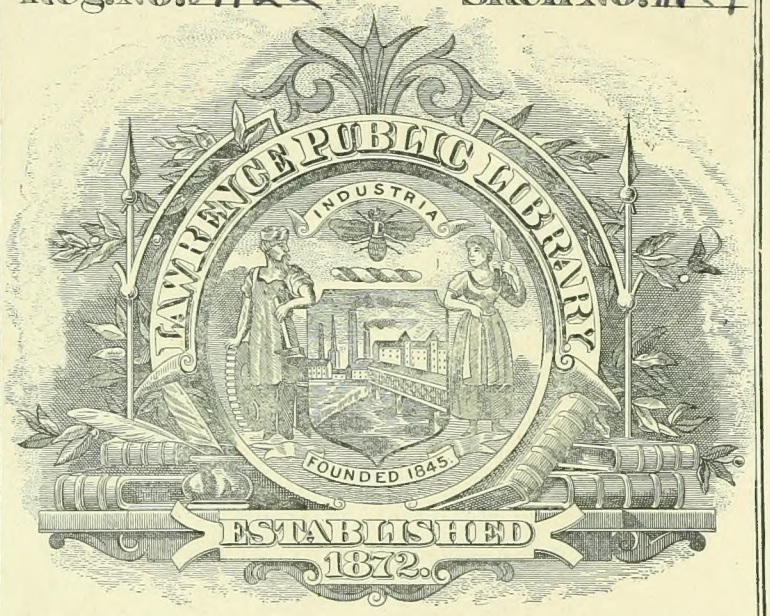
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VOLUME XLVI
PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1918, TO APRIL, 1919

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

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"THUS WERE THE SONS OF FRANCE CALLED TO WAR."

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI NOVEMBER, 1918 No. 1

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"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER I

AUGUST 1, 1914

FOR every boy and girl in France the beginning must have been much the same. We were at dinner, I remember, and some trivial matter had set me laughing. Father eyed me, puzzled at the cause of my merriment, yet soon joined gaily.

"I don't know what has started you, Jeannette, my child," he cried, "but that laugh of yours would make an image grin!"

At that moment Eugénie, her wrinkled hands a-tremble, brought in the card and placed it beside Father's plate. The sight of it sobered us instantly. Papa looked at Grandpère, then turned to me.

"It has come!" he said quietly.

"But must you go at once?" I asked, surprised to see him rise from his half-eaten meal.

"At once, *ma petite fille,*" he answered. "An officer has many things to do ere his men arrive."

A moment later he had kissed us and was gone.

So in a thousand thousand homes throughout the length and breadth of our dear land, had come this silent summons. The small bit of cardboard still lay upon the white cloth at Father's place. It was as if a hand had touched him gently on the shoulder, bidding him go forth, if need be to die. Thus were the sons of France called to war.

But as yet I did not understand. Father's absence would be no new thing, for he was often on business in England for a month at a time and occasionally had left us abruptly as he had this night. Nothing was changed. Eugénie moved about the table, muttering prophecies of woe, but her words seemed only echoes of the stories I had heard since my babyhood. Grandpère, who did not comprehend, prattled like a child, crying sharply now and then, *"A bas Bismarck!"* as he did a score of times a day.

I finished my dinner without tasting what I ate, my thoughts centered upon the impossible task of trying to realize what this war was to bring us.

The ringing of the bell roused me, and Julie, our little maid, ushered in Madame Garnier, our good neighbor. She glanced at Father's place, and finding him gone, embraced me.

"Ma pauvre petite!"

She half smothered me in her ample arms, but held me only for a moment.

"C'est incroyable!" ["It is incredible!"]

I cannot believe it will come to anything. I heard a rumor that the cards of mobilization were out, but I could not credit it."

"Father has gone," I murmured.

"But he will come back, my child!"

And she was still insisting that the war was impossible, when Madame Paul Barton, with little Jacques, her son, and her daughter Heloise, came in to see us.

"Oh, Jeannette!" Madame Barton half-sobbed as she caught sight of me, "there is an empty place in our house, too!" She took me in her arms and kissed me. "The women of France must manage alone now," she added.

"But it is incredible that we should have war," Madame Garnier began again, while I ran to Heloise, my best friend.

Heloise is fifteen,—that is to say, just my age,—and we have shared our little secrets since we were able to whisper them to each other. She is so pretty and so sweet, and now her papa has gone, too!

We embraced, and I was near to tears for the first time.

"Oh, Jeannette," she murmured in my ear, "it is dreadful, this war!"

"Yes, yes, but as yet I do not understand."

"Nor I. Father left us quick—like that!" Heloise made a swift gesture. "And poor *maman!* She held back her tears, but her heart is very heavy. It is not clear to me, this war."

"Nor to me. But it will be sad and many will die," I answered, with a shake of my head.

"Yes, that is so," she agreed gravely; and then, her face lighting a little, "but I do not fear for my papa. I am sure he will be spared."

And at this remark I realized that like Heloise, I, too, was sure my papa would live to come back to me. I was very sure of this. I could not believe that anything would happen to him; but of Monsieur Barton I was not so sure. I found myself much more anxious on Heloise's account than on my own, and I know now that, in the early days, each of us in France was brave in the confidence that death would spare the one we loved the best.

Heloise and I fell silent, listening to Madame Garnier still insisting something would save us from the war. Madame Barton did not share this view, though she was quick to hope that Madame Garnier might be right. We all tried to talk cheerfully, but now and then there would come sudden pauses in the conversation, and it was in one of these that we heard the voice of little Jacques talking to Grandpère.

"And you know, Colonel de Martigny," he was saying, his eyes sparkling and his slender figure as straight as an arrow, "soon I shall be a soldier and fight for France!"

With a stifled exclamation of pain, Madame Barton went swiftly to her son and took him in her arms. I think her heart was too tender just then to suffer the thought of her boy being taken from her; and somehow, after that, we found little to say to one another.

Presently my good friends went home, promising to see me on the morrow, and I was left alone with Grandpère.

"A fine lad, the little Jacques," he repeated to himself softly. "A fine lad, who will make a fine soldier some day."

"It 's time for bed, Grandpère," I said, putting an arm about his shoulder, for I loved him very dearly.

"Is it, indeed, time?" he questioned, with a glance at the clock. "Perhaps, perhaps," he murmured. "But where is Louis?"

It was of his son, my papa, he asked.

"He has gone to the war, Grandpère," I answered, wondering if he would comprehend.

He looked at me quizzically for a moment, then slowly shook his head.

"The war is over, my dear," he said, very gently, as if talking to a little child. "It is all over. The army has surrendered at Sedan, and our poor, poor France is beaten!" Then, with a sudden strengthening of his voice, *"À bas Bismarck!"*

In that short sentence he seemed to express all the scorn and loathing he felt for those bitter enemies of France across the Rhine. The pain he had suffered at their

hands when he was a young man had left its mark so deeply printed upon his brain that he had understood nothing of what had happened in the world since that *"année terrible,"* forty-four years before.

Once more *les barbares* were battering at the gates of France. Incredible though it was, war had come again; but as yet I had no measure of its meaning.

Chapter II.

"La Marseillaise"

On the morrow Grandpère and I went out for our usual walk. It was our habit to visit the cathedral first; we never tired of gazing up at it, and often we stepped within to say a prayer; then on to the Faubourg Céres to sit for an hour or so under the trees in the park.

On other mornings we should have found few people upon the streets, for the August sun was hot; but it was soon plain that a great change had come over the old city of Rheims. There were many abroad, all moving hurriedly and breathlessly.

As we approached the cathedral, along the rue Libergier, there came the beat of marching men, singing as they marched. At the sound of their voices Grandpère halted, straightened his old shoulders, and saluted, soldier-fashion, while into my heart there came the first throb of that deep pain which was to abide there and become a part and parcel of my daily life.

We moved on with the thickening crowd into the Place du Parvis. Above us rose the towers of the cathedral, and before the great doorway stood the bronze figure of Jeanne d'Arc upon her horse. There she sat, the gentle patron saint of soldiers, as a regiment of infantry marched into the square. They swung past the statue, saluting as they went—and oh, how brave they looked in their scarlet-faced blue coats and kepis decked with flowers! The August sun flashed on the rifle-barrels, and their red trousers made a fine show, filling the way with color as on a gala day.

But there was no joy in the faces of the men, though here and there one laughed recklessly as if to prove his courage. For the most part these soldiers of France gazed ahead. In their eyes I read a determination to meet whatever Fate held in store for them, a resolve to go through with this grim business, come what might.

At first I saw but a blur of features as they passed, and then, with a shock, I recognized Pierre, our butcher's boy, bearing a rifle with the best of them. Yesterday he had been dressed in a white apron, and whistled gaily as he carried his basket from house to house. To-day he was a soldier, this little Pierre, the butcher's boy. A moment later came one of our school teachers, leaving behind him a good wife and three small children. Farther on, I caught sight of the assistant to Monsieur Cartier, the apothecary, a pale young man, whose uniform seemed much to big for him and hung in folds about his narrow chest. One after another I discovered the familiar faces of those whose lives I touched lightly day by day; but now they had found a warm place in my heart. Of a sudden these scarcely known friends had grown dear to me and their fortunes became of great importance.

Yet at the moment I was scarcely conscious of what I saw. My soul was filled with what I heard, for as the soldiers marched they sang the "Marseillaise," not as I had heard it sung hundreds of times before, but with a new meaning, as if the words themselves had become alive.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étandard sanglant est levé."

Now, indeed, were the children of France called to battle against the tyrant! The day had come! The men sang, not with joy in their voices, not with gladness nor with homage to the land they loved; but with a deep-throated chant of challenge.

"Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!"

It seemed that already these men had heard the shouts of our fierce enemies who were flying toward us intent upon killing the sons of France.

"Aux armes, citoyens!"

The cry came crisp and sharp, as a thousand men lifted their voices, marching to the beat of it.

"To arms, citizens!"

And they had answered; from city and hamlet; from farm and factory; from the black depths of mines and the glittering shops of Paris, the citizens of France had answered. The whole land was ringing with the "Marseillaise," but it was no longer a song to be sung with glad hearts at the end of a happy day. No, no! It was a sober call to arms. It was the anthem of a nation which, living and wanting to live in peace, had, without warning, been struck at, with all the menace of a brutal people who would, if they could, kill the soul of France and make her sons their slaves.

"To arms, citizens!"

And here were the citizens in their scarlet trousers and blue coats, marching! The old men, the women and children, stood looking with white faces as sons and fathers marched on. It was not for us to join that chorus—we who watched. The grim reality struck like iron into our hearts. We could but abide, mute and trembling, while the call was raised to those who must bear the heavy burden.

"Marchons! Marchons!"

To what? To what were they marching, these brave citizen soldiers? Many to death, all to bitter suffering, hardship, and unknown terror. But they marched! The sons of France strode on, chanting the "Marseillaise" which had become once more what it had been at first, a battle hymn. It was no longer a song but a summons.

The last of the regiment filed past, and their voices grew more and more distant as they turned toward the rue de Vesle on their way to the railroad station to depart, we knew not whither.

Now at last I had begun to understand. That growing fear, with which I think the children of France are born; the constant threat of a brutal people near us; the uneasiness of living side by side with overbearing, ill-mannered neighbors we could not trust; these things had become a part of us, and the time had arrived when they must be forever banished. War had come! The citizens of the French Republic were marching to the front, to die by thousands that there might be peace in the world for all time. It was plain enough now, even to me, a child. Heartsick with dread, I, and hundreds about me, stood listening with straining ears to catch the last sound.

High above us rose the lofty towers of the cathedral, pointing to the blue arch of a cloudless sky. Like a calm sentinel before them stood the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, her gentle eyes lifted to Heaven, as if bidding us look up. In her right hand she held a sword, not raised in a gesture of warlike defiance, but rather as if she begged a blessing upon a weapon newly unsheathed in the defence of the dear country she so loved. From afar came faintly the brave words of our holy hymn, sung with high courage and high resolve: *"Marchons! Marchons!"*

Chapter III

ADIEU ET AU REVOIR

After an interval of tense silence, the crowd began to move toward the railroad station. I knew what that meant—instantly my thoughts flew to my papa.

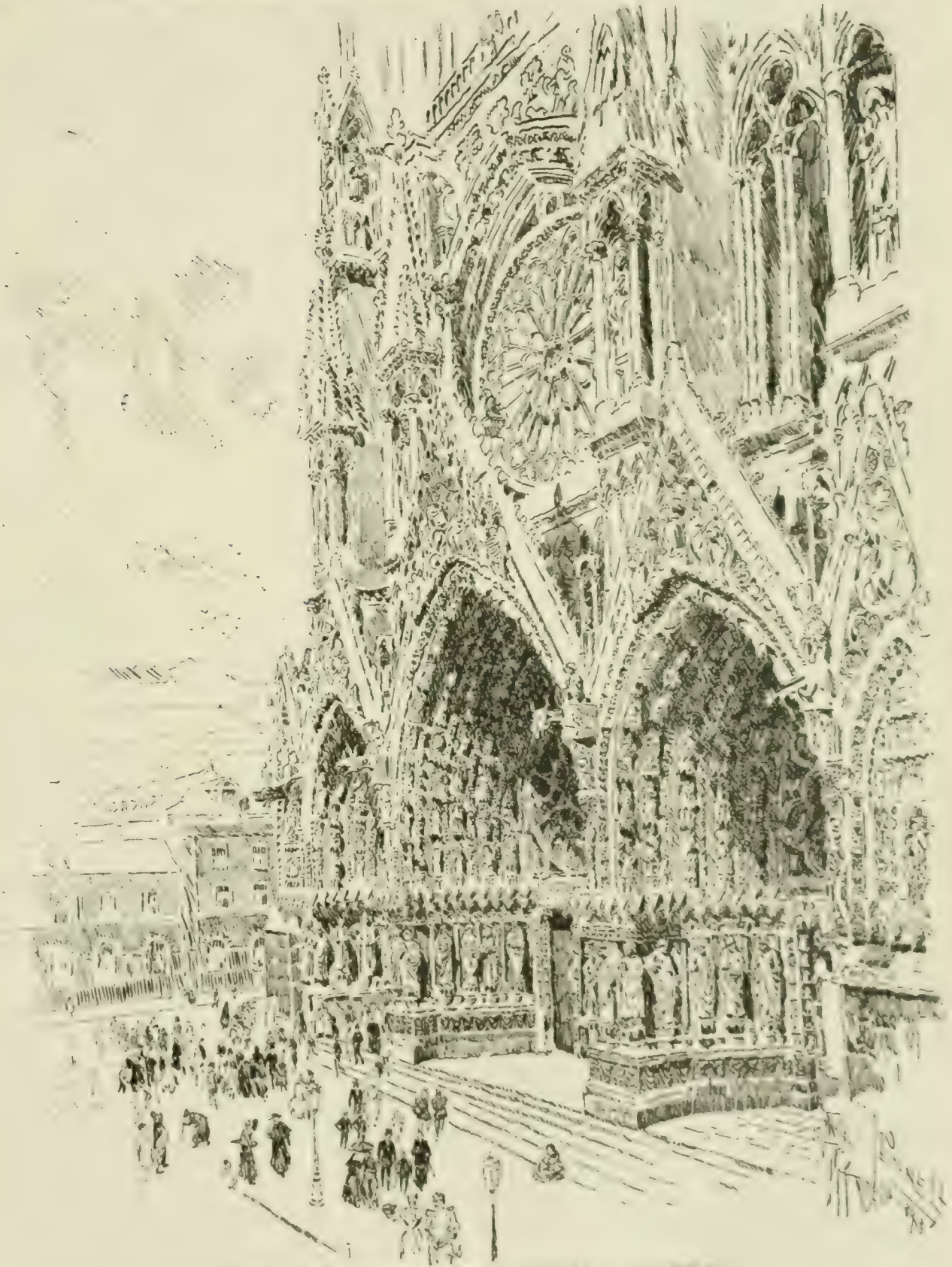
"We must go home at once, Grandpère!" I said, taking him by the arm, for it would be impossible to guide him through the press of people who would gather to say good-by to those they loved.

Having left him with Eugénie, I hurried to the Gare des Voyageurs, where our men were to entrain.

As I had expected, the place was thronged with soldiers, their wives and children. Looking at their faces in my

search for Papa, I found there the first signs of a grim determination to endure. They were pale and drawn, as if gripping hearts held the red blood from their cheeks. They spoke little, but gazed long at each other, to print indelibly in each mind the features of the beloved.

About me were murmurs, scraps of sentences, telling by their very meagreness the depths of anguish suffered.



"THE CALM BEAUTY OF THAT GLORIOUS BUILDING."

"But Paul—my love—my poor darling!" The tears were very close.

Then a manly voice, as the soldier took his wife in his arms.

"It is for the country—my duty. I shall come back to you. Courage, *ma mignonne!*"

How many hundred times, I wonder, did I hear those words that day, said hopelessly, said recklessly, said bravely?

I saw Papa at last, and elbowed my way through the press to his side.

"Ah, my little Jeannette!" he cried, greeting me tenderly. He smiled; but as he looked down into my eyes I saw in his the shadow he wished to hide. In mine he must have read the struggle I had to keep them dry of tears.

"My brave girl!" he murmured, patting my shoulder with a loving hand; "I shall soon come back to thee and the good Grandpère."

Presently we discussed the household affairs, the ways and means of carrying on our home while he was away; but we talked hurriedly, jerking out a sentence now and then, with long pauses in between, as people do whose thoughts are only half concerned with the things they speak of. How could I consider anything else when my dear Papa was about to leave me upon so grim an errand? That he would return, I dared not trust myself to doubt.

So we stood among that patient, anxious crowd of people, who waited the signal to start the trains upon their fateful journey. Hundreds of good-bys were to be said that would be final; and yet there were no tears. After all, to save France was no trivial matter to whimper over.

An Englishman, pushing his way through the dense throng, came near us, and Papa spoke to him eagerly.

"Monsieur, how is it with your countrymen? Will they join us?"

"Without doubt, England will come in," he answered; and a shout of joy went up from those who had heard.

"Comrade!" cried Father, with outstretched hand. The two gripped hands and looked into each other's eyes for a moment.

It was in the eyes that one read resolution and courage. Words came haltingly and seemed to have lost their meaning. A hand-grasp—a rough pat on the shoulder—a long look, eye to eye—a common language all might understand had taken the place of talk.

For the most part there was no hint of gaiety in that crowd. Once or twice a soldier laughed hysterically, and in a loud voice vowed we should make the Boche run for it when we met; but there was no encouragement of reckless boasting. It was a stern, sober gathering of the people of France who, though they might be confident of the outcome, realized the heavy task ahead and were brave to meet it. To this day I do not know how long we remained awaiting the signal that was to take away those we so dearly loved; but it came suddenly, like an unexpected blow.

"Alors, il faut dire adieu." ["We must say adieu."]

The words were all about us as Father took me in his arms.

And a little later I was alone among the women and children, staring at the long train pulling slowly out of the station.

"Bonne chance! Bonne chance!"

We cried good luck after them, forcing the words through throats choked with tears.

"Vive la France!"

Till those we loved were out of sight, we strove to play our part, lifting our voices to give the shout a ring of sturdy courage.

We watched the train moving at a snail's pace at first, yet still moving whither we knew not, and gradually gathering speed until the last car flashed past. They were gone! We gazed after till the tears blurred our eyes.

"Vive la France!"

Our final salute came hoarsely, and trailed off into a moan of deep despair. Those we loved best were hastening away to the place of danger!

With a sob I turned, and, scarcely knowing in what direction I went, found myself presently before the gray doors of our great cathedral. Nor was I alone.

There was still a crowd about me, the same throng that had hastened with me from the station to this place of sure consolation. We entered silently, and never had the cool calm beauty of that glorious building so impressed me.

Above our bowed heads the light, filtering through a thousand panes of gorgeously colored glass, streamed like a radiance. High under the vaulted ceiling the blue of Heaven itself seemed to have found a resting place, and on every hand the untroubled eyes of graven saints seemed to look down in sympathy, easing our agony.

Before me, on the distant altar, the twinkling candles shone like stars of hope, and soon the air was filled with gentle music coming from afar. The choir sang, and I, too, lifted my voice to swell the prayer:

"Sauvez, sauvez la France!
Ne l'abandonnez pas!"

"Save, save France; do not abandon her!"

It was the "Canticle of the Abandoned Heart," written in the pain and stress of 1870.

Slowly my spirit found itself. In the peace of that stately building, under the mysterious spell of its holy beauty, my troubled soul was soothed. The aching burden was lifted; again came courage.

"Sauvez, sauvez la France!
Ne l'abandonnez pas!"

I repeated the words, and in them found my solace. It was not of myself that I must think, but of my country. I bowed my head anew, and prayed with all my strength that I, too, might play a worthy part in helping to save France.

Chapter IV

GATHERING CLOUDS

After a day or two of confusion, the life of the city went on much as it had before; except that we were all busier than we ever had been. Heloise and I were set to rolling bandages and preparing surgical dressings with Madame Barton, who found useful employment even for little Jacques. At spare moments we knitted, for the Abbé Chinot, of the cathedral, had preached to us of the needs of the soldiers. The hours sped fast, and from dawn till late at night we labored with a good will to do our part behind the lines.

In the early days of August, we were gladdened by the news that our armies were in Lorraine and old Eugénie was in an ecstasy of delight.

"We shall be back again at Courcelles!" she cried a dozen times a day; "back again in the old château! We shall be de Martignys once more and of some importance in the world!"

To her and to Grandpère this prospect meant much. When my papa was a baby, our family had been driven out of Alsace and the estates at Courcelles, where the Martignys had lived for many generations. Eugénie had been born on the land, and had served the family since the days of her girlhood, so it was more her home than it was mine. It was natural that she should long to return to it.

"Or what the *sales Boches* have left of it!" she would say venomously.

Hearing constantly of our family home had given me a great desire to live in the old château, where all the Martignys but me had been born. But against anticipating the fulfilment of this hope, Father had been at pains to warn me. He loved me doubly, for my own sake and because of that dear *maman* who had died when I was a baby, and he spoke to me of all he was interested in as if I had been grown up. To add to this intimacy, he had taught me English, in which he was proficient, and as I grew older we talked together in that language for practice. So I came to understand his point of view in regard to Courcelles. He had always insisted that, so far as France was concerned, we should never go to war to win back Alsace-Lorraine; and heretofore the possibility of our returning thither had been like a lovely dream which I never expected to come true.

Grandpère had been banished from Alsace by the Germans, because he had fought so well against them; but, as a result of a wound on the head, the orderly development of his mind had ceased, so that he lived wholly in the past, with, so far as we could judge, no appreciation of what had taken place in the world since that time.

Yet he recalled the earlier period constantly, repeating again and again stories of the war, events in the history of the château, description of the domain, and a thousand and one anecdotes of our ancestors. All were to me more interesting than any book I had ever read; but of these tales one, in particular, came close to my heart.

It concerned a distant kinsman named Jean, a knight of Metz. He it was who, with one other, escorted Jeanne d'Arc from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, where she saw the dauphin. Save only the peasants, this knight of Metz was the very first to have faith in the Maid, and always since that day there has been a girl in our family named after her. In this generation I am that girl, and to me has been intrusted a holy relic bequeathed by Jean of Metz. It is a little sandal of soft leather, which, so says the parchment relating to it, Jeanne d'Arc had worn when she came to Vaucouleurs from Domrémy. The Martignys had guarded it through generation after generation since the fifteenth century. And I kept it, carefully wrapped in silk and hidden away in a box of scented wood. To me the little sandal was very precious and sacred.

Now that the French soldiers were fighting in Lorraine the prospect of a return to our old estates became a possibility. But, very soon, the glad faces we had been meeting in the streets disappeared. The newspapers, to be sure, gave no hint of reverses, but reports of disaster reached our ears, from unknown sources.

It was Madame Garnier who brought us all the latest tidings.

"The Crown Prince of Germany is in Lorraine!" she declared one afternoon. "They have taken Longwy!"

"How do you know?" Madame Barton demanded.

"All the world says so," was the reply. "It must be true. We are being beaten!" And, nigh weeping, she left us.

The next morning she came with a story of how the French had taken Metz, and was then as gay as she had been miserable before. But in neither case did we give much heed to her gossip.

Nevertheless there was a growing dread in our hearts that all was not well with our armies, and this was strengthened when we heard that Paris was preparing for a siege. That report shocked us like a blow. If Paris was expecting an attack, what of Rheims, miles nearer the advancing enemy? Never, in our most discouraged moments, had we admitted the possibility that our city was in danger.

In the first days of September the French capital was moved to Bordeaux, and on the morning we learned of it Madame Garnier brought further threatening tidings.

"We are lost!" she exclaimed. "The Boches are at Laon!"

"Impossible!" cried Madame Barton. "Laon is only forty kilometres away!"

"They are there," Madame Garnier insisted. "There is no doubt of it. Everybody is saying so. Rheims will be taken. We are lost, and what will become of Mimi?" It was of her poodle she was thinking. Her words silenced us, and Madame Barton's face grew white as she looked from Heloise to Jacques.

"I must make certain of this," she declared, rising and hastening away.

"Madame Barton will find it all too true," Madame Garnier repeated. "We are lost. Oh, *ma pauvre petite Mimi!*" And she, too, left us, with a look of despair.

Heloise and I rolled bandages in silence, but in a little while Madame Barton returned, and when we heard the door close we ran out into the hall.

"It is all true!" she said. "The Germans are at Laon! I am advised to flee from the city at once. Hundreds are already starting. For the sake of Heloise and Jacques, I, too, must go. You must come with us, Jeannette."

"But certainly you must," Heloise declared, putting an arm about me.

"I cannot leave Grandpère, Madame."

"Please!" Heloise begged.

But I shook my head. The reason was not clear to me, but in my heart there was a strong feeling that I must stay and face our enemies. What the good Jeanne d'Arc had done, I could do.

"Madame Barton," I said finally, "I know I am a weak girl; but the men of France are dying to hold back the Boches. My Papa is fighting, too, and he left our home in my charge. I cannot desert Grandpère and Eugénie, nor will I run from the Germans."

She looked earnestly at me for a moment and saw that I had made up my mind; then she came swiftly to my side and took me in her arms.

"I cannot say you are wrong, Jeannette," she said brokenly. "If I thought only of myself, certainly I would stay; but there are Heloise and little Jacques to be considered. I must go."

"You need not go on my account," cried Jacques. "I fear not the Boches!"

He said it so manfully, and yet with such a quaint strut of his slim figure that I laughed outright; and although Madame Barton's heart was filled with anxiety, she laughed also and the others joined in merrily.

"Oh, Jeannette!" exclaimed Heloise, kissing me good-by.

"It is a real gift thou hast, Jeannette," Madame Barton remarked. "Thy laughter has in it the quality of hope. I shall wait till to-morrow before I leave."



"'LISTEN! IT IS THE GERMAN GUNS.'"

I closed the door after they had gone, and turned to meet Eugénie. On her face was an expression that startled me.

"What is it, Eugénie?" I asked.

"Listen!" she half-whispered at my side.

At first no unusual sound caught my ear; then, very distant, I heard a low-toned rumbling.

"Is it a thunder-storm?" I asked.

"No," she muttered, "it is not a thunder-storm. It is a sound I have not heard for more than forty years."

"Tell me what it is," I demanded, though I had already guessed the answer.

"It is the German guns! Listen!"

(To be continued)

LITTLE MISS PINCKNEY

By ROSE MILLS POWERS

LITTLE Miss Pinckney, seven years old,
Very much scared, if the truth be told,
Journeying down in a coach to Kew,
The Princess Royal to interview;
In silk brocade and a feathered hat,
Her dear little heart going pit-a-pat,
And bearing a gift, if Her Highness please,
From Carolina, far overseas.

Little Miss Pinckney begs to say,
By Her Highness' leave, that she bore away
From her native land, with fond intent,
Three birds to Her Highness to present;
"An indigo bird and a nonpareil
And a yellow bird that singeth well."
She ends her speech, poor little dear,
With a muffled sob and a furtive tear.



"JOURNEYING DOWN IN A COACH TO KEW."



"PRATTLES ABOUT THE PRETTY BIRDS."

Little Miss Pinckney, scared to death,
All in a tremble and out of breath,
Finds herself on the princess' knee,
Cuddled and kissed by royalty;
And, soothed by Her Highness' kindly words,
Prattles about the pretty birds,
Red and yellow and green and blue,
In the rice plantations of Ashapoo.

E G.H.

Little Miss Pinckney, bless her heart!—
"Was n't London, so gay and smart,
Better by far than the strange wild west?"—
Answered she loved her own land best.
A loyal little colonial maid,
She spoke up bravely and unafraid,
Kissed royalty's hand, and courtesying low,
Little Miss Pinckney turned to go.

FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island"

CHAPTER I

JERRY GETS A LETTER

JERRY KENDALL leaned on the gate of the white picket fence and watched the leisurely approach of Dan Mellen, the postman. Dan was getting along in years and made slow work of the steeply winding road that led up from the wharves past the Kendall cottage and so on over the hill. Letters did not come very often to Jerry, but there was always the possibility, he reflected. Besides, there was no school today, he had nothing especial to do and, for almost the first time, there was a tinge of mildness in the fresh breeze that blew up from the harbor that made loitering there at the gate very pleasant.

The welcome March sun glinted on the water and caused the faded old buildings along the shore to look quite youthful and bright. A tramp steamer, hull-down on the horizon, left a long smudge of brown smoke against the crisp blue sky, while, just offshore, Trueman Wales' little power boat was chugging her way toward Peter's Point and the squat stone lighthouse. A few white sails dotted the harbor, but for the rest it was a peaceful scene that the boy looked down on. Like many another fishing town along the Maine coast, Anncove furnished few excitements and dozed untroubledly from year's end to year's end between green hills and ocean.

Presently, having arrived, much out of breath, before the gate, the postman, to Jerry's surprise, stopped and held forth a letter.

Dan went on up the road, and Jerry, opening the letter, read it. As he did so, walking up the short path that led to the small white cottage, a frown gathered on his brow, and there was a disconsolate tone in his voice as he announced at the kitchen doorway: "I 've got a letter from Uncle Caleb, Nan. He says— But I guess you 'd better read it."

His sister laid aside the towel with which she had been wiping the breakfast dishes and accepted the missive.

"Dear nephew, (she read) I want you should come down to Bangor Monday and start to work. There 's a vacancy and you might as well begin to earn your living now as later. I guess you 've had about as much schoolin' as you 'll ever need. Your aff. Uncle, Caleb Kendall."

Jerry watched Nan as she read, at the same time patting the head of Bumps, a liver-and-white spaniel which was greeting him enthusiastically. Though not particularly handsome, the boy's face was an attractive one. He had gray-blue eyes, set well apart, a square, determined-looking chin, and brown hair rather inclined to waviness. Though only mid-way between his sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays, he possessed the physique of an older boy, thanks to the hardy sea-faring stock from which he came and the outdoor life that he lived. He had knocked about in rowboats, as his father used to express it, "ever since he was as big as a piece of cheese," and for the last couple of years had had every opportunity of drowning himself in a centre-board dory which was his chief source of amusement during the summer months.

Nan glanced at her brother's troubled face. She was a little older than Jerry, and knew he was fighting out one of his first battles with himself. There was so little she could say to aid him in his decision. Of course he ought to go to work, for the family fortunes were at a low ebb, but she would feel much happier on the subject if the career he turned to was congenial. Doubtless Uncle Caleb was acting according to his best judgment when

he urged Jerry to go to Bangor and clerk in the store that had founded Uncle Caleb's fortune. But Nan was by no means sure that Jerry would not be a square peg fitted into a round hole there.

"I suppose you will have to go," she answered, a trifle reluctantly.

Jerry nodded disconsolately. "I guess so. I don't see anything else for it. Uncle Caleb won't like it if I don't, and—" His voice trailed into silence. Bumps wagged a sympathetic tail and raised questioning brown eyes to his master's face. Nan sighed as she took up her towel again. Their father, an old-time master mariner, had been carried off suddenly in the winter by pneumonia and had been buried by the side of Mrs. Kendall whose call had come several years before. Captain Kendall's property consisted of the house his children now occupied, and a few hundred dollars. Also there was the *Endeavor,* a two-masted schooner that had seen better days and had spent twelve months tied up against Finley's wharf, waiting in vain for a purchaser. Captain Kendall had used her in the coastal trade for a quarter of a century, and after his death she was placed on the market, but any offers that were made were below the sum that was expected by Uncle Caleb Kendall, to whom had fallen the position of executor under his brother's will. Caleb Kendall was thoroughly conscientious and his view was that the old schooner ought not to be sold for less than fifteen thousand dollars. He was holding out obstinately for that sum. Meanwhile the *Endeavor* was not improving at her dock.

"What do *you* think of it, Bumps, eh?" said Jerry, throwing himself into a chair and solemnly addressing the spaniel that was now squatting in front of him. "I ask you, *do* I look like the sort of fellow who 's going to make a terrific hit selling groceries and ribbons behind a counter for the next thirty or forty years?"

Bumps wiggled the bewhiskered stump of his tail.

"You see, Bumps," the boy went on, shaking a forefinger at the dog as though addressing a jury, "Uncle Caleb's father was a storekeeper, and I don't believe Uncle Caleb ever once in his life wanted to be anything but a storekeeper. That 's why he always made such a success of it—he *liked* it. Now, I can't honestly say I 'd like it. I want to own a line of steamships just as Dad always wanted to."

Bumps looked quite interested, but only blinked and offered no suggestion.

"Well," Nan put in gently, "you talk about getting a line of steamships as if that were as easy as boiling an egg. One has to do things before one owns things."

"That 's so, Nan. *Do* things. That 's the point. And how on earth can I *do* things if I 'm to be cooped up in Uncle Caleb's store? Another thing: We 'd have to sell this house and find some place in Bangor to live. I don't want to sell the house. Still," he went on resignedly, "if it 's got to be, it 's no use raising objections. In a way, I 'm not sorry, because I don't think I could have stood loafing much longer. Gee! Lots of chaps don't have a chance to start put right into their hands. I guess I ought to feel more grateful than I do. Hello, Ben!" he went on, raising his voice and addressing a young man walking up the path from the gate. "Come in."

"Hello, Jerry—good morning, Nan." Ben Duncan paused a little awkwardly. Ben was of a rugged type, broad in the shoulders, and of medium height.

He was slow of speech, but there was intelligence of an unusually high order behind his steady brown eyes. Although not quite twenty, he had spent seven years at sea. Cautious, and never likely to come to a wrong decision in a hurry, he was nevertheless full of quiet determination, which he exercised unflinchingly once he had set a course for himself. His home was not far from that of the Kendall's, and Jerry had known him ever since he could remember anything. Ben had spent the last week or two ashore as a result of a slight injury received while working a steam winch at sea.

"How is your hand?" Nan enquired solicitously.

"It 's coming on finely, thanks," Ben replied, displaying a wound now almost

healed up. "Guess it 's about time I got busy again. What 's wrong, Jerry? You look sort of down in the mouth."

"Do I?" replied the boy, endeavoring to throw off his glumness. "Nothing is wrong, exactly. In fact, I ought to be rather pleased. I 've got a job, Ben."

"A job? Where?" asked Ben.

"Up at Bangor. To start on Monday."

Ben slowly withdrew his gaze from Jerry, and turned his cap over in his hands once or twice.

"Oh!" he observed at last.

"Well," said Jerry, with a light laugh, "were you thinking of offering me a job?"

"No, not exactly," replied the other. "But I was down on the wharf yesterday running my eyes over the *Endeavor*. She 's not been sold yet, I understand?"

"Not yet. Somebody will come along and take her off our hands before long, though. I think, maybe, Uncle Caleb will let her go for less than fifteen thousand."

"She 's a good enough little craft," commented Ben.

"Dad used to say there was n't a boat of her class equal to her anywhere on the coast. She 's getting old now, though. But, Ben, *you* were n't thinking of buying her, were you?"

"Me? No. I have n't got the price. I 've done fairly well lately, and I have tucked away a little money that I made fishing on the Banks last year, but—" he broke off, and went on turning his cap.

"But what, Ben? You have some sort of notion in your head, evidently."

"Well, I have, in a way, Jerry, but it is only an idea. I was talking to old Captain Bowerman the other day. You know, he 's been in lumber ships for many a year until he retired. He was telling me that there never was such a good chance as there is to-day for picking up a tidy profit carrying lumber."

"From Maine down to New York, and places like that, you mean?"

"Not exactly, although that 's a pretty good game, too, these days. No, I was n't thinking of the coasting trade."

"Then where—"

"Across," replied Ben, quietly.

Jerry took in a sharp breath. "Right past the submarines!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, submarines and mines and commerce raiders and goodness only knows what else. They want all the lumber they can get, over there, because the governments have grabbed it all. Why, they tell me it 's fetching unheard-of prices there."

"Wish I had a load to take, then," said Jerry. "And would n't I just love to make the trip, too!" He turned and cast a glance to the window that looked down the slope and over the harbor, as he had seen his father do a hundred times. "Pity I have to coop myself up in that store next Monday," he added regretfully.

"Oh, I don't know," commented Ben, smiling good-humoredly. "It would n't be all pie. You 'd be better off, safe and sound in Bangor, than floating around in ice-cold water for hours after a torpedo had sent your ship to the bottom."

"That 's right enough, but if we all took the same view, what then? Some day the United States may get into this war, and then you would n't think that."

"I don't think it now," said Ben warmly. "What I mean is, I don't want to be drowned any more than the next fellow does, but if I could do anything to help them over there, I 'd like to. My father and my grandfather were at it hammer and tongs last night talking about the war with a chap who was up at our house. My grandad said it was our war anyway, and he 'd bet his shirt that if it went on much longer America would take a hand and help to knock the stuffing out of the Germans. If I had a berth on a ship that was running supplies of any kind over, I 'd be tickled to death."

"I say, Ben, could n't it be done?" Jerry asked suddenly.

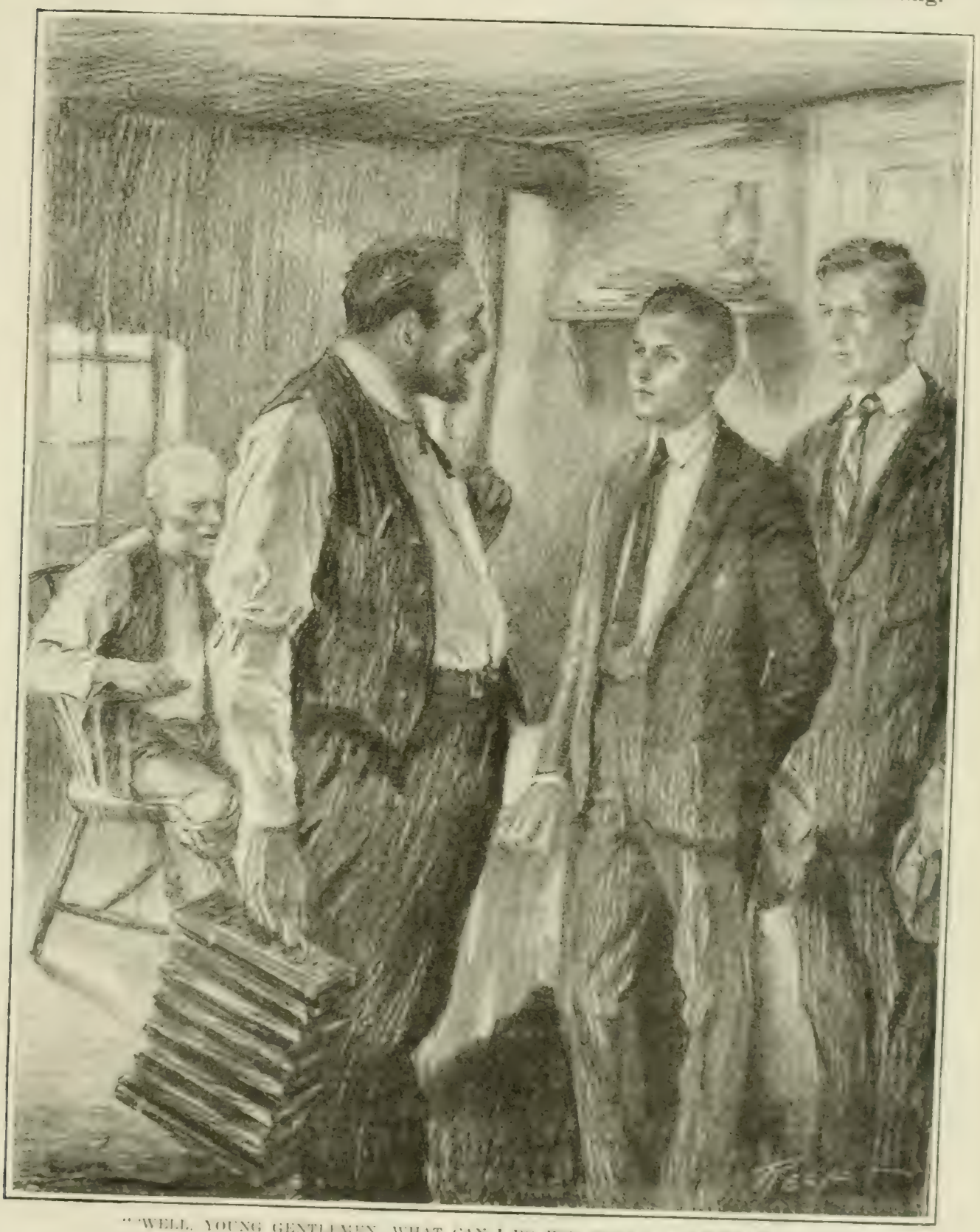
"That 's just what I 've been wondering," replied Ben, with a level glance at the other. "I don't see why it could n't be, though, on the other hand, there are a good many things that would have to be arranged."

"Such as—?"

"Well, a ship, to begin with."

"There 's the *Endeavor*. Uncle Caleb

will listen to any fair proposition. It would be better for me, and it would be better for Nan, to use the *Endeavor*."



"WELL, YOUNG GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?" (SEE PAGE 20)

Ben was silent a moment. Then: "There's the question of funds," he said. "Crews are asking high wages for a trip of that sort to-day. The *Endeavor* is a 225-ton boat. I have figured out the cost of the timber she could carry and I 've enough to pay for that, and a bit over, but I could n't finance the whole thing."

"Ben, listen to me. Have you got anything special to do to-morrow?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"How would you like to run over to Bangor with me? I 'd like to talk it over

with Uncle Caleb. He 's a dry old stick, and crotchety as a bear most of the time, but he has a lot of sense."

"Well, what if we did talk to him?"

"Perhaps he would be willing to fix up some sort of arrangement. Nan and I have a little money, but we can't touch a penny of it without his signature. I would be quite willing to go shares with you and help out with funds. Of course, I should want to go along."

"You could go, all right, and draw regular wages."

"But what about your job in the store?" Nan interjected.

"This other is a *real* job," said Jerry.

"The worst your uncle can do," observed Ben, "is to refuse. All the arrangements could be made on a proper business basis. The *Endeavor* would draw her share of the profits, which, of course, would be divided between you and Nan. Then I should get my share, on account of the money I put into it, and you would have something coming to you for the money you invest. Besides that, you would draw your regular pay. It looks to me as though it would be a good thing for you and Nan, and I *know* it would be a good thing for me."

During the rest of the day Jerry was a little quieter than usual, preoccupied with the possibilities of the future. In the afternoon he whistled for Bumps, and, with the spaniel at his heels, went for a long hike on the shore. The more he thought of the prospective voyage the more it appealed to his adventurous spirit. He was not blind to the fact that it would mean running into danger, but he was perfectly willing to take the risk.

Chapter II

UNCLE CALEB CONSENTS

The next morning Mr. Caleb Kendall was sitting in the office at the back of his store, facing his morning mail, and scowling unpleasantly at it, when a clerk announced that someone named Jerry Kendall wanted to see him.

Mr. Kendall sniffed, rubbed his bearded chin with his skinny fingers and readjusted his spectacles precisely at the end of his long, thin nose. He shot a searching glance at Jerry, and then allowed his eyes to dwell witheringly on his nephew's companion. The old man's brows lowered.

"I 've brought Ben Duncan with me," the boy announced.

Down tilted Mr. Kendall's long nose, and two bright, beady eyes peered out over the top of the lenses.

"So I see," observed the keeper of the store dryly, while his eyes, like gimlets, were boring through Ben's calm exterior.

"I want to thank you for offering me my job, Uncle," said Jerry politely, "but I want you to talk over with Ben here an idea he has about the *Endeavor*. He 'd like to take her over to Europe, with lumber. There 's money in it, he says."

"Well, has anybody been telling you she can't be chartered?" Mr. Kendall snapped, with a quick look at Ben.

"No, sir," replied Ben. "But I don't exactly want to charter the boat. That means paying out a lot of money to hire her. I have n't got the funds to do that."

Caleb Kendall sniffed, raised his head to stare at Ben through his glasses instead of over them, twisted his goatee beard in his hand, and asked:

"Then just what *do* you propose?"

"We want to go over as partners," Jerry blurted out. "Ben has some money and so have I. We came here to get your permission, if you don't mind."

Caleb Kendall gave a visible start.

"Do you happen to know that there 's a war going on at the other side of the Atlantic?" he asked.

"Yes, Uncle. It 's because of the war—"

"Do you happen to know," Mr. Kendall went on, ignoring the interruption, "that the sea 's infested with U-boats and high explosives that are sending dozens of ships to the bottom? Do you know, young man," and here he pointed an almost accusing finger at Jerry, "that I 'm supposed to be your guardian, with power to stop you from doing fool things with your money till you are of age? And then you come to me with a proposal to go off in

a two-by-four schooner, and sail into European waters where there 's murder and sinkings going on wholesale!"

"It is n't as bad as that, sir" said Ben. "American ships are still going across and coming back safely. Germany is still respecting neutral shipping, as a general thing."

"The ships she 's respecting are the ones that are too fast for her submarines to catch," replied Mr. Kendall dryly, "and the *Endeavor* ain't particularly speedy, so far 's I ever heard. No, sir, if you want to charter the schooner, young man, there 's nothing to stop you. You can insure her, and if you get torpedoed, that 's your affair, but we draw the insurance. Jerry starts work here in this store Monday morning bright and early."

"If that is your last word, sir, there 's no more to say," declared Ben. "I can no more charter the *Endeavor* than I can take a ten thousand ton steam freighter."

"You don't belong to Bangor, do you?" the merchant said, facing Ben suddenly.

"I was bred and born in Anncove."

"Anybody here in Bangor know you?"

"There 's Captain Bowerman. He 's the first man I ever sailed under. He knew my father fifty years ago."

"I see," observed Uncle Caleb. He, too, knew Captain Steve Bowerman. In fact the ancient mariner was a particularly intimate friend of his, and moreover, he had had occasion, more than once, to place great reliance on the judgment of Captain Bowerman. "Um-um," Mr. Kendall went on. "There 's always insurance, is n't there? And if Steve Bowerman says it 's a good investment, he ought to know. Look here, young man, I 'll have a talk with him. I 'm making no promises though, mind you."

"But, uncle, if you let the schooner go, and let me invest money in the trip, you 'll let me go too, won't you?"

"I 'll talk it all over with Steve Bowerman," was the reply.

Feeling half triumphant already, Jerry shot an amused glance at his companion.

"Thank you, uncle. Good morning," he said, turning toward the door.

" 'Morning," Uncle Caleb growled, sniffing dubiously and immersing his fingers once more in the mass of correspondence under his nose.

There followed two days of anxious waiting, after which Jerry, in response to a letter from his uncle, paid another visit to Bangor. He found that Captain Bowerman had advised that the proposed trip, with adequate insurance, was likely to be successful, and Uncle Caleb Kendall was willing to agree that the *Endeavor* could go, providing Ben Duncan supplied the cash for the lumber. Captain Bowerman had spoken very highly of Ben, and that turned the scales in favor of the venture.

Ben was at the Kendall's cottage, chatting about the project with Nan, when he saw Jerry hurrying back up the road, and before the boy had time to say a word, Ben knew that his news was good.

"Ben—Nan—is n't it great!" he shouted as he burst into the house. "Uncle Caleb says we can go!"

"That *you* can go?" Nan queried anxiously. Up to that moment she had half hoped he would not leave her and set out on such a dangerous venture.

"Yes, Nan dear," he added, more gently, putting one arm round her shoulder. "But there 's no need for you to be worried. I shall come back, as sure as you 're alive. It will only be a couple of months, or maybe three, before I see you again. Ben let 's go down to the schooner and see what we 'll need."

It was with a proud thrill of proprietorship that Jerry stepped on to the *Endeavor*. She was a roomy craft, a hundred and twenty-five feet over all, with a thirty feet beam and drew ten feet of water when laden. Her lines were old-fashioned and not conducive to speed, though with a fair wind and every stitch of canvas stretched she was good for nine knots an hour. She was full in the bow and had a broad, elliptical stern. Her deck line from end to end was almost straight, with a little sheer forward. For a vessel of her period her masts were rakish. There were three state rooms in the cabin, and the forecastle had accommodation for half a dozen

hands. The *Endeavor*, compared with her modern sisters, was not particularly beautiful except when scudding along under all canvas, but she had always fulfilled the hopes of her builders—she had fetched port safely in spite of every conceivable kind of weather.

Not a thing had been touched in the vessel since she had been refitted at Boston after her last voyage. All her gear aloft had then been thoroughly overhauled.

Standing on the wharf, and watching them with leisurely unconcern, stood a man, who, had he held himself erect, would have measured full six feet one. He had enormous shoulders, and arms that hung down limply like those of a gorilla. An old cap was tilted on to the back of his head.

Ben, sighting him, waved a hand.

"When did you get back, John?" he called across.

John Todd removed a stubby pipe from his lips, leisurely stuffed the glowing ashes further into the bowl with one crooked and calloused finger, replaced it and replied: "This mornin'."

"I 'd like to have him go along with us," Ben whispered to the boy at his side.

"Just what I was thinking," agreed Jerry. "He 's a good sailor and he 's full of pluck. You can't fight submarines with fists, but if there was a rough and tumble I 'd like mighty well to have John along."

"How 'd you like to run over to the other side of the big pond, John?" Ben asked. Again Todd removed the pipe, and returned it to his teeth before replying: "What in?"

"In this schooner."

Todd looked sharply at Jerry and his companion to see whether they were joking, saw that they were serious, and then nodded. Without any further delay, therefore, Todd became the first hired member of the crew, with orders to be ready for sailing in about a couple of days.

Ever since the idea of taking a cargo of lumber across the water had first occurred to him, Ben had been puzzling over the question of which port to embark for. There were many to select from, but eventually Ben settled on Bordeaux.

The question of a captain and mate was one that had not yet been solved. The following day, however, while Jerry and Ben were at Bath, negotiating for a cargo, they were recommended to try Captain Jenkin Dragon. Nobody knew much about Captain Dragon, but the lumber merchant with whom Ben was dealing was certain the skipper was out of a job, having been brought to Bath with his crew in a tramp steamer, after being picked up off a waterlogged bark. The boys were informed that they could find him at Danny Quirk's shack.

A man with a weather-beaten face, a full rounded paunch, close cropped beard and moustaches of a reddish tinge opened the door in response to their knock. A big accordion dangled from his right hand.

The visitors eyed him closely, for, without being told, they knew he must be the man they were hunting.

"Captain Jenkin Dragon?" Ben asked.

"Aye, aye," replied the skipper, in a bluff, hearty manner. "What 's amiss?"

"Nothing, except that we could n't find you." replied Ben.

"Well, come in where it 's warm," said Dragon. "Has somebody left me a fortune, or what? This is my old friend Danny Quirk," he added, indicating a one-legged sailor, somewhat the worse for wear, who was in a chair by the stove.

"Get that deng door closed. It 's draughty," piped the one-legged man, huddling closer to the fire.

"It is n't a fortune we 're bringing you, exactly," said Ben. "We 're here to offer you good money, though, if you 're willing to earn it."

"Ho! Ho!" shrilled Danny Quirk. "Always lucky, Dragon! You never did have to do anything but sit still and it rolled into your lap."

"Well, young gentlemen," said Captain Dragon, with quickly awakened interest, "what can I do for you? Don't take any notice of Danny. I sailed with him forty years ago or more, and he thinks nobody ever earned any money honestly but himself."

"I mind the day when I gave you a

licking, and I was n't high as a bee's knee," said Danny showing his toothless gums in a broad grin. "If it was n't for the rheumatiz and this spindle shank o' mine I could teach you now—"

"Now, Danny, be quiet," the skipper expostulated. "Let me attend to business for one minute."

"We want a captain for the schooner *Endeavor,* that is going across the Atlantic," said Ben. "Have you ever been across there?"

"Have I ever been across the Atlantic!" laughed Dragon, looking at his old shipmate. Dragon had a deep, lusty laugh that seemed to come out of his boots.

"Tell 'em about the mutiny on the old *Maid of Athens,* Dragon," said Danny Quirk. "I had both feet under me then—"

"Never mind the *Maid of Athens,*" the skipper said shortly. "Why, yes, it seems to me I have been across the Atlantic, more than once, man *and* boy. And in pretty nigh every kind of craft, too."

"Well," said Ben, "the *Endeavor* is n't a big boat, and we 're not offering big wages, because we can't afford to."

"A hundred dollars a month buys me," said Dragon.

"Eighty is our limit—eighty, with a bonus of fifty per cent while in the war zone," said Ben crisply.

Captain Dragon put down the accordion he had been holding all this time, looked from Ben to Jerry and back again at Ben, and then picked up a half-smoked cigar. He lighted it with slow deliberation.

"Your limit, huh?" he observed. "Well, eighty a month and a bonus is n't to be sneezed at when you 're out of a berth."

"Who was your last owner, Captain Dragon?" Ben asked.

"Bessom Brothers, of Portland. You can ask them anything you like about me. What about a crew? Are you all fixed up? I 'd like to have the same mate that sailed with me in the *Mary P. Hanks.* Hook is his name—Jim Hook, and a good, steady reliable sort of chap, too. He knows my ways, and I know his."

"We want a captain, a mate, and three husky sailors," explained Ben. "Besides them, we have Jerry Kendall here, who is owner, and there 's me. You can reckon me as second mate, and supercargo and part owner. Also we have one hand engaged, named John Todd."

"Good enough," said the skipper. "That makes eight of us. I can answer for my men."

"Well," said Ben, "I 'll be over in Portland first thing in the morning to see Bessom Brothers about you."

The boys were now able to make more definite plans for their departure, and these were hastened considerably after Ben had interviewed the Portland boat owners who had last employed Captain Jenkin Dragon. As far as they knew, he was a capable skipper. He had made three voyages in the *Mary P. Hanks,* and they were quite satisfied that her loss was not due to his incompetence nor negligence. They knew very little of his previous record, as he was not a Maine man, but there was no doubt he had been in sailing vessels all his life.

The upshot was that Captain Dragon was informed over the telephone that he was to report on the *Endeavor* next day, together with his four men, and sign on.

Within a few hours of the time the crew were enrolled, the schooner was ready to sail, and Jerry, accompanied as a matter of course by Bumps, carried his kit aboard.

"Now, I wonder whether I ought to let you go, Bumps," the boy said gravely addressing the dog.

"He 'll fret his heart out if you leave him behind," Ben put it, "and besides, no ship 's complete without a dog."

Bumps, who had been running all over the deck and rooting into many old familiar corners, returned to Jerry's side and jumped up at his knee.

"Very well, old boy," Jerry said. "You shall come. We 've been on a good many adventures together, and I could n't miss you out of the biggest adventure so far."

Bumps wagged his tail stump, and was officially included as a member of the party forthwith.

PROPERLY CLAD

By ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN

God made the polar bear a coat
  All white just like the snow,
So he could go about and be
  Quite hidden from his foe.

The tiger did n't get his stripes
  By chance, I 'll tell you true;
He 's made that way so he can hide
  In thickets of bamboo.

The lion has a brownish coat;
  Right wisely, too, 't is planned.
He needs but crouch quite still to seem
  Part of the desert sand.

The parrot lives in tropic lands,
  Where trees are always green;
And that is why his feathers are
  Of such a verdant sheen.

Yet for the owl such feathers fine,
  'T is plain, would never do;
Since he must always work at night,
  His coat is plain of hue.

Although the little green tree-frog
  Is very small and meek,
He 's dressed to play with any one
  The game of hide-and-seek.

Now surely God was wise and good
  To take such special care
That all these living creatures should
  Have just what 's best to wear.



"SITTIN' AROUND!"

By ETHEL M. KELLEY



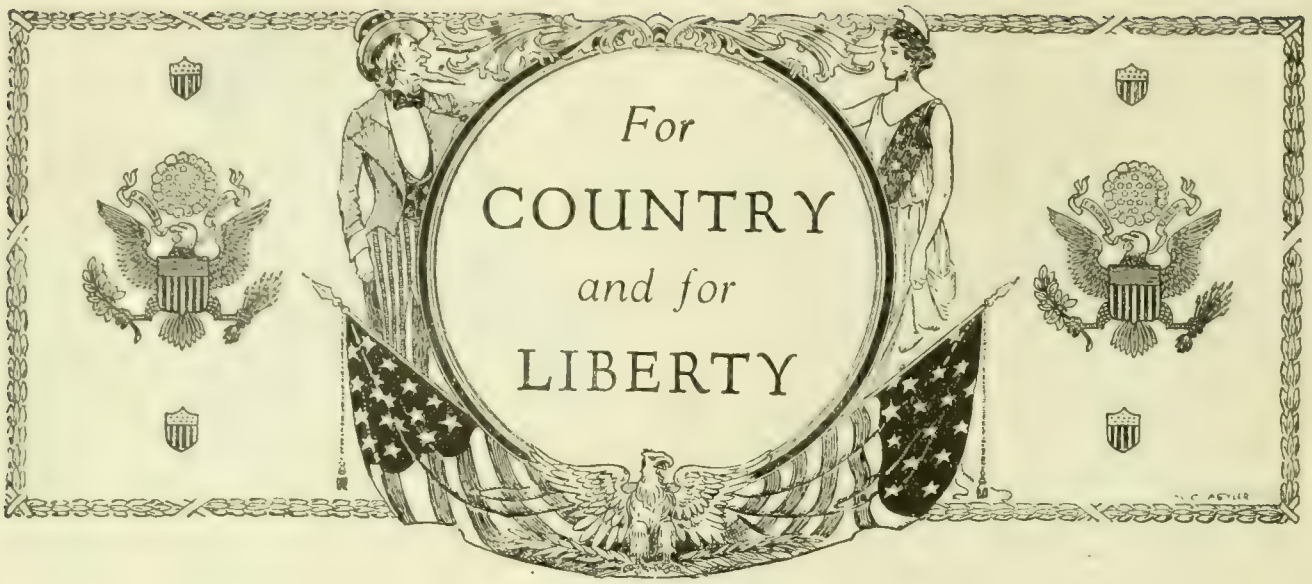
When all the food 's eaten, and supper is done
Then sittin' around 's what my folks think fun,—
Just teasing each other and joking with Pa.
I edge up my chair and I whisper to Ma:
"Can I be excused? I 've got suthin' to do."
But she says, "No hurry till every one 's
through—" (Sittin' around.)

Me and Dick 's got a cave where we keep all our stuff.
The other boys know where it is, right enough,
So we have a signal that means "Danger! Quick!"
When I hear him whistle I say, "Sis, I 'm sick—
I got to go out." But she answers, "Now, Will,
The way to get well is by just keeping still—" (Sittin' around.)

I 'm making a motor-boat out in the shed.
It 's almost all done, and I 'm painting it red;
But there is n't much time with my lessons and all.
I no more 'n get to work when I hear Mother call,
"There 's company, Willie—Aunt Sophie and John!"
So I have to wash up and stay in till they 're gone—(Sittin' around.)

My fam'ly 's all right. I like Mother and Dad,
And I don't think the rest o' the bunch is so bad.
The boys hang around with their feet in the way,
And Sis talks a lot when she 's nothing to say;
Still, sometimes they hand out a feller a dime—
But, *Jiminy Chris' mus!* they put in their *time*
Sittin' around!





"VICTORY BOYS" AND "VICTORY GIRLS"

By ARTHUR N. COTTON

National Director "Victory Boys"

EVERY American boy and every American girl is to have a chance this year to help win the war by real service for Uncle Sam and real sacrifice for our fighting men on land and sea.

This chance will come as a result of President Wilson's request that seven of the great organizations engaged in caring for our fighters join this fall in the United War Work Campaign to raise the $170,500,000 they will need to continue their wonderful work another year.

It was quickly decided by those managing the campaign that the boys and girls of the land must not be disappointed in their eagerness to do their share for the greatest cause the world has ever known, and plans on a vast scale have been made to give them their opportunity to serve.

The boys and girls are each to have a seperate division in the campaign. Both, of course, will be integral parts of the whole big war-winning effort of the nation.

The boys will be lined up in the "Victory Boys," whose slogan is, "A million boys behind a million fighters"; and the girls in the "Victory Girls." Their slogan is, "Every girl pulling for victory."

All who enroll in either division will pledge to *earn* and *give* to aid our fighters, and each may specify the amount.

For five dollars a boy or girl can provide one fighting man, during five whole weeks, with the unselfish service of all seven of the great organizations—the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic War Council (Knights of Columbus), the War Camp Community Service, the Jewish Welfare Board, the American Library Association, and the Salvation Army.

But this cannot be done merely by *giving*. No Victory Boy and no Victory Girl will be allowed to use in payment of the pledge any money he or she has not earned. Only by real *service* and by real *sacrifice* can the war be won; and this is to be the greatest war-winning effort in which the girls or boys of any nation have ever shared. But they must not undertake too much. Only an amount may be pledged which a boy or girl may earn and give without harm or too great a sacrifice.

Some will wish to provide a fighter with the services of the seven organizations for six months or a year, others for a shorter time. But those directing these two divisions of the campaign will insist, in every case, that the tasks undertaken shall not be allowed to interfere with

school work, or to endanger the health or morale of the young worker, or to violate the letter or spirit of the child-labor laws.

Because more than half of Uncle Sam's peace-time workers have been shifted from their regular occupations to war activities, much important work in our homes and home communities is being left undone.

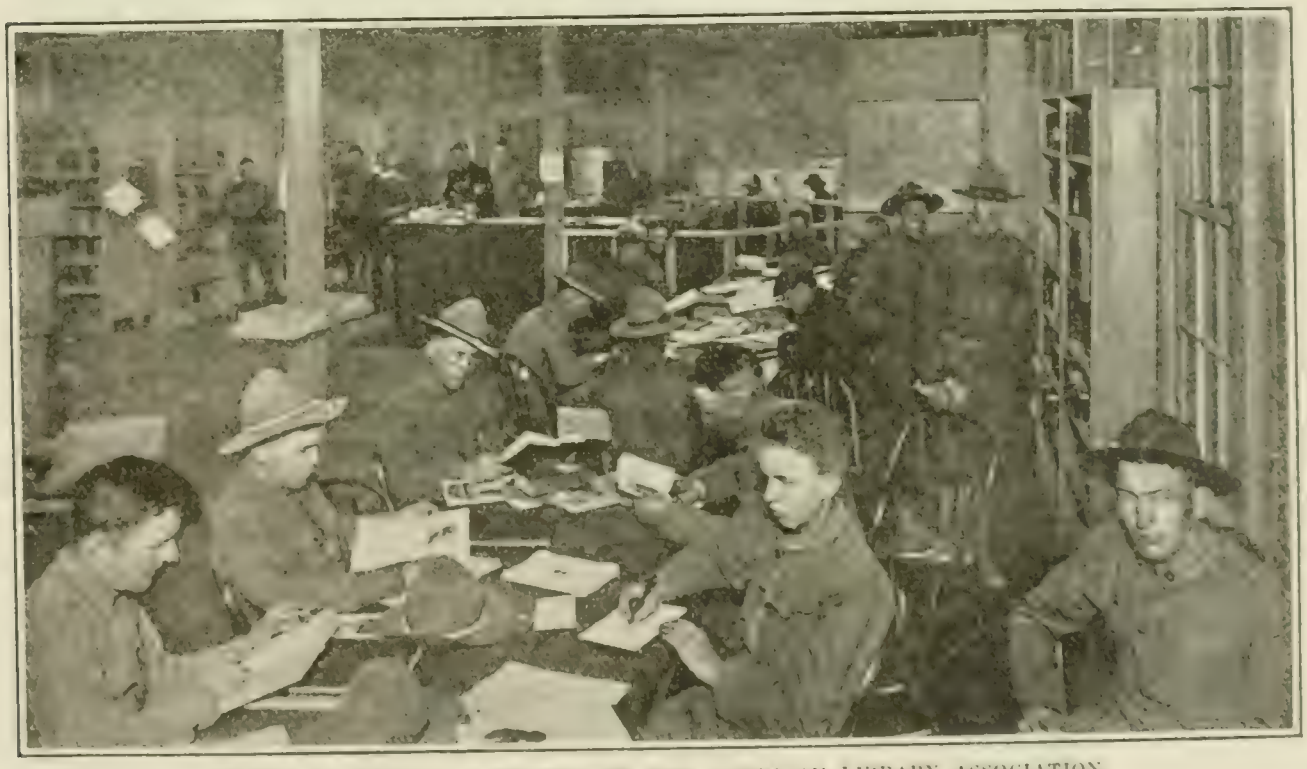
By taking up these tasks from which the men or women have gone, the boys and girls will serve effectively in two ways: they will help to keep the home folks fit, efficient, and comfortable, as well as to send comfort and cheer to our fighters.



YANKEE SOLDIER-BOYS AND FRENCH REFUGEE CHILDREN.

Even those too young to earn and give may do *their* share as active little recruiting agents by helping to get their older brothers and sisters and acquaintances to enroll for service and sacrifice.

Each boy who enrolls to "earn and give" will receive a Victory Boy's button.



"BOOKS TO READ!" A STATION OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

He will also receive a window banner, stating that a Victory Boy in that home is backing up a fighter by earning and giving to the United War Work Campaign fund. When his pledge money has been paid he will receive an engraved receipt-certificate.

For schools and places of business where fifteen or more boys have enrolled, there will be honor awards.

The Victory Girls will also have buttons, banners, and honor awards; and both these divisions of the United War Work Campaign will be carried into every city, town, and village in the United States, and even into the open country. Whenever it is deemed necessary, special effort will be made to secure jobs for those unable to find tasks for themselves.

What a Victory Boy or Victory Girl does in this nation-wide "earn and give" effort can be done outside of school hours or before or after regular working hours.

And each who enrolls and "carries on" will, during the period determined by the amount of pledge money paid in, send comfort and cheer to one fighting man, no matter where he may be, in trench, or camp, or in a prison pen in an enemy land.

That Victory Boy's or Victory Girl's service and sacrifice will put within reach of the fighter every hour of the day and night a number of tremendously important things—paper on which to write home, books to read, opportunities to engage in sports and games, to hear lectures, to be entertained by singers and players, and to attend religious meetings.

These are only a few of the helpful things that "earn and give" pledge money will buy for a fighting man. It will buy the full service of all seven of the great organizations whose purpose is to do everything that will make our soldiers and our sailors everywhere happier and more fit while the war lasts and after their homecoming.



HOMELESS CHILDREN CARED FOR IN ITALY BY THE Y. M. C. A.



THE GIRLS' LIBERTY LEAGUE

For the first time in the history of the city, and of the country, perhaps, Minneapolis has just observed a Girls' Day, in which more than ten thousand girls participated. The celebration marked the grand finale of the Girls' Liberty League's summer war and recreational program. The Girls' Liberty League is a junior branch of War Camp Community Service. Swimming contests, tennis matches, a big baseball game, æsthetic and folk dancing, and a gorgeous pageant were features of the celebration, and at the end of the sports program more than a thousand medals were presented to girls whose summer war work had measured up to the standard set by the league. A picnic supper was served on the lawn of "Fair Oaks," after which followed the pageant. A procession of the various club groups, representing the factories, stores, and settlement centers, displayed original costumes, devised by the girls themselves. The canning section contained a life-sized "kaiser" carefully canned in an immense glass jar, and other girls in the group were picturesquely garbed to represent ears of corn, string-beans, pea-pods, and numerous kinds of vegetables. There were Red Cross "Angels of Mercy," and a land army of 300 farmerettes armed with garden tools. Last and most spectacular in the parade came the "Legion of Liberty," 2,000 female soldiers, who have been drilled for



THE PERSHING UNIT OF THE CINCINNATI GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE MADE THREE HUNDRED LITTLE DRESSES IN THEIR OVERTIME



THE GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE OF CINCINNATI

several months under the tutelage of bona-fide officers of the United States Army.

"Fair Oaks," the club headquarters of the Girl's Liberty League, was the residence of the late Senator W. D. Washburn, and is one of the most palatial old family homes in Minneapolis. The way its spacious parks have been turned into playgrounds and equipped for tennis, croquet, drill, and other outdoor activities is typical of the sort of thing that is coming more and more out of W. C. C. S. work. No matter what great gatherings of social and political leaders have met under its roof, "Fair Oaks" has never been so appropriately and fittingly used as to-day, when it is given over to the use of working-girls of the city. How fine and wholesome they are kept, with what team spirit they handle big patriotic undertakings, and what genuine fun they get out of life were all demonstrated in their show.

Excitement ran high over the baseball game between the league's two crack teams. Interest was stimulated a good deal by a certain "Mamie," and the *sang froid* with which she played up generally. There were a crowd of jackies in the side lines, who had come over from a near-by training-station to laugh at the game; but their resounding cheers created almost as much commotion as did Mamie herself when she made a home run. When the game was over, the spectators crowded around with suggestions that a big league, composed entirely of girl teams, be established to take the place of the regular teams during the war.

"I am glad to hear," said Edna Ferber, who spoke during the day, "that nearly all the Liberty League girls are working-girls"; and she urged that the league itself be made a permanent institution, saying, "When this war is over, by means of it there will be found written on the asset side of the ledger of the United States, item one, a working habit belonging to all American women. Value? Priceless!" The idea of having the clubs working of themselves rather than being worked for by their leaders has been followed in every town, with excellent results in developing the initiative of the individual members and a keen spirit of competition among the various clubs co-ordinated by the league.

"There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of organizing new leagues," writes the War Camp Community representative in the cities of Davenport, Iowa and Moline, Illinois.

"The big stores in these cities have been thoroughly surveyed and leagues started in numbers of them. One day, two leagues were organized among the telephone-girls, and they bid fair to be active organizations. The candy-factory girls and tool-company girls followed up by organizing in the next week. There are now twenty patriotic leagues here."

The factory groups among the league members of Cincinnati have given a most wonderful response to the appeal for help in garment making. Their cry everywhere is, "We are not doing enough! Tell us how to do more!" It has been



DRILLING IN ONE OF THE CITY PARKS.

necessary to convince these girls that it is as much their patriotic duty to keep fit by availing themselves of the drill privileges as it is to do sewing. One group of ninety of them made four hundred little dresses in three weeks, each utilizing one half of one luncheon period and a half-hour overtime daily, several hours during a Saturday afternoon completing the work. But at the same time, they are entering more and more enthusiastically into the community singing, the drills, and other big outdoor activities.

Girls' Days might well be observed in any of dozens of cities, with Liberty Leagues and Patriotic Leagues organized and working as enthusiastically as is that of Minneapolis.

"OUR BOYS" IN ENGLAND

By MARJORIE SELIGMAN

PERHAPS the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would be interested to hear how some of our boys are getting on in England.

A few miles away from our village are two large flying-camps, where there are over two hundred Americans.

All winter long, Irish workmen have been busy there, building, and even now their task is nothing like finished. On a recent visit to one of the aërodromes we were shown all over it and found it most interesting. The buildings were scrupulously clean, and looked very much as if they were intended to be permanent. The men live under canvas on the opposite side of the road to the hangars and offices. The contrast of this bustling mushroom colony with the quiet country road of a year ago is very striking.

The people were very much pleased with the idea of seeing men from the States, and determined on giving them a good time as long as they stayed here. So a committee was formed, and the members began to discuss all sorts of plans. Finally it was decided that a dance would be the best way of welcoming the new-comers.

One of the members very kindly threw open her house and garden for this purpose, and the date of the dance was fixed for the second Wednesday in May. The weather at that time was very cold and windy, but, to our joy, the day proved bright and fine, with a glowing sun. We arrived early at Mrs. H——'s house, and found a large room, built especially for dancing, with a spring floor. About sixty of the men came that day, and there were about the same number of girls. They very soon made friends, and when the music began there was a rush to the dancing room. What a crowd there was in there as they gaily fox-trotted along to the tune of "Arizona"! But it was warm work dancing, although great fun, and we were glad to find in the garden refreshing



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"PLAY BALL!"

drinks and fruit salads. We were allowed to roam about the garden, and all enjoyed seeing it, for it was a beautiful place, and the budding leaves and flowers gave promise of a greater beauty soon.

For those who did not care for dancing, there were bowls, croquet, and even potato-races. Everywhere were seen merry groups, laughing and chatting together. The men were a very representative lot, coming from all parts of the States. I had partners from New York, Nebraska, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and Montana; and although all were proud and fond of their homes, yet not one regretted having given up his all in order to join in the great effort for Justice and Peace. But what was, perhaps, more to



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"IT WAS A GOOD GAME TO WATCH."

the point that afternoon, all were excellent partners, and every one danced well. Most of them had not been to a dance since they left home, so they enjoyed this one immensely.

As this proved such a success, a second dance was given just a month later, and the guests declared it went with "some pep"!

There had been a ball game that morning between our neighbors and a distant team; yet although these latter proved the victors, it was a good game to watch. The visiting team brought with them a jazz band composed of two drums, cymbals, and an accordion, and these, in addition to a pianist, played for us to dance all the afternoon. They were wonderful, those men! on and on they played through the hot hours. Scarcely a minute were they allowed to rest. In one of the pauses a man shouted encouragingly: "Go on, Carol! Tickle the keys!" and we began again with renewed vigor!

At seven o'clock the men were drawn up in a body, and after we had sung "My Country, 't is of Thee," they gave three rousing cheers for our kind hostess, whose charming hospitality we one and all appreciated.

Cambridgeshire, England.

ONE MORE PROOF OF PATRIOTISM

Special Announcement as to the New Size of St. Nicholas

All St. Nicholas boys and girls understand that there is scarcely a business or an industry in the land that has not had to make some changes in its methods of manufacture on account of the war; and magazines are no exception to this rule. During the past few months, our Government has had to issue orders decreasing the amount of paper that may be manufactured during 1919, and has advised all publishing houses that they must be content to get along with the least allotment that can, by every possible effort, be made to suffice for their imperative needs. "Paper-making requires labor, coal, and chemicals that must be conserved or used for immediate war-winning purposes," as one periodical puts it; and every magazine is called upon to do its utmost in the general effort to save or increase the resources of the nation.

Right loyally, therefore, does St. Nicholas respond to the restriction of the War Industries Board, cutting down our allowance of paper for next year. In order to provide against exceeding the limit assigned, it prefers to lessen the *width* of its *page* by almost an inch, rather than to print fewer copies of the magazine itself in its former size. This change goes into effect with this November issue, which begins the new volume.

We welcome whole-heartedly this opportunity to prove anew our devotion to the cause for which the entire people of the United States is making sacrifices, as in duty bound. Fortunately, too, in this instance the necessary change in its proportions is so slight as hardly to affect the appearance of the magazine or the amount of material contained in it. In its general aspect, its cover-designs, and its literary and artistic contents, it will continue to wear the old, familiar look, grown dear to so many American schools and households through so many years.

So our good St. Nicholas "reports for duty" in 1919, by drawing in his belt a little, but with the same prompt and hearty salute that is the immediate, loyal response of his army of boys and girls (as of their parents) to any order or request of Uncle Sam.

The Cats of Chester.

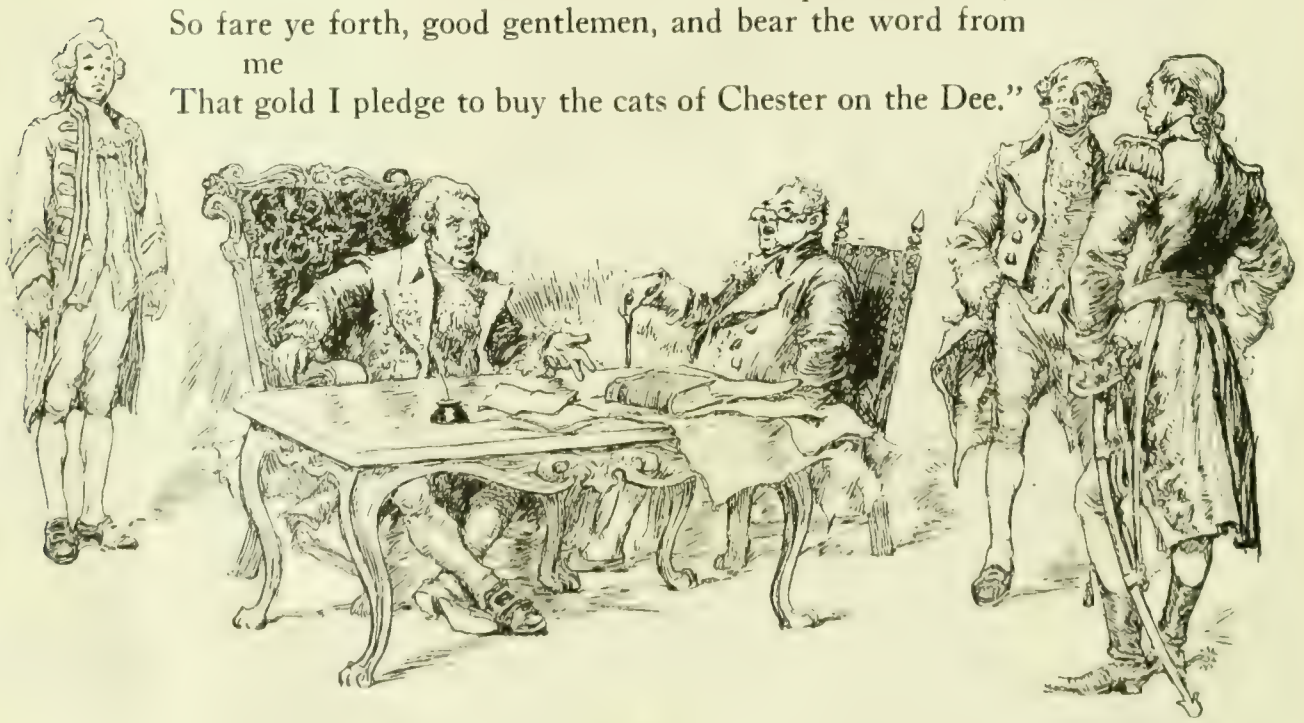
by Florence Boyce Davis.

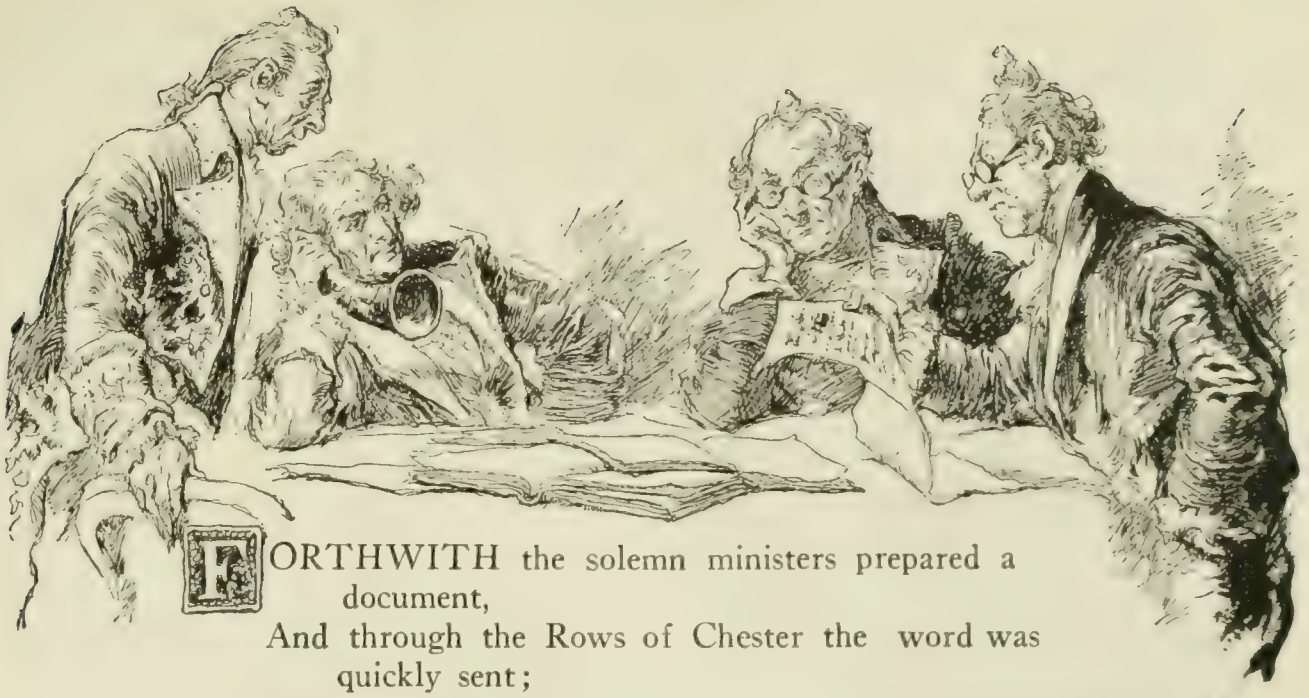


FROM the quaint old town of Chester, that 's on the River Dee,
Many a tale romantic has been handed down to me;
Some of them are fanciful, and some of them are true,
And one of them I have a mind to pass along to you:

'TWAS full a century ago (and that is quite a while!),
Napoleon had been sentenced to St. Helena's isle;
When lo, the tidings reached the king the isle was running o'er
With rats! a very plague of rats! a million rats or more!
Fleet-footed rats, ill-natured rats, obnoxious rats galore.

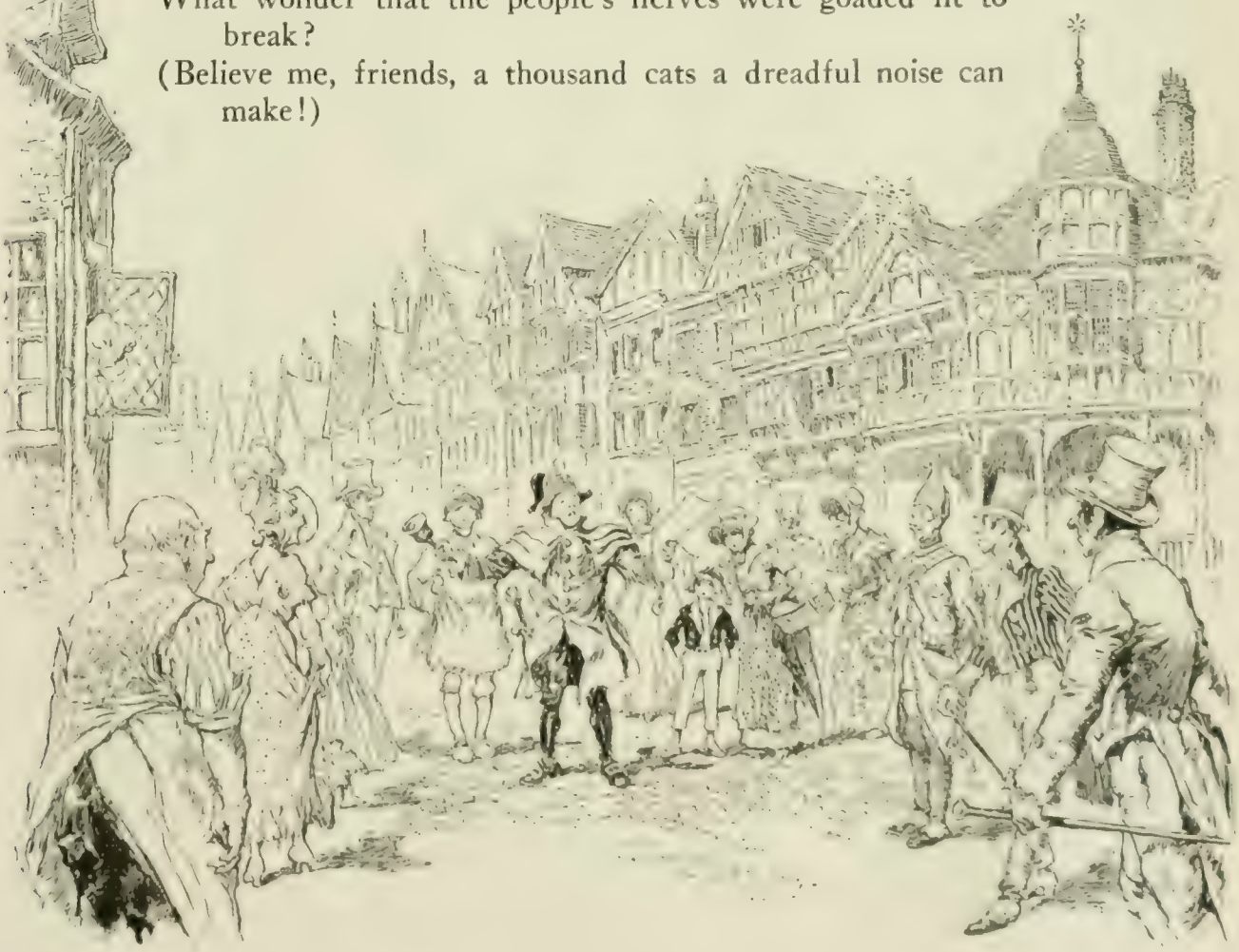
"NOW then," up spake His Majesty, "we have a problem here."
(And each respectful minister in silence lent an ear.)
"There's one solution only—we must rid the isle of rats;
To do so we should send at once a full ship-load of cats;
So fare ye forth, good gentlemen, and bear the word from me
That gold I pledge to buy the cats of Chester on the Dee."





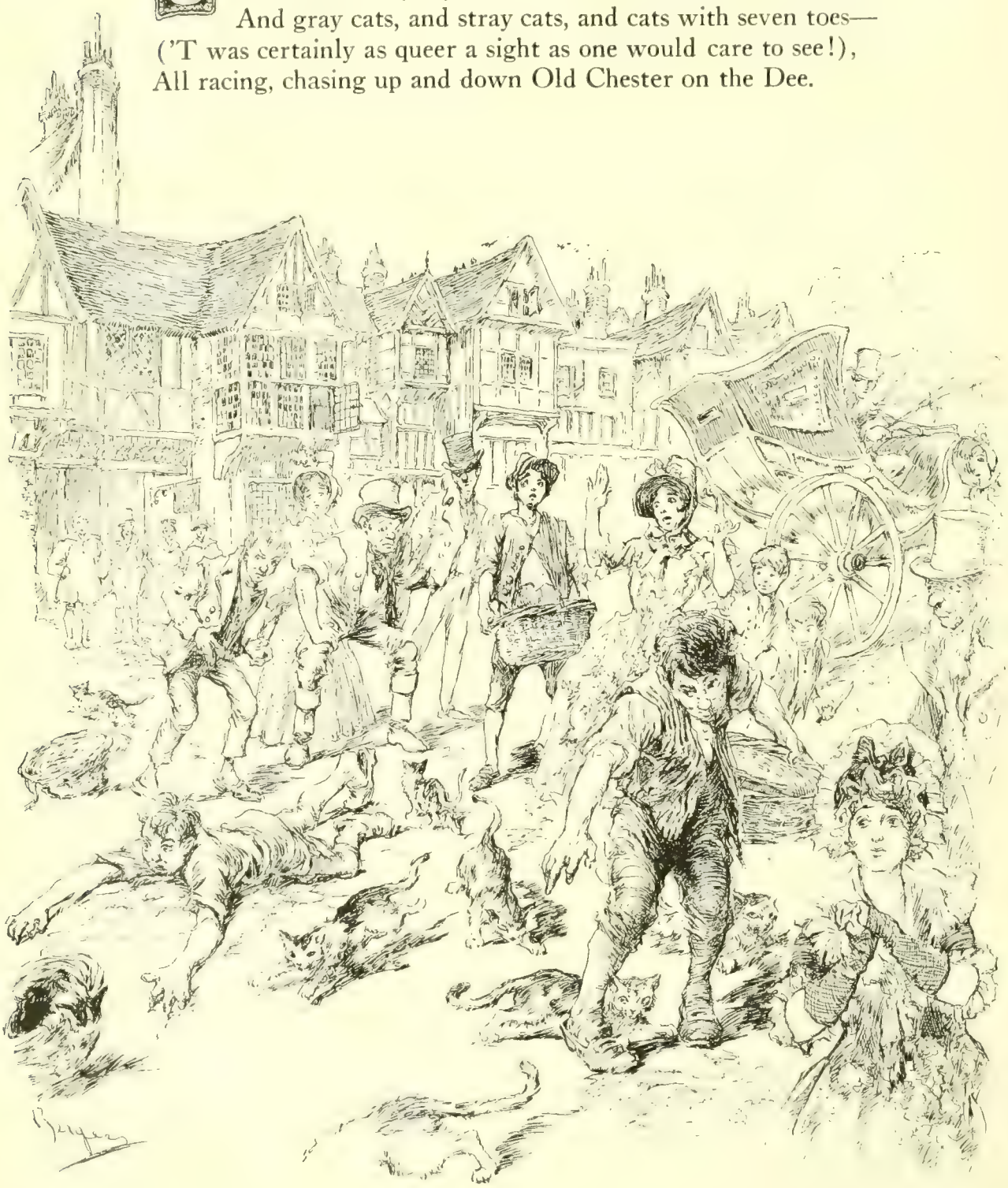
FORTHWITH the solemn ministers prepared a document,
And through the Rows of Chester the word was quickly sent;
All up and down went messengers to spread the king's intent,
And warn the people of a day, by order of His Grace,
When all who had a cat to sell should seek the market-place.

THE day arrived; 't was very fair (or so the story goes),
When curious crowds went hurrying along Old Chester Rows;
They strode with sacks upon their backs and baskets on their arms,
And issuing from their parcels came the wildest of alarms!
What wonder that the people's nerves were goaded fit to break?
(Believe me, friends, a thousand cats a dreadful noise can make!)



THE men soon fell to quarreling, and down their burdens set
The better to assert their rights and due attention get;
And while they jostled, stamped, and fumed, and raised a hue and cry,
A band of mischief-making boys, alas, came strolling by!
(Now *you* would not have done it! No more, indeed, would I—)
But noting all those squirming cats, unheedful of the king,
What did those boys but grasp their knives and sever every string,
And raise the basket-covers, and give each bag a fling!
When out came cats— and cats— and cats, that snarled and wailed and mewed,
And empty bags and baskets around the market strewed.

THERE were white cats, and brown cats, and cats as black as crows,
And Maltese (they 're the best of cats, as everybody knows),
And gray cats, and stray cats, and cats with seven toes—
('T was certainly as queer a sight as one would care to see!),
All racing, chasing up and down Old Chester on the Dee.





UP shot the people's windows, and open flew their doors,
And in the cats came tumbling upon their polished floors;
They set the ladies screaming, and tangled up their skeins,
They sent the covers flying from kettles on the cranes;
They overturned the china, and swept the mantels bare,
(It must have been exciting when cats were in the air);

BUT roused from all desire to bicker and dispute,
The owners of the animals were close in their pursuit;
So wroth to lose their shillings and to find their victims free,
Full many a cat was sacrificed (a sorry tale, ah me!)
And floated down next morning upon the River Dee.



AND there you have the story—I pass it on to you;
Perhaps you'll think it fanciful, perhaps you'll call it true.
But all *I* know (a century is surely quite a while!),
The rats are yet surviving on St. Helena's isle;
And roaming through the city, all undisturbed and free,
You'll still find cats in Chester upon the River Dee.

"BE BACK AT 8.30"

A Story of the Flying Squadron

By C. H. CLAUDY

"ENOUGH initiative for a whole squadron—and not enough responsibility for a kitten!"

Thus his flight captain remarked of Pilot Benny Lorimer, "Bugs" to his intimates, which meant the entire squadron.

There had never been a flier more beloved in "The Angels" than "Bugs." Neither had there ever been one who was more often the target of vigorous language from his superiors. If he was n't opening a box from home and giving away ninety-nine per cent. of its contents, he was opening some other fellow's box and appropriating as much of the goodies as his hungry inside could contain. If he was n't sitting up half the night when he ought to be sleeping, to go over a map he knew with some one who was going to make a flight in the early hours, he was getting up at all hours to strum on his captain's banjo until boots and emphatic language persuaded him others would like to slumber if he did n't. When he made a flight in squadron, his captain gave everybody else instructions together and then took Benny off in a corner and talked to him "like a Dutch uncle."

"You 've simply got to keep up," he would be told. "I won't accept any excuses of 'getting lost,' or 'hidden by a cloud,' or any of those things. First thing you know we won't have you any more if you don't."

And Benny would nod his curly young head soberly and twist up his lips, and do his best to keep his eyes from dancing —go up with the squadron, "get lost," and proceed to make himself happy in the way he loved best of all, hunting single-handed for anything with a Maltese cross on its wings. And the trouble was, that he was so uncannily successful.

He bore a charmed life. *"The Lunatic"* was his special pet, and as crazy a mechanical bird as ever flew. She had every known trick, and several all her own, but Benny loved her with the fierce partisanship of nineteen summers, and, indeed, in his hands she was docile and exemplary—usually. Probably it was because he was so young. Strange though it appear to older minds, the younger the lad who flies, the better he is, as a general rule. Your experienced ace with many machines to his credit and hung all over with decorations is rarely twenty-three; and when they get to be twenty-five they have to drop back to bombing and observation and instruction plane work—they have n't the kind of attitude of mind which the single-seater fighter must have.

It is n't that they have n't courage, these older men. It is not a question of courage. But they lack dash and daring, perhaps because they have learned responsibility and calculation of chances, which the younger flier knows nothing about.

Benny, as his captain said, had no sense of personal responsibility whatever. It was all one to him whether he sighted Maltese crosses singly or in battalions.

Now you are not to think that discipline is so lax in flying squadrons in general and "The Angels" in particular that Benny simply did as he pleased and obeyed orders or not as he felt like it. It was n't so bad as that! But when the sky is so very large and the clouds so very numerous and the signals so very confusing, it is n't any special wonder if a machine does sometimes get lost from its mates on patrol and—who is to know if he turns immediately homeward or not?

Moreover, there were times when Benny was actually ordered up alone. These were the days—or nights—to be marked with a white stone and remembered forever, because it *is* nicer to go Hun hunting according to orders and come back and be praised for success, than go on the sly and come back and get a

wigging because one has risked a valuable life and a crazy airplane without any instructions or real necessity so to do!

Of all these things Benny thought as he walked slowly about *"The Lunatic"* preparing her for her afternoon's work. showing me how she could do spiral dives without the rudder—darn her!"

"She 'll kill ye yet—crazy bird!" was Gilroy's answer. "One of them new Spads, sir—won't ye try one?"

"Who—me? Give up *'Lunatic'?* Man,



"BENNY WATCHED THE TWO MEN." (SEE PAGE 40)

And his sergeant went about with a frown, and some mechanics whispered behind their hands. For the sergeant was a famous "eye vetter," and Benny was his pet, even as *"The Lunatic"* was his abomination; and he liked it not at all that the dancing-eyed aviator should want to "vet" his own plane after he, Sergeant Gilroy, had finished.

"Not looking over your work, Sergeant," Benny said brightly. "Just seeing if she has pulled any tricks since you finished. You know," apologetically, "she does buckle up the most curious way—"

"Yes, sir," agreed Sergeant Gilroy, but his eyes smoldered. As if he would n't have seen a wire sagging, a strut out of alignment, an angle not quite true!

"And I 've a very particular job on hand to-day—I don't want her pulling any new stunts. Last time she started

there never was a Spad made could climb like her or get away like her or handle like her—"

"No, sir, nor land like her! Me heart 's in me mouth every time she comes down!"

"That 's a fact, is n't it?" Benny did n't regard it as important that *"The Lunatic"* would n't land at less than eighty miles an hour and had to be handled with the utmost daintiness to make her land at all and not just "come down." "I wish she had more gas capacity."

Benny whistled as he "vetted," whistled his way into the mess for lunch, whistled his way out again at four in the afternoon, and was still whistling when what he called "my zero hour" came at five-thirty.

"Don't you be later than eight-thirty, now," warned his captain. "You are n't going up to see how many you can *strafe*—you are going up to see if you can find out

where that three-cross two-seater lives, and for nothing else!"

"Yes, sir. I could n't be much later. Have n't gas-tank enough!"

"Well, then! Go ahead!"

"Contact, sir?" snapped Benny. The propeller whirred, and in a few minutes (it was warm and the engine needed little encouragement) *"The Lunatic"* bounded into the air, and Benny settled down for his afternoon's "joy-ride."

It was a beautiful afternoon for flying. There was n't a cloud in the sky, at which Benny rejoiced, for the clouds are most excellent hiding-places for enemy machines. Of course they are as good for Allied machines, but *"The Lunatic"* had great speed and unusual climbing ability, and Benny did n't want to hide. What he wanted to do was to follow the three-crossed two-seater which had accounted for four machines in less than a week, and see if he could find out where it lived. It did n't live in any of the well-known German flying camps; and although it had been followed twice and pursued with vicious intent two other times, it had managed to escape observation. The two-seater had been flying about this hour every week, and only a shortage of planes had kept "The Angels" from going up *en masse* to "tell it where it landed!"

Benny devoted his first few minutes to getting some twenty miles over Bocheland. Then he screwed himself up in the air until he was a couple of miles from *terra firma,* and with one eye on his map and the ground, and the other looking for drifting spots below, he zigzagged back and forth over his prescribed territory.

That Benny had but two eyes and occupation for four bothered him not at all. He had but two hands and occupation for six, when he got into a fight, but managed very well, thank you, as four little notches on his nacelle edge showed. "And if I happen to get this chap, I 'll be an ace," said Benny, to himself, making no secret with *"The Lunatic"* that, though all he was expected to do was to get information, if he had a real chance, he would get information and a plane, too!

It is a peculiar thing, this flying at a great height. Everything moves but the plane. That and time stand still. If one dives, it is the earth which rises up. If one banks, it is the earth which tilts crazily. If one loops or flies upside down, only the blood in one's face tells that the earth has n't swung in a half-circle and climbed into the sky. As for time, if it was n't for the clock, there would n't be any.

Benny had a clock, but no responsibility. Five times during the afternoon he sighted floating specks below, and dropped down enough to see that they were not the one he looked for. Five times—his captain would be pleased—he resisted the temptation to fling himself headlong at those tempting low-flying planes, of which he had both the sun and the height to send them to earth in flames. But each time he started, his captain's warning face came before his eyes, and up again he climbed.

The sixth time that he saw something below, he whistled through his teeth. It was the plane he had been sent to watch. And it was winging its way, not very rapidly, due north. Due north from Benny's standpoint meant straight into Bocheland. And Benny, his heart pounding with hope and delight, followed—two thousand feet higher.

Had Benny had any responsibility, he would have looked at his clock. And had he looked at it, he would have seen that he could n't get home by the time set, and that he would be lucky to get home at all, since his gasolene must be running very low. But Benny saw only the three crosses below him and the chance to win a smile from his captain for the needed information—and followed.

But not for long. A heart-jumping miss from his engine, a warning cough from his carburetor—and Benny knew. There was n't any one there to see, so if his lips whitened a little and the smile which was normally theirs disappeared, no harm was done. But they did n't stay white long—Benny knew what he had to do and did it.



"'GOOD SHOOTING! BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH!'" (PAGE 41)

"We all get it some time — this is mine," he said to himself. For a moment came the temptation to let go—to turn *"The Lunatic"* into a headlong dive to earth and finish quickly. But it was only momentary.

It was n't sport. The horrors of a German prison-camp to the contrary, there was always the chance of escape. And Benny was no coward. Had he been able to dive on the three-crossed plane, he would have done it then. But he would

need power to drop and go forward too, and power now he had none. His engine died, and as *"The Lunatic"* nosed gently down in her best gliding angle, the propeller merely turned over slowly with the rush through the air.

It was getting dusk, but Benny's eyes were keen. He knew—all airmen have the country over which they have come in a picture in their minds—just where he must land. That open field three miles behind was the only chance. The rest was all forest and stubble. He had plenty of time to reach the field—could, indeed, have traveled several miles farther, merely gliding down, down, down.

But this was best; and, after all, what difference did it make whether he was thirty or thirty-five miles in Hunland! Benny felt in his pocket,—yes, the matches were there,—the matches with which he would kindle *"The Lunatic"* that she should never fly against the Allied flags. He was supposed to touch the flame to the gasolene-tank stop-cock in the event of a forced landing—"But I 've no gas!" chuckled Benny, the irresponsible.

To land *"The Lunatic"* was no light task—luckily, the field was not rough, and Benny congratulated himself. He came down without noise, of course, the engine being very dead. And from habit, not from plan, Benny whirled her around, after she had felt the ground, so he faced down the field—"ready to go if I have to —rot! I can't go *up,"* said Benny as, unbuckling his belt, he climbed stiffly down.

He took out his box of matches, extracted one, lit it—and stamped it out.

"There was n't a soul saw me land. Why be in a hurry? Maybe some one has left me a can of gasolene!" mused Benny. He could n't bear to set fire to his plane — his well-loved *"Lunatic,"* which no one else could manage.

"I think I 'll take a look around," said Benny—then opened his mouth and let it stay open. For as he skirted a corner of the woods, not fifty feet from his plane, he came upon a building—well hidden under branches and with telltale marks on the ground in front of it.

"Hangar by the great Bull-frogs!" said Benny to himself. "And—gasolene!"

Benny flattened himself behind a tree. There was no sign of life, no grey-blue figures about. But Benny knew it could not be an open hangar with wheel-marks in front of it and be tenantless.

"Bet it 's the home of the three-crossed plane—no wonder we could n't find it! Accounts for the clearing, too. But why no men? Why—ah!"

Two figures lounged out of the building. They were German soldiers, and Benny's heart beat fast. If there were no more—how to find out. But his thoughts were clear enough. "I can't find out. If there *are* more, I can't do it. If there are but the two, maybe I can get away with it. But if I don't try because there *may* be more, I 'll be captured *anyway*. And then I can't fire *"The Lunatic."* And if this is *Three Crosses'* home, he 'll be here soon, and it's a *two-seater—"*

Benny waited no more. He watched the two men, one standing, idly smoking, the other sitting, legs crossed. Automatic in hand, Benny gave one spring and, in a swift run, was on the men before they knew it. The one standing, Benny struck—struck hard with the heavy automatic. He gave one little choked cry and fell. The other man jumped to his feet, but his hands were over his head as scared eyes looked into the blue barrel. And Benny's heart sang, for there was no look around, no attempt to yell—there were no others! Evidently the three-crossed plane had a short-handed home.

"Gas!" said Benny, distinctly.

The man addressed shook his head, evidently not understanding.

"Petrol," said Benny.

Another shake of the head.

Benny took his eyes off the man long enough to note the gasolene-pump and the cans. Then he pointed. The man turned his head and nodded.

"Fill it up," said Benny, grinning. And if the soldier did n't understand the words, he did the very vigorous gestures. With hope in his heart and a smile on his lips, Benny disarmed his captive and drove

him to the task. Three five-gallon cans he made him fill with the precious gasolene, carry to the waiting *"Lunatic,"* and put into the gas-tank. Then he walked him to the front of *"The Lunatic."*

With the automatic pressed against the man's head, he pulled down one of his up-in-the-air hands and laid it on the propeller.

"When I say 'contact,' you pull!" snapped Benny. Of course, the German did n't understand the words, but he knew well enough what Benny wanted. Then—and this was the ticklish part of it—Benny climbed into *"The Lunatic,"* gun in one hand, his eyes fastened on the frightened soldier's face. Never had he climbed in faster or looked harder, in gathering darkness. Not waiting to strap himself, Benny called: "Contact! Swing her over, you, or you 're *very* dead—"

The soldier swung her over. Once—twice—three times—would the motor *never* catch? Would they get him—a shot behind him told of a revived soldier. Another—another—a yell—ah! Smothered in the roar of his motor, further shots, if there were any, Benny did not hear. *"The Lunatic"* sprang forward—no time, this, to wait and warm the motor up—no time, this, to see if all were well, if controls worked properly, if—"Ouch!" cried Benny, as *"The Lunatic"* left the ground. Something stung his shoulder—then warmth and wetness told him one shot had gone home.

"By-by!" he called back, delightedly, over his shoulder—the injured one. "Good shooting—but not good enough!"

That 's really all the story. It would make it, perhaps, a "rattling good one" to tell that the three-crossed two-seater landed as Benny went up, that Benny shot it to pieces as he went, and that he was made an ace and given a war-cross and a promotion as a result. But it would n't be so. And Benny had n't any special regrets that it was n't so. For he had walked in the Valley of a Shadow worse than death; and had come out into the clean starlight again; and he took home both the well-loved *"Lunatic,"* an honorable wound, and the information his captain wanted.

"Not a bad afternoon's bag!" said Benny to himself. And he took home, too, the knowledge that he not only was not afraid in the air, but that he was n't afraid of other men, armed; and this, strange to say, is something the airman often wonders about, whether he would have the courage of the man who "goes over the top!"

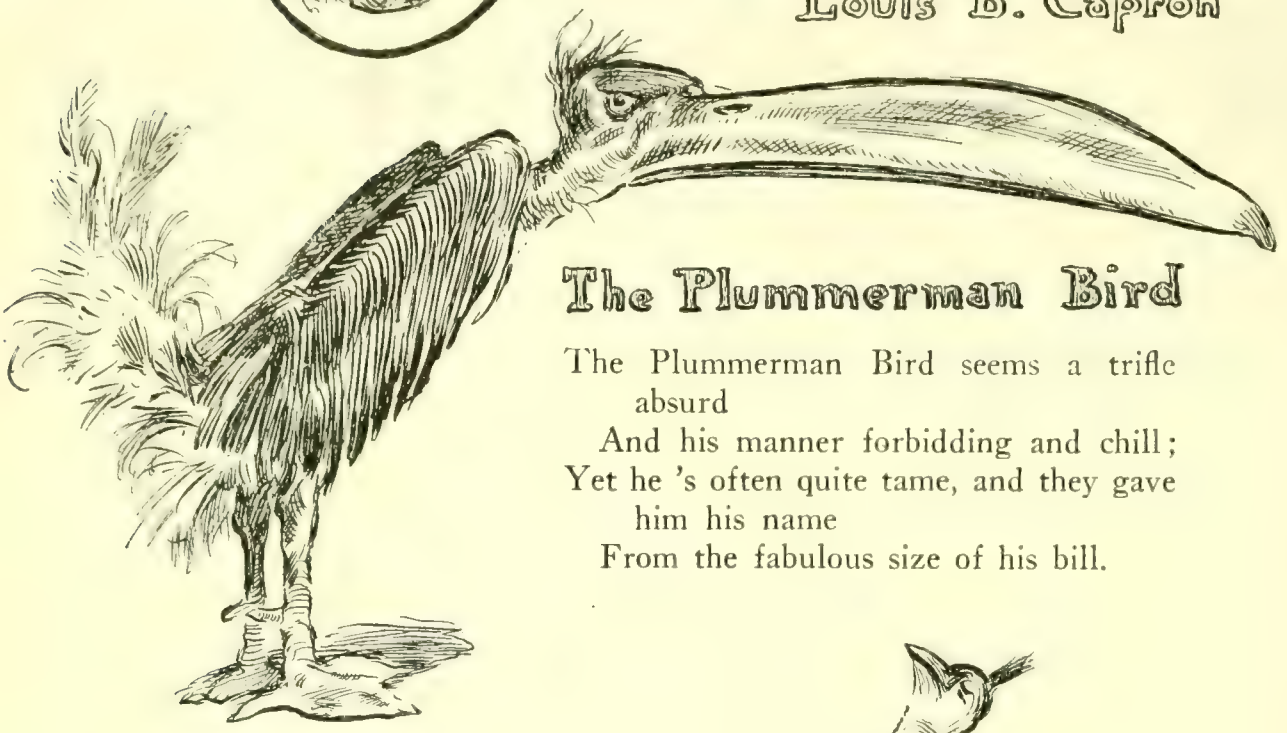
"And if you fly so-and-so and so-and-so," Benny told his captain when he landed half an hour later, finding his own field with difficulty and only getting an answer when his last flare was dying, "why, there he is. And I 'd have been home sooner, only I ran out of gas and had to stop and ask the Germans for some, and they were very obliging and gave me some and a bullet to boot—and, say, got anything to eat?"

Wherefore his captain said nothing at all about his having come home at ten o'clock instead of at eight-thirty, and only made the remark which opens this yarn.



The New Ornerythology

by Louis B. Capron

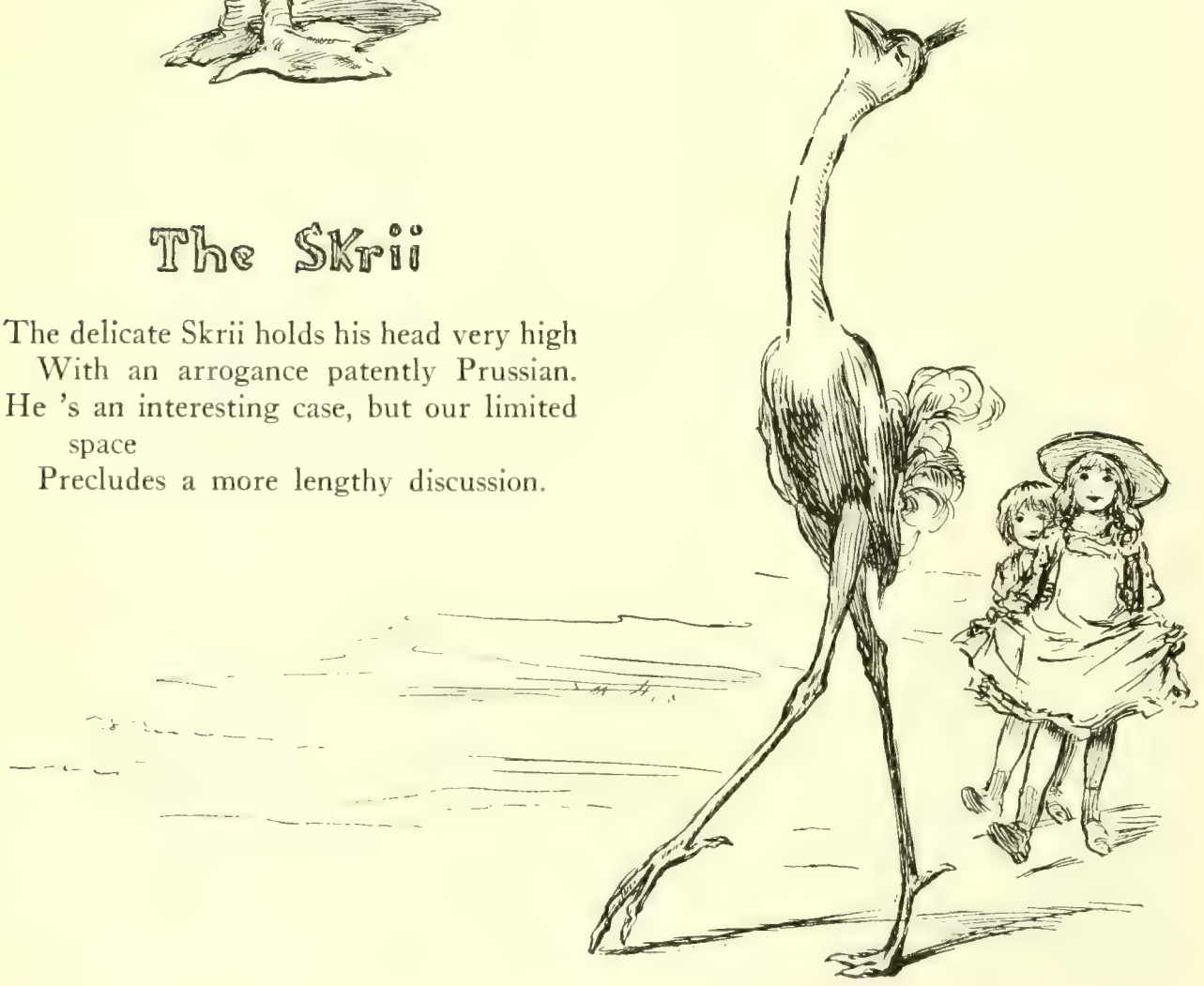


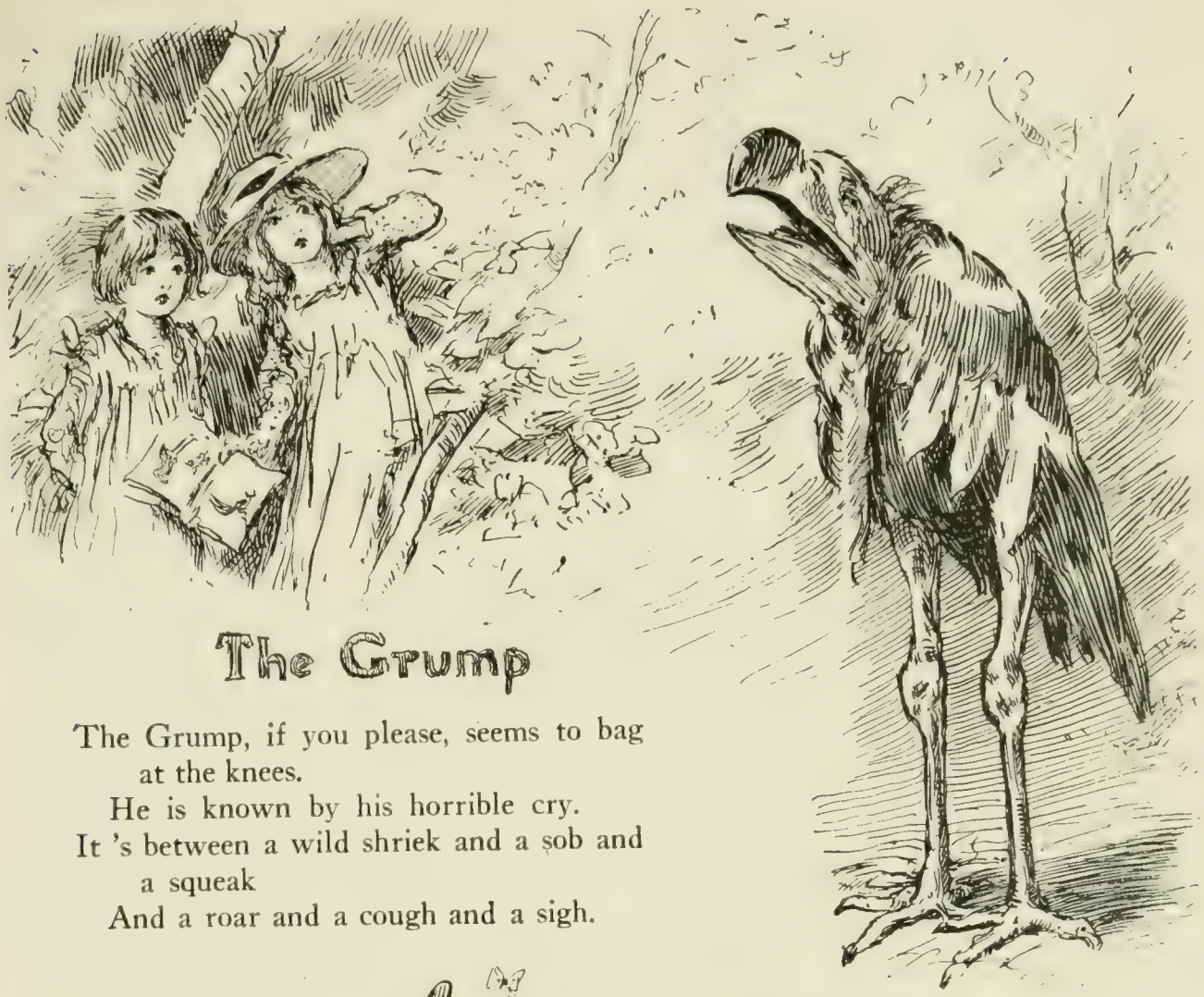
The Plummerman Bird

The Plummerman Bird seems a trifle absurd
And his manner forbidding and chill;
Yet he 's often quite tame, and they gave him his name
From the fabulous size of his bill.

The Skrii

The delicate Skrii holds his head very high
With an arrogance patently Prussian.
He 's an interesting case, but our limited space
Precludes a more lengthy discussion.





The Grump

The Grump, if you please, seems to bag
at the knees.
He is known by his horrible cry.
It 's between a wild shriek and a sob and
a squeak
And a roar and a cough and a sigh.

The Jing

The succulent Jing takes his food on the
wing
As it flutters and hovers above him.
But he also can fly—so food can't rise *too*
high!
Ah, how many are envious of him!





THE DARING OF DORINDA

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter," etc.

DORINDA GATES, as every one knew, was a shy, old-fashioned creature, the kind of girl who prefers a book to a boy and who has an abhorrence, founded on timidity, for strangers. Dorinda had heard so often that she was quite without resource or initiative that she would no more have questioned her lack of those traits than Bella's possession of them. Mother had so often lamented Dorinda's shyness and her inaptitude for the gentler graces of amusing conversation and sprightly entertainment that Dorinda knew as well as Laura or Elaine that she had no social gifts. That she was dependable and sweet-natured, the family accepted without comment, and banked on heavily.

If her brothers and sisters had not been so brilliant and easy and charming, so eminently formed for sociability, Dorinda's deficiencies in these respects would, of course, have been less noticeable. But with Laura the most popular girl in the colony, Elaine the prettiest, and Bella first in demand for any project of the younger summer set, Dorinda's insufficiencies could not but show out with amazing distinctness. The boys, to a man, had possessed the same qualities, but, as they were all either in France or on the way there, Dorinda did not now have to measure her shortcomings against more than the sum total of the girls' attractions. Nobody pretended to understand how she could be so different from the rest of them. They had simply come to accept the fact, and to let her have her own way in her preference for staying at home.

That was why, this morning, Dorinda and Grandmother and Grandmother's maid were the only people about the big gray-shingled house that sat so comfortably and coolly between the bays. Mother and Bella and Elaine and Laura had motored early to a distant camp in response to half a dozen invitations.

"Come along, Dorry. It will do you good," Bella had urged.

"Why?" Dorinda's slim, boyish figure loitered at ease in the doorway. "I don't see that it does you much good just to do things that you don't want to do."

Bella laughed. "But it 's queer that you don't want to do them. The idea! A girl like you, staying home from a trip to *camp!*"

"I like camp well enough. What bores me is having to talk to the men. You know I can't, Bella. They scare me."

"Men you 've known all your life, silly!"

"Men *you 've* known."

Bella shook her head. "Talking to men is as easy as rolling off a log."

"Maybe it is, if you know how. But honestly, I 'd rather stay home and play with the dogs. They 're more fun."

So the maid—Grandmother refused to tolerate a nurse—established the little old lady on the terrace, and Dorinda settled down in the sunshine beside her with the puppies. The cook had been given a day off, and the waitress had helped herself to one, with Dorinda's connivance: "Oh, run along. Jane always gets Grandmother's lunch, and I 'll forage for myself in the pantry." Everything was peaceful and happy, promising a long, delightful day.

Into this beatitude fell a bomb. The telegram was addressed to Mother, but Dorinda opened it with a distinct recollection of Mother's last injunction. "We shall be four needles in a hay-stack. If anybody wants us, let them wait till we get home."

The telegram was dated the previous day, and said simply; "Coming to-morrow. Thanks awfully. Will bring three. R. F. Gates."

Dorinda read it twice, and then she looked at the urchin who had brought it.

"Where," she demanded, "has this been? It should have been delivered yesterday!"

The boy opposed her gaze with an innocence too blank to fathom. "Dunno," he answered, after which he pocketed the fee and departed.

"What is it?" asked Grandmother, closing her magazine on a marking finger.

"Rex Gates!" The words came out in a little gasp. "Rex will be here *to-day*—with three others! Mother told him to come any day and bring some friends, but she understood it would be any day *next week!*"

"H'm." Grandmother extended her hand for the telegram. "There seems to be no mistake about it." Her gaze returned from the yellow slip to the girl beside her. It was shrewd and a bit quizzical, but not in the least domineering.

Dorinda looked up from her cogitations. "Is n't it awful!"

Grandmother nodded. "I don't see any way out. Do you?"

"No. There 's the whistle of the express now. Most likely they 're on it." She shook off the puppies, and walked with her long, swift stride up the flight of turf steps and into the house.

Grandmother watched her go with a smile in her eyes. Then she closed her magazine and sat back, expectantly, to await developments.

Dorinda went straight to the telephone. "Give me 578-W—Gail? Yes, please, I want to speak with Gail Andrews. Gail, come over this minute and help me out. Everybody's gone except Grandmother, *maids and all,* and there are four men that I never saw in my life coming on this train that 's just whistled — coming *to spend the day.* What 's that? But I *can't!* Rex is some kind of a cousin. He 's not very old, I guess, and he 's going across any time now. His home 's in Nevada. So he could n't go there, and Mother thought—I 'll explain afterward. Stop talking and *come!* Run every step of the way, if you love me."

The receiver snapped back on its hook, and Dorinda ran her finger down the telephone-list to the butcher's number.

Five minutes later she was back on the terrace. "Grandmother," she announced, "you will have to be the chief feature of the entertainment—you and the puppies."

"Certainly, my dear. Thank you for including the puppies."

"But you *know,* Gran darling, I have n't time to put things properly."

"I know." Grandmother touched the bell at her elbow. "My knitting, Jane, with the unbroken skein, and my best cap," Grandmother's tone was brisk; "the one with lavender ribbons. And find the white kitten."

The maid departed on her conglomerate errands.

"If I might ask, what about dinner? Shall we try Jane?"

Dorinda shook her head. "She might walk out of the house, if we did."

"Let her go," said Grandmother promptly. "*I* don't want her."

"But Mother wants you to have her. No, I 've thought it all out. Gail 's coming over. Gail and I will get dinner."

"I admire your pluck."

"We ought to be able to boil potatoes and broil steak."

Grandmother's blue-veined hands clapped softly. "Go to it, Dorry!" she applauded. "I knew you would."

"What else is there to do?"

"What, indeed?" Grandmother's twinkle was well hidden.

The maid appeared, bearing knitting and cap and kitten. Grandmother let the maid adjust the cap, and herself adjusted the kitten. The knitting, she laid on the wicker table at her elbow.

"Madam's nap," suggested the maid.

"Nap?" said Grandmother briskly. "Don't speak to me of such a thing today, Jane. I have other matters on hand, pressing matters."

"But, madam—"

"Take it away!" The delicate wisp of lace on Grandmother's head bobbed autocratically. "Take it away at once. We 'll have two naps to-morrow—if necessary, a dozen. But remember, do not mention that word to me again to-day."

The maid retired, vanquished, but un-

convinced. The victor stroked the kitten serenely.

"I 'm anticipating to-day, Dorry. Oh, here comes Gail!"

The girl who hurried down the turf steps was small and breathless and pink-cheeked and quite evidently in a flutter of tremulous excitement. "I 've run every step of the way!" she announced. "Now tell me quick. What *is* it all about?"

"Grandmother will tell you," said Dorinda. "I 've got to go and watch for them now."

THE three boys in olive-drab uniforms who trailed behind their leader up the rock stairway that led to the big gray-shingled house between the bays were inclined to be facetious at his expense.

"Say you knew anybody here, Rex?"

"Better drop us into the briny and go it alone."

"The flag 's out. Nothing else. Here 's where I get off. I 'm modest."

"Quit your kidding and come along."

Suddenly, by a path threading the bushes that shouldered a corner of the house, appeared a girl, walking swiftly—a slim, straight girl, with frank boyish eyes and hand outstretched.

"Oh, how do you do? I thought I 'd have time to get as far as the road, at least. So sorry you had to find your own way from the station. Grandmother and the puppies are on the terrace."

"That sounds good," said he in front. "Bella, is it, or Laura, or—"

"Oh, no, I 'm Dorinda! Mother and the girls are away. They went before your wire came. The boy carried it in his pocket all night, I 'm positive. Mother will be so sorry! She—she was expecting you next week, you see."

The khaki boy stopped short. "See here, if it is n't convenient, we—we can cut and—well, not exactly come again, but— You don't want to be *surprised* by a whole regiment, do you?"

"I don't mind, if you don't. But I'm sorry about Mother and the girls. There 's a puppy apiece, though. You may each have your choice—for to-day."

Dorinda was conscious of a ripple disturbing the polite calm of three pairs of watching eyes, of a murmur, *sotto voce,* "Lead on to the puppies, Rex." Then her fingers were gripped successively by three masculine hands, and she was turning to lead the way around the corner of the house. The four young soldiers had no notion how hotly the heart beat under the cool white blouse that they followed. A grandmother and puppies! The prospect was new in their experience of entertainment, and alluring.

The path plunged into a cool, bough-arched tunnel, and emerged again as abruptly into a green, outdoor room, carpeted with close-clipped grass and looking off across misty spires of larkspur to the shining bay. On the grass four puppies tumbled over one another and a pink-cheeked girl, and in the midst sat a little old lady in a white cap, knitting, while a kitten pawed a ball of gray yarn at her feet. Did Dorinda hear some one say very softly, "Gee"?

There was no ice. How could there be? The little grandmother and the puppies saw to that. Dorinda and Gail found almost at once that all they need do was to stand ready to fill in the gaps, if there were gaps. Presently they lost consciousness of even that. The girls forgot their shyness, and the boys forgot that they were strangers, only one of them with a slender thread of cousinship to bind him to this peaceful scene. It became, by the magic of its very unpretentiousness, its simple happiness, *home* to them, whether they had ever known its like or not, home spelled with four capital letters, a shrine for hearts.

The boy called "Pete" was tall and slim, and, Dorinda could n't help suspecting, would have been even shyer than she, if it had n't been for Grandmother. As it was, he attached himself to the little old lady with an adoring gallantry that she found very charming. He held the fresh skein of yarn for her to wind, resettled the cushion at her feet, and told her his life story. Pete, Dorinda overheard, had had his own way to make in



"HE HELD THE FRESH SKEIN OF YARN FOR HER TO WIND."

the world ever since he was ten. Night-schools and paper-routes and horse-stalls and garages were old tales to him. "But I never had anything like this happen to me before. Gee! I 'm going to live on this forever and ever, amen!" His brown eyes were adoring.

And Grandmother smiled and tapped his shoulder softly with a knitting-needle. "I shall have to adopt you, I think," said Grandmother. "I have n't quite enough grandchildren, though I have fourteen. Besides, there is something wrong about a boy who has n't a grandmother to look out for him."

"There sure is," said Pete, fervently. "I 've always known it. But I had n't known how wrong till this morning."

A few feet away the boy "Nick," round and ruddy, sprawled contentedly beside Gail, and was overrun by three happy puppies. Nick, Dorinda found out some time afterward, was a clergyman's son and a collegian. Near by, "Jinks," introduced as Clay Adams, quiet and square-jawed, with a grave, reflective manner and the brow of a student,—at a subsequent time Dorinda learned he was heir to an iron king and had been "working up,"—patiently instructed a fourth puppy in the rudiments of sitting up to beg. Big, merry Rex, ranchman's son, lounged at ease, throwing out hints to the class in mendicancy, quizzing the chubby Nick, chattering to the girls as though he had known them all his life. Dorinda pinched her arm. Could it be true?

After a while she bethought herself and surreptitiously signaled Gail.

"Where are you going?" asked Rex.

"To get dinner. Excuse us, won't you? There is n't a maid in the house."

Then to Dorinda a surprising thing happened.

"Hear that, fellows?" Nick sat up, showering puppies in all directions.

"Up and at 'em!" adjured Rex gravely. "It 's over the top for us right now!"

"The man who does not work shall not eat," recited Jinks dispassionately, sprawling his puppy over with his foot. "Pete, you 've had Grandmother long enough. I want her myself for a bit. Call me when it 's time to cook the steak. Steak 's my specialty."

"But what do you mean? How did you know?" stammered Dorinda.

"That we were going to have steak?" Jinks grinned. "I did n't. Now I do. Intuition, thy name is Clayton J. Adams, Jr." He thumped his chest, and, picking up a cushion, deposited himself at Grandmother's feet and reached for the kitten.

"No, you don't!" said Pete, firmly. "This is my cat—and my grandmother," he added under his breath.

"I did n't quite catch your last remark," observed Jinks, tranquilly. "Better run along, sonny. Potatoes to wash."

"I don't understand."

Dorinda was frankly staring.

Rex took her by the elbow. "Lead on, Macduff! Lead us to the ammunition stores. In plain English *we 're* going to get dinner. Savvy?"

"But—but you need n't!"

"But—but we are!"

Dorinda laughed. "I shall love to see you!"

Nick swept her a low bow. "Anything to oblige the lady."

In the next hour a storm struck the conservative kitchen of the big gray house. Dorinda felt rather glad that her mother was not there to see. She wondered what the cook would say on her return. It seemed hardly conceivable that such a tornado could pass and leave no trace.

"You 're to sit tight and tell us where things are," Rex commanded, putting his cousin into a chair. "Necessary to have a map of the occupied territory. You 're the map. See? Now what 's this?" flinging open a door. "Ha! Aprons! Just where our cook keeps 'em at home. Step up, fellows, and avoid the rush! No ladies need apply. Closed season on ladies' aprons. Attire thy fairy form, Petey boy. Tie the strings around your neck, idiot. Volunteers for a raid on the potato-bin! Me for the tank yonder. Hello, the juice is out!"

"We were going to have a cold lunch," explained Dorinda.

"Watch me stoke her up!"

Almost before the two girls knew what he meant, the lids were off the range, Rex had produced kindling from somewhere, and a fire was roaring up the chimney. Nick, inspecting labels in the pantry, announced that he was the greatest and only chef the Ritz had ever known, and began ladling ingredients into a bowl. Pete, in a businesslike manner, washed potatoes, shouting for Rex to get the water boiling.

"Where 's that lazy lubber, Jinks?" Rex demanded. "Still spooning with Grandma? Go and haul him in, girls. Tell him he 's got to set the table or he won't get any of our dinner when our dinner is hot."

In the end it was Gail and Jinks who together set the table and Dorinda who in the kitchen, as well as she was able, explained where the cook kept what.

"Where 'll I find the cake, Dorry?"

"Cake? In that tin, Rex. And pies in the pantry."

"Hoo*ray!* One man with only two side-arms advanced on the pantry and swept it clear of pies. Great victory for Uncle Samuel! No casualties. Got that table set, Jinks?"

Sooner than either of the girls would have thought possible, out of the raillery and confusion arose the voice of Nick declaring that his biscuits were done, while under Jinks's skilful manipulation the kitchen filled with a savory odor of steak. Then Pete pulled off his apron and announced he was going to bring in Grandmother and the kitten.

It was an astonishingly well-served and appetizing table to which they all sat down. They put Grandmother in the seat of honor, and they waited on her like a queen. And Grandmother ignored the frantic Jane and ate precisely what she chose, and in a delicate, aristocratic, but quite unmistakable, way had the time of her life. The fun which had risen so riotously in the kitchen softened a little



" 'STEP UP, FELLOWS, AND AVOID THE RUSH!' "

in deference to her presence, but instinctively they all understood that the little old lady liked their capers. Between courses, the boys insisted on the girls sitting still while they changed the plates. And afterward the quartette washed the dishes and swept up the kitchen.

"Cooks is cooks," observed Rex, when Dorinda expostulated. "I know 'em!"

If you had told Dorinda that after the whirlwind there could fall so orderly a calm on the service regions of the house, she would have been disinclined to believe you. Only her eyes convinced her.

"Now," said Nick, as he hung up his apron, "if you could only give me a few beds to make, I 'd feel quite at home."

Then Dorinda got out the tennis-rackets, and those who wished played with balls and others with puppies. Pete continued to hover near Grandmother. And all too soon, before the girls could believe it was time, the young soldiers had to sprint for their train.

"We 've had a bully good time!" they assured Dorinda.

"I 'm sorry you missed Mother and the girls."

"Be sorry for nothing," advised Rex.

Pete lingered behind the others and kissed the little old grandmother's hand softly, and she drew his dark head down and kissed him between the eyes.

"Well, we had a good time, did n't we?" she said to her granddaughter, when the last khaki back had vanished.

"We did. We truly did," agreed Dorinda. "Very tired, Grandmother?"

"No, not yet. Probably I shall stay in bed to-morrow, my dear. But it was worth it! It was worth it!"

On their return, Mother and the girls were somewhat dazed to learn of the visit. "But who entertained them?" asked Bella.

"Dorry," said Grandmother, promptly. "Gail and I helped her."

They were more mystified in the course of a few days when the mail came. There were letters from each of the four, enthusiastic letters.

And grandmother had one all to herself, besides.

"What did you *do* to them, Dorry?" asked Laura, curiously.

"Why, nothing—just nothing at all," said Dorinda.



By WM. J. STANTON

In the days before April, 1917, when you sailed out of New York Harbor on a coastwise trip to Florida—or you may have been steaming through the Golden Gate, or perhaps leaning on the rail as the ocean greyhound sped over the Grand Banks—did you notice any trim, white-hulled, buff-funneled vessels, that you believed were third-class cruisers or gunboats, anchored, cruising leisurely, or appearing to be in very much of a hurry to get to some other part of the ocean?

Strictly speaking, they were not men-of-war at that time, even though they had

guns and torpedo-tubes among their equipment. These were their secondary features, and meant for them to act as the Navy's auxiliary in hostile times. Their primary role, however, was very different from the functions of a man-of-war. I am referring to the cutters of the United States Coast-Guard, which we formerly knew as the Revenue-Cutter Service, an organization established by our first Congress and receiving President Washington's approval in 1790.



"THE ICE-PATROL CUTTER ON HER LONELY STATION OFF SABLE ISLAND."

The Coast-Guard cutter is a restless thing of the sea. If she could make a harbor at nightfall, she did so; but at sunrise her anchor was hove to the hawse-pipe; and when morning mess-call was sounded, she was hull down on the horizon, hunting for something big to do. If the wind was so ugly that flags refused to stay in the halyards and the tops of green seas broke to whip like shot against her bridge-work, there was a certainty of "something doing" very soon for a Coast-Guard ship.

These vessels, which were kept like yachts and had naval discipline maintained aboard them, were ever ready for any sort of task which floated on the Seven Seas, from chasing filibusters through a West Indian passage, to ramming ice-fields with the Arctic whale-ship or running down the slant-eyed pirate of the South China Sea. It was all in the day's and the night's work of a Coast-Guard cutter.

While some of the stations permitted the cutter to reach a harbor at dark, others did not, as, for instance, the ice patrol, which had to keep to sea far from land for weeks at a time, ever on the weird lookout for the crystal giants that float down from Greenland and whose terrorism we well remember in the loss of the great White Star liner *Titanic*.

Since that appalling marine disaster, our Government has maintained this unceasing vigil on the Grand Banks, so as to warn by radio the transatlantic steamers of danger from the dreaded iceberg.

While the ice-patrol cutter was on her lonely station far out from Sable Island among the ice masses, we found four of her sister-ships along the stretches of the bleak New England district.

These vessels hovered off the coast-line in sight of land; in fact, they did some hair-breadth manoeuvers in and about the hidden shoals that mark the Maine and Massachusetts coasts as very undesirable localities on thick and stormy nights.

The wind had dropped at sundown, and perhaps we saw the *Androscoggin* calmly at anchor in the roadstead of Boston Harbor; but if it was in December and the barometer had likewise fallen, there was a stir aboard the coast-guard ship. The wind had reached the force of a gale, and the cutter's crew observed through the dusk that everything with sail and steam was pressing frantically for an anchorage.

If you lived near the sea beach and the midnight gale shivered the house to its foundation, while its shrieking through the double windows of your bedroom, induced you to snuggle into the depths of the bed-comforter, you have guessed correctly that the cutter on the Boston station had weighed anchor, and through the spume and blackness of that midwinter night, was off past the harbor mouth and plunging into the Atlantic combers that savagely whipped their tops against her blistered funnel. A radiogram from Cape Cod told the cutter she was urgently wanted on the ocean side of the cape. Her men recalled that the submerged fangs which jut out from Cape Cod are known as the gateway of New England's marine graveyard, and this fact spurred them on to hurry their vessel through the riot of wind and snow to save the Italian bark that had been reported dragging her anchors onto the terrible Peaked Hill Bar.



A COAST-GUARD CUTTER BREAKING THROUGH ICE TO AID A WHALER IN BERING SEA.

Now let us shift to scenes adjacent to the land of the totem-poles and see what the cutters were doing on the Bering Sea Station—where the coast-guards were watching for illegal sealers, wretches who infest Alaskan waters, and who would place the seal amongst the extinct mammals before many years by their wholesale killing of these soft-coated swimmers of the frigid seas were it not for the iron hand of the United States Coast Guardsmen. Cutters then ran up to the "rookeries" at Pribyloff and jealously circled the islands where are the nurseries of the baby seals. These little fellows, as they sported over the slippery rocks, seemed to know that the coast-guard cutter was their guardian ship and that it would prevent, at machine-gun muzzles, any sealer from setting foot on the islands. So we see why the men of Uncle Sam's cutters in preserving this valuable fur-supply, should not be forgotten, up in that bleak, silent region where they watch so zealously over the fur seal.

However, this was not all that called the Coast Guard toward the land of the midnight sun. It also had to watch over the whaling-fleet which ventured past Point Barrow and took such desperate chances with the treacherous Arctic drift.

But the iron-hulled *Bear,* now among the oldest of the big cutters and a veteran of many Arctic cruises, is known as the ice-breaker of the North and she has been found ramming the frozen fields night and day until she smashed a passage to the imprisoned whale-ships. These cutters are veritable Samaritans of the northern seas and they never hesitate to battle with wind and sea or mammoth ice-floe, risking the chance of their own destruction to bring aid to the hard-handed whalemen of Bering Sea.

One of the Coast-Guard ships was never painted white; neither had she a buff-colored funnel. The *Seneca* was grim black, with a red-and-white striped band on a smoke-stack of the same hue as

that of the hull, and her holds were filled with gun-cotton mines, electric cables, and all sorts of detonating apparatus.

She scoured the North Atlantic wastes for the derelicts, those abandoned hulks that drift to and fro in midocean and which are even more treacherous to the mariner than is the huge iceberg. Barely visible by daylight in their almost submerged condition, these death-traps of the marine highways are totally invisible at night-time, and it is then that the fast liner drives on to the sodden hulk to sink quicker than if torpedoed. It was these deep-sea assassins that were the prey of the *Seneca* as she zigzagged over the steamer lanes, trailing them with the persistency of a bloodhound.

Sometimes the derelict was worth thousands of dollars, if the *Seneca's* officers figured that towing her to port was practicable. But if the cutter's captain said no, then her dynamiting crew would load their gear into a whale-boat, and, after placing their high-explosive mine in a vital spot of the condemned vessel, float a conductor-cable and then row away to a safe distance. When the lieutenant threw a battery switch, there was an upheaval somewhere in the Atlantic, and word was immediately wirelessed to the Hydrographic Office in New York City that no obstruction existed in latitude —— and longitude ——.

While these intrepid officers and men of the Coast-Guard cutters were hailed as the "Big Brothers" of the sea, they also enjoyed the fierce hatred of all marine transgressors who had to square accounts with these deep-water policemen.



"THERE WAS AN UPHEAVAL SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC."

The pirates that once prowled along the north coast of Borneo and to the west of Luzon died hard in their combats with the cutter on the China Station when she wiped out the buccaneering sampans and junks that had been so long a terror to the boatmen of the Eastern Seas.

But when the Coast-Guard cutter came upon the scene, soon after our acquisition of the Philippines, the grand rout of the sea-robbers took place, with the customary "strong arm" tactics of the service, so that to-day no fear of piratical visitation is entertained by either the captain of the

fast mail-steamer, or the slant-eyed steersman of a Hong Kong junk.

The ravager of the birds of plumage in Hawaii, as well as the mutineer in chains taken from the merchant ship, hated these regulators of the ocean pathways. And like the baby seal of Alaska and the birds of Hawaii, the tender sponges of the Bahamas had to be guarded from extinction at the hands of ruthless fishermen, and it was the coast guardsmen they had to reckon with if caught in depredations on the young sponge clusters.

But all this was in the regular schedule of the ocean patrolmen, and far more cheerfully they fired a life-line across a wreck, or sent a boat load of provisions and water to a famished crew in the North Atlantic.

And in the days when seamen's rights were not at the mercy of an outlaw nation, the coast guardsmen drew no lines as to nationality; they cared not what colors flew at the peak halyards or what tongues were spoken in stateroom and forecastle. They jumped in their surf-boats and ran kedge anchors to the British tramp that was wedged in tight on the Florida keys; they did the life-boat stunt to the French fishermen sinking on the Grand Banks; or they drove their cutter at breakneck speed toward the Dutch oil-tanker ablaze out of sight of land, or the Japanese sealer being crushed to kindling-wood in an Arctic ice-pack. In the same spirit, they gambled with their lives in order to reach the German bark going to pieces on the Diamond Shoals or they fought through a West Indian cyclone to bring the crippled Austrian mail packet to a safe haven at St. Thomas. And all this was done as generously to the men of other flags as it was done to their own who sailed under the banner of the Stars and Stripes.

But when the grim shadow of war fell across the sea and our country called her sons and ships, then the coast guardsman immediately took his place on the battle line. His life-boats with their food-casks and medicine-chests were sent ashore to the boat-sheds; his steel towing hawsers were coiled away and the Lyle-gun shooter with its life-line projectile, was stowed between decks. The search-light that was used to illuminate the wrecks on blackened seas was reserved for other uses and his rockets that would tell those hull down on the horizon that he was coming at top speed for their salvation, were stored away in the signal lockers.

Then the Coast-Guard ship became as the black night itself; her white paint disappeared under the lead color of war and she sped over the night sea screened in total darkness. War heads were screwed tight and torpedoes run into the big tubes above the ram bow and breech-blocks slammed after the deadly messengers of steel had been rammed home in the guns of her main battery. The Treasury Department relinquished control of her as she went over to take her place with the "bull dogs" of the Navy.

The Coast-Guard cutter is now with the destroyer flotillas, giving good account of herself with her high speed, her gun power and unerring hits. With her ram bow—that characteristic feature of the Coast-Guard ship—she is making a fine record as she runs down and sinks the ruthless enemy U-boats.

The medium size of these vessels, their swift manoeuvring qualities, light draft, high freeboard and great propulsive power enable them to keep to the high sea as convoy to the transport, the ambulance ship and the cargo carrier. The cutter is a fine deep-sea scout, and when she returns to give the alarm of "enemy in sight", the history of the Coast-Guard will be repeated as she wheels to join the Allied fleet, to run on their flanks and to be in the thick of the next great naval battle with the Teuton squadrons.

So, in both peace and war, we find the coast guardsman equally at his best, giving all that he has to the destitute and shipwrecked at sea, and then, at the bugle call to sustain a free people, coming to the scratch with his Coast-Guard cutter turned into a terrible fighting machine, sworn to do a mighty battle with an unscrupulous and brutal foe.

The Joyous Travelers.

Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

The Squire.



THE Squire was a man of worth,
Of burly form and goodly girth;
His voice rang loud as hunting-horn;
No graces did his speech adorn.
And yet of this one soon thought less
Than of his hearty friendliness;
Nor could his manners bluff disguise
The kindness beaming from his eyes.

Throughout the country famed was he
For generous hospitality;
And now he bade them to his hall,
The Joyous Travelers each and all;
Each one must promise the good Squire
Sometime to sit beside his fire
And taste his famous apples, known
As best of all in England grown.

The Squire loved his gentle wife
And little son; aye, more than life!
Scant was the time he gave to books;
His best-known lore was fields and brooks.
Yet tales and ballads new and old,
Such as the Joyous Travelers told,
So caught his simple mind that he
In each an actor seemed to be.

Right vexed he grew with knight and knave
Who paid the smith, but no thanks gave;
The baron bold he would have fought;
The lad's new lance have quickly bought;
At Master Fox he roared with glee,
"Of course the rascal would get free!"
Endeavored, with the shepherdess,
The riddles of the king to guess;
For Barnaby he found excuse—
"Good lad!" he cried, "to love his goose.
Love I not well my horse and hound?
Faith, better friends are seldom found
Than bird or beast. If that you doubt,
As proof I 'll tell the tale about:

The Wonder-Horse.

The Story told by the Squire.

THERE was a young squire of the North Country who rode to the hunt one day—

A gallant youth, a stalwart youth,
A youth of parts was he,
As brave a lad as ever lived
In England's North Countree.

And it chanced that, as he rode, he far outstripped his comrades, and, missing his way, came alone to a great green plain that lay glittering in the sun beyond a wood.

No rock or mound or hollow marred
The widespread, level green;
As soft as velvet was the turf,
And bright with emerald sheen.

Never before had the youth seen the place; and as he looked about him in bewil-

derment, there came from out the wood to graze upon the green grass a wild horse.

As white as milk his satin coat,
And silver bright his mane;
With arching neck and flowing tail,
He pranced upon the plain.

So beautiful was this milk-white horse that the young squire caught his breath at the sight of him, and, for fear of startling him, sat upon his own steed as if he were carven of stone. But quiet though he was, the wild horse took fright at him, and, galloping into the woods, came forth no more that morn.

With such swiftness did he come and go that the young squire was fain to doubt his own eyes; and because of this, he determined to say naught to any one of his adventure. Nor did he; but on the morrow's morn he rode again beyond the wood to where the green plain shone, and watched there longingly.

And again he saw the horse with milk-white coat and glistening mane come from the wood; and this time, if the horse saw the squire, he showed no fear, but ate his fill in peace.

The youth he looked, the youth he gazed.
"No horse like this," quoth he,
"Could e'er be found, though one should search
Through all the Kingdoms Three."

But on this day, as on the day before, the young squire kept his counsel and said naught to any one of what he had seen.

The third day he rode to the plain and watched and waited. But when, as before, the white horse came from the wood, he rose suddenly in his stirrups and with a cunning hand threw a rope that, turning and twisting across the plain like lightning across the sky, fell upon the neck of the wild horse and held him fast.

Then high in air the wild horse sprang;
From side to side he leapt;
With rage he ran, with terror plunged,
Yet still was captive kept.

Struggle as he would, the wild horse could not free himself, and at last he stood still, all a-quiver and weary, and fought no longer. Then went the young squire to him to stroke his flanks and smooth his mane and look into his eyes. And true as truth it is that from that very hour the two were friends.

And oh, it was a gladsome day,
A gala day indeed,
When proud as any king, the youth
Brought home the milk-white steed!

The news of the marvelous capture quickly spread, and many there were in the North Country who came to see the Wonder Horse in the squire's stable. And there were many who longed to possess the horse, and offered silver and gold enough for a man's ransom for him.

Even the king sent messengers to inquire of the youth his price. But for one and all he had the same answer:

"No hand but mine to guide his course
The Wonder Horse shall know;
Alike we two shall fare and thrive,
Fast friends, come weal, come woe."

And thereafter, at chase or tournament or wheresoever gallant deeds were done, the young squire and his Wonder Horse were found.

And the fame of the two grew apace and spread so wide that at last an outlaw king in a far place heard of them.

"This is a doughty squire," quoth he,
"But, by my woodland throne,
Before the moon shall shine again
That horse shall be mine own."

And upon a dark night, when those who dwelt in the North Country were asleep in their beds and dreaming of no harm, the outlaw king, with a band of daring men, stole away the Wonder Horse from the squire's stable. Nor did the king leave any trace behind him to show whence he came or whither he went.

The morrow's morn was a sorrowful one for the young squire. Yet, though his heart was so heavy, he could but hope that he might find and win back his treasure.



"THAT HORSE SHALL BE MINE OWN."

And forthwith he began to devise ways and means by which he might accomplish this. Day after day he thought of little else, and at last, disguising himself as best he might, he left his home and friends and went from land to land seeking the Wonder Horse.

A weary way, a woeful way,
In doubt and dark despair
The lonely youth, the seeking youth
Did wander here and there.

Wherever fine horses might be seen, at races, fairs, and market-places, he went; but of the milk-white horse he caught no glimpse and heard no word. And he began to be afraid that his quest was in vain.

But one day, as he stood in a strange market-place, he heard a fellow say to another: "As much silver as my hat will hold will my master give to him who tames the wild horse in his stable."

And at the words the young squire's hopes leaped high.

"Good fellow," said he, "I am young in years, yet have I much knowledge of horses and their ways; and to tame your master's steed I will adventure."

"Not so fast, gentle youth," whispered one who stood near by; "for more than one man has tested his skill with this same horse and got nothing but broken bones."

But when the young squire heard this he

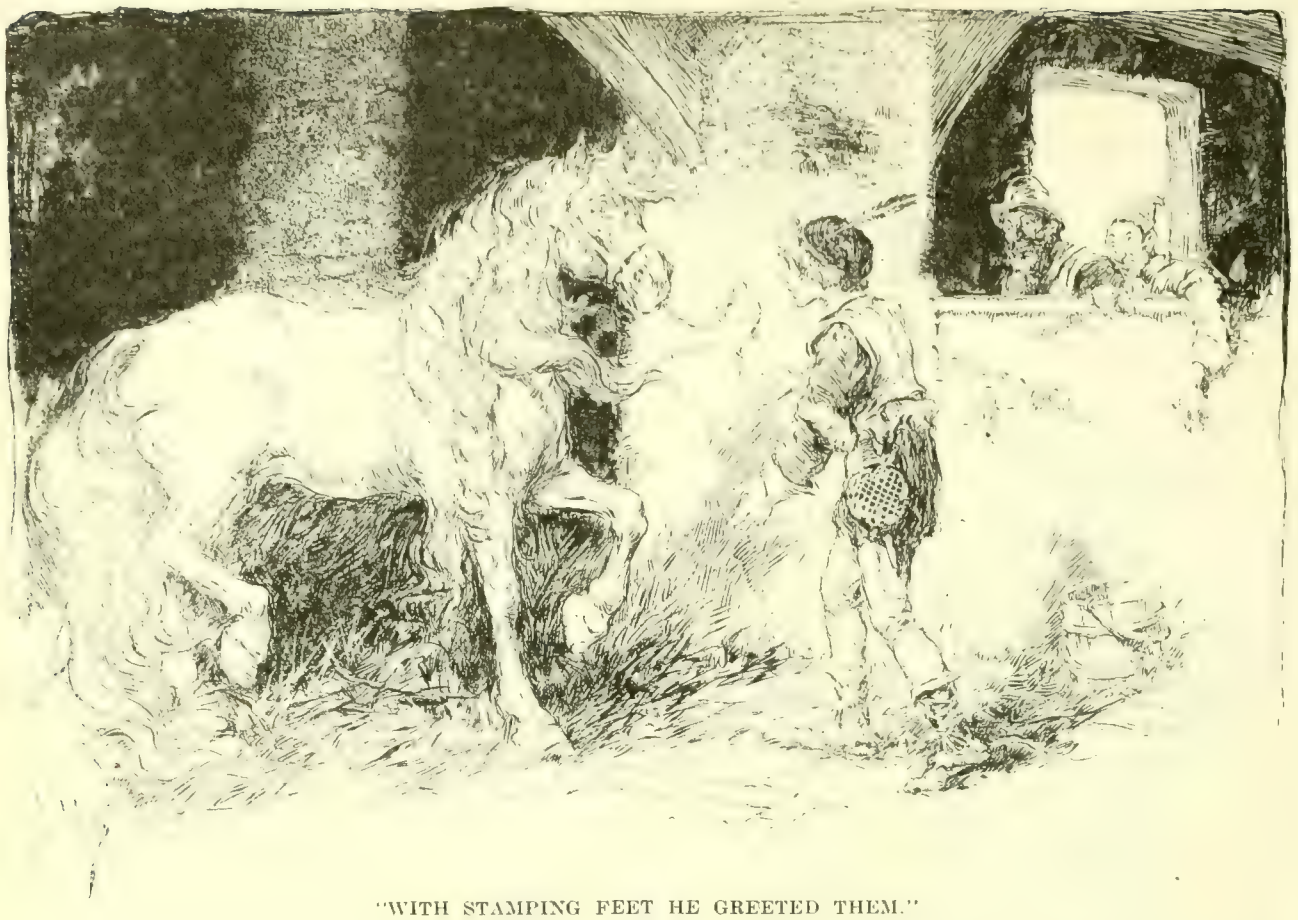


"AS MUCH SILVER AS MY HAT WILL HOLD."

was all the more eager to see the horse, and he bade the fellow lead him to his lord.

Then by a winding way they went,
By stream and fearsome fell,
By hill and crag and tangled path,
And marshy moor and dell.

And as they went the young squire questioned the fellow concerning the horse, though with much caution.



"WITH STAMPING FEET HE GREETED THEM."

"'T is said among those who have observed," quoth he, "that a great spirit is often found in a black horse. Is the horse of your lord of such color?"

"Nay," said the fellow; "'T is white as a lamb newly washed; but never was horse of black or any other color whatsoever possessed of so evil a spirit. Ten men go limping because of him."

"White horses oft have manes of grey," said the youth. "Is it so with this one?"

"Nay, the mane is silver white and dazzling to the eye," answered the man; "but what matters that? 'T is an ill-tempered beast for all its silver mane." But by now they had come to the forest lord's domain, and there was no time for further talk.

The kingdom of this lord was an awesome place; and no less forbidding than his kingdom was the lord himself.

As black as midnight was his hair,
His sunburnt cheeks deep red;
His eagle glance was cold and stern,
And stern the words he said.

But when he had questioned the youth, he was fain to let him try his skill upon the horse; and he bade his henchman show the way to the stable.

As white as moonlight there he stood;
His eyes were like a flame;
With stamping feet he greeted them
Right fiercely as they came.

But fierce as he was, no sooner had the young squire laid his hand upon his flanks and smoothed his mane and looked into his eyes, than the horse knew him and stood like a lamb beneath his touch.

Nor when at the youth's word a saddle was brought and strapped upon him did he resist, but bore all things in gentle wise. And the squire rode forth upon him.

The forest king astounded saw;
"Huzza!" loud called the men,
Nor dreamed it was the doughty squire.
They cheered and cheered again.

Three times he paced his steed before the king; then, with a loosened rein and whispered word, he of a sudden bade the good horse go, and sped away like bird set free from cage.



"SORE WOUNDED FROM HIS HORSE HE FELL."

And of the watching throng there was not one who guessed his purpose till on the wind there came a call:

"Know this, O king! Ill gained, soon lost.
And hear, ye outlaw band!
Whose hand should tame the Wonder Horse
If not his master's hand?"

As fast as they could mount, the outlaw king and his men rode after the young squire. Yet would he have won free of all

had not an arrow from a henchman's bow overtaken him.

Sore wounded from his horse he fell;
"Now spent am I indeed!"
Quoth he, as all alone he lay;
For on had sped his steed.

Yes, gone his horse, his friends were far;
Pursuing foes drew near;
Hope died within the squire's heart.
What help could reach him here?

But as he lay there sorrowful, he felt the touch of a soft muzzle on his hand; and looking up, he saw that the Wonder Horse had returned to him, and, like a faithful comrade, was standing guard beside him.

He was still waiting there beside his master when the outlaw king and his men came riding up; and great was their amazement when they beheld the faithfulness of the beast which they had deemed so wild.

"Now by my word," the king declared,
"Such love I ne'er did see
'Twixt man and beast, and for that love
The two shall ride forth free."

And when the young squire was healed of his wounds he rode forth, without let or hindrance, upon the Wonder Horse to his own place.

And oh, it was a gladsome day,
A gala-day, indeed,
When, proud as king, the noble youth
Brought home the faithful steed!



By ALICE BYRNE



Poppity-pop! Poppity-pop!
Of snowy white kernels, it's full to the top.
We 'll empty the popper in less than a trice.
Pour salt on the butter. (Yum, Yum, but it 's nice!)
And why should we care what Jack Frost is about,
For we 're on the inside and he is without.
He 's rushing around in the sleet and the snow
And we're sitting snug in the fireside glow.
Oh, corn is more tasty than sweets from the shop!
So fill up the popper,
'Tis both right and proper,
Poppity-pop! Poppity-pop!

CARAMURU, THE BOY OF FIRE

(A TRUE STORY)

By ALFREDO L. DEMOREST

Vice-consul of Paraguay



"BUT YOU, LAD, LIKE MYSELF, ARE WALKING THESE STREETS ALONE!" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

So many were the armed robbers that infested the outlying streets of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, during the year 1510, that it was very dangerous to pass through those narrow, twisting streets at night. Persons of wealth, and for that reason most likely to be attacked, when forced to traverse the dangerous sections, provided themselves with armed guards and link-boys, whose torches lighted the way, as the city authorities made little or no attempt to light those streets.

One cloudy moonlight night, a little after ten o'clock, Rodrigo Oliviera, a young clerk, sixteen years old and an orphan, was walking through that robber-infested section on the way from the dye-works where he was employed to his humble boarding-house, quite a distance away near the waterfront. Rodrigo usually finished his duties at six o'clock; but on that evening, extra work, owing to a huge shipment of bright-colored silks to Tangiers, had kept him working much over his usual time.

The boy had little fear of being held up or attacked, as any lurking robber, seeing his old, very shabby, and much-mended garments, would hardly consider him worth waylaying. Nevertheless, he had provided himself with a stout club, which he grasped tightly, and he kept himself on the alert.

As Rodrigo turned from the crooked and narrow Rua do Asfeo into the wider and more important Bandera Street, he saw in the semi-moonlight the back of a tall and soldierly appearing man, who was

rapidly walking in the same direction that he intended to take.

The young clerk could see from the handsome cloak, the waving plumes upon the stranger's hat, and the glittering silver sword-scabbard that he must be a man of wealth and position. Therefore it seemed strange indeed that he should go forth alone, without guards or link-boys.

Bandera Street seemed especially lonesome and deserted. The windows and doors of the shops and dwelling-houses were shuttered and barred. Not a glimmer of light could be seen from any of them, as the people had retired for the night.

Rodrigo, no doubt because of the utter lonesomeness of that silent street, walked more rapidly, so that the fast-moving stranger should not pass from his sight, as the lad felt a certain sense of companionship in the near proximity of the tall cavalier.

Soon only a short distance separated the boy from the stranger, who could not hear Rodrigo's footsteps behind him, as the young clerk wore the noiseless, felt-soled shoes worn by the poorer class of Portugal.

The tall cavalier was evidently all unmindful of danger, or else so absorbed in his thoughts as to be careless. At any rate, he rapidly passed a dark alley that opened into the street without once glancing to see if danger lurked in the shadows.

Rodrigo gave a gasp of horror, for no sooner had the stranger passed the alley entrance than a figure, masked and felt shod, gleaming knife in hand, stepped, pantherlike and cautious, after the unsuspecting cavalier.

With a chill in his heart, Rodrigo realized that, no matter how fast he ran, he could not reach the assassin's side in time to prevent the fatal knife-thrust. Already the robber was raising his weapon aloft.

There was but one thing to do—and that Rodrigo did. With a prayer in his heart, and with all the force of his powerful young muscles, the boy cast at the highwayman the club he carried.

The aim was true and struck the would-be assassin's arm. The villain gave a scream of pain, and the knife rattled upon the pavement.

The cavalier whirled around, jerking forth his sword. But the assassin leaped backward with wonderful agility, his broken arm hanging limp and useless. Then, quick as a flash, he turned and leaped into the shadows of the dark alley.

The cavalier did not attempt to follow.

The clouds that had been obscuring the moon parted, and the scene was for the moment well lighted.

The tall stranger glanced at the club and the knife upon the pavement, and then at Rodrigo.

"I was in time, *Senhor,*" said the boy.

"Indeed you were, my lad!" exclaimed the cavalier, gratefully, as he stepped forward and grasped Rodrigo's hands in his. "How can I thank you enough for saving my life! You have strength, and, better still, great presence of mind. I was indeed careless, being lost in thoughts of my new voyage of exploration. No doubt, also, I was foolish not to have accepted the offer of an escort of guards and torch-bearers from the friend with whom I dined. I am on the way to my ship. But you, lad, like myself, are walking these streets alone!"

"Yes, *Senhor,* and with little cause for fear," laughed Rodrigo. "What robber would waste his efforts on a poor and shabby clerk with but a few coppers in his pouch?"

"You are a clerk? Good! I am Diego Alvarez Carreo, commander of the galleon *Sancta Maria,* about to sail to Brazil, Portugal's wonder possession. As you no doubt know, Admiral Cabral, ten years ago, took formal possession of the new land in the name of our king and country, but since then no attempt had been made to settle it. Now, however, the king has commissioned me to make a voyage to Brazil and to locate there a suitable site for the first settlement. It is, though, but another voyage of exploration, as no women or children colonists accompany us. On the voyage I shall need a clerk. Will you come with me? I like you, lad. Tell me your name."

For a moment Rodrigo was too over-

come with joy to speak; but when he did, it was to accept the commander's offer with the greatest enthusiasm.

Now indeed was Rodrigo Oliviera about to realize his great longing—to visit Brazil, that new wonderland of the Americas. Very proud was he to take service under Dom Diego Alvarez Carreo, the king's favorite and the idol of the people. Dom Diego was one of the greatest navigators of Portugal, and a famed African explorer.

THREE days later the majestic galleon *Sancta Maria* sailed from Lisbon bound for Brazil.

The entire voyage was a dream of delight to Rodrigo. Handsomely dressed in clothes of military cut, he attended to his new duties with an enthusiasm that greatly pleased Dom Diego.

The boy's proudest possession was one of the new, clumsy wheel-lock muskets that were the standard equipment of the expedition.

In moments of leisure Dom Diego took delight in teaching the boy how to shoot. Rodrigo soon proved himself a born sharpshooter, and before the end of the long voyage, delayed by many storms, he became by far the best shot on board. Without a miss he could every time smash a bottle cast into the air, or bring down a flying-fish or sea-bird.

Fearing that the salt sea air might rust his musket, despite the fact that he always kept it thoroughly oiled, Rodrigo got the chief sail-maker to construct for him a waterproof canvas cover, and in this he always carried the firearm, primed and loaded.

Every one on board the *Sancta Maria* laughed at the boy for the extreme care that he gave his beloved weapon, some even saying that Rodrigo slept with it beside him.

Be it as it may, Rodrigo's precautions for keeping the musket and its load and complicated firing mechanism dry, added to his wonderful marksmanship, was very soon to prove the salvation of every soul on board the galleon, and therefore make possible the founding of the first Portuguese colony in Brazil.

Barely had the Brazilian shore been sighted, when an awful tempest sprang up as if by magic, a few hours before sunrise. Good seamanship was of no avail. The masts went overboard, and like a stick tossed by the hand of a giant, the wreck of the noble ship was shot headlong into and through that beautiful bay, now known as *Bahia de Todos Santos*—All Saints' Bay.

Terrific waves cast the *Sancta Maria* into a natural wedge formed by two great rocks close to shore.

Fearing that the vessel might break up at any second, the commander ordered the men to wade ashore as best they could. In those terrible moments Dom Diego thought only of saving the lives of his men—there was no time to serve out firearms, ammunition, and food.

Soon all were safe ashore, a wet, bruised, bedraggled and miserable company of men.

The storm of a sudden died away completely, after the manner of tropical tempests, and then came the instantaneous sunrise of warm climates. The men gazed about them in joy and awe at the beautiful scenery about them.

But they were not given much time to admire their surroundings. The Portuguese recoiled in horrified surprise as, from the bushes inland, some distance from where the men were grouped, there poured a horde of savages of the most terrifying appearance, as they were stained from head to foot in the gleaming blood-red juice of the *uzamantil* berry. Waving their spears, they yelled in chorus their fearsome war-cry.

It was an awful situation for the Portuguese, taken so completely by surprise.

Dom Diego was instantly the able commander. Sword in hand, assisted by his officers, he arranged the men so as to make the best possible defense and the more dearly to sell their lives. The only firearm in the company was Rodrigo's musket. The lieutenants had their swords, and each man his sailor's knife, but they were almost useless for defense against long spears.

Dom Diego had not expected an attack from Indians, as the other explorers had reported the natives friendly. But these tall and handsome Indians were not natives of Brazil, but a large band of the then warlike Guaranís who had emigrated from the far South.

To his surprise, Rodrigo found himself calm in the face of death, and a great inspiration seized him—perhaps these savages had never before heard the report of a gun or seen the fire of the powder! He recalled that Dom Diego had told him how he had once, unintentionally, so frightened an entire village of African blacks.

He would try the experiment here!

Rodrigo raised high his unwieldy weapon and fired at a bird flying far overhead.

The loud report, the jet of flame, and the smoke had been simultaneous—and most astonishing!

The Indians had seen a boy raise aloft a long, shining stick from the end of which there poured forth the imprisoned thunder and lightning. With screams of abject terror they dropped their spears and cast themselves full length upon the ground. Then came to their ignorant minds the second great wonder, for into their midst dropped *omonaticu,* the "deathless bird," which fluttered a second and then lay still. Moans of superstitious fear came from the prostrate Guaranís.

The bird that Rodrigo had shot was of most remarkable and beautiful plumage, of a species now extinct. It was called by the Indians "sacred eternal bird," as they considered it deathless and impossible to kill, owing to an age-long superstition that a dead body of an *omonaticu* had never been found.

Dom Diego motioned his men to stand still and remain silent.

Then he turned to Rodrigo, and said:

"O wonderful boy! We owe our lives to your presence of mind and to your foresight in bringing your gun with you!"

Then the commander raised aloft the hilt of his sword, forming a cross, and offered up a brief, but heartfelt, prayer.

For fully ten minutes the awestruck Guaranís remained prostrate and motionless, but gazing the while at Rodrigo and his terrible "fire-stick."

Then the chief crawled forward on hands and knees, and, timidly placing the boy's right foot upon his head, spoke in the soft and beautiful language of the Guaranís: *Caramuru! Caramuru.* O thou *Caramuru,* Boy of Fire! Thou who, by thy wondrous magic, hast imprisoned the thunder and lightning within a stick and with it slain the 'deathless bird,' look with mercy upon us, who, in our ignorance, would have tried to slay thee and thy followers. O *Caramuru, Cacique Papa* [Chief of Chiefs], forgive thy slaves, the Guaranís!"

Rodrigo, Dom Diego, and the rest of the Portuguese would have given much to have understood what the chief was saying, but they all knew that absolute submission was offered.

Rodrigo reached down and patted the chief's bowed head, and then motioned him to arise. The chief's face glowed with joy, and his warriors broke forth into a song of praise for Caramuru, for every one of them had been expecting death from the terrible "fire-stick."

Then, by means of signs, Caramuru made the Indians understand that he ordered them at once to go out to the wreck with the sailors and help bring ashore everything of value. And the warriors of the Guaranís, who looked upon all labor with disgust, leaped to do his bidding with childlike eagerness.

"Ah, I see, Rodrigo," remarked Dom Diego, approvingly, "that I must surrender the command to you, even if but for a short time only. It gives me pleasure to know that, despite your youth, you will be an able leader."

Rodrigo blushed with pride at this high compliment from his beloved commander.

That evening, after the total dismantling of the wrecked galleon, a great feast was given the Portuguese by the Guaranís, and the shipwrecked mariners tasted strange meats, new and delicious fruits and vegetables, and drank from gourds, through the hollow wing-bones of large birds, hot and fragrant *mate,* or Paraguayan tea.

Dom Diego returned the compliment by bestowing upon the chief, the warriors, and even the women and children of the tribe, who had since appeared, lavish gifts of gaudy beads, small hand-mirrors and the like, which pleased the savages beyond expression.

As the days passed, the Indians' fear of the white men turned to admiration and liking, and Guaranis and Portuguese became firm friends and allies for all time.

Dom Diego founded the settlement of Bahia on the shore of the same bay where the *Sancta Maria* was wrecked, and the Guaranís established their huts near by. Later on, other colonists came from Portugal and settled, and from that humble beginning was born the modern and important city of Bahia. At the present time there are dwelling there many persons who proudly trace their ancestry back to Caramuru, the Boy of Fire.



"'O CARAMURU, CHIEF OF CHIEFS, FORGIVE THY SLAVES, THE GUARANIS!'"



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BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE CAMBRAI DRIVE HOLDING A POSITION UNTIL ONE OF THEIR TANKS, IN TEMPORARY DIFFICULTIES, COULD EXTRICATE ITSELF AND CONTINUE ITS ADVANCE.

TANKS

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor, "Scientific American," Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering"

THERE is no race-horse that can keep up with an automobile, no deer that can outrun a locomotive. A bicyclist can soon tire out the hardiest of hounds. Why? Because animals run on legs, while machines run on wheels.

If wheels are so much more speedy than legs, it seems odd that we do not find this form of locomotion in nature. There are many animals that owe their very existence to the fact that they can run fast. Why has n't nature put them on wheels so that when their enemy appears they can roll away, sedately, instead of having to jerk their legs frantically back and forth at the rate of a hundred strokes a minute?

But one thing we must not overlook. Our wheeled machines must have a special road prepared for them, either a macadamed highway or a steel track. They are absolutely helpless when they are obliged to travel over rough country. No wheeled vehicle can run through fields broken by ditches and swampy spots, or over ground obstructed with boulders and tree stumps.

But it is not always possible or practicable to build a road for the machine to travel upon, and it is very necessary to have some sort of a self-propelled vehicle that can travel over all kinds of ground.

Some time ago a British inventor developed a machine with large wheels on which were mounted the equivalent of feet. As the wheels revolved, these feet would be planted firmly on the ground, one after the other, and the machine would proceed step by step. It could travel over

comparatively rough ground, and could actually walk up a flight of stairs.

Two or three years ago ST. NICHOLAS described another type of walking machine. It was a big dredge provided with two broad feet and a "swivel chair." The machine makes progress by alternately planting its feet on the ground, lifting itself up, chair and all, pushing itself forward, and sitting down again.

Although many other types of walking machines have been patented, none of them has amounted to very much. Clearly nature hopelessly outclasses us in this form of propulsion.

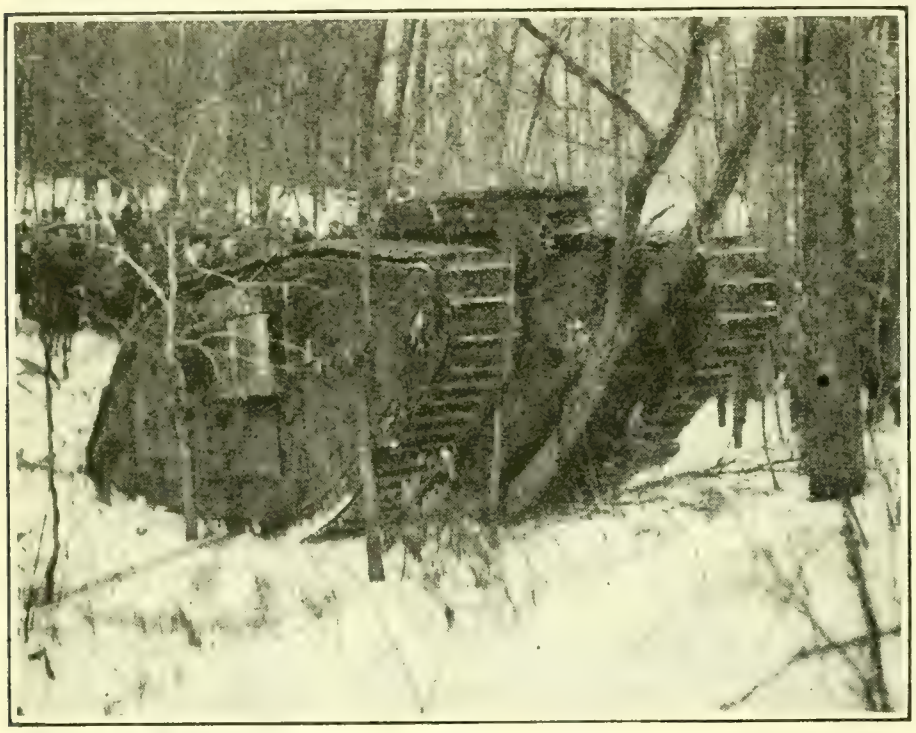
Years ago it occurred to one ingenious man that if wheeled machines must have tracks or roads for their wheels to run on why not let them lay their own tracks, and so he arranged his track in the form of an endless chain of plates that ran around the wheels of his machine. The wheels merely rolled on this chain, and, as they progressed, new links of the track were laid down before them and the links they had passed over were picked up behind them. A number of inventors worked on this idea, but one man in particular, Benjamin Holt, of Peoria, Illinois, brought the invention to a high state of perfection. He arranged a series of wheels along the chain track, each carrying a share of the load of the machine, and each mounted on springs so that it would yield to any unevenness of the ground, just as a caterpillar conforms itself to the hills and dales of the surface it creeps over. In fact, the machine was called a "caterpillar" tractor because of its crawling locomotion. But it was no worm of a machine. In power it was a very elephant. It could haul loads that would tax the strength of scores of horses. Stumps and boulders were no obstacles in its path. Even ditches could not bar its progress. The machine would waddle down one bank and up the other without the slightest difficulty. It was easily steered; in fact, it could turn around in its own length by traveling forward on one of its chains, or traction-belts, and backward on the other. The machine was particularly adapted to travel on soft or plowed ground because the broad traction-belts gave it a very wide bearing and spread its weight over a large surface. It was set to work on large farms, hauling gangs of plows and cultivators. Little did Mr. Holt think, as he watched his powerful mechanical elephants at work on the vast western wheat-fields, that they, or rather their offspring, would some day play a leading rôle in a war that would rack the whole world.

BUT we are getting ahead of our story. To start at the very beginning, we must go back to the time when the first savage warrior used a plank of wood to protect himself from the rocks hurled by his enemy. That was the start of the never-ending competition between arms and armor. As the weapons of offense developed from stone to spear, to arrow, to arquebus, the wooden plank developed into a shield of brass and then of steel; and then, since a separate shield became too bothersome to carry, it was converted into the armor that the warrior could wear, thus leaving both hands free for battle. For every improvement in arms there was a corresponding improvement in armor.

After gunpowder was invented, the idea of armor for men began to wane, because it could not be built strong enough to ward off the rifle-bullet and at the same time light enough for a man to wear. The struggle between arms and armor was then confined to the big guns and the steel protection of forts and warships.

But not so long ago the machine-gun was invented, and this introduced a new phase of warfare. Not more than one rifle-bullet in a thousand finds its mark on the battle-field. The Boers in the battle of Colenso established a record with one hit in 600 shots. In the excitement of battle men are too nervous to take careful aim and they are apt to fire either too high or too low, so that the mortality is not nearly as great as some would expect. But with the machine-gun there is not this waste of ammunition because it fires a stream of bullets, the effect of which can readily be determined by the man who

operates the volley. The difference between machine-gun fire and rifle fire is something like the difference between hitting a tin can with a stone or a stream of water. It is no easy matter to score a hit with the stone; but any one can train a garden hose on the can because he can see where the water is striking and move his hose accordingly until he covers the desired spot. In the same way, with the machine-gun, it is much easier to train the stream of bullets upon the mark, and, having once found the mark, to hold the aim. That is one reason why the destruction of a machine-gun is so tremendous, another, of course, being that it will discharge so many more shots per minute than the common rifle.



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"EVEN TREES WERE NO BARRIER TO THESE TANKS."

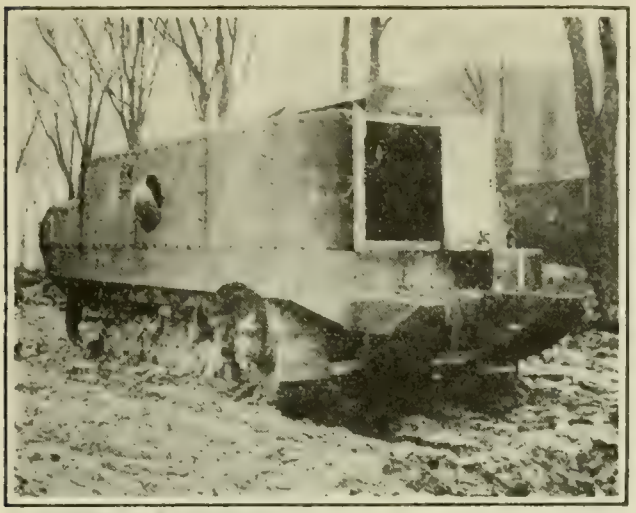
In the Russo-Japanese War, the Russians played havoc with the attacking Japanese at Port Arthur by using carefully concealed machine-guns, and the German military attachés were quick to note the value of the machine-gun. Secretly, they manufactured large numbers of machine-guns and established a special branch of service to handle the guns and developed the science of using them with telling effect. And so, when the great war that is now upon us suddenly broke out, they surprised the world with the countless number of machine-guns they possessed and the efficient use to which they put them. Thousands of British soldiers in the early days of the war fell victims to this death-dealing machine. Two or three men with a machine-gun could defy several companies of soldiers, especially when the attackers had to cut their way through barbed-wire entanglements. It was clearly evident that something must be done to defend the men against this powerful arm; for to charge against it was simply wholesale slaughter.

At first the only means of combating the machine-guns seemed to be to destroy them with shell-fire; but the machine-guns were carefully concealed, and it was difficult to search them out. Only by long continued bombardment was it possible to destroy the machine-guns and tear away the barbed wire sufficiently to permit of a charge. Before an enemy position was stormed it was subjected to the fire of thousands of guns of all calibres for hours and even days.

But this resulted in notifying the enemy that a charge was ere long to be attempted at that place, and he could assemble his reserves for a counter-attack. Furthermore, the Germans learned to conceal their machine-guns in dugouts twenty or thirty feet under ground, where they were safe from the fire of the big guns, and then, when the fire let up, the weapons would be dragged up to the surface in time to mow down the approaching infantry.

It was very clear that something would have to be done to combat the machine-gun. If the necessary armor was too heavy for the men to carry, it must carry

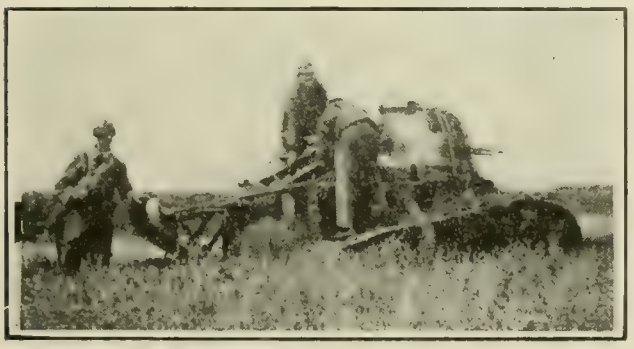
itself. Armored automobiles were of no service at all, because they could not pos-



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A FRENCH TANK WITH SKIDS AT EACH END.

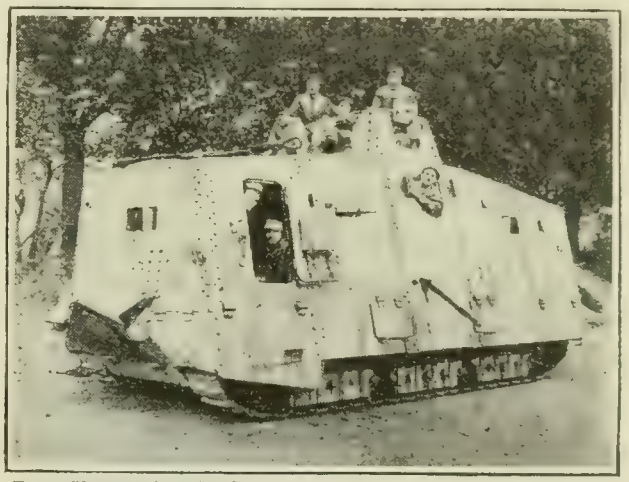
sibly travel over the shell-pitted ground of No Man's Land. The Russians tried a big steel shield mounted on wheels, which a squad of soldiers would push ahead of them, but this plan failed because the wheels would get stuck in shell-holes. A one-man shield on wheels was tried by the British. Under its shelter a man could steal up to the barbed wire and cut it and even crawl up to a machine-gun emplacement and destroy it with a hand-grenade. But this did not prove very successful, either, because the wheels did not take kindly to the rough ground of a battle-field.

And now we come to the third chapter of our story. Just before the great war broke out, Belgium, poor unsuspecting



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THE LIGHT FRENCH "MOSQUITO" TANK.

Belgium, was holding an agricultural exhibition. An American tractor was on exhibition. It was the one developed by Mr. Holt, and its remarkable performances gained for it a reputation that spread far and wide. Colonel E. D. Swinton of the British Army heard of the peculiar machine, and immediately realized the advantages of an armored tractor for battle over torn ground. But in the first few months of the war that ensued, this idea was forgotten, until the effectiveness of the machine-gun and the necessity for overcoming it recalled the matter to his mind. At his suggestion a caterpillar tractor was procured, and the military engineers set themselves to the task of designing an armored body to ride on the caterpillar-tractor belts. Of course the machine had to be entirely re-designed. The tractor was built for hauling loads, and not to climb out of deep shell-holes; but by running the traction belts over the entire body of the car and running the for-



Press Illustrating Service
A GERMAN TANK, VERY HEAVY AND CUMBERSOME.

ward part of the tractor up at a sharp angle that difficulty was overcome.

In war, absolute secrecy is essential to the success of any invention, and the British engineers were determined to let no inkling of the new armored automobiles reach the enemy. Parts of the machines were made in different factories, so that no one would have any idea of what the whole would look like. At first the new machine was known as a "land-cruiser" or "land-ship"; but it was feared that this very name would give a clue to spies, and so any descriptive name was forbidden. Many of the parts consisted of rolled steel plates which might readily be used in building up vessels to hold water or gasolene; and in order to carry

out this delusion the name "tank" was adopted. The necessity of guarding even the name of the machine was shown later, when rumors leaked out that the machines were being built to carry water over the desert regions of Mesopotamia and Egypt. Another curious rumor was that the machines were snow-plows for use in Russia. To give some semblance of truth to this story, the parts were carefully labeled, "For Petrograd."

Probably never was a military secret so well guarded as this one, and when, on September 15th, 1916, the waddling steel tractors loomed up out of the morning mists, the German fighters were taken completely by surprise. Two days before, their airmen had noticed some peculiar machines which they supposed were armored automobiles. They had no idea, however, that such formidable monsters were about to descend upon them.

The tanks proceeded leisurely over the shell-torn regions of No Man's Land, wallowing down into shell-holes and clambering up out of them with perfect ease. They straddled the trenches and paused to pour down them a stream of machine-gun bullets. Wire entanglements were nothing to them; the steel wire simply snapped like thread. The big brutes marched up and down the lines of wire, treading them down into the ground and clearing the way for the infantry. Even trees were no barrier to these tanks. Of course they did not attack large ones, but the smallish trees were simply broken down before their onslaughts. As for concrete emplacements for machine-guns, the tanks merely rode over them and crushed them. Those who attempted to defend themselves in the ruins of buildings found that the tanks could plough right through walls and bring them down in a shower of bricks and stone. There was no stopping these huge monsters, and the Germans fled in consternation before them.

There were two sizes of tanks; the larger aimed to destroy the machine-gun emplacements, and they were fitted with guns firing a shell, while the smaller tanks, armed with machine-guns, devoted themselves to fighting the infantry. British soldiers following in the wake of the bullet-proof tank were protected from the shots of the enemy and were ready to attack them with bayonet when the time was ripe. But the tanks also furnished an indirect protection for the men. It was not necessary for them to conceal themselves behind the big tractors. Naturally, every Hun who stood his ground and fought directed all his fire upon the tanks, leaving the British infantry free to charge practically unmolested. The success of the tank was most pronounced.

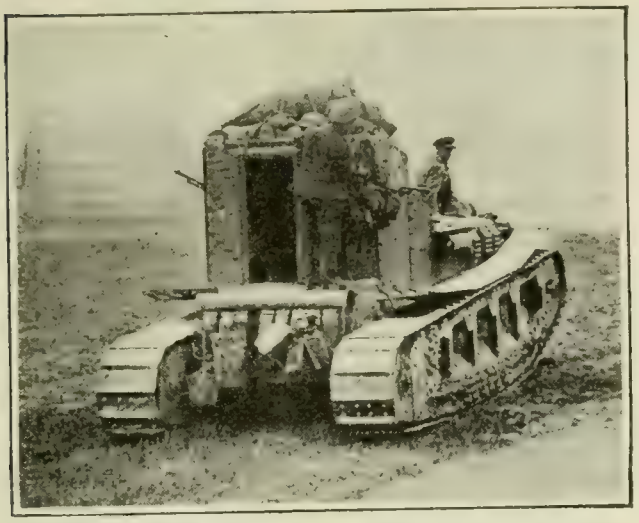
In the meantime the French had been informed of the plans of their allies, and they set to work on a different design of tractor. It was not until six months later that their machine saw service. The French design differs from the British mainly in having the tractor belt confined to the wheels instead of running over the entire body of the tank. It is more blunt than the British and is provided at the forward end with a steel cutting-edge, which adapts it to break its way through wire entanglements. At each end there are two upward-turning skids which help it to lift itself out of a hole. The larger machines carry a regular 75-millimeter (3-inch) field-gun, which is a very formidable weapon. They carry a crew of one officer and seven men.

Life in a tank is far from pleasant. The heat and the noise of machinery and guns is simply terrific. Naturally, ventilation is poor and the fumes and gases that accumulate are most annoying, to say the least. Sometimes the men are overcome by them. But war is war, and such discomforts have to be endured.

But the tank possesses one serious defect which the Germans were not slow to discover. Its armor is proof against machine-gun fire, but it cannot ward off the shells of field-guns, and it is such a slow traveler that the enemy does not find it a very difficult task to hit it with a rapid-fire gun if the gunner can see his target. And so the Germans ordered up their guns to the front lines, where they could score direct hits. Only light guns were

used for this purpose, especially those whose rifling was worn down by long service, because long range was not necessary for tank fighting.

When the Germans began their great



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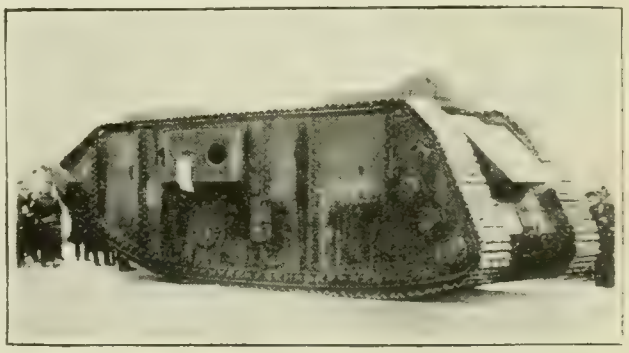
A "WHIPPET"—THE LITTLE BRITISH TANK THAT CAN TRAVEL TWELVE MILES AN HOUR.

drive, last spring, it was rumored that they had built some monster tanks that were far more formidable than anything the Allies had produced. Unlike the British, they did not use the tanks to lead the army, but to follow and destroy small nests of French and British that were left behind. When the French finally did capture one of the German tanks that had fallen into a quarry, it proved to be a poor imitation. It was an ugly-looking affair, very heavy and cumbersome. Owing to the scarcity of materials for producing high-grade armor, it had to make up in thickness of plating what it lacked in quality of steel. The tank was intended to carry a crew of eighteen men and it fairly bristled with guns, but it could not manœuver as well as the British tank; for when some weeks later a fleet of the German tanks encountered a fleet of heavy British tanks, the Hun machines were completely routed.

It was then that the British sprang another surprise upon the Germans. After the big fellows had done their work, a lot of baby tanks appeared on the scene and chased the German infantry. These little tanks could travel at a speed of twelve miles per hour, which is about as fast as an ordinary man can run. "Whippets" the British call them, because they are like the speedy little dogs of that name. They carry but two men, one to guide the tank and the other to operate the machine-gun. The French, too, have built a light "mosquito" tank, which is even smaller than the British tank, and fully as fast. It is with these machines, which can dart about quickly on the battle-field and dodge the shells of the field-guns, and which are immune to the fire of the machine-gun, that the Allies are able to make progress against the Germans.

When the Germans retreat, they leave behind them nests of machine-guns to cover the withdrawal of their armies. These gunners are ordered to fight to the very end. They look for no mercy and expect no help. Were it not for the light tanks, it would be well nigh impossible to overcome these determined bodies of men without frightful losses.

Since America invented the machine-gun and also barbed wire, and since America furnished the inspiration for the



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THE FIRST TANK MADE IN AMERICA.

tank with which to trample down the wire entanglements and stamp out the machine-guns, naturally people are expecting our army to come out with something better than anything that has been produced so far. Just what we are doing is a military secret. The censor has, however, allowed the publication of the picture of a big tank constructed for use by our forces, as shown above.

What we are doing toward the development of other forms of the tank is a story which must wait until later in the history of the war.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

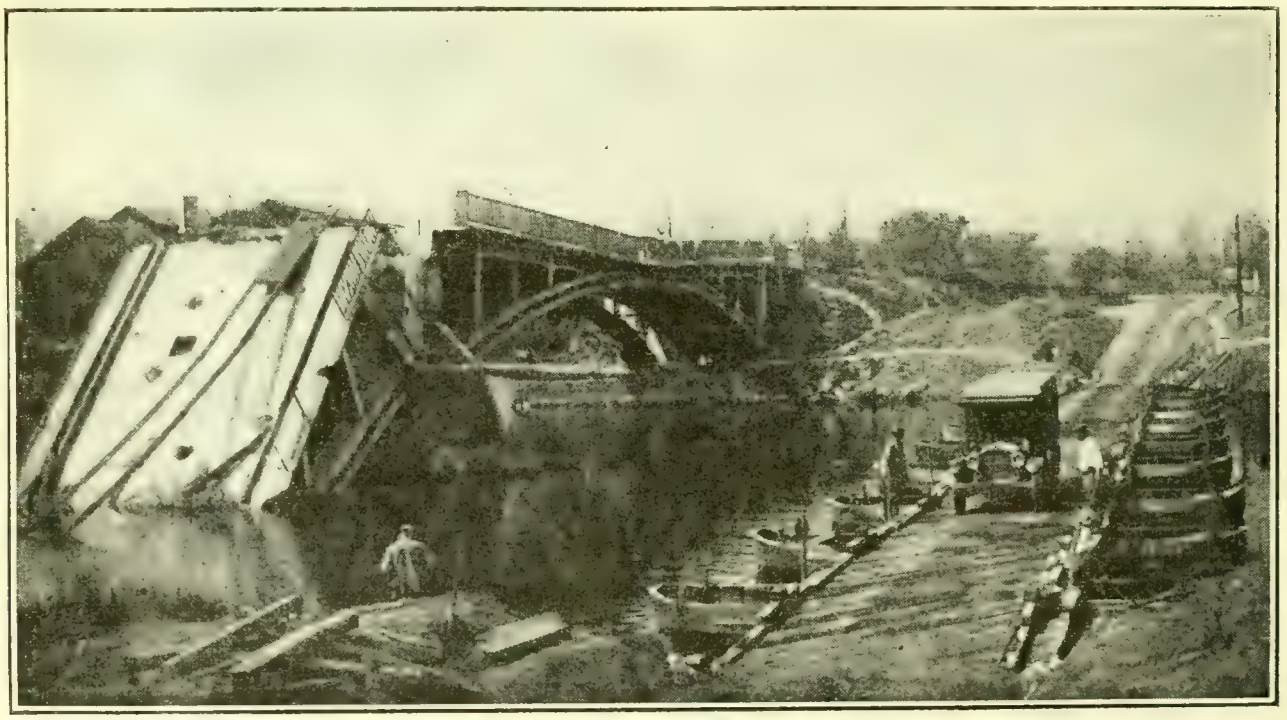
GERMANY ON THE DEFENSIVE

THE September chapter in the Story of the Great War carried on satisfactorily the interesting developments of the midsummer installment. As an author of history, General Foch seems gifted with a style much more pleasing than that of General Hindenburg and his collaborator, General Ludendorff.

Friday, September 13, was General Pershing's birthday. The American army celebrated it by tendering to its commander a little token of its respect and affection: the St. Mihiel salient. The gift will stand in history beside General Sherman's Christmas present to President Lincoln in 1864.

To review in detail the events of that glorious month would be tedious and quite supererogatory (see dictionary); but the only way to tell how a business is succeeding is to strike a balance on the account books at regular intervals. In this instance it is decidedly satisfactory to the Bookkeepers of Freedom.

Against the Allies there is nothing to enter except those items which constitute the unavoidable "wear and tear" of war. In their favor are these tremendous ones: a large area of France recovered; Paris definitely saved; the Teuton morale seriously disturbed; great numbers of prisoners and guns taken; vast quantities of munitions captured or destroyed, supply bases



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OBSTRUCTION AND CONSTRUCTION: BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE DESTROYED BY GERMANS; NEW BRIDGE BUILT BY AMERICANS

cut off, transport and communications interrupted; the St. Mihiel salient cleared, Metz threatened, the vitally important iron field of Briey endangered; the Rhine valley cities bombed—and the German



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KING GEORGE AND GENERAL PERSHING "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

people at home awakening to the possibility of invasion of their own territory.

In addition, the Teutons had failed in their submarine campaign against the Atlantic ferry of American troops and supplies; Spain drew nearer to the limit of her endurance of German injury and insult; the Bolshevik cloud that had smothered Russia was thinning under the kindly rays of the sun of assistance by the Allies; the nations fighting for freedom were victorious in the Balkans, Bulgaria surrendered, the Turkish power was battered. On every side the Teuton structure of greed and dishonor seemed crumbling.

And what nation had better reason to rejoice than America? Europe had blessed her for supplying food, and had waited patiently for her armies to take their place in the field. But England, France, and Italy had looked to us, as an ally in arms, more with hope than with assurance: perhaps our young armies would be unable to stand the strain—who could tell?

The events of September 13 and the following days gave the final answer to that question. An all-American army conducted a decidedly "major" operation—and made a good, clean job of it. Ask the folks in St. Mihiel!

THE DEFEAT OF THE TURKISH ARMIES.

When Turkey began to squabble with Bulgaria, and both of them with Germany, discerning observers perceived the first sure signs of the approach of the inevitable collapse of the Teutonic alliance. Germany made her allies not true partners in her crimes, but victims of her utterly unscrupulous plotting and subjects of her Rule of Force. Her despotic power could hold only so long as her own armies were victorious. When the Huns began to lose, their fellow-conspirators against the world's peace were bound to lose faith in her.

We can hardly suppose that Bulgaria and Turkey ever put any real faith in Germany's promises; but they did believe in her ability to conquer the free nations, and they saw their own best advantage in association of their interests with hers. When Germany began to appear unable to "deliver the goods," the minor members of the Brotherhood of International Pirates began to weaken.

Late in September the joyous news came that the Allies under the British General Allenby had defeated, crushingly, two Turkish armies in Palestine. More than 25,000 prisoners were taken; also many guns and great quantities of munitions. Some 40,000 more Turkish troops were placed in a situation from which escape seemed impossible.

Important as was this triumphant conclusion of a well planned and swiftly executed campaign, measured by purely military results, it was still more valuable to the Allies because of the effect it must

have upon the entire Turkish morale. It drove far in the wedge that had already begun to work toward splitting Turkey off from the Teutonic block. Its political



Press Illustrating Service
GENERAL ALLENBY.

consequences promised to be most important; the work of the armies opened a way for the statesmen of the Allies.

Germany's first object is expansion. The rolling back of her invading armies in France checked forever her hope of conquering territory to the west. Her hopes in Russia are being slowly but surely blocked. Her schemes for an opening to the south will be frustrated when the victories of the Allies in the Balkans and the Holy Land are complete.

EXIT BULGARIA!

At the very end of the month, the Bulgarians decided to contribute a good item to The Watch Tower—and it *is* a good one! Bulgaria quit.

In arranging an armistice with the French commander of the Allies' army in the Balkans, Bulgaria promised to disarm and disband her troops; to withdraw from conquered territory in Greece and Serbia, and to refrain from opposing any movement of the Allies in Bulgaria. This, of course, exposed Austria to direct attack from the south, and cut off Turkey from contact with Germany. It was a military triumph of the greatest importance, for it cut in two the opposition of the Allies and imposed upon Germany the choice between letting Bulgaria go or making almost fatal sacrifices of manpower on the western front, in order to reconquer the lost territory.

The news was the best since the war began, for it removed one member of the Teutonic Alliance, and gave great prom-



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GENERAL FRANCHET D'ESPEREY, ALLIED COMMANDER IN THE BALKANS.

ise of the fall, first of Turkey and then of Austria, leaving Germany to stand alone in facing the consequences of her crimes.

The fall of Bulgaria marked the failure of Germany's first and fundamental purpose in the war—to win all the territory from Berlin to Bagdad. It cut in two the great German scheme of world dominion and brought the world one long step nearer to being "safe for democracy."

THE DRAFTED ARMIES OF DEMOCRACY.

The German nation has been taught by its rulers that international affairs cannot be managed in the manner in which decent

people deal with each other, but must be ruled by craft and force. It has been taught, also and consequently, to submit in silence to every despotic act of the military administration through which that doctrine of force is put into practice. Nothing helped to break the national spirit of Germany in the wonderful summer of 1918 more than the realization among the disciples of Kultur of the fact that the German rulers had been feeding the German people on false doctrine. Germany fastened her faith to her military system, and to have her armies defeated, or even held in check, by the "contemptible" little ones of France, England, Italy, and despised America was to her people like having the earth turn to quicksand under their feet.

Before the work of actual military preparation could begin, America had to go through a period of moral preparation. Being decent people, and remote from the scene of conflict, we understood the Allies' danger and their need of help long before we came to see that our own fate was bound up in theirs—that, if they failed and fell, America would be the next object of German hate and greed. When we did awaken to the truth, we had to create armies, fleets, air forces, and all the machinery of maintenance, out of a very small nucleus. We had vast resources and a brave spirit, but no military organization fit for the huge task. Out of those resources of men, material, and spirit we have made, in an incredibly short time, the military machine that is to enable the free nations to crush the monster of German militarism; after which we shall quietly return to our peaceful way of living—but with new and suitable precautions to prevent another plot against the nations' safety.

The Army of Victory is a democratic army. It is made, not of men trained all their lives to the soldier's work, but of men taken from every walk of civilian life: ignorant men and educated men; rich men and poor men; white men and black men; shopkeepers, laborers, and professional men. It is truly a nation in arms; and for a peaceful nation to take to arms so suddenly and succeed so swiftly is a splendid performance. The draft did it; and to the man who is so ably superintending the tremendous task of selecting and training an army of four millions of men, out of thirteen million eligibles, we cannot give too much praise and honor. Major-General E. H. Crowder, Provost Marshal General, is the man.

In the work of registering and classifying the millions of men within the age limits, General Crowder stands at the head of a force that would make a good-sized field army. This force reaches out from Washington into every city, town and village, and rural district in the land. Its labors have been vast in scope, and performed with thoroughgoing efficiency. To draw men from industry without destroying it or crippling the nation's necessary activities, this has been a triumph.



Press Illustrating Service
MAJOR-GENERAL ENOCH H. CROWDER.

The men of America have made the Provost Marshal General's task as simple and easy as it could possibly have been. The slackers are in a mighty small percentage, and probably not as numerous as

the men who have tried to get into the service, from overzeal, when they were needed in the second line, at home. Conscription on an undreamed-of scale has worked better than any one could believe it might unless we had proved it. We have a right to be proud of ourselves!

The same skill, wisdom, and thoroughness that win victories for General Pershing in the field gain success for General Crowder Over Here. We salute you, General!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

PRESIDENT WILSON said in his draft proclamation, published September 1: "This is not a new policy. A century and a quarter ago it was deliberately ordained by those who were then responsible for the safety and defense of the nation that the duty of military service should rest upon all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45. . . . It is the call to duty to which every true man in the country will respond with pride." Democracy must surely be a good thing when it makes millions of men regard the performance of so stern a duty as a privilege.

NAVY officers say that the much-talked-of coming out of the German navy will probably never happen—because the navy is one thing among the few that Germany will have left to bargain with at the end of the war, and because it is believed that the Germans have stripped their ships not only of guns, but of all movable metal trimmings for use in the munition plants.

THE home folks must have credit for a share in the spirit that wins battles for the soldiers overseas. Did we show quite as much patriotism and heroism in facing the Hooverized dinner-table last winter as it required, on the pleasant Sundays of late summer and early fall, to lock the garage door—with the car on the inside? And all the more credit must be given to the self-denying owners of cars, because they did their part on the strength of a request, not an order, from Washington.

IN September the Germans bombarded the British armies—with printed propaganda. Leaflets dropped from airplanes were worded in a crafty endeavor to make the British soldiers regard America with fear and envy as rivals of Great Britain in commerce. It is not for one moment to be believed that even the German past-masters in the art of misrepresentation (what a lot of syllables to use in place of the short and simple word "lying"!) can ever succeed in such an endeavor to destroy the friendship of the English-speaking peoples on the two sides of the Atlantic. There will, certainly, be trade competition after the war, and it will be severe; but it will be fair, honorable, and utterly un-German. But we must be careful not to help Germany by saying one word against Great Britain—and, really, there are some Americans who seem to think George III is still King of England!

WAS there ever a man—including Nero and some other monsters of iniquity whose names have come down through the ages as symbols of shame—was there ever a man whom the world could spare so conveniently as Lenine? His crimes against Russia were second only to those of the Kaiser against his own people and the nations that are warring now against tyrannous autocracy.

THE air-mail service, New York to Philadelphia, worked so well that, in September, the line was extended to Chicago. How far is it to San Francisco, please?

THE WATCH TOWER would be tempted to offer prizes for suggestion of topics not connected with the war—except for the fact that everything interesting, these days, does inevitably hitch up, somehow or other, with the "affair" in France; even Thanksgiving—which may you all enjoy!—and Christmas, which we are urged to arrange for early, to avoid interference with things more "essential" than the giving of the usual Christmas presents. By the way, what a *lot* of thrift stamps and W. S. S. a stocking will hold!

PEACH-PITS AS LIFE-SAVERS

SINCE our Government called for donations of fruit-pits and nutshells, many of us have wondered what the response to the request has been and in just what way these seemingly waste products, which were usually cast aside as of no value, can become the means of saving precious lives.



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PEACH-PITS AT A GOVERNMENT WHARF

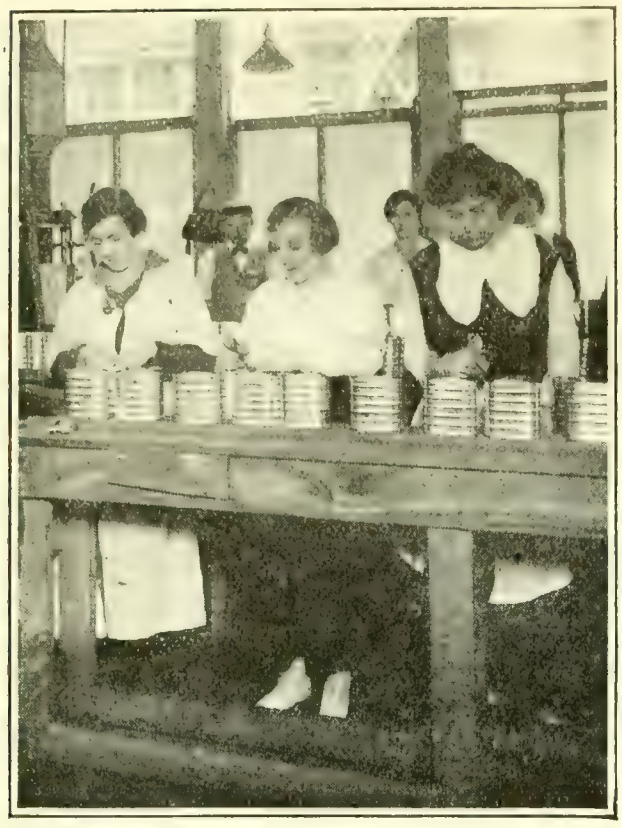
The three pictures which we print answer these questions almost at a glance. The first, showing a shipment of pits from western fruit-canners, gives an idea of the quantities that are pouring in. These are the raw material for making the best grade of absorbent charcoal ever produced.

Charcoal, as many of us know, is made by roasting wood, or other organic matter, thereby decomposing it into two parts, one gaseous, the other solid. The first passes off from the retorts (or ovens in which the roasting process takes place), while the solid matter remains behind as charcoal. Every tiny cell of the matter so treated gives up its particle of gas during the process and leaves in its place a minute pore in the material, which then has the property of absorbing certain gases, as a sponge soaks up water. The more active the charcoal, the more absorbing power can be packed into the small metal box, or "canister," which forms part of each gas-mask and through which the wearer draws the air that he breathes. The poisonous gases, as they pass through the canister, are caught by the porous charcoal and remain in the box, where they are neutralized by certain chemicals which the box also contains,



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THE RETORTS FOR MAKING THE CHARCOAL.



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FILLING GAS-MASK CANISTERS.

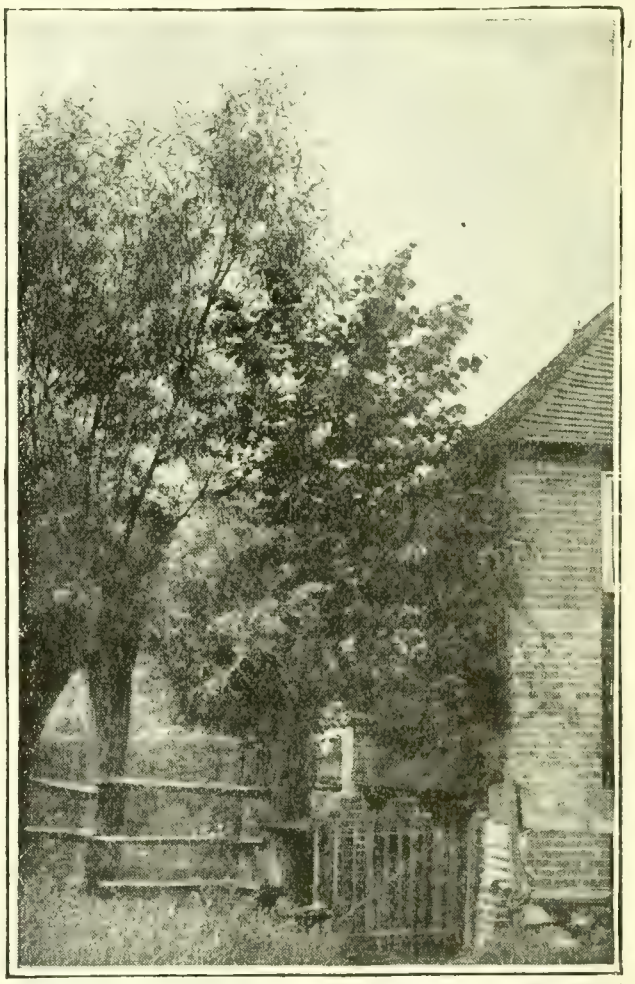
while the rest of the air that has been inhaled passes on, purified and harmless, into the lungs.

It is necessary, of course, that when these masks are needed they should be adjusted very promptly, so our soldiers, as part of their training, are put through a special drill in which they learn to have their masks in place in just six seconds after the gas-alarm sounds.

HAVE ROOTS AN INTELLIGENCE?

ALMOST every one who has studied the habits of the roots of plants is bound to admit that their behavior is not always easy to explain. It really does seem as if roots were possessed of certain powers, concerning which we know very little indeed. Just consider the following cases, and I think you will be bound to admit that the roots of plants sometimes show signs of a power that is strangely like intelligence.

Some years ago a hazel-nut was lodged in the upper part of an old willow. Probably a bird or a squirrel carried it thither. However that may be, the nut grew into a small tree. Now, for the first few years, the rotting wood and leaves at the top of the willow provided good rooting-ground for the hazel, but after a while the little tree had increased so much in size that, where it was lodged, it could no longer find sufficient nourishment. So what did it do? Well, this clever hazel sent down a root through the hollow interior of the trunk of the willow to the ground beneath. To do this it had to travel a distance of no less than twelve feet. Reaching the ground, the root penetrated the soil and thenceforward the hazel went on flourishing amazingly. It is difficult to understand just how it was that the hazel knew that its roots would finally reach the soil at the end of the journey through the hollow trunk. Something of the same kind was observed in the case of a hollow beech-tree, where the tree sent down its own



THE HAZEL GROWING IN THE OLD WILLOW-TREE NEXT TO THE HOUSE.

roots through the hollow trunk to the soil beneath.

A little fern that the writer had in his possession provided a singular instance of what one may call root intelligence. The plant was kept growing in a pot which was always standing in a saucer of water.



CACTUS ROOTS GROWING DOWN THROUGH A ROOF.



THE ROOTS OF THE HAZEL SHOWN THROUGH AN OPENING CUT IN THE TRUNK OF THE OLD WILLOW.



ROOTS OF THE BEECH INSIDE ITS OWN HOLLOW TRUNK.

Probably the fern did not secure as much moisture as it desired. I was very much surprised one day to see that the plant had started to send down a root on the *outside* of the pot to the water in the saucer. The actual distance traveled was quite six inches, and it seemed to me very remarkable that the fern should have known that there was water in the saucer.

I remember seeing an even stranger case in a greenhouse a few years ago. One of the great tropical creepers, *Monstera deliciosa,* had been trained up the roof. In the floor of the greenhouse there was a large tank of water. Now this creeper had actually sent down long roots through the air for nearly twelve feet in order to drink at the tank of water. How did the roots know that they would find water at the end of their long journey? It seems that, somehow, plants are able to feel things at a distance long before they actually come into contact with them.

A gentleman who lives at Capetown very kindly sent me a photograph and some particulars about a cactus that behaved in a very strange way. This plant, which happened to be one of the trailing kind, was rambling over the roof of a shed. It is the habit of this sort of cactus to send out roots at intervals, wherever the stems come into contact with the soil. At one point in the roof of the shed there happened to be a good-sized hole. Strangely enough, on reaching this opening the cactus sent down a thick cluster of roots to the ground beneath, a distance of eight feet. As a matter of fact, few of the roots actually reached the soil, owing to the gnawing of rats with which creatures the shed was infested. Here again, unless we grant the roots some kind of intelligence, it is not



MONSTERA DELICIOSA SEEKING WATER WITH TWELVE-FOOT ROOTS.

easy to see how they could direct their growth with such accuracy to the soil, or even why they started to grow down through the hole at all.

A very famous botantist, the late Dr.



A PINE-TREE ROOT THAT TURNED AT A RIGHT ANGLE AND WENT THROUGH FOUR FEET OF SAND TO REACH MOISTURE.

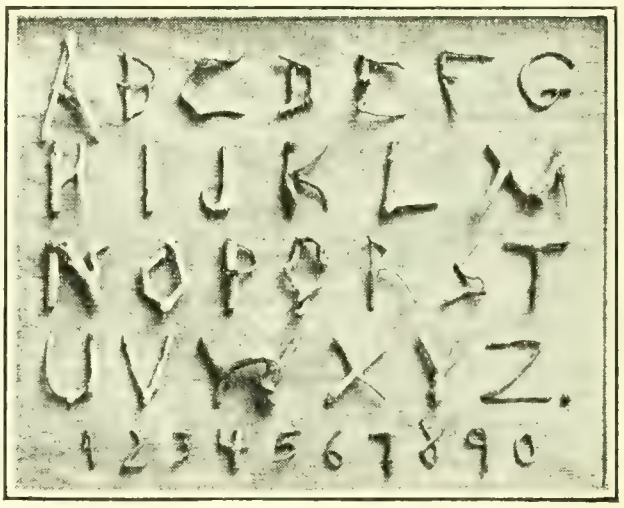
Carpenter, admitted that he could not understand the behavior of roots in many cases. One instance he was never tired of showing to his friends; this was to be observed in some woods not far from Bristol. At the top of an old oak a wild service-tree had grown. It grew there for some time, and then, the soil being insufficient for its needs, started to send down a root to the earth. In the soil to which the roots directed themselves there was a large flat stone about a foot square. A most amazing thing happened for, about half a yard above the stone, the root divided into two parts, one going on either side of the obstruction. I must leave you to puzzle out for yourself how it was that the root knew it was coming to a stone before it touched it in any way. I have never yet come across any explanation of this happening.

S. Leonard Bastin.

A WOODLAND ALPHABET

A woodland alphabet, formed of twigs that grew naturally into the shape of every letter, is the possession of E. A. Miles, who has framed the collection as a trophy for his home in New York State. For several years Mr. Miles rode this pleasant hobby, snipping off a W from a gnarled grapevine, or a Q or a B from some plant of eccentric growth. Finally, he secured the entire set of twenty-six letters, after which he took a long breath and proceeded to collect the numerals from 1 to 9, and added a cipher for luck, as shown in our illustration. Then he mounted the collection and framed it. It will be observed that the letters are of a size, and that the numerals are uniform also, though that set is a bit smaller.

The specimens came from many parts of the United States and Canada, and these remind the owner of happy hours of travel, while others, which came from shady lanes nearer home, have memories of quiet woodland strolls and the serene delights of nature study. For those who are tempted to form a similar quaint collection, it may



AN ALPHABET FROM THE WOODS.

be suggested that the time when the trees are leafless is a good season to begin. The bare twigs show their outlines sharply against the sky in autumn and winter, and a good start can be made on a similar alphabet at any period until the late spring. Then it will take keen eyes indeed to descry a long-sought X or R among the branches.

C. L. Edholm.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE RUNAWAY BUNNY

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



I

JUST after breakfast, every day,
Before the Boy went out to play,
He carried cabbages and such
To feed his Bunny in its hutch.
To-day he brought it lots to eat,
And lovely carrots for a treat.



II

He watched it eat its breakfast up,
And drink some water from a cup,
And then he thought it would be fun
To let the Bunny have a run.
And so he let it out to play;
But naughty Bunny ran away!

III

And now what was the Boy
to do?
He called it and he chased
it, too;
The Bunny did not care a
bit
For anything he offered it,
But hopped away so very
fast,
It hopped quite out of sight
at last.





IV

He wished he had n't let it out,
Though Bunny thought it fun, no doubt,
For what would sister Polly say
If Bunny ran quite, quite away?
It b'longed to him and Polly too—
Oh dear, whatever should he do!



VI

He saw it going through the gate,
And called out, "Bunny! Won't you wait?
'Cause Mother never lets us go
Out in the roadway—don't you know?
The road 's so very big and wide,
You truly will get lost outside."



V

And so he started out to look
In every little hole and nook;
He looked among the hollyhocks,
And, as he pushed aside the phlox,
He spied the Bunny near the lane,
And ran with all his might and main.



VII

But Bunny would n't stop at all;
It ran behind the garden wall,
And so the Boy turned back again;
He knew he could n't catch it then.
He found his sister on the lawn,
And told her that the Bunny 'd gone.

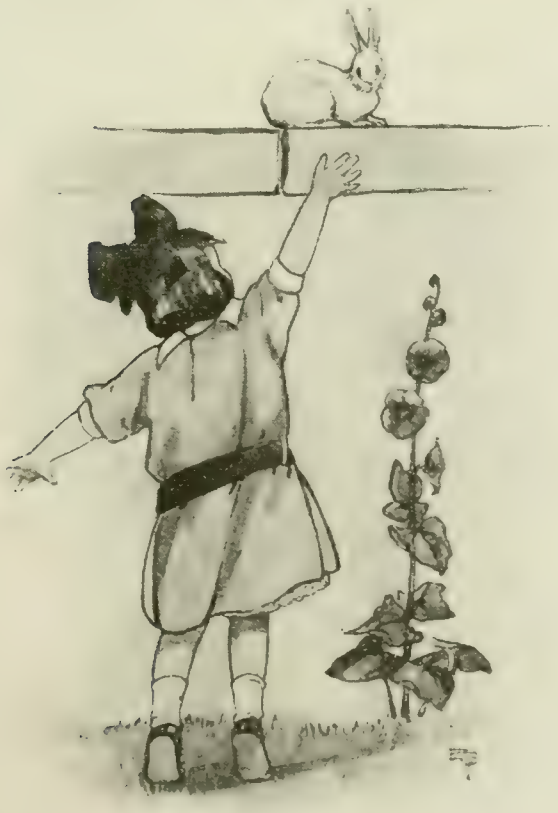
VIII

He made her come to join the chase;
They looked in every sort of place—
Among the bushes on the edge
Of all the paths, and in the hedge;
But though they hunted everywhere,
That little Bunny
was n't there.



IX

Then Polly saw it on the wall—
And oh! she wished that she were tall.
It seems as if that Bunny knew
It was a saucy thing to do,
For Polly could n't reach it quite,
Although she tried with all her might.





X

She threw a little stick at it;
And though the Bunny was n't hit,
It jumped down to the ground below
And ran as hard as it could go.
It only went a little way,
For it had run so much that day.



XI

It sat down in a sunny place,
And started in to wash its face;
And then the Boy and Polly saw
It lick its little furry paw.
They thought they surely had it then,
But naughty Bun hopped off again.



XII

The Baby tried to catch it, too;
But that, of course, would never do,
Because, you see, he was so small
He really could n't walk at all,
And when he cried out, " 'Top, 'top, 'top!"
The Bunny only gave a hop.



XIII

The children ran, at Baby's shout,
To see what it was all about;
And there that little Bunny sat,
All nice, and round, and soft, and fat;
Perhaps it was too tired to run,
And liked to sit there in the sun.



XIV

And so he caught that little Bunny,
And oh, but it was warm and funny!
Its little back was soft and white,
Its heart went pit-a-pat with fright;
But then it kicked and wiggled so,
He really *had* to let it go.



XV

When Polly said he was a goose
To let the naughty Bunny loose,
He said he thought it was n't right
To squeeze it up so very tight.
He let the Bunny get away,
Because it did n't want to stay.



XVI

This time they did n't even know
Which way the Bunny went, and so
They gave up looking for it then,
And went back to the house again.
The Boy was very sad, because
He did n't know where Bunny was.



XVII

And at their tea that afternoon
They wished that it would come back soon;
The Boy was sure it loved them so
It would n't want to really go.
Perhaps when evening came, he said,
The Bunny would go home to bed.



And that is what that Bunny did—
It went behind the hutch and hid;
It found the hutch door open wide,
And thought it really best inside;
So when they came, they found a heap
Of soft, warm furriness—asleep!

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"THE GREAT OUTDOORS." BY JOHN BRANSBY, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1917.)

How completely the spirit of patriotism fills our minds just now is shown by the verse contributed to the LEAGUE this month. For while there were scores of tributes to "The Eagle," as the majestic flier whom we are wont to call "the king of birds," most of the little poems received paid homage to him as the noble symbol of liberty and of our free and mighty nation. Several young rhymers, moreover, gave an original and effective turn to the subject by saluting as "Eagles" those dauntless young aviators at the front whose dazzling feats have proved that man himself is now lord of the air. And new and marvelous eagles *they* are, indeed!

Nor could the patriotic fervor of ST. NICHOLAS young folk be kept from flowing out upon the pages of the contributors in prose. Here, again, "A Close Call" meant, so far as the majority of the LEAGUE's boy and girl essayists were concerned, some fine offering of praise and honor to Belgium's sacrifice and France's heroism, or some incident of indomitable courage in the great conflict where every man-at-arms or sailor-boy may, at any moment, by sudden, personal exploit rise to the supreme heights of prowess and of chivalry. Such deeds of valor, involving absolute contempt of danger, are common enough in the annals of almost every battle-front and submarine-zone. Naturally, they are dear to the heart of Young America; and we wish there were space to print many of those recounted by LEAGUE members.

That life is not *all* struggle and conflict, however, is a fact for which we should be grateful at our annual Thanksgiving season. In the LEAGUE's photographs and drawings we have glimpses of nature and familiar scenes, dear to us all by their beauty and their every-day-ness. And several of the prose contributors bring us cheery anecdotes or a delightful bit of fun.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 225.

PROSE, Gold badges, **Frances Miller** (age 13), California; **Dorothy Van Arsdale Fuller** (age 14), Arizona; **Henry Rische, Jr.** (age 16), Wisconsin. Silver badges, **Elizabeth M. Abbott** (age 14), New Jersey; **Edith Anderson** (age 17), Washington; **Hollis Hedberg** (age 15), Kansas; **Marion Cleveland** (age 15), New York; **Glenn Hamilton** (age 16), Indiana.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Bessie H. Simpson** (age 16), Ohio; **Emily Lucile Weed** (age 14), Minnesota. Silver badges, **Polly Palfrey** (age 11), Massachusetts; **Edith Nichols** (age 15), Maine; **Grace E. Lustig** (age 17), Rhode Island.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Mary La Vancha Russell** (age 14), California. Silver badges, **Virginia Hall** (age 13), California; **Ruth Dewberry** (age 13), Alabama; **Aimee Ellis** (age 14), Connecticut; **Frances A. Cammack** (age 14), Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **John Bransby** (age 16), California; **Florence W. Daniels** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Faith H. Poor** (age 11), New York; **Eleanor F. Gourley** (age 15), New York; **Grace R. Farrington** (age 15), Maine.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Dorothy Weeks** (age 12), New York; **Charlotte Reynolds** (age 11), Montana; **Rhoda Hellman** (age 9), Connecticut.



BY ROBERT MURRAY FERRIS 3rd, AGE 9.



BY BARBARA BEARDSLEY, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

"THE GREAT OUTDOORS."

THE EAGLE

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

Tormenting man! why dost thou keep me here
Cagéd,—surrounded by a thousand bars?
The golden wilderness is calling me,
The laughing rivers, forests, hills, and stars;
The cliffs where I was wont to make my home;
The sparkling lakes amid the mountains fair;
Soft breezes wafting through the giant trees;
The hum of drowsy insects everywhere.

Tormenting man! why dost thou keep me here
Cagéd,—and far away from all I love?
Oh, to fly free—free in my native haunts,—
The earth below, the clear, blue sky above!

A CLOSE CALL

BY EDITH ANDERSON (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

"The Germans! The Germans! They are marching to Paris!" The cry resounded throughout all France, and in an instant her brave sons were hurrying to defend their country. But, even then, it might have been too late had not little Belgium opposed the foe.

Little Belgium! Yes, little—but oh, what a wonderful country! Her people have suffered more than the world can ever realize. Their homes were burned, the inhabitants killed and maimed, but still they defied the savage brutes that caused their misery.

Little Belgium saved the world, stopped the onrush of the Germans to Paris, which might have meant the rule of Germany over all, and thus saved the lives and the suffering of thousands of women and children.

It was indeed a close call for all of us; and we pray that God may bestow His blessings upon heroic Belgium.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

(*To Germany*)

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

Out of the clouds he comes like the lightning
Straight as an arrow shot from the sun—
Shot by a young god radiant with morning,
Stringing his bow where the winds are one.

Out of the clouds on wings that are tireless;
Leaving the cold, silent hush of the blue,
Terrible with vengeance and armored with justice,
Out of the clouds he is coming to you!

A CLOSE CALL

BY FRANCES MILLER (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1918*)

"What shall I do to-day? I surely will be killed and sold," sadly gobbled a turkey that was inside of a crate in a meat market. "Why was I ever born only to be eaten up by greedy people? Well—such is my fate!" and he lay disconsolately on the bottom of the box watching the door with his beady eyes. Just at that moment it swung open and in walked a tall man with a little boy.

"Have you any good turkeys for sale?" inquired the man.



"THE GREAT OUTDOORS." BY C. ROSALIND HOLMES, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER)

"Certainly," replied the butcher, "come to the back of the room." At this the turkey huddled up in the corner hoping they would not see him.

"Oh daddy! look at this one, he only costs five dollars. Can't we have him?" as he ran to this turkey's crate.

"Why yes I believe he is a good fat—"

Rum, tum, tum! Rum, tum, tum! "A parade! It's the War Savings Stamps parade! Come, let's run out, and watch it go by," shouted the little boy as he ran to the door quickly followed by his father.



"WHAT WE ALL LIKE." BY VIRGINIA HALL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The turkey in the meantime sat down again and preened his feathers for the last time, knowing he was to be killed before night. "Why was Thanksgiving ever invented? I suppose for the single purpose of destroying our race. Dear me!"

After a few moments the customers re-entered.

Quietly and thoughtfully they walked to the butcher and the father said in a subdued voice, "I guess we won't take the turkey because we have found a better use for our money. Good-day," and he tipped his hat and both he and his little boy walked out.

"Gee!" muttered the turkey, "that certainly was a close call!"

A CLOSE CALL

BY HOLLIS HEDBERG (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

The sun was low in the western sky and the calm of evening was beginning to descend upon the forest. A young deer stepped lightly to the edge of a small glade where it stopped, its ears alert for the slightest sound of danger, its nostrils

quivering, its whole bearing depicting a wild grace and beauty. Then, seemingly reassured, it ventured forward and began to feed daintily upon the short grass which covered the ground.

Meanwhile another form approached the little clearing, a panther, gaunt and hungry. Swiftly yet noiselessly it crept out on the overhanging branch of a tree close to the unsuspecting deer. Again and again it impatiently dug its claws into the bark as it waited for the time when the deer would come within reach of a spring.

But there was yet another eye which watched the glade with interest. A hunter homeward bound had noted the approach of both deer and panther from a place of concealment. His heart went out in sympathy toward the helpless deer. Suddenly he saw the panther's body grow tense, the deer was only a few paces from the tree. The hunter made a quick decision and raising his gun to his shoulder took aim and fired. With a screech the panther sprang from the tree only to fall dead several feet from the deer. At the sudden commotion the deer whirled, snorted with fear and bounded away into the forest.

"You need n't have been in such a hurry, now that the danger is over," chuckled the hunter; "but I guess you did have a pretty close call that time!"



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."
BY MARY LA VANCHA RUSSELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1917.)

THE EAGLE

BY BESSIE H. SIMPSON (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1917)

Wheeling in circles mystic and grand,
Over the water and over the land,
Towering crag and sandy strand,
The eagle goes sailing by.
Swift as the rivers rushing below,
Strong as the mountains hooded in snow,
Black as the fir-trees that on them grow—
Black against the sky.

Soaring upward, without a care,
Into the sky so pure and rare,
What is there which he will not dare—
Pinioned with wings of might!
Up from the meadows dight in green,
Upward and onward with purpose keen,
American Eagle, proud, serene,—
Symbol of Truth and Right.

O bird that defies both space and time,
Noble, majestic, mighty, sublime,
Striving ever higher to climb
Up from the depths below:
Teach us thy spirit "Excelsior!"
Lead us out of the depths of war,
Away from the gore and the cannon's roar,
Into the realms you know!

Victor o'er all that is false and mean,
Our scutcheon unblemished, our record clean,
The fairest queen of the earth e'er seen,
May we don thy wings of might.
Bearing the Star-Spangled Banner on high,
Higher may we, as a nation, fly,
With naught above but the turquoise sky—
Champion of Truth and Right!

A CLOSE CALL

BY MARION CLEVELAND (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

(A true story)

One day last winter when Grandmother and I sat by the fire, she told me this story,—

"Once upon a time," she began, "just after the Revolution when the Indians were still troublesome, my great-grandmother lived in a very wild part of the country, far from any store. Now it happened that one day her husband had to go for supplies, and she was left alone with her baby. All went well until about four o'clock, when, glancing out of the window, she saw two Indians on the brow of the hill. They were making signs and pointing toward the house. What should she do? She knew it was useless to try to resist the savages, useless even to lock the doors, for they would break right in. For one second she stood so still that she could hear the clock tick. Suddenly a daring thought entered her head. The clock was what is called a grandfather clock,—a big one—and the base was of solid wood. She could hide in there! She snatched her sleeping child from the cradle leaped into the clock and closed the door. Nor was she a minute too soon, for just then the savages burst into the cabin. There stood the cradle, rocking gently to and fro. The savages were sorely puzzled at this strange phenomenon, and though they searched long and thoroughly, they could not find the brave woman. For what seemed an hour they stayed and my great-grandmother was petrified for fear the babe would awake and cry. Soon, tired of their vain search, the savages left, but it was long after that before the wary woman dared venture from her hiding place. At last she did, however, and it was a proud and grateful man who heard later what a close call his little family had had."

A CLOSE CALL

BY ELIZABETH M. ABBOTT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

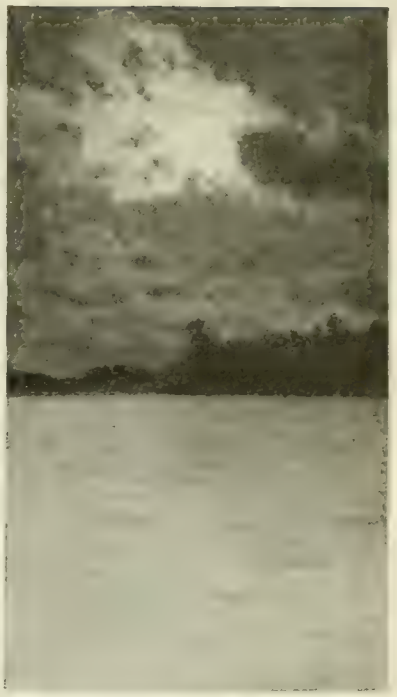
On August 1, 1914, the people of our land read the first news of the Great War, which now fills our thoughts. It was not long before the call of distressed nations rang across the sea and the papers told dire tales of the horrors of war, but, although the people read and shuddered at these dreadful stories, very few of them actually real-



BY FAITH H. POOR, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELEANOR F. GOURLEY, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY FLORENCE W. DANIELS, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)



BY PRISCILLA MARTIN, AGE 13.



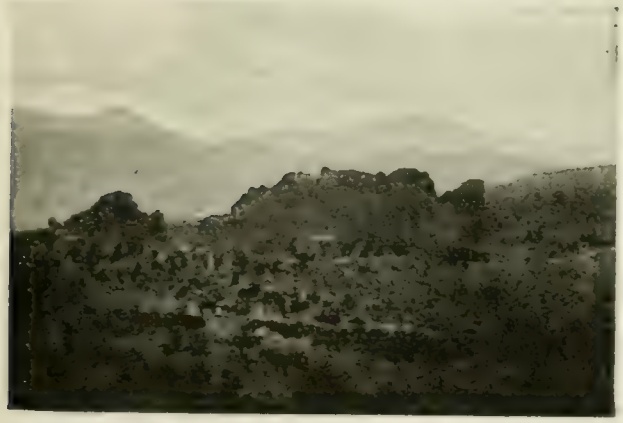
BY MARGARET G. OWEN, AGE 15.



BY RUTH POLLARD, AGE 14.



BY ELIZABETH BAPTISTE, AGE 13.



BY KATHARINE S. MILLER, AGE 14.



BY GRACE R. FARRINGTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"THE GREAT OUTDOORS"

ized it all; it was so far away, and seemed more like a bad dream than a reality.

Four years have passed since the war started, and the call from over the sea, the call to save democracy, has come close to us, for our own country has entered the fray. We may hear it in the click of the knitting-needles as busy patriots knit socks for our boys; we may hear it in the thunder of the troop-trains which continually roll by; we may hear it, as well as if it were being shouted into our ears, in the service flags which greet us in so many windows.

We cannot sit idly by while this call is ringing out so clear and so insistent. There is something for each one of us to do and we must do it, or the Liberty we all love will have a "close call."



"WHAT WE ALL LIKE." BY SARAH E. NUSBAUM, AGE 16.

A CLOSE CALL

BY GLENN HAMILTON (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

NORMAN ROSS waved to his mother and ran gaily down the road, his warm cap pulled snugly over his ears, his scarf flying, eyes shining with excitement, and clear skin stung to a rosy hue by the keen wind. A few flakes of snow were falling and there was an invigorating cold snap in the air that made his blood tingle.

Norman ran along, laughing and panting, over the snow packed road to Glassy Hill. Very few vehicles used this road in cold weather, since it was quite dangerous. Norman liked to coast down this hill, flat on his stomach on the low sled. whizzing faster and faster down the icy slope, then, as he neared the abrupt turn, to give his sled a quick twist, and go flying on to the bottom.

At a garage in the city, a young man in khaki suddenly appeared. "Give me a taxi, and one of your swiftest drivers," he said, "I must be at headquarters in *thirty-five* minutes." A driver sprang into a small car nearby, hastily buttoning his coat. "We will have to speed," he said. "We will go by Glassy Hill. That will save ten miles." On and on towards the hill the car flew, then up and up. They were almost at the turn.

Meanwhile, Norman was starting down the hill on his sled, and whizzing along. He rounded the curve—his body stiffened. Coming up the hill was a car. There was no room to pass it—he dared not go into the ditch.

When the men saw the flying sled it was too late to stop the car. The driver gripped the wheel with tightly clenched fingers; the soldier, with a cry of horror, shut his eyes. It was terrible to feel that they could do nothing to prevent the injury — or death — of the tiny fellow. Both awaited the crash; none came, for when Norman reached the car, he flattened his body on the sled —and passed swiftly under the car.

The auto came to a stop. The men jumped out expecting to find the crushed body. They were almost sick with dread.

Far down the hill they heard a shout, and saw a sturdy little fellow waving his arm, "Hurrah," he called. "Could either of you fellows have done that?"

THE EAGLE

BY POLLY PALFREY (AGE 11)

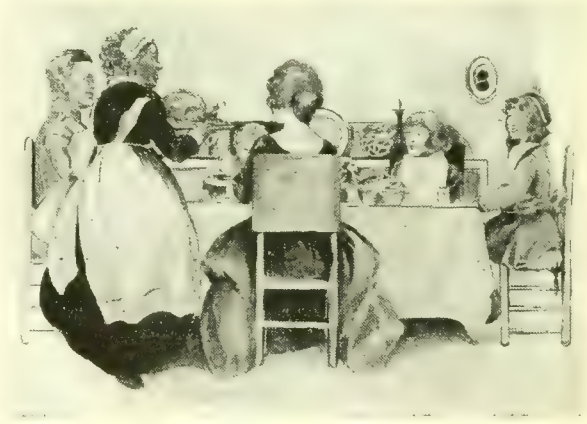
(*Silver Badge*)

EAGLE of Liberty,
  Eagle of Peace,
Eagle whose fame
  Shall never cease!

Bird of America,
  Brave and strong,
Look down on our nation
  Through ages long!

Through the present year
  Of toil and pain,
Help us to make the world
  Free again!

Eagle of Liberty,
  Free and true,
We 'll fight for you,
  Win for you,
All our lives through!



"WHAT WE ALL LIKE." BY M. MELICENT WATTS, AGE 17.

A CLOSE CALL

BY DOROTHY VAN ARSDALE FULLER (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1918*)

JOE GRAHAM, in the engineer's cab gave a sigh of relief as he left Phoenix behind, then he opened the lever and the train fairly flew into the desert.

A new man, Graham longed to make good. This was his second trip, and he felt that his reputation was staked on his speed. He must make Los Angeles by nine A. M. to-morrow, and he was already two hours late.

Joe looked at his watch, then out of the cab window. Hours passed; it was midnight. The fireman rose and began to pull the bell, the train flew into Parker, just this side of the Colorado river, the last Arizona town of the trip.

The bell rang again and the lights of Parker lay behind. Here was the stretch for speed, and Joe took advantage of it. The train flew on.

Then, as it reached the top of the little hill just above the bridge, Joe caught his breath, for there at the foot of the incline, where the tracks should be, lay a star! It shimmered as Graham looked.

The train was going down hill now; Joe felt it quicken its pace. He shuddered, and sprang for the lever. With all his force he pressed it down. The train kept on, impelled by the slope. A feeling of hopelessness took possession of the young engineer, he looked at the unconscious fireman nodding at the other side of the cab. Death awaited him, he thought. A few seconds passed, and—the train stopped.

The fireman jumped out followed by the engineer, and walked to the foot of the little hill. The Colorado had burst its banks, flooded the roadbed, and washed away the rails. A star reflected in the river, sparkled with extraordinary brightness. It had warned Graham and saved the train. Joe got into the cab; far down the track a porter could be heard calling, "All aboard!" Slowly, the train backed into Parker.

It was noon the next day when the "California Limited" left Parker, but somehow Graham had no fears for his reputation.



"WHAT WE ALL LIKE." BY RUTH DEWBERRY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE EAGLE

BY EDITH NICHOLS (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Emblem of Nobility,
Soul of pride and strength and power—
Surely, in a generous hour
God, All Knowing, fashioned thee!
Moulded thee from his eternal clay;
Set thee in "the light of common day."

Poet's voices sing thy praise,
Sing of thee to humming lyre,
"Heart of iron, soul of fire!"
Praise thee thus in farfamed lays.
When thy image flaunts as freedom's guide.
Nations cower in their headlong stride.

If—thy head in wreath of cloud,—
Thou survey'st with proud contempt
Rage of fighting element
Which through ages has been loud—
How much greater then must be thy scorn
Of each passing brawl 'twixt mortals born!

Soar in peace, proud fellow flier
Up the walls of God's clear dome!
We, too, seek a heavenly home.
We, too, would mount ever higher—
Till at last we come upon the path
That will save us from our Father's wrath.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY AIMEE ELLIS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A CLOSE CALL

BY HENRY RISCHE, JR., (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1918*)

"Sir, may I have a word with you?" the speaker, the aged, weatherbeaten chief steward of a transport, with traits of a veteran sailor stamped all over him.

"Certainly!" responded a surprised old sea-captain.

"You intend to look for survivors on yonder wreckage of a torpedoed ship," asserted the seaman. "I beg you, sir, to send a torpedo into it."

"Why man are you crazy?"

"Not at all, sir; but I'm sure there's a——," whispered the aged salt.

The captain took out his binoculars. A glance; and, "It certainly does look queer!" A prolonged scrutiny; and, "Lieutenant, wire the UL—to send a torpedo into the wreck ahead."

"But—" began the lieutenant.

"Never mind!" cut off the captain.

The wires sparked; the message flashed; a torpedo cut though the water; and the next instant the wreckage was shattered into bits.

"Man the lifeboats, and pick up the survivors!"

What a surprise though, when the survivors picked up, proved to be the sad-looking remnants of the crew of a German submarine.

Later the captain explained to a crowd of puzzled soldiers and sailors.

"That piece of wreckage was all camouflaged. Under it lurked a deadly submarine; and had it not been for our chief steward, we 'd now be——," the rest was drowned by a deluge of cheers and yells, and the veteran steward was forced up on ready backs and mobbed around with "We 'll never again grumble about the grub!" and "We're ready to eat shoe-leather and seaweed, boards and axle grease for that cookie!"

In the evening, as the mail-boat departed, the captain said, "I suppose your name will be in every letter sent home, for a thankful heart is in every bosom."

But the grizzled old "cook" just smiled a broad, genial smile.



"THE GREAT OUTDOORS."
BY ELIZABETH N. STEWART, AGE 16.

THE EAGLE

BY EMILY LUCILE WEED (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1917)

FREE am I as the land of my birth—
Free in the heaven's height,
As I wing my way from sea to sea
With tireless pinions, swift and free
And strong in my eagle's might!

And now to swing 'neath the clouds of the sky
Higher and higher I soar,
But the land is grey that used to be green
And stretched afar is a misty screen
That muffles a mighty roar.

Then nearer I swoop, down into the smoke
Through which the steel doth gleam,
And the roar of the guns comes up to me
And I drop as a seagull drops to the sea—
And I utter my shrill, wild warrior's scream.

For though I have lived in a land of peace,
Yet swift did I come to the trumpet's call;
And I glory in smoke and fire and fight,
For I guard the flag that is ever bright,
And I follow through battle's brawl.

Oh, free am I in my eagle's might!
But ever I keep in my searching sight
The Stars and Stripes—for *forever* they 'll be
The chosen flag of the just and the free!



"THE GREAT OUTDOORS." BY FRANCES A. HARTMAN, AGE 12.

EAGLES

BY GRACE E. LUSTIG (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

STRANGE eagles, these we see to-day:—
Great birds with emblems on their wings—
Red, white and blue symbols of Freedom!
High among the clouds they fly;
Over the shell-swept battlefields.

And anon they flash a message or a warning
To those who fight below. . . .
Now they pursue the dreaded hawks,
Those hated birds the enemy sends forth. . . .

Sometimes an eagle flutters down to earth
With shattered wings, never to rise again—
The king of birds has given his life
For Freedom's sake.
Yet ever there fly more and more of them,
Great birds with emblems on their wings—
Red, white and blue—symbols of Liberty!
Strange eagles, these we see to-day!

ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Esther Holcomb
Janet Scott
Helen Elizabeth Mosher
Junia Bright
Arthur M. Scott
Lois Grierson
Marjorie Tuzo
Sarah Rock
Helen Meyers
Faith E. Kenniston
Harriet Hasbrouck
John Stellwagen
Emily W. Lewis
Elizabeth W. Elliott
Isabel Lindsay
Constance Magee
Esther Ward
Louise Rexford
Leo L. Landauer, Jr.
Mary Mattison
Helen Garrison
Sarah M. Wherry
Lavinia Speer
Mary L. Boas
Ruth Gardner
Marjorie Barclay
Dorothy DeLay
Marjorie B. Stoutenburgh

Elizabeth Cleaveland
Laura M. Hanigan
Dorothy Dohm
Edythe Parsons

M. Patricia Drake
Margaret E. Newhall
Jack Steiss

Elizabeth Corby
Getrude E. McIntyre
Wanda Maggioli
Howard McGuire

Jean B. Lowry
Jean Muir
Sarah Bissell
Eleanor Marsh



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."
BY FRANCES A. CAMMACK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Katharine B. Thomas
Jean Cumming
Jeannette Amzalak
Edith H. Parker
Margaret Garrison
Sue Buntin
Merrill Jones
Dorothy Wilder
Dorothy Applegate
Rhoda Hellman
Florence Nightingale

Ray Euffa
Margaret Jordan
Marian Bardene
Philip Ralph
Edith H. Walton
Gladys Lull

Frank A. Vanderlip, Jr.
Helen M. Forker
Mary M. Reed
Ruth Vredenburgh Wentworth Brown
Edith H. Stangenberger
Adelaide la Garza

PHOTOGRAPHS

Virginia R. Bixby
John W. G. Tenney

VERSE

Louisa Butler
Robert L. Wiel
Laurence B. Goodrich
Charlotte I. Root
Edith V. M. Simonds II
Marthedith Furnas
Daisy Rawyler
Juana Albraum
Elizabeth T. Nelson
Bessie H. Simpson
Katherine Applegate
Mary A. Hurd
Donald F. Robinson
Virginia H. Clinger
Marian L. Hopkins
Sylvia Lewis
Saralou Jordan
Kenneth L. Grevatt
Katherine P. Gauss
Madeleine M. Smith
Mary Lockett
Grant Stanwood
Anna Moreland
Jeannette L. Gelb
Ruth P. O'Malley
Geoffrey Finley



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY KATHLEEN RENICK, AGE 17.

Esther Saxton
Elizabeth Botsford
Sarah Jamieson
Frances Jay
Virginia Clark
Mildred Lull
Carolyn Olmsted
Danny Sensevey
Mary L. Bayard
Frances Higley
Dorothy Burns

Myrtle Robertson
Helen Sanders, Jr.
Jane Richardson
Theodora H. Pleadwell
Cora Schnackenberg
Richard B. McGovney



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY JOHN W. SCHMIDT, AGE 12.

Margaret Hamilton
Dorothy E. Ducas
Joseph T. Creamer
Thos. H. Davison
Muriel Cavanaugh
Mae H. Ashworth
Mercedes Philip
Maude F. Jones
Dorothy P. Deahy
Jane Hillyer
Elizabeth Putnam
Barbara Safford
Reitza Dine
C. Ladd Prosser
Marion W. Smith
Marion L. Mace
Mathilde G. Duggan
Sylvia L. Dow
Kate C. Hall
Grace R. Lewis
Beatrice Berry
Christine B. Young
Harriet P. Lane
Sue B. MacLeod
Edith I. Hunt
Katherine L. Colgrove

James C. Perkins, Jr.
L. T. Lusk
Virginia L. Carpen
Jean Reno
Frances Parker
Helen Berolzheimer
Margaret F. Kelsey
Philip V. Rogers
Lillian W. Conn
Grey Bruno
Josephine Wales
Ellenor Inglis
Sarah I. McFadden
Esther J. Hicks
Mildred C. West
Rosa R. Vipond
Elizabeth O'Kane
Leola M. Fandree
Sallie McKenzie
Ruth Cope
Helen Havey
Helen Ranney
Elizabeth D. Bunting

Consuelo Miller
Constance Reynolds
Hazel Osborn
Marjorie Johnson
Marcia Morton

DRAWINGS

Josephine W. Glidden
Eleanore L. Roberts
Laetitia Bolton
Lincoln F. Robinson
Walter C. Plunkett
Lucy G. Olcott
Grace F. Holcomb
Helen McIlvaine
Robert Metcalf
Rhoda B. Richardson
Nancy Riggs
William B. Kip

Pearl Ng.
Elise Ward
Jeanette Warmuth
John Asher
Elizabeth Monat
Martha Kenyon
Berniece Davis
Henrietta Blaisdell
Gerrish Thurber
Walter B. Adams
Louis Peck
Catharine Abell
Ruth Hall
Nannie B. Crow
Dorothy E. Witt

Inez A. Miller
Jean Judd
Alice C. Payson
Margaret M. Kendall
Alice Moncrieff
Wanda Frentrup

PUZZLES

Frances M. Segner
Mary B. Copeland
Frances E. Cummings
John T. Taylor
Evelyn Colgate

Mona Morgan
Mary C. Hamilton
Susan E. Lyman
Dorothea Dowd
Sidney Hyde
J. C. Cooley, 2nd
Medora Hostetter
Alma Miller
Elizabeth Greenlees
Marjorie Pickens
Marion Wood
Arthur D. Lionberger
Olga F. Joffe
Edward Fleming
Alice Ferree Heyt

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 229

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 229 will close **November 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **November 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "To a Friend," or "A Birthday Verse."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Story of the Sea."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "In Uniform."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject. "Patience," or a Heading for **March.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competition" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

In connection with the interesting article "The United States Coast Guard," published in this number, we are prompted to reprint here a brief editorial from a recent issue of the New York "World," which offers eloquent testimony to the bravery and devotion of the crew of one of our Coast Guard ships on escort duty in the submarine zone:

"TEN AMERICANS"

"Their names are given in the despatches: Vulegar, de Nevine (or Nevins), Ovesen and Stellenwerf, indicating, with Boyce, Ringard, Prime, Elam, Best, and Newbury, a true American mixture of racial stock. One was a lad of seventeen.

"These were the ten who died, out of a little band from a Coast Guard crew in French waters who volunteered to bring to port a British cargo-ship torpedoed and abandoned. To save a ship now is to save life, since ships carry that by which men live, in the great need of our allies.

"Our Coast Guard ship was on escort duty when one of the convoy was struck. A lieutenant gained permission to take her into port. Every man volunteered. Eighteen were chosen, and with them went back to the fated ship her captain and eleven British sailors of the bulldog breed, just rescued from impending death. Storm and stress of waves made vain the labors that in calmer seas might have saved the ship; eight Americans were picked up by the destroyer that heard their wireless calls. The British captain and part of his men died with the ten Americans.

"No band to play, no comrade to cheer, no eye to see; darkness and pounding waves and heart-breaking toil. These were what the volunteers knew they faced. The sea was their field of honor. No ship lifts the Stars and Stripes to the wind that does not bear their like."

Seattle, Wash.

Dear St. Nicholas: Although I have only taken you for a year and a half, I love every inch of you very much. I am always anxious for you to come.

I love all your stories, but "The Girl Next Door," "Cinderella's Granddaughter," "Understood Betsy," "Under Boy Scout Colors," and the "Joan of Ark" stories are my favorites. I always read The Letter-box, hoping to see a letter from some one I know. I love the St. Nicholas League, too, and always read the stories and poems in it.

I have lived in Seattle all my life, except for traveling about and two years that I lived in Washington, D. C. I love Washington, D. C., very much, and I really don't know whether I like Seattle better or not. Washington surely is a lovely place to live in.

Our home here is near the army post, Fort Lawton. At sunset we can hear the cannon and also the band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

I go to high school here, and will be a sophomore this fall.

This last winter I was sponsor for a big steel ship that was launched here. They were going to name it after my father, but the Shipping Board was naming all the ships, so they could n't do it. It was named the *Absaroka*.

It was very interesting, being sponsor for such a large ship. My, it did look large as I stood up by it ready to smash the bottle of champagne! I was terribly afraid I would n't break the bottle, but I did. The company gave me a darling little gold wrist-watch afterward.

Well, dear St. Nicholas, I hope you will have an everlasting and very successful life.

Your very interested reader,

Jane Parry (age 14).

Onamia, Minn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I should think you would get very tired of having boys and girls tell you how much they love you. But you see, we can't help it, you are so nice. I don't know which part of you I like the best, for I read you from cover to cover.

Speaking of your cover, reminds me that my aunt has built a new cottage here at the lake, and for pictures inside she has your covers, which her two daughters have kept since they had their back numbers bound. They look so pretty on the walls of "Kadogra."

The other day we went for a picnic on what I think is the prettiest part of Mille Lacs Lake. It is more than a mile from the nearest human dwelling. The shore is rocky, great rocks that are the most fun to climb over. The wooded bank beside the lake rises almost straight up for thirty feet or so. Immense rocks hang out, all covered with moss and ivy. The ivy hangs down and climbs all over the rocks on the beach. The lake is a blue expanse as far as the eye can see. It is certainly a most lovely spot. We have decided to call it the "Land of the Sky-blue Water."

Your most loving reader,

Imogen Louise Foster (age 13).

Several friendly correspondents have called attention to a really glaring error in the chess diagram illustrating Mr. Frank E. Channon's article on "Tactics and Strategy" in our September issue, and even the explanation of chess strategy was, it seems, a fair subject of criticism. As there is no chess expert or player on the editorial staff of St. Nicholas, the fault, in this instance, rests solely with the author, who evidently "was caught napping" upon this occasion. Such a fundamental error as placing both white's bishops on white squares certainly ought to have been avoided; and this elementary mistake apparently made some of the text referring to the moves upon this remarkable chess-board quite absurd or meaningless. We take the earliest opportunity of printing this statement concerning a slip that seems inexcusable and is much regretted.

THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

CONNECTED OCTAGONS. I. 1. Mat. 2. Minor. 3. Anita. 4. Totem. 5. Ram. II. 1. Ram. 2. Rides. 3. Adore. 4. Merit. 5. Set. III. 1. Set. 2. Straw. 3. Erase. 4. Taste. 5. Wee.

DOUBLETS. 1. Teetee. 2. Tartar. 3. Zoozoo. 4. Cocoa. 5. Tom-tom. 6. Papaw. 7. Dodo. 8. Ha-ha.

A PUZZLE TO "CON". 1. Con-ceal. 2. Con-cert. 3. Con-cise. 4. Con-course. 5. Con-crete. 6. Con-demn. 7. Con-gress. 8. Con-junction. 9. Con-sider. 10. Con-jecture.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Martin; finals, Luther. Cross-words: 1. Moral. 2. Adieu. 3. Right. 4. Tough. 5. Image. 6. Niger.

DIAMONDS CONCEALED IN SQUARES. I. 1. Chant. 2. Haler. 3. Algæ. 4. Nears. 5. Tress. II. 1. Clasp. 2. Lunar. 3. Anile. 4. Sales. 5. Press. III. 1. Smart. 2. Malar. 3. Alone. 4. Rants. 5. Tress.

FAMOUS ENGLISH WRITERS. 1. Beaconsfield. 2. Walpole. 3. Blake. 4. Coleridge. 5. Drayton. 6. Lockhart. 7. Milton. 8. Mitford.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Lusitania. 1. Col-lie. 2. Inf-use. 3. Cou-sin. 4. Shr-imp. 5. Caf-tan. 6. Inh-ale. 7. Son-net. 8. Adv-ice. 9. Obl-ate.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Serbia.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "An orator without judgment is a horse without a bridle."

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Ermi-ne. 2. Ne-tt-le. 3. Le-m-on. 4. On-ce. 5. Ce-rta-in. 6. In-teri-or. 7. Or-d-er.

A LITERARY ACROSTIC. Initial letters, "David Copperfield." From 1 to 14, Charles Dickens; 15 to 25, Dora Spenlow; 26 to 39, Agnes Wickfield; 40 to 48, Uriah Heep. Cross-words: 1. Dole. 2. Arid. 3. Vans. 4. Idea. 5. Dish. 6. Char. 7. Owns. 8. Pang. 9. Peck. 10. Echo. 11. Reef. 12. Flip. 13. Idle. 14. Ewer. 15. Lisp. 16. Duck.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were duly received from "Allil and Adi"—Barbara Beardsley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were duly received from Florence L. Carter, 8—William George Thwaits, Jr., 8—Finette Kelby, 7—Saint Anna's Girls, 6—Elizabeth Sherley, 6—Helen Adda Vance, 5—Louise Keener, 5—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 5—Florence Mount, 5—St. Mary's School, 4—Alice Poulin, 4—Elinor M. Chapple, 4—John M. Pope, 4—A. Louise Campion, 3—John N. Hough, 2. One puzzle, M. G. Markley—Ruth and William—Q. Kettridge—A. Turner—B. Channing—F. E. Lange—W. Howe—C. Rose—G. Martin—E. M. Davis—M. Eltinge—B. Knapp—H. Knapp—J. C. South, Jr.—D. Warren.

ANAGRAM WORDS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

THE seven letters in each of the nine groups of two words which follow may each be rearranged so as to form one seven-letter word. When these have been rightly guessed, the initials of the nine seven-letter words will spell an honored name. Example: MAN, SURE; transposed, SURNAME.

1. ERE, VICE. 2. TUB, RODE. 3. OUR, GATE. 4. SON, RATE. 5. TIP, HEAP. 6. VAN, TAIL. 7. NET, DICE. 8. HUG, LEAD. 9. PET, TERM.

RHODA HELLMAN (age 9).

OCTAGON



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Suitable. 2. A working garment. 3. To talk idly. 4. Carried. 5. A masculine nickname.

PHYLLIS BLACK (age 12), *League Member.*

DOUBLE ACROSTICS

I. MY primals form a famous name, and my finals, a well-known boy.

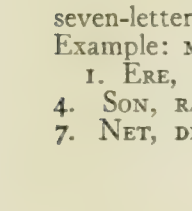
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A slow, graceful dance. 2. Bent, as the elbow. 3. To rescue by a payment. 4. Blows. 5. The Muse of comedy. 6. A tree. 7. Unconcern. 8. Inborn. 9. Closer at hand.

II. My primals form the pseudonym of a famous writer born in November, 1835, and my finals a famous character created by him.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A place for the purchase of produce. 2. A masculine name. 3 To redeem from captivity. 4. One of the United States. 5. A city on Puget Sound. 6. An opening in the wall of a building for the admission of light and air. 7. A city of New York State. 8. To refuse to notice. 9. The drink of the gods.

JANET SCOTT AND LILLIAN W. CONN.

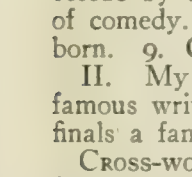
OBLIQUE PUZZLE



IN solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle has twenty-four cross-words. 1. In contrary. 2. A large stick. 3. A pleasure boat. 4. A spine. 5. To step. 6. Pertaining to ships. 7. A curved arm of iron used with tackle in lowering a boat. 8. Unsubstantial. 9. A number. 10. To tantalize. 11. To attempt. 12. Assuaged. 13. To long. 14. To fear. 15. The point in the sky opposite the zenith. 16. A finger. 17. Inflexible. 18. Afraid. 19. One who partakes of a hearty meal. 20. To prevent by fear. 21. To allude to. 22. To requite. 23. An animal. 24. In contrary.

ALEXANDER B. HAWES (age 11), *League Member.*

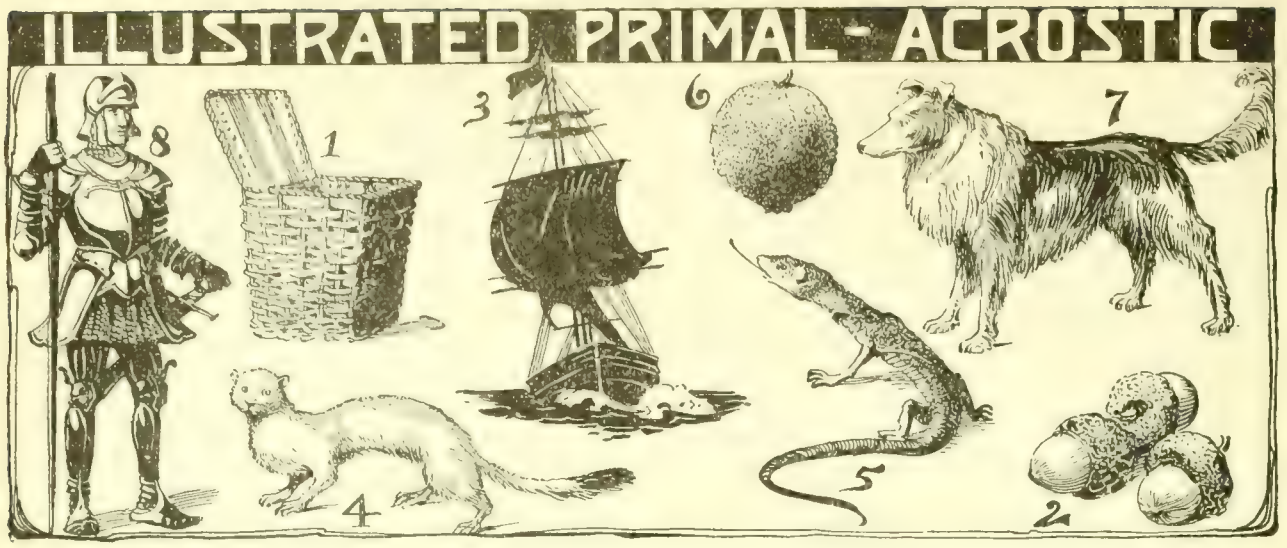
TRIANGLE



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mark of punctuation. 2. Fragrance. 3. Vulgar. 4. A conjunction. 5. In triangle.

ALONZO CHURCH (age 14), *League Member.*

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL-ACROSTIC



All of the eight objects shown in the above picture may be described by words of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a light covering for the head and neck, worn chiefly by soldiers, and named after a British general.

RIDDLE

This may be answered by one word which is spelled in three different ways.

I lift up and take down,
And in the darkest night
I send myself abroad
To give you welcome light.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

BROKEN CAMPS

The names of certain camps in the United States have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, ten names will appear.

STON, I, SHEL, COCK, DY, UP, TIS, JACK, LOR, HAN, SHER, TAY, TON, CUS, FUN, BY, CO, FRE, DAN, SON, MONT.

SUSAN E. LYMAN (age 12), *League Member.*

SOME SINGULAR KINGS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: A wealthy king. Answer, Ban-king.

1. A trembling king.
2. A jesting king.
3. A swarthy king.
4. A deceiving king.
5. A compelling king.
6. A loquacious king.
7. An approving king.
8. A needy king.
9. A laboring king.
10. A grateful king.
11. A pensive king.
12. A thirsty king.

DOROTHY WEEKS (age 12).

METAMORPHOSES

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal. In this puzzle there is a slight variation, for the first and last words are defined instead of stated. Example: Change medicine in the form of a tiny ball into a big bundle. Answer, pill, bill, ball, bale. Each of the words described contains three letters, and only three "changes" are required. When these have been rightly guessed, the initials of the first words and the initials of the last words will each spell the surname of a famous American.

1. Change a human being to meat often used in sandwiches.
2. Change to study to something necessary in a rowboat.
3. Change to augment to a substance that does not mix with water.
4. Change twenty-four hours to a large tub.
5. Change a number to an epoch or age.
6. Change a grain relished by horses to 16½ feet.

CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS (age 11.)

CHARADE

My *first* will do to start the day;
My *last*, a roguish maiden's way;
My *whole* most carefully is laid,
For feathered tribes an ambuscade.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose packages of paper, and make to daub. Answer: Reams, smear.

1. Transpose margins, and make a plant found in marshy places.
2. Transpose inexpensive, and make a fruit.
3. Transpose fermented fruit juices, and make muscle.
4. Transpose a shore bird, and make the backbone.
5. Transpose to direct, and make large, woody plants.
6. Transpose to slant, and make rods.
7. Transpose garments, and make sedate.
8. Transpose a point of the compass, and make a spine.
9. Transpose to pulsate, and make soup.
10. Transpose a tool for smoothing boards, and make wainscoting.
11. Transpose a piece of furniture, and make to cry like a sheep.

When the transpositions have been rightly made, the middle letters of the new words will form the name of a famous American pioneer.

PHILIP TAPPERMAN (age 12), *Honor Member.*

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

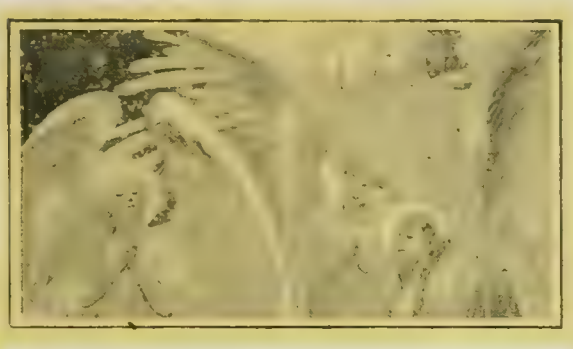


"A brighter star than others are
O'er yon low roof hangs nigh"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI DECEMBER, 1918 No. 2

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IN BETHLEHEM

'T was night in ancient Bethlehem,
All calm and clear and mild,
And tenderly, with voice and touch,
A mother soothed her child:

"Sleep, little one, the day is done,
Why do you wake so long?"
"Oh, Mother dear, I seem to hear
A wondrous angel song!"
"Not so, my son, my precious one,
'T was but the wind you heard,
Or drowsy call of dreaming bird,
Or osiers by the streamlet stirred
Beneath the hillside trees;
Some bleating lamb that 's gone astray,
Or traveler singing on his way
His weariness to ease.
Rest, little son, till night is done
And gloomy darkness flees."

Yet while she spoke, the shepherds ran
In haste the road along,
To find the Mother and the Babe,
For they had heard the Song.

"Rest, little son, the night 's begun,
Why do you toss and sigh?"
"A brighter star than others are
O'er yon low roof hangs nigh."
"Not so, my son, my darling one,
I see no gleaming star
That shines more bright than others are;
'T is but a lamp that burns afar,
Or glow-worm's wandering spark;
Some shepherd's watch-fire in the night,
Or traveler's torch that blazes bright
To cheer him through the dark.
Sleep, little son, till night is done
And upward springs the lark."

Yet while she spoke, three kings had come,
Three kings who rode from far,
To lay their gifts at Jesus' feet,
For they had seen the Star.

And so to-day beside our way
The heavenly portents throng,
Yet some there be who never see
The Star, nor hear the Song.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*



THE SWIFTWATER BUCK

By WILLIAM GERARD CHAPMAN

Across the sunlit swale came stalking cautiously a whitetail doe with her five-months' fawn stepping daintily at her side, the weanling showing a curious, long, whitish scar on its flank. Before emerging from the dark recesses of the wood, they had stood in the spruce tangle at the forest's edge for several minutes, the doe searching the open with eyes and nose and ears, her fawn as motionless as herself in obedience to an unspoken command.

The mother deer was in mighty fear of human kind, but it is doubtful if the fawn would have evidenced any great terror had one of the tribe appeared, for the same recent experience from which sprang the doe's overpowering dread of man had left the fawn with as great a curiosity concerning him. Early in the spring the doe, driven by wolves, had, in her extremity, leaped among the pasturing herd of a settler, and the cattle, alarmed by her abrupt advent and catching the fever of her fear, had raced to the barn-yard. The doe and her fawn, which had followed at her heels, tolled along by the rush, soon found themselves in a strange, fenced enclosure, and, falling exhausted from their terrific effort, had been captured and imprisoned within a calf-pen by the backwoods farmer. The man had acted on impulse, and, once the pair was safely railed in, wondered what he should do with them, his first thought naturally being of the venison they would provide for his table.

The next day, however, his young son, coming early to the pen to feed and make overtures to the captives, was overjoyed by the sight of the fawn, and thenceforth he devoted himself to cultivating the friendship of the agile and beautiful creature.

One morning, some days later, the boy,

peering into the pen, was cut short in his salutations by the sight of a red gash in the flank of the baby deer. The fawn had torn his side deeply, but not dangerously, on a protruding splinter, and the crimson streak in his delicate coat smote the child's heart with horror and sympathy. He lifted the latch of the pen door, which could be fastened only on the outside, and ran to comfort his wounded protégé. The doe backed into the far corner, trembling with terror, then suddenly sprang for the opening, bowling the child over in her rush. At her bleat of command the fawn dashed after her, maternal authority overcoming whatever of reluctance he may have felt in deserting the kind little two-legged animal, and the boy, rising bewildered and with the hot tears springing to his eyes, emerged from the pen just in time to glimpse the two gracefully leaping forms disappearing over the crest of a rise in mid-pasture. With her white flag guiding the youngling, the freed mother deer streaked for the friendly cover that loomed invitingly before her eyes, and quickly doe and fawn were swallowed up in the cool, dim sanctuary of the forest.

SEVERAL years passed, and in the settlements a "scar-sided buck" began to achieve a reputation beyond that of any of his fellows. Known and recognized both by the livid mark on his right flank and the immense size to which he grew, he became famous throughout the Swiftwater country. He was credited either with possessing uncanny craft or the gift of uncommonly good luck, for no magnificently antlered head was more coveted, or more assiduously hunted, than the one that reared itself proudly on his broad, powerful shoulders. And frequently something more than desire to possess the finest head they had known inspired the efforts of the hunters of the region. His depredations on the fields and truck patches of the scattered farmsteads periodically sent irate backwoods farmers on his trail vowing to exterminate this despoiler of their crops. But these usually returned without having seen the big buck, or else, if they caught a glimpse of him, he got himself so swiftly out of sight that no chance offered for a successful shot.

That the buck knew the difference between a man unarmed and a man with a gun was an opinion shrewdly held by one young hunter, who kept this view to himself for reasons of his own. Probably some early experience in being creased by a bullet from one of those fire-spouting, loud-voiced sticks that men sometimes carried had brought an idea into the buck's head. Dogs did not seem to excite any great terror in him, and on numerous occasions he had turned on those that followed his trail and driven them off. But usually he accepted the challenge and gave them an exhilarating run, and, when the game palled, broke his trail craftily and left the dogs to plod back home foot-sore and chop-fallen.

The history of "Old Scarside," which was the name by which the great buck finally came to be known, was familiar to the settlement folk. Laban Knowles, the farmer who had imprisoned the doe and fawn, and his son Lonny held themselves his sponsors; indeed, Lonny maintained that the buck belonged to him, and always was driven to white anger by the often expressed designs on the deer's life.

Lonny desired above all things that his big buck, who only a few years before, as a captive fawn, had plainly shown his willingness to be friends with him, should live unharmed. Old Scarside, magnificent and storied buck whitetail of the Swiftwater country, had responded to his voice and nuzzled his hand when both were hardly more than babies! The intimate association, unfortunately, had been terminated after all too brief a life, else surely it would have progressed to a thorough understanding; but the friendship so begun still held with one of the parties to it, and the boy's assumption of proprietorship in the biggest deer of the region was known to all the inhabitants of the border country.

Lonny Knowles was by way of becoming a top-notch woodsman, and his skill as a marksman with his twenty-two rifle was a

matter of note among his fellows. Whenever his farm duties permitted, he roamed the woods, shooting what small game was needed for the home table, but finding his greatest pleasure in studying the wild life of the great timbered stretches that enclosed the settlement. Of all the wild-wood folk, the scar-sided whitetail deer held first place in his interest. Noiselessly he ranged the feeding-grounds and runways that he had come to know were used by "his buck," and often his careful stalking was rewarded by a sight of the noble animal. His great wish was to overcome the buck's instinctive fear, in the boyish hope that eventually he would succeed in reëstablishing an understanding with his one-time friend. And very patiently and persistently he sought to accustom the buck to his presence. Whenever he came upon his track, easily distinguishable by its size, he trailed him with the silent efficiency of an Indian. When, finally, Old Scarside was sighted, Lonny drew as near to him as cover and wind permitted, and watched him long and admiringly. Then, leaving his rifle on the ground, he would silently rise and show himself, all his movements quiet and restrained and his manner casual. Up would come the buck's head with a snort of surprise at the sudden apparition. Usually he would bound away the instant Lonny showed himself. Sometimes, when Lonny stood forth while the buck's eyes were turned aside, Scarside would suddenly become aware of an alien figure standing astonishingly close where no figure had been an instant before, and, snorting and stamping petulantly, with eyes and nose would seek to penetrate the mystery. Then, suspicion overcoming curiosity, he would wheel and plunge swiftly from the spot.



"'YOU AIN'T AFRAID O' ME, ARE YOU, OLD FELLER?'"

But gradually, very gradually, the painstaking methods of the young woodsman began to have their effect on the buck. The casual approach, unthreatening manner, and eyes that never fixed themselves disquietingly upon his own, were strangely at variance with what his experience had taught him of the ways of the man tribe, though sometimes the evidence carried on

a veering puff of wind would unmistakably proclaim the intruder a member of it. And as time went on, a growing familiarity with this seemingly harmless individual, smaller in stature than his other persecutors and never bearing that abhorrent instrument of noise and flame associated with these enemies, slowly wore down the fine edge of his fear. Often he would stand and stamp and snort for minutes, merely backing off slowly as Lonny advanced upon him inch by inch. Then, as a quiver of muscles rippled the sheen of his coat and signaled a break for cover, Lonny would stay him with a bleated *"Mah!"* And for an instant longer the wondering buck would tarry, to puzzle out the meaning of this, before discretion sent him bounding away into the green forest depths. Later, when the buck's departure was still longer delayed, Lonny would utter soothing words to him.

"You ain't afeard o' me, are you, old feller? 'Member when you an' me was babies, you licked my hand. We 're friends still, ain't we? Now, don't get skeery an' cut an' run—I ain't a-goin' to harm you!"

Awed and fascinated by the softly spoken words, Scarside would stand a-quiver, then run back a few steps and halt, half hidden, in a near-by thicket, pawing and whistling, his big liquid eyes never leaving this strangely ingratiating one of the enemy kind. In the dim recesses of his brain did some faint memory stir at the voice that, in the first days of his life, spoke to him in the universal language of infant brotherhood? Or perhaps some remnant of that early curiosity of his concerning man creatures remained to weaken the ancestral dread.

The buck's whistling, Lonny chose to interpret as a reply to his own remarks.

"Remember, do you? Well, then don't be so bashful. I ain't never a-goin' to hurt you, Old Scarside—it 's all along o' that scar that you got away from me when you were jest a little feller. You ain't forgotten, have you? Well, good-by then, if you 're a-goin'."

When Lonny described his adventures in friendliness with the deer, Laban scoffed amusedly at his son's firm belief in Scarside's memory of the early incident.

"A deer hain't got no memory—don't you ever believe it. He 's jest gittin' used to you an' your quiet ways, like any wild critter will ef you show yourself often enough an' don't pay special attention to 'em at first. He 's jest curious about you, an' a deer 's as curious a critter as any woman.

"But ef he 's your deer, like you claim, you better learn him to keep out o' the clearin's," Laban continued, his whimsical tone changing to half-angry seriousness as he thought of the devastated field of rutabagas he had just visited. "The pesky critter 's gittin' to be a blame nuisance, eatin' up half the crops. Last night he liked to spile the hull 'baga patch, tromplin' what he did n't eat. I ain't a-goin' to stand him much longer. Ef he don't quit ruinin' the fields, I 'll put a bullet inter his big carcass!"

"Don't you never do it, Pa!" burst out Lonny. "He 's only takin' what he thinks is rightly his'n, an' we oughter be able to spare a few 'bagas an' such like. He is my deer, and I won't stand to have him hurted!"

Laban grumbled in his throat and turned away. The generous-hearted farmer was troubled by the knowledge that Old Scarside's continued depredations had reached the unbearable stage. Fences were as nothing to him, and his despoiling of growing crops was now a matter of almost nightly occurrence. The countryside was becoming inflamed against the big buck, who left his sign manual in each invaded area in the form of tracks that in size resembled those of a calf.

Leaving the boy protesting against the threat, Laban strode off on his way to a neighbor's to assist in raising a new barn-frame. A short cut could be made by paddling across the lake that lay between the farmstead the trail to this leading over a hard-wood ridge, beyond which stretched the broad sheet of water. On the shelving beach his birch-bark lay among the bushes, and, noting as he shoved it in

that a stiff breeze was blowing in his face, he decided to weight the bow with a small rock. Otherwise, the light craft would expose so much free-board to the gale that he would have difficulty in keeping its prow in the wind's eye. Bending forward, he was about to deposit the rock carefully in the canoe, when his design was rudely frustrated. His next conscious thought was that the Wendigo—that demon of northern Indian legend which seizes men in its talons and bears them off on journeys through space—had savagely snatched at him and sent him whirling dizzily through the air.

Back in the timber of the ridge a big, nobly antlered buck, the pride—and bane—of the Swiftwater country, had watched the striding man with arrogant eyes, eyes that for the moment held no glint of fear. The fever of the sweethearting time was in his blood this crisp November morning, and dread of man was forgotten in the swift anger that blazed within him when his trysting was disturbed. Stiffly he stood for a moment in his screen of bushy hemlock, neck swollen with the madness in his veins, bloodshot eyes glaring upon the unsuspecting interloper. Then, intent upon vengeance, he followed after the figure noisily descending the slope. His progress was a series of prancing steps, though his feet fell cunningly without sound, and he shook his magnificent head threateningly.

He was only a few paces behind when the man, reaching the shore, suddenly swerved to look about; and the buck froze for a moment before the expected stare of those disconcerting eyes. But the man's gaze did not lift from the ground. He picked up something and turned his back again and bent over at the water's edge.

The opportunity was too tempting. The buck plunged forward, his lowered head aimed at the crouching figure, and drove at it with all the power of his hard-muscled body. The impact was terrific and the result startling—no less to the object of his attack than to the deer. For the man, with a grunt of astonishment, shot from the shore, turning upside down as he went, and out of the splash that followed emerged not the man, but what appeared to be a smooth brown log, that trembled and rolled crazily among the wavelets and gave forth weird, muffled bellowings!

The backwoodsman, lifted into the air by the amazing assault from the rear, had let go the rock (which at the instant was poised above the canoe) as his hands instinctively reached for the gunwales. As he catapulted into the lake, his grasp on the birch-bark turned it over on him, and he found himself upright in the water, his face above the surface, but in darkness. For a moment utter bewilderment possessed him; then, realizing that he was standing in over five feet of freezing water, his head in the hollow of his capsized canoe, to which he still clung tenaciously, he burst into language and sought to extricate himself.

With a wrench of his arms, he threw the canoe over and turned a wrathful glare toward the bank. Hot indignation choked him momentarily as his eyes fell on the author of his plight pawing the gravel and shaking his antlers in invitation to combat. Then he found his voice.

"Ye confounded, tarnation critter!" sputtered Laban, at a loss for adequate words with which to express his feelings. "So 't was you butted me into the lake! Ye 'll pay fer this—with a bullet through yer hide afore ye 're a day older, ye scar-sided imp o' Satan!" He shook his fist at the animal and started to scramble up the steep bottom, continuing his abuse vigorously. But half-way up he came to a stop, perplexed. What should he do when he reached the bank? The buck plainly was in a fighting mood, and no unarmed man was a match for those driving, keen-rimmed hoofs and dagger-like antler-points. Scar-side stood his ground, stamping and snorting and lowering his head in challenge.

Laban wondered angrily if he would have to stand there waist-deep in the icy lake until some one came to drive the buck away—and to witness his humiliation! The blood rushed to his bronzed and bearded cheeks at the thought, though he was now shivering to his marrow with the combined cold of water and wind.



"PAWING THE GRAVEL AND SHAKING HIS ANTLERS IN INVITATION TO COMBAT"

In desperation, he suddenly made a great splashing and waved his arms wildly about his head, then gave a piercing yell.

This inexplicable behavior of his victim had its effect on the buck. Irresolutely he fell back a few steps, startled by the wild commotion; and at the terrifying sound that followed, his ardor for battle died. His madness cooling as suddenly as aroused, with a snort of dismay, Scarside whirled in his tracks and dashed off through the trees.

Grim of visage, but with chattering teeth, Laban climbed out of the water, beached his canoe, and hurried homeward, flailing his great arms against his body to restore the circulation of the sluggish blood. Half-way home, he met Lonny coming over the trail.

"Was that you that yelled, Pop? Sounded like some one was terribly hurted, or somethin'. What in time 's the matter, anyway? Upset?" Lonny gazed wonderingly at the dripping, angry-faced figure of his father.

"Yes, somethin' happened; but you need n't blat it 'round 'mongst the neighbors. An' somethin' else 's goin' to happen, too, mighty soon!"

As his father related his adventure with Old Scarside, Lonny had difficulty in repressing the chuckles that rose to his lips. He covered his mouth with his hand to hide the grin that would persist.

" 'T ain't no laughin' matter," protested Laban, noting the action. "Ef I don't catch pneumony from it, I 'll be lucky. Jest as soon as I c'n get some dry duds on, I 'm a-goin' to take the rifle an' trail that blame' critter till I git him. 'T ain't enough fer him to be destroyin' the crops; he 's started to attack folks, an' he 's too dangerous to let live."

He clamped his mouth on his resolution; and Lonny knew that the big buck of the Swiftwater country was doomed.

The scar-sided buck, resting on a mossy knoll in the depths of the spruce wood, raised his head to a suspicious odor that drifted down the wind. He rose to his feet and ran with the breeze for a short distance, then swung around and headed back, paralleling his trail. He halted in a clump of tangled low growth a few rods from it, and waited. Soon a man came swinging along, silent footed, carrying that dreaded black stick, his eyes bent on the ground, but now and again lifting to scan the surrounding bush. Manifestly, as the evidence of nose and eyes indicated, this was the same human so lately visited with his displeasure; and some elemental intuition that reprisal was to be expected warned him that he must be discreet.

When the man had passed, the buck quietly withdrew from his hiding-place and bounded off at right angles to the trail. A mixture of wariness and confidence guided his actions during the succeeding hours. He well knew the danger of giving the man a glimpse of himself in circumstances like these, but his great craft, so often successfully exercised, and his long immunity from harm had bred in him a confidence in his powers that stayed his flight to the barest necessity of keeping out of range. Doggedly the hunter followed, untangling the puzzles of the trail so cunningly woven, his skill the fruit of many a previous stalking of the wily old buck. But whereas on these other occasions he had been content to consider himself the victor in the contest of wits when he finally had come within easy shooting distance of his quarry, bravely withstanding the itch of his trigger-finger, this time there would be a different ending to the hunt.

As the pursuit lengthened, familiar landmarks apprized the backwoodsman that the buck was circling back toward the settlement. This was fortunate, for the afternoon was waning; and furthermore, it afforded him the opportunity of cutting across to the runways along the ridge where, logically, the buck would pass. And then, the finish!

Laban put his plan into operation. If he hurried, he could attain a vantage-point on a rise of ground commanding the flank of the ridge, and here he would have an ideal chance for a shot as the buck swept across the burning that gashed its forested

sides. He neared the spot somewhat winded from his exertions, and paused a moment to regain his breath before carefully threading the thicket of young alder and birch, beyond which the earth fell away into the little valley that lay between. Reaching the fringe of the growth, the opposite slope was revealed to his sight, and he exulted inwardly as he glimpsed the object of his chase just about to cross the burned area. The deer was going steadily, but at no great speed, and though the shot was a long one, he presented an easy chance for a marksman of Laban's skill.

Without hurry, he raised his rifle to his shoulder. At the same instant the buck swerved, stood tense for a second, and began to rear and whirl about in a most astonishing manner. Puzzled by this behavior, which made a killing shot uncertain, Laban lowered his rifle to study the meaning of it. He could discern nothing at first to account for the deer's actions, and when the buck momentarily presented a broadside target, he aimed quickly and pressed the trigger. As he did so, there came to him a flash of understanding—the scene suddenly cleared to his eyes, and his brain fought to restrain the pressure of his finger—but too late! The rifle cracked and the buck went down, and Laban rushed over to the hillside, a numbing fear rising in his heart.

THE scar-sided buck had begun to be annoyed at the pertinacity of the man who followed him. All the cunning that so often in the past had served him seemed of no avail against this creature, who solved each mystery of the trail with such seeming ease. But he was not yet fearful; his bag of tricks was still far from empty. Therefore, without panic, he broke through the trees that bordered the fire-devastated sweep of ground, heading diagonally for the summit, from whence, in the shielding second growth that clothed the spine of the ridge, a view of his adversary's progress might be had. Midway in his flight up the acclivity, a terrifying odor suddenly smote his nostrils. He pivoted sharply as the mingled scent of man and an even worse-hated enemy warned him of danger close by, and he sought warily to locate it.

As his head lifted, his gaze fell on a long, tawny, furtive beast, crawling serpent-wise through the low brush, its tail twitching at the tip, while, at a little distance in front, a small man creature lay twisted on the ground, wriggling frantically, but not moving from the spot. The stricken one's eyes bore on him at the same instant, and a cry came from his lips, cut short as he sagged into an inert heap.

Who shall say what promptings stirred within the whitetail buck, impelling him to leap furiously upon the most dreaded of his animal foes? Whether, at the cry, he recognized the young human who had grown so engagingly familiar to him and sensed the appeal in it, or whether it was that, in the season of his queer flashes of insane courage, his hatred for the slinking beast flamed into uncontrollable rage, no man may say, but the big cat, crouching for the spring and unaware, or unmindful, of the new-comer upon the scene, was assailed from behind by a fury of fierce-driven blows from feet that cut into his flesh like steel knives. His spine was crushed at the first onslaught, and, turning with an agonized snarl, he was flattened to the ground by an irresistible array of stabbing bayonet-points. So sudden and overwhelming was the attack that the panther had never a chance. Almost before he could realize his plight, the deep-cutting feet and battering antlers had reached his vitals, and the spark of his savage life flickered out. But as the victorious buck prodded at the now unresponsive form, a rifle shot shattered the silence, and at the report he gave a convulsive leap forward and fell a-sprawl, his nose lying against the same hand that he had nuzzled confidingly in a long-past day.

As Laban breathlessly drew near, the full meaning of the strange scene was made plain to him. A sharp pang of regret for the slaying of his son's deliverer came to the backwoodsman as he bent over the huddled, unconscious form, and saw that the child was not seriously hurt. A foot, tightly held in a clump of roots and twisted

at the ankle, indicated the nature of Lonny's mishap. Thankful that it was no worse, Laban cut away the detaining tangle and gently chafed the boy back to life. In a few minutes Lonny was sitting up, nursing his sprained ankle, the pain of which was almost forgotten in his wonder at what he beheld.

"Old Scarside saved ye from the painter, Lonny, an' what he got fer it was a bullet! I 'd give my rifle if I could have sensed what was up a second sooner. I saw somethin' of what was happenin' all in a flash, but 't was too late. I 'm mortal sorry I killed the critter."

Lonny sorrowfully patted the sleek, tawny neck that lay stretched at his feet. Tears were not far from his eyes, but not for the pain of his wrenched foot. "The old feller knew it was me—I allus told you he knew me!—an' he was n't goin' to let me be chawed up by no painter!" Never thereafter, in the many tellings of the story, was either father or son to permit this altruistic motive for the buck's action to be gainsaid.

"How 'd you git inter such a mess, I want t' know?" asked his father, as the boy thoughtlessly tried to rise to his feet for a closer view of the mangled body of the panther.

Lonny sank back, stifling a yelp of pain. "I come out here to see if I could n't turn Old Scarside off the ridge, if he happened along with you after him," he admitted; "an' I ketched my foot in this here mess o' creepers an' like to broke my ankle when I fell. I could n't move, hardly, an' then that ornery painter come lopin' along an' saw me an' started creepin' up——" He shivered at memory of the sinister, stealthy approach of the big cat, its brassy, malevolent eyes fastened with savage purpose on the shrinking lad whom, in its cowardly heart, it knew to be disabled. "I tried to crawl off, but my foot was held tight; an' I jest looked at the varmint an' tried to yell, but was too scairt. An' then I saw Old Scarside amblin' out o' the woods, like he was comin' to help me, an' I called to him—an' that 's all I remember.

"You come, did n't you, old feller?" he said, addressing his fallen champion. "It 's a blame' shame you got killed fer what you did fer me." The hot tears this time overflowed.

"Wonder where I hit him?" questioned Laban, awkwardly seeking to cover his own very real misery. "Don't see nary mark, an' there ain't no blood far as I kin tell. 'Spose I might as well bleed him," he added, practicalities not to be lost sight of even in the face of tragedy. He drew his knife from its sheath and bent over the body, one hand grasping the antlers.

The moment that followed was the most bewildering in the lives of father and son. For an instant they seemed to be inextricably entangled in a maze of wildly threshing limbs—their own and a deer's—as the "dead" buck rose in the air with a terrified snort, sending Laban spread-eagling over beyond Lonny, and, finding his feet after a few frantic seconds, sped off into the timber.

Astonishment held the two speechless for a space. Then Lonny, ignoring the pain of his foot, throbbing fiercely from the shaking up, gave voice to a yell of joy.

"Go it, Scarside, go it!" he shrieked jubilantly after the vanishing buck. "Could n't kill you after all, you old rip-snorter, could they?" Full vent for his feelings at the deer's startling resurrection demanded nothing less than the throwing of several handsprings, but Lonny could only toss his hat in the air and wave his arms exultantly. He turned shining eyes on his father, over whose face a delighted grin was breaking as he rubbed his bruises. "You must 've just creased him, Pa, an' only knocked him out fer a spell. Gosh, but I 'm glad!"

"You bet I 'm glad, too," chuckled Laban, "even ef 't was the second time today the critter sent me sprawlin'! Reckon when I pulled the trigger an' then tried not to, all at once, I must 've lost my bead an' shot high. Likely the ball nicked him at the base o' the antlers, an' the shock keeled him over, but did n't hurt him none. 'T was a rank miss that I 'm proud of—an' 't will be the last time any one from hereabouts takes a shot at the old buck, I promise ye that! Well, I reckon we better

be gittin' home; I 'll carry ye pickaback." He swung the lad up to his broad shoulders and started along the back trail for the clearing; and as he strode homeward through the lengthening woodland shadows, his chattering, light-hearted burden clinging to his neck, he marveled thankfully at the outcome of the day's adventures, and framed the edict he would send forth upon the morrow—to be violated only at peril of Laban Knowles's vengeance.

The scar-sided buck, plunging through the twilight aisles of the spruce wood, could not know that from this day he would have nothing to fear from his human neighbors of the wilderness border, nor that, before many hours, the story of his exploit would go ringing through the settlements, colored into a supreme act of devotion to his youthful patron and given an imperishable page in the annals of the Swiftwater country.



THE PANTHER NEVER HAD A CHANCE."



THE WONDERING BOY

by Clara Platt Meadowcroft

Wherever a child with a wondering heart
looks out upon earth and sky,
In a glittering pageant of flying cloud
King Arthur's court rides by:
Wherever the battle is two to one—,
where faint hope gallantly fights,
Still over the Cambrian hills they come,
the King and his valiant Knights.



The Adventure of The Knight of the Tree-tops

THE WONDERING BOY: FIRST BALLAD.

As to Iscawndred, when he intended to go upon a message for his lord, he never sought a path, but knowing whither he was to go, if his way lay through a wood, he went along the tops of the trees. During his whole life a blade of reed-grass bent not beneath his feet, much less did one ever break, so lightly did he tread.—From "The Tale of Kilhwch and Olwen" of the King Arthur legends.

SPRING of the year on green English ground, with a primrose light in the west;
But a caitiff knight held the land in thrall, and no man might take his rest.
In the great High Hall stood the Wondering Boy, and out to the hills he cried:
"Oh, that King Arthur might come again!" A Knight stood there at his side.

"Who comes in armor of netted gold? Now tell me your name and quest."
"Iscawndred the Knight. I am Arthur's man. I come at the King's behest.
In the hollow hill where King Arthur waits till the day of England's need,
We have longed for the time, to know again high heart and valorous deed."

Through the Kentish lanes where the thorn blooms white and the winds of the dusk are sweet,
Went the Wondering Boy and the Golden Knight on swiftly hurrying feet;
And ever marveled the Boy to see, on the flowery pathway there,
That the feet of the Knight touched not the earth, but lightly trod the air.

"Sir Knight Iscawndred, I wonder much that, whatever the path you walk,
No reed-grass trembles beneath your feet, no blossom bends on the stalk."
"Hold fast my hand with never a fear—I know the ways I tread;
And my feet are sure on the paths of air or the tree-tops overhead."

Like a woven wall the forest grew, with no path that a man might see;
But the Golden Knight and the Wondering Boy rose high as the tallest tree,
No tiny leaf on the topmost bough bent lower beneath their weight;
And afar came the roar of the giant's voice that threatened at England's gate:

"Now he who will match his might with mine must be tall as the tallest tree;
For I am the tallest of living men, and as tall as ten men be.
Bow down, bow down, ye coward wights, or never ye pass this path!
My mantle is broidered with beards of kings who dared to defy my wrath."

In the road to the sea, aflame with rage, the Red-Beard stood astride;
And he seemed as tall as ten tall men, so swollen was he with pride;
While the trembling folk who bowed in fear rose not to their height again;
They dwindled down till, to make one man, there would have been needed ten.

"Now courage, courage!" Iscawndred cried, "and challenge his dastard might;
For you are a child of England's own, and he but a caitiff knight."
High in his arms he held the Boy. "Bow down!" cried the child, with a will.
"You are tall, Sir Red-Beard, and very tall, but see, I am taller still!"

Hither and yon the giant gazed; then, over the tree-tops high,
At the Wondering Boy and the Golden Knight, agleam in the primrose sky.
Fear came on him and bowed him down, and he leaned on his staff in dread.
His knees in a trembling terror fell. "Leave me half my height," he said.

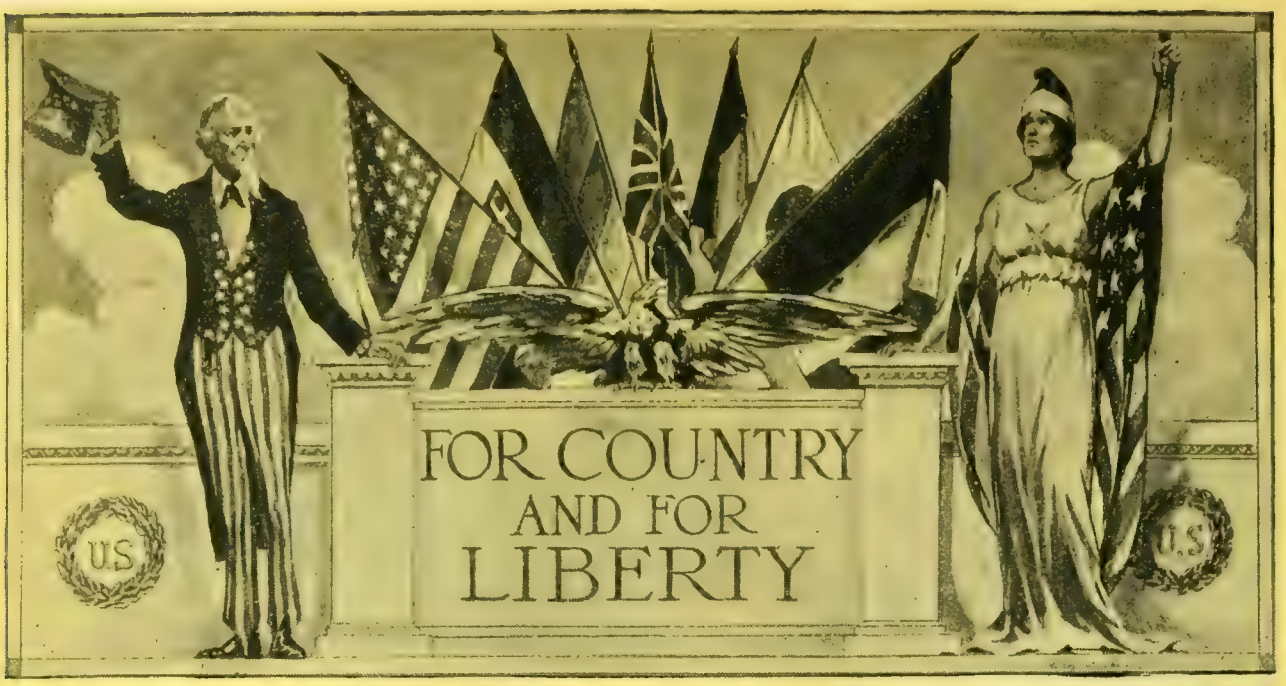
Sternly Iscawndred spoke: "Bow down! For never again shall be
A tyrant to menace the ways of men." The monster shrank to his knee.
"Leave me but this," he begged once more; " 't is little enough to spare!"
"Bow down! bow down!" And he shrank so small, that he vanished away in air.

The road was clear, and the timid folk came running and rubbed their eyes;
And, "Who was afraid?" they asked themselves, and grew to their former size.
The Golden Knight and the Wondering Boy turned back to the High Hall towers;
Light-footed among the leaves they went and softly above the flowers.

The dusk drooped down with her plumy wings and a primrose on her breast,
Scattering sleep over English homes, where now all men might rest.
Iscawndred whispered a parting word: "It was not that my aid was nigh,
Nor because you were tall as the tallest tree, but because your heart was high!"



High in his arms he held the Boy;
"Bow down!" cried the child, with a will.



A CHILD'S THOUGHT

When all the magic spirits of the rain
Tap somberly upon my window-pane,
And all is still and dark, I softly pray
For other children, ah, so far away,
In saddened Belgium and in France—alone,
Orphaned, and hungry; and the wind's drear tone
Seems like their little voices calling me
Across the great expanse of earth and sea.
I shall do all I can to sow the seed
Of joy within their hearts—supply their need.
Their tears, their hungry grief I understand,
As, safe and loved, I touch my mother's hand.

Eleanor Johnson.

THE NEW YEAR'S PROGRAM FOR THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

With 8,376,634 patriotic young Americans enrolled in 61,217 separate school auxiliary chapters, the Junior Red Cross started its second year,—its first full year of activity,—and what will probably be its greatest year of usefulness.

For months the executives at the head of this now enormous organization of young people for war service had been planning for the opening of the present school year. Last year was the year of organization and enrollment, and of experimentation until the Junior Red Cross could find itself and its place in the national war effort. These things have been accomplished, and now a year of work is ahead, work so abundant and important that not even the most enthusiastic pioneers in Junior Red Cross work a year ago could realize how important this organization of boys and girls was going to become in Uncle Sam's war plans.

One of the big pieces of work which headquarters in Washington has completed

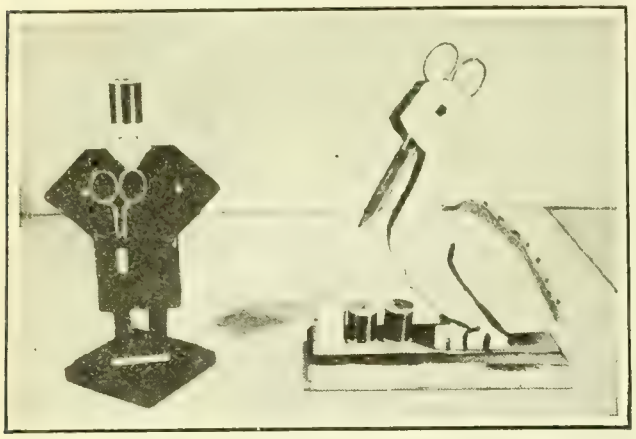
is the preparation of a four-hundred-page Red Cross Manual for schools. This book



A JUNIOR RED CROSS MEMBER ON A CHRISTMAS MISSION.

is primarily for teachers and has been distributed to them by the various Red Cross chapters. It outlines a course of work, play, and study for the entire school year, with special activities for the vacation periods. To give variety to the work, each month the school auxiliary specializes upon some particular branch of war work.

National headquarters of the Junior Red Cross will distribute information that will enable any town or city group of Junior Red Cross auxiliaries to emulate the wonderful work of the boys and girls of Los Angeles, California, last year and their Christmas toy shop. Nearly every one knows now how the manual-training pupils in Los Angeles supplied most of that city's toy needs last Christmas, and how the toys were so satisfactory to the little folks that there became a steady demand for them. These toys are now handled by the regular dealers, bringing a constant income to the Junior Red Cross of Los Angeles.

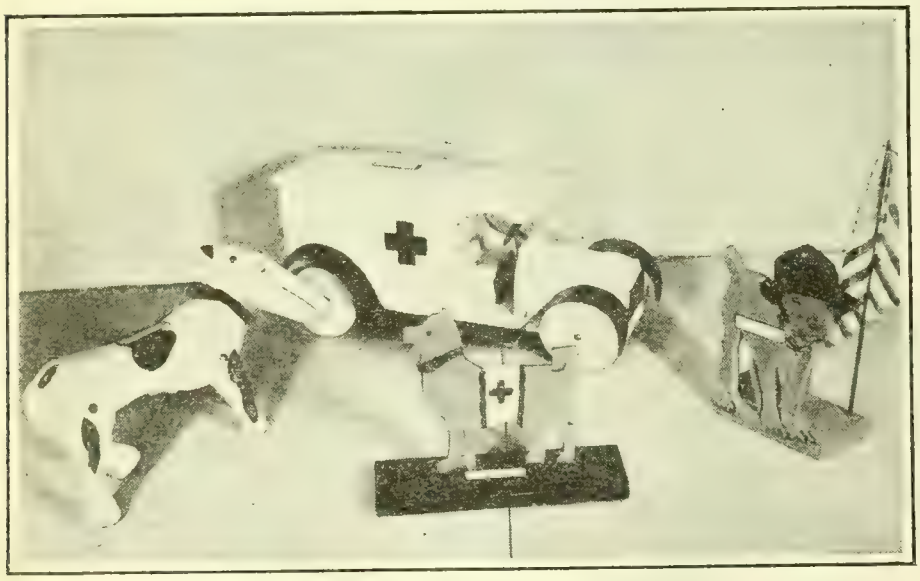


OF SOME USE IN THE WORLD, TOO.

But apart from this Christmas activity, there is a great work ahead of the Red Cross Juniors, both girls and boys. The Medical Department of the Army has made increased demands for the products of school carpenter shops. The manual-training boys proved their value last year by manufacturing 4018 pieces of furniture for the convalescent houses at the various cantonment hospitals in this country. Six hundred of these articles were turned out during the vacation months last summer. The army doctors have now had opportunity to examine this workmanship, and they have pronounced it so good that in the future they are going to demand all sorts of additional articles from the Junior Red Cross wood-working rooms.

In the first place, the Red Cross is now building twenty-four additional convalescent houses and fifty recreation houses for nurses at the various camps. A good part of the furniture of these buildings will come from the Junior Red Cross this year. The boys of Pittsburg have been so successful in making furniture for local Red Cross workrooms that the Red Cross generally will ask the Juniors this year to make its work-tables.

The medical supply depot has placed a large requisition for Junior Red Cross products, the list including packing-boxes, bed-boards, tool-chests, and potato-mashers. So many wood-veneer splints are required that every manual-training room can get a share of the order. Then, too, this branch is asking the Junior Red Cross to make ten thousand bedside tables for shipment to France; and the American Library Association has asked the Junior Red Cross if it can build the traveling book-cases for use on the transports crossing the ocean.



TOYS FROM THE LOS ANGELES WORKSHOP.

Model designs for all of these articles, have been made and accepted, and the plans and specifications in some instances have been distributed.

For the school sewing-rooms, all Red Cross needle-craft supplies have now been standardized and given code names. Each chapter has its quota to fill, and each chap-



GETTING READY FOR THE CHRISTMAS MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN.

ter will turn over to the Chapter School Committee such portion of the quota as the Junior membership justifies.

Members of the Junior Red Cross and all ST. NICHOLAS readers should bear in mind, moreover, that the Second Christmas Membership Campaign of the American Red Cross will be held during the latter part of this month, beginning probably about December 16th.

The aim and object of this campaign will be nothing less than "Universal Membership"—which means not only the renewal of the vast present membership, but

the securing as new members of the entire remaining grown-up population of the United States—excepting men in the service. The boys and girls of our country can find many ways of rendering aid toward the fulfilment of this great purpose; and no American, young or old, needs at this day to be reminded of the measureless service and world-wide benefits of the greatest charitable organization in the history of mankind. One of the most impressive lessons of the war is that any attempt to rear a race after an inhuman pattern simply brings calamity upon that race as well as upon its victims. Where the Hun wounds, we must heal; and that of itself engenders mercy. Where he tears down, the new builders must see their opportunity to build better than ever before. And that fosters idealism.

It is this that emerges now to the Red Cross as its ideal:

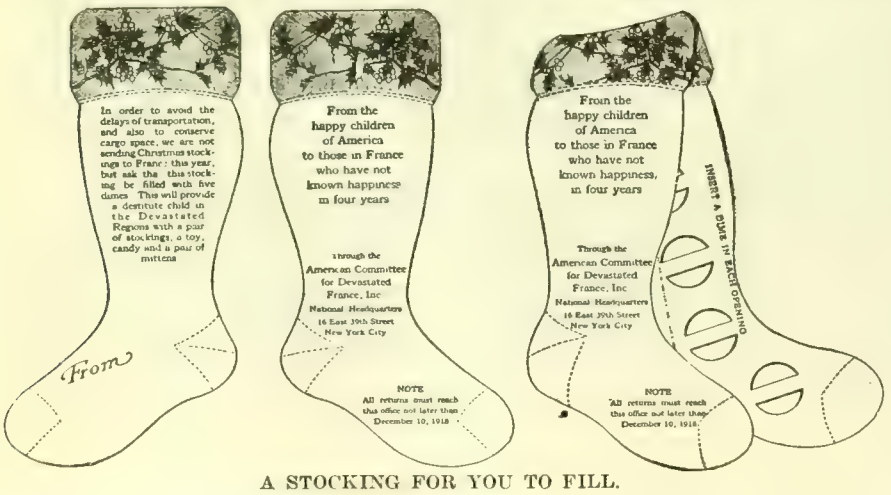
Not only that wounded bodies shall be healed, or sick ones made healthy, or devastated towns rebuilt, or fields replanted and industry restored. If, with all that, the mind of the world shall house the remembered horror of the Hun—he will have conquered still.

So the Red Cross seeks mercy both for to-day's victims of the war, and for the young who shall rebuild the world. Its Christmas roll-call is this need's expression. It asks a universal membership not only to back it in the work this dreadful day has laid upon it, but to do its part toward spreading far and wide the ideals of restoration, of compassion, of practical brotherhood, of health of mind, body, and community, that are a part of the health of social institutions, governments, nations—and of the new world to be.

It asks this because it believes, in all sincerity, that, with this aid, it can give its best toward educating the young of to-day, so that what they do shall be a fitting monument to those who learned life's lessons gloriously before them.

WHAT THIS STOCKING MEANS TO THE CHILDREN OF DEVASTATED FRANCE

BECAUSE a little child in one of the liberated towns of Northern France was asked what he would do this Christmas, and because his reply was, "We no longer have any Christmas—the *Boches* took it away four years ago, when they took everything else," the American Committee for Devastated France intends to show those unhappy little people, who have lived these many years of childhood under German dominion, that America can bring back what the enemy took away, and that Christmas is anywhere in the world that friends are.



A STOCKING FOR YOU TO FILL.

The little red stocking, which holds five dimes, will be sent to any one who wants to add to the happiness of this great anniversary on December twenty-fifth, and the contents of the stocking will be cabled to France, where the committee over there will see that children will know St. Nicholas has not forgotten them.

Address 16 East 39th Street, New York City, for as many stockings as you can fill.

"NENETTE AND RINTINTIN"

By CAROLINE FREVERT

(*Paris, July*, 1918)

It is taking a long chance in these wild days of war, and wilder nights, to go about unprotected by a Nenette and Rintintin. Curious little mascot dolls they are, that have taken Paris by storm; and if the arrival of this little army of Nenettes and Rintintins cannot keep the Gothas away, surely nothing can. It may be they are responsible for the turn in our luck at the front and the recent lack of raids over Paris.

But however that may be, Nenette and Rintintin are here in every conceivable form and color, in every conceivable cast of countenance save that of the frowning *Boche*. They are slim and fat, young and old, silver and gold, woolly and silky. But their charm is not to be purchased. Until you have been *presented* with a Nenette and Rintintin, you have not their sweet protection; and if you have the one without the other, the charm is broken. There is a Nenette and Rintintin who will tell you that they were in the *Sussex* disaster, and it was only through their existence that any lives were saved, and that they proved so valuable to their possessors that they could not be bought at any price.

All this, however, is but to emphasize the point that everybody should be protected by Nenette and Rintintin; everybody, you are told, should possess a mascot. Many a soldier back from the front, or recovered from a serious illness, believes with all his heart that it was the near presence of these little mascot dolls that saved his life, and he carries them with him—his most cherished, most valued possession—wherever he goes, and great is the consternation and confusion if Nenette and Rintintin are missing. Everything is turned upside down until they are found and safety is once more insured.

There are many histories given of the curious little couple, and their whys and wherefores are puzzling. Apparently from nowhere, Nenette and Rintintin were born after several terrifying air-raids of Gothas, against which they are a protection; and ever since, they have reigned supreme—the romantic whim of fashion, the chief plaything of Paris.

There is another version of their origin, however, according to which a regiment of French soldiers, marching to the front, discovered two of their little compatriots, a boy and a girl, on an abandoned farm,



THE LITTLE MASCOTS OF FRANCE.

and decided to adopt them, carrying them along with the regiment, and giving them the best of care. The little girl made two dolls of wool and silk, and the soldiers named one doll after the girl, and the other after the boy. And the story goes on to say that the regiment has met with continued success ever since.

But suppose that the audacious Allied aviators, with their furious reprisals over German towns along the Rhine, deliver Paris from the perils of the Gothas—those

demon birds? What then will become of Nenette and Rintintin? Will they completely disappear with the danger that brought them to life? No matter, they will have amused everybody—they will have done their little bit.

After all, how can any one explain Paris—its subtlety, its wit, its endless charm? Paris, in the fourth year of this dreadful drama of war, enamored of this little absurdity an inch high, made of wool, of silk, of ribbon, of straw? It must be the sound of their fascinating names, the queer shape of their arms and dangling, stepping-aside legs, their round, unfeatured heads, and I don't know what indefinable, spirited sprightliness.

However, little Nenette and Rintintin have made a distinct *hit*. Their devotion and extraordinary adventures, the beauty of Nenette, the marvelous bravery of Rintintin, are extolled in verse and in song at the corners of the streets, on the "terraces" of the *brasseries* of the *Grands Boulevards;* the *camelots,* or sidewalk venders, cry out: "Nenette and Rintintin! Secure yourselves, Monsieur and Madame, against the 'Gothas'—One never knows when they will arrive! Who wants his Nenette and Rintintin?"

And Madame wears them on her corsage, while grave Monsieurs hang them on their watch-chains.

And do not laugh at that extravagance of Paris. Don't laugh, at all, at that which lightens with good humor and a kind of childish, charming gaiety the serene resignation, the stoical indifference to danger, of Parisian people. Compare it, if you like, with the grim and heavy *Boche* gravity, hammering big nails into the gigantic wooden statue of Hindenburg. The profound soul-difference of Berlin and Paris will thus appear in a strange manner.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

By ENOS B. COMSTOCK

When the tractors stalled in the heaping drifts
And chugged till their breath was gone,
We called them, then, to the task again,
That we might carry on.

We called to the faithful, willing teams,
Close linked with our human lives,
To come once more to the need of war—
To free the seventy-fives.

Into the thick of the driving storm
They plunged and tugged their way—
Was it delight in their last brave fight,
At dusk of a passing day?

I felt the thrill of the heaving life
Bearing me through the snow,
Then passed in flight before my sight,
Steeds of the long ago.

I saw them hitched to the Pharaoh's car
When the pyramids were new—
When the Romans raced, and Caesar graced
The chariot they drew.

And down through all the countless years,
From the early dawn till now,
They have borne the warrior in the charge,
They have drawn the toiler's plow.

And who was he, the first to ride,
In some dim age long past
When the world was new? We know not who
But shall we be the last?

The life, a willing sacrifice—
As old as time, alas!—
The noble life that has shared our strife,
Oh, shall we see it pass?



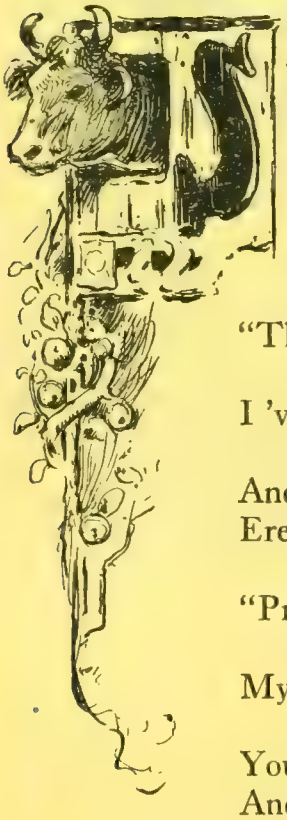
"We called to the faithful, willing teams,
Close linked with our human lives,
To come once more to the need of war—
To free the seventy-fives."

Gulliby the Wise

A Christmas Nonsense Rhyme

by Ellen Manly



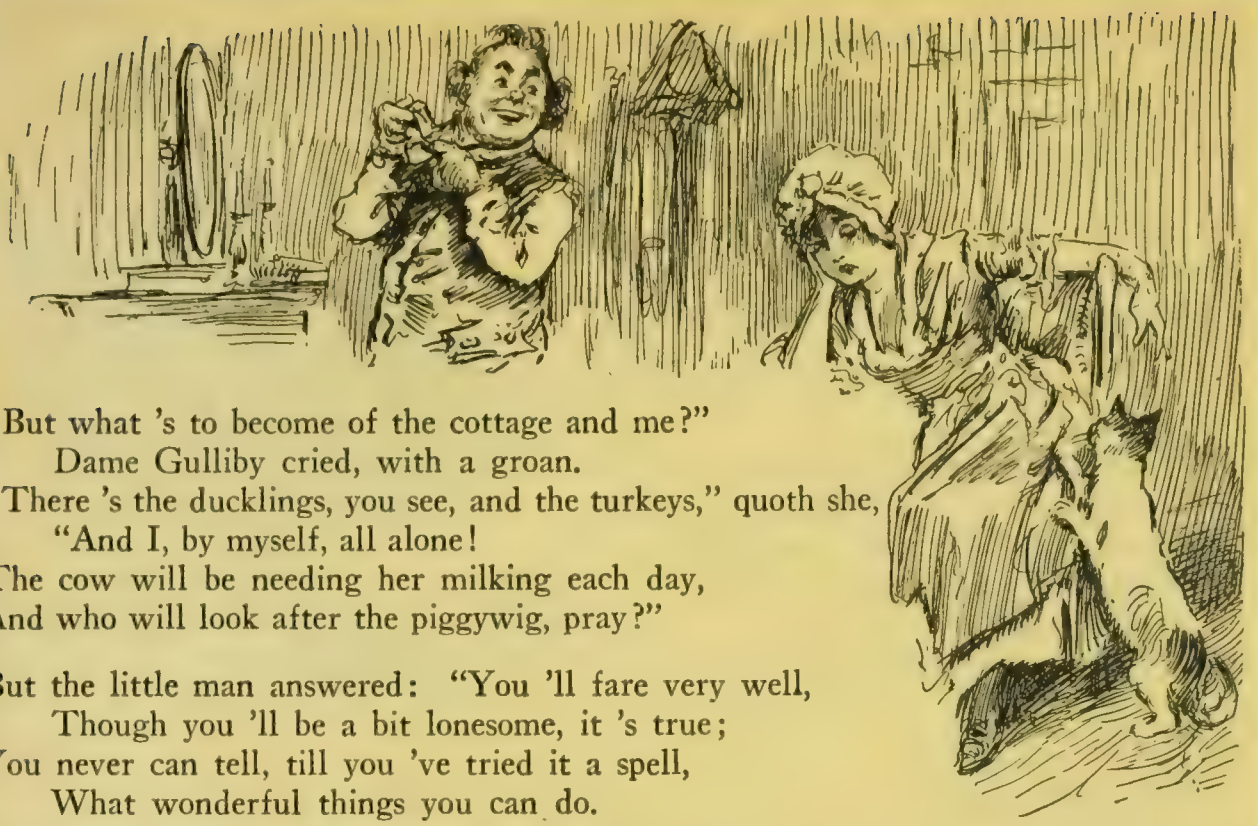


AID Little Man Gulliby: "Dolly my dear,
I have business, at once, with the king;
And I think it is clear, if my tale he will hear,
That good fortune it 's certain to bring—
A bit of most wonderful news I have heard,
And away I must hasten to court with the word!

"The twenty-fifth day of December, this year,
Is going to be Christmas, they say—
I 've just happened to hear at the market, my dear,
And now I must get me away
And let our good Monarch of Bungleby know
Ere any one else may be thinking to go!



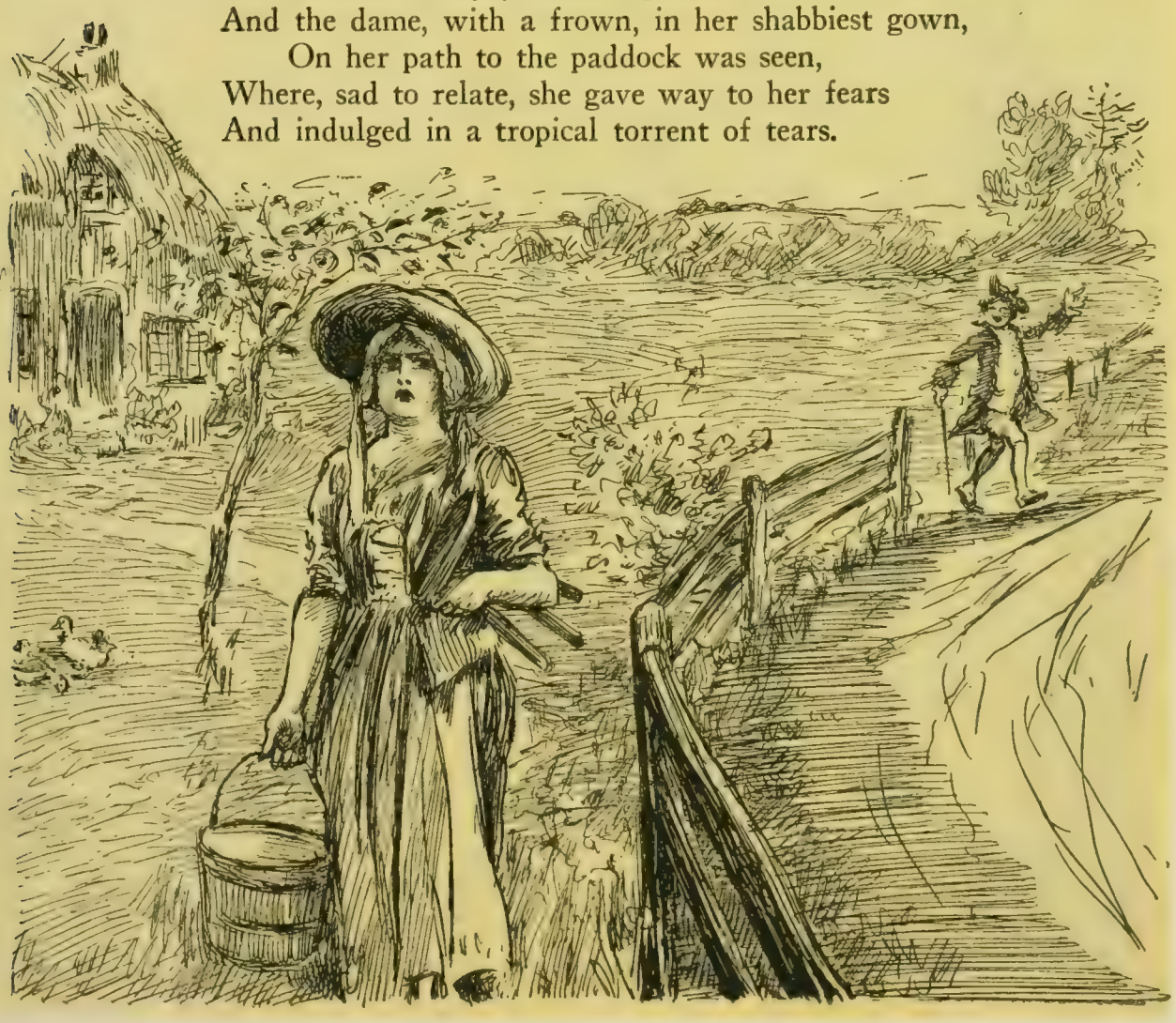
"Pray brush up my bottle-green jacket with care,
And get me my plum-colored vest;
My holiday pair of red hose I must wear,
And my little cocked hat with the rest—
Your Gulliby 'll meet with the best in the land,
And it 's well to look spruce when there 's business on hand!"



"But what 's to become of the cottage and me?"
Dame Gulliby cried, with a groan.
"There 's the ducklings, you see, and the turkeys," quoth she,
"And I, by myself, all alone!
The cow will be needing her milking each day,
And who will look after the piggywig, pray?"

But the little man answered: "You 'll fare very well,
Though you 'll be a bit lonesome, it 's true;
You never can tell, till you 've tried it a spell,
What wonderful things you can do.
Just you be a-thinking how proud you will be
When your Gulliby back from the court you will see!"

So he set out at once for the far-away town
In the holiday jacket of green.
And the dame, with a frown, in her shabbiest gown,
On her path to the paddock was seen,
Where, sad to relate, she gave way to her fears
And indulged in a tropical torrent of tears.

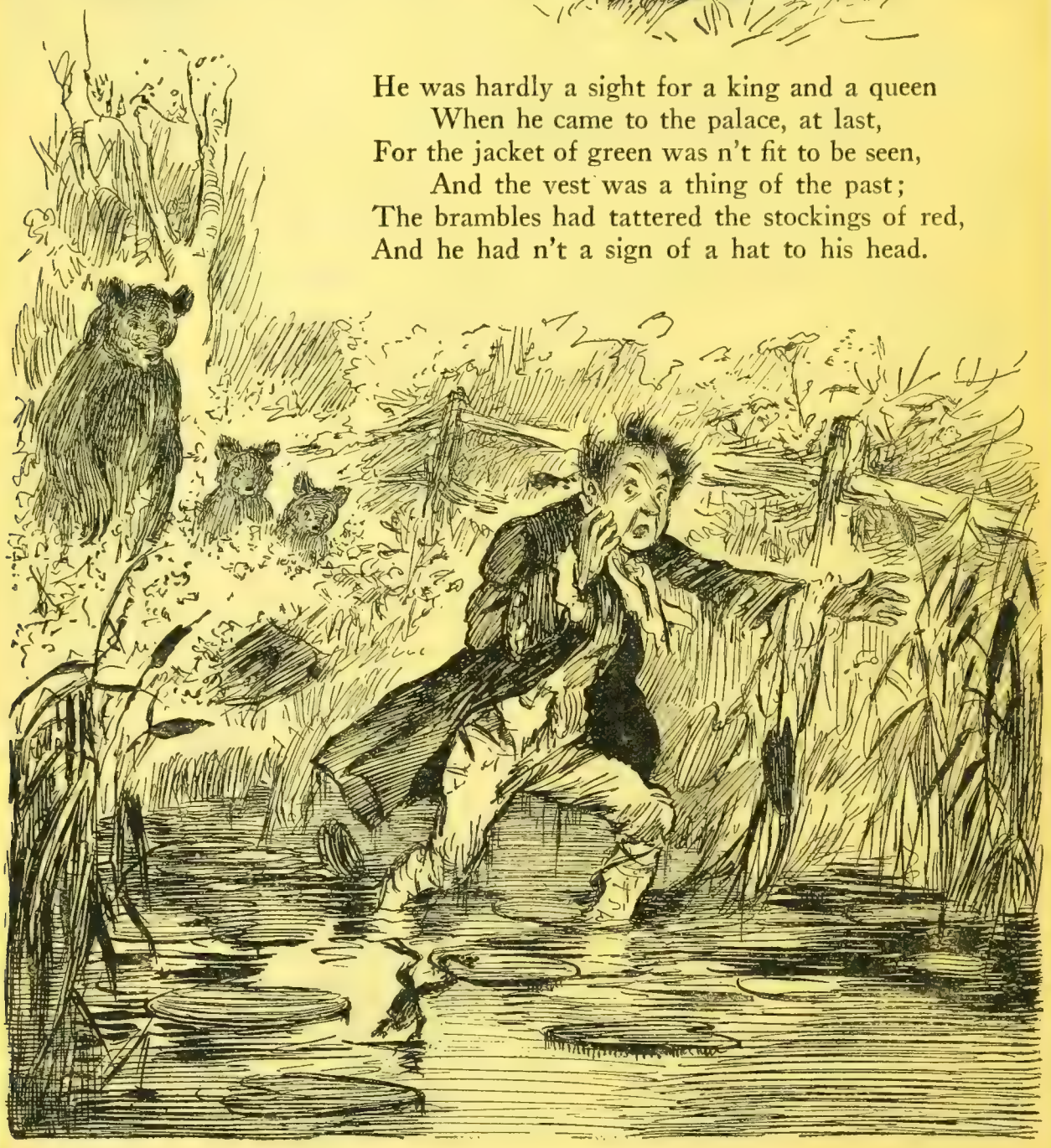


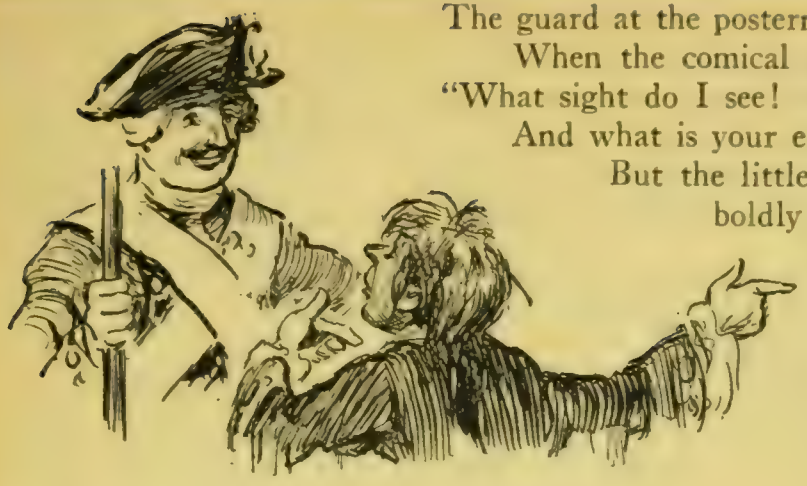
"The ducks shall be fed, and the chickens,"
she said,
"Of the turkeys I 'll *try* to keep track,
But I 've many a dread they 'll be most of
them dead
Before little Gulliby 's back;
And it 's all in a terrible pother I be
To think of him leaving the piggy and me!"



But over the hilltop and down through
the vale
Little Gulliby trotted at speed,
In his zeal not to fail to deliver his tale
Ere another the story should heed.
But the journey was long, and the road
it was bad
And troubles a-many the little man had.

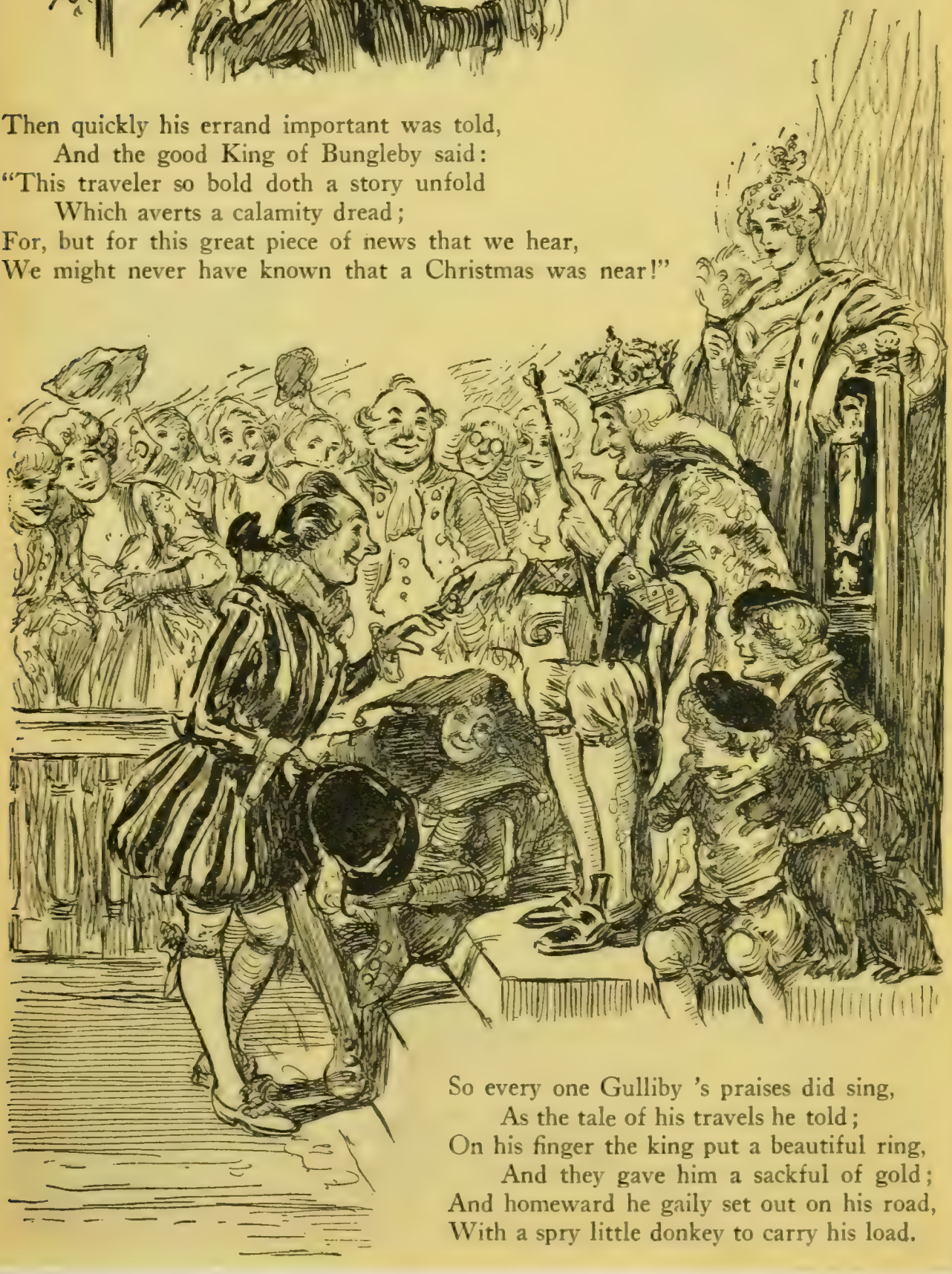
He was hardly a sight for a king and a queen
When he came to the palace, at last,
For the jacket of green was n't fit to be seen,
And the vest was a thing of the past;
The brambles had tattered the stockings of red,
And he had n't a sign of a hat to his head.





The guard at the postern laughed, "Riddle-me-ree!"
When the comical figure he spied.
"What sight do I see! And pray who may you be?
And what is your errand?" he cried.
But the little man answered him
boldly and clear,
"Just say to your master that
Gulliby 's here!"

Then quickly his errand important was told,
And the good King of Bungleby said:
"This traveler so bold doth a story unfold
Which averts a calamity dread;
For, but for this great piece of news that we hear,
We might never have known that a Christmas was near!"



So every one Gulliby 's praises did sing,
As the tale of his travels he told;
On his finger the king put a beautiful ring,
And they gave him a sackful of gold;
And homeward he gaily set out on his road,
With a spry little donkey to carry his load.

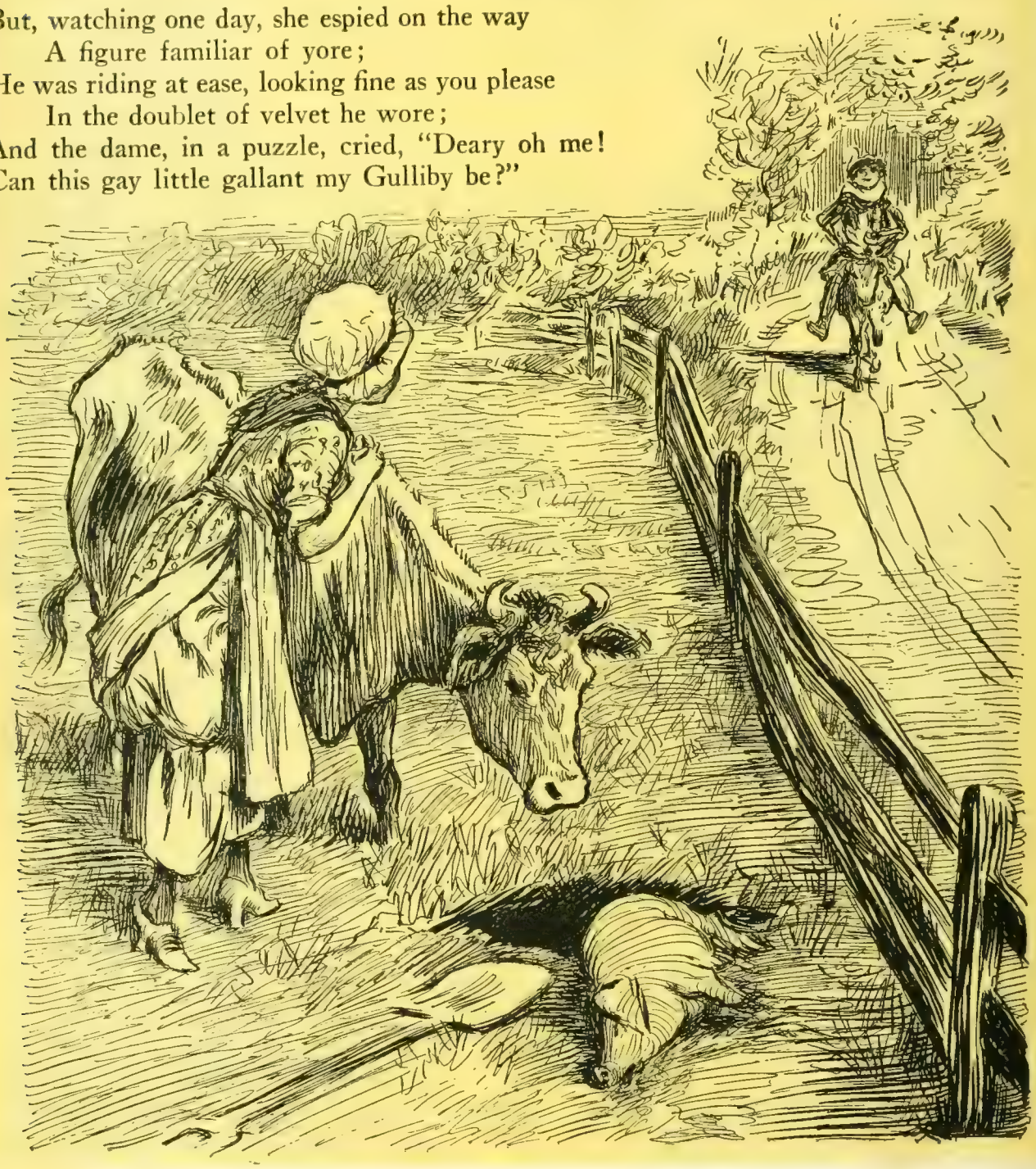
Now little Dame Gulliby could n't abide
To be waiting, all lonely, at home;
For the more that she tried and the harder she cried
The worse did her troubles become,
Till, at last, they were really so terribly bad
That 't was scarce any wonder poor Dolly was sad.





The turkeys they wandered away on the sly,
And the ducks paddled down to the sea;
The cow she went dry, and the pig in the sty
Was as dead as a piggy could be.
And the good dame lamented, "Alack and alack!
And when shall I see little Gulliby back!"

But, watching one day, she espied on the way
A figure familiar of yore;
He was riding at ease, looking fine as you please
In the doublet of velvet he wore;
And the dame, in a puzzle, cried, "Deary oh me!
Can this gay little gallant my Gulliby be?"



And the rider he answered her: "Truly, I trow,
This can be none other than I!
No need to fret now for the ducks and the cow,
And a new little piggy we 'll buy;
For look at this beautiful donkey, I pray,
And gold to be lasting us many a day!"

Then little Dame Dolly she banished her tears,
And they treasured their fortune with care;
And, from all that appears, in contentment for years
They lived like a nice little pair;
While the cow and the ducks and the turkeys, they say,
With the piggywig, too, had a feast every day.



All of which shows, it is wisdom to bring
Such items of news to the ears of a king.
And perhaps 't would be well for us all to remember
That Christmas is due twenty-fifth of December!

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Author of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER V

A PRAYER FOR FRANCE

With Madame Barton I had been very resolute to stay in Rheims. I was still firm in that resolution, but the sounds of the distant cannon brought a quickening sense of danger not to myself, but to France.

My heart was sorely troubled. For the first time in my life I wished that I had been born a boy. Then I could have fought for France, perhaps at Father's side; and if I had died, it would have been worthily. But I was a girl, who must flee danger when it approached, and my only service was to perform some sheltered task. Jeanne d'Arc had been just such a girl as I, but to her had come a vision. Were the blessed angels farther away from us to-day than in the years long past? I did not believe it. France must be saved.

I determined then and there to go to the cathedral seeking, as always, its still peace to ease a troubled mind. Perhaps to me would come a message.

Absorbed as I was in my own perplexities, I could not fail to note the change that had come over the city. Many people filled the streets. Some standing quite motionless, as if fixed by fear, while others ran hither and thither with apparent aimlessness. Strangers stopped each other, muttered a few half-meaningless words, and passed on.

Now and then there came a thickening of the crowd, a surging toward some particular spot, and I, caught in one of these eddies, found myself gazing at a remnant of a company of infantry being hurried through the city by their officers.

To me the sight of these soldiers was profoundly disturbing. I could not but contrast this little group of tattered men with the brightly clad troops to whom we had said good-by a few short weeks before. There was still color to be noted, but it was visible only in the crimson stains on soiled and raveled bandages.

I turned away shuddering, and, seeking a side street free from people, hurried toward the cathedral and reached the Place du Parvis, trembling. Even the statue of Sainte Jeanne before the high gray portals of the cathedral seemed to have lost its power to calm my spirit. I had been too near human suffering. My anxiety for our dear country was too acute for me to see in this figure of bronze the living soul of the gentle saint.

I hurried into the great building and sought the niche where dwelt the image of my dear saint, and was about to kneel when the Abbé Chinot stopped beside me. He had known me all my life, and I loved him, as did every one in Rheims.

"You do well to come and pray, my child," he said softly.

"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbé, I know not what to do!"

"It will be wise to leave Rheims at once, my daughter," he answered. "One cannot tell what may happen."

"But what can happen, Monsieur l'Abbé, even if the Germans come to Rheims?"

"That I cannot tell, Jeannette," he said, laying one hand on my shoulder and looking down at me tenderly. "But we do know that these barbarians have torn through Belgium burning and slaying as they went. None were safe. Old men and women, children and even little babies. We have not yet heard much, but we have been warned that they have destroyed town after town and that nothing is sacred."

"You mean that they might touch our cathedral?" I murmured in horror.

"It is hard to believe that there are men upon the earth who could do such a thing," he responded. "Only Germans could think of such an act of sacrilege."

"But something must be done to stop them," I protested, quite carried away by this dreadful possibility. "I 'm only a girl, but there was once a maid who saved France. I would give my life, Monsieur l'Abbé. Is there nothing I can do?"

He looked at me earnestly, then turned his eyes to the face of the saint beside us. For a long minute he stood thus, then slowly shook his head.

"Who can say if the age of miracles is past or not, my daughter?" he replied. "We can but pray for courage to endure."

He left me, and I knelt down and bowed my head. I know not what words I uttered,—indeed no words were needed,—but in a little there came to me a sense of peace and hope. I lifted my eyes to the image above me, and in that moment was born a conviction that Jeanne d'Arc was not dead, that her spirit was still abroad in our dear land, that once again her bright banner would lead the armies of France to victory.

I rose, all fear of our defeat gone like mist before the summer sun. I felt the exultant throb of a renewed faith. Never again should I doubt. My heart hummed to the beat of "Vive La France!"

At home I found a letter from Papa. It had come in one of the last mails that was to reach Rheims for many days. He had written from———* and I was rejoiced to learn that so far he was safe. I had received many letters before this telling me how he fared, and my mind had been easy on his account. But this one brought cause both for anxiety and satisfaction.

"We have received orders to march toward ————. A big battle is coming. It may mean the life or death of France; but I have great confidence in General Joffre. The army call him 'Papa Joffre.' I have seen him and the name fits. You would like him, I am sure. I know little of what is going on to the north of us, and I cannot advise you what to do; but I put my faith in your good sense and trust you to look after our old grandpère. Do not lose heart at reports of our armies falling back. I may not write what is in my mind; but I do not despair, although the time is critical."

In spite of the fact that he was going into battle shortly, the letter was a comforting one, for it showed no lack of confidence in our army when the supreme struggle should come. Also, it seemed to justify my decision to remain in Rheims.

CHAPTER VI

PANIC

VERY early the next morning I went to say adieu to Madame Barton, Heloise, and little Jacques. On my way to their home, which was in the rue des Capucins, not far from us, I was astonished at the crowds in the streets. There were thousands of them, laden with all the household goods they could carry, fleeing the city in an agony of fear. They passed me, panting under their loads, talking little, intent only upon escape from a terror their feverish imaginations pictured close upon their heels. These stricken people were, in the main, of the well-to-do, whose lives had been eased of heavy burdens.

Greatly to my surprise, Madame Barton, too, was a prey to this overwhelming desire to be gone, yet found it difficult to leave behind the many treasures that years of association had made dear to her. A dozen times, while I was there, they all started to leave, only to be held back while Madame struggled to make a place for one more souvenir of the home she was abandoning.

They renewed their plea that I should go with them, but were too intent upon their own speedy departure to argue the matter. Madame was fearful for her children; and her alarm had sapped all

*In accordance with the present war-time usage the names of certain officers and places on the French front are left blank throughout the narrative.

the courage Heloise possessed. Only little Jacques seemed still himself.

"It is not I who would run from the *sales Boches,*" he declared rebelliously; and though he was but a small boy, who could not be expected to comprehend all the perils his mother anticipated, I thought he showed a fine and manly spirit.

"We go to Orléans, Jeannette," Madame Barton told me, as we said good-by. "My sister is there, and we shall be safe till this dreadful war is over. Heloise will write you of our arrival. I wish you were going with us."

It was a tearful farewell. Heloise and I were dear friends, and I think she kissed me feeling that it was for the last time. It was as if she believed that those who stayed in Rheims were doomed.

I watched them join the ever-increasing throng moving toward the railroad station, sorry to see them go and saddened at their aspect. Weighted down with bundles, they were soon swallowed up in the stream of half-mad fugitives.

Back at our house again, I found Madame Garnier dressed for traveling and with the precious Mimi at her side. She and Eugénie were standing before the open door, and I guessed that Madame had just arrived.

"I stopped to say good-by," she called to me, ere I had reached them. "I 've made up my mind to quit Rheims."

"Where do you go, Madame?" I asked.

"I 've not determined that yet," she replied. "Anywhere away from this city. I shall enter the first train that leaves after I reach the station."

"You will not lack companions, Madame," I said, thinking of the enormous numbers of people who were congregating at the Gare des Voyageurs.

"That 's one reason why I 've hesitated," she moaned. "Mimi is so nervous in a crowd. See, the poor little one is trembling already. Perhaps I had better stay."

As Madame Garnier finished speaking we became aware of a dull vibration and the booming of artillery. It was a renewal of the conflict, so much closer than it had been before that I was startled by the feeling of nearness it gave me.

Madame Garnier gasped, turned white as a sheet, and, hurriedly kissing me on each cheek, picked up the struggling Mimi and dashed down the street. She had been too frightened even to say good-by, and we watched her till she turned the corner of the rue Boulard.

I find in my diary of this date a mention of the fact that I went with Grandpère for a walk in the afternoon; but I have no recollection of it. And yet I know that preparations were made for the reception of the *Boches.* Placards were posted in all the prominent places in the city warning the inhabitants to do nothing to offend the enemy, to remain indoors as much as possible, and to refrain from any act or speech which might give a colorable excuse for the outrages the *Boches* seemed so ready to commit. It was an accepted fact that no attempt to defend the city would be made. The last of our troops had gone south toward Paris. The terrifying sounds of artillery-firing had drawn nearer hour by hour, and a dread of the coming Germans was still driving the timid out of the town.

Late that afternoon the bell rang violently, and Julie, answering it, returned with the surprising news that Madame Garnier had come back.

I flew down to her and oh, what a pitiable object she was—mud-stained, disheveled, and weary! Poor bedraggled Mimi had not strength enough to wag her shaven tail.

"Oh, pauvre Madame!" I cried; "how came you in this plight?"

She sat looking at me a moment as if too exhausted to answer, then she smiled sadly, while large tears welled in her tired eyes and slid down her fat cheeks.

"My mind is made up, Jeannette," she murmured. "I am not going away from Rheims."

"Why not, Madame?" I asked.

"Because I cannot get away unless I walk," she sobbed. "There are not trains enough to carry a tenth part of the people who wish to go. For six hours I struggled

in that mob, and was never near enough to the station even to see a train. Then I walked to Bazannes; but it was the same there. You would not believe the things I have witnessed."



"'IT IS OVER THERE,' EUGÉNIE BROKE IN, POINTING." (SEE PAGE 135)

I called Eugénie and we cared for Madame Garnier at once. She recovered somewhat when she had eaten, and told us more of her journey to Bazannes and back. The entire railway service was in the hands of the army, and the first duty was to speed the troops. Madame had

seen train after train rush by, filled with soldiers; but not one had stopped for the panic-stricken civilians who clamored to be taken away.

"And what can have happened to Madame Barton and the children?" she asked suddenly, while, as if in answer, our bell rang again.

A moment later I heard Julie cry out in amazement, and then, as I sprang to the door, she came in carrying little Jacques Barton.

I thought at first that the boy must be injured, but my mind was soon eased of that fear.

"Let me down, Julie!" he protested, struggling weakly in the girl's arms. "Let me down! I am not a baby."

She set him upon his feet, and we had a good look at him.

"Ah, the *pauvre petit!*" cried Madame Garnier, forgetting her own forlorn state in the woeful condition of little Jacques.

And well might she exclaim, for it was hard to realize that this pale, begrimed child was the bright-faced boy I had seen striding off manfully beside his mother and sister that morning. He was now so nearly exhausted that he swayed as he stood before us; but his eyes had fastened hungrily upon the remains of Madame Garnier's supper, and I wasted no time in questions.

"Julie, bring a pitcher of milk and tell Eugénie," I ordered, while Madame Garnier nodded her head in approbation. There were a dozen anxious inquiries on the tip of my tongue, but they must wait. Poor little Jacques was scarcely able to speak.

I helped him to a chair beside the table, and by that time Julie was back with Eugénie at her heels.

"Ah, the poor little one!" murmured my old nurse, as she caught sight of the boy. "War does not even spare the babies." Thereupon she took charge and soon had all of us ministering in one way or another to the comfort of our small guest. She fed him sparingly at first, then took him upstairs for a warm bath, after which he was put to bed. A half hour later, Eugénie, Madame Garnier, and I listened to the boy's story of what had happened since I had seen him last.

"Poor Maman!" he repeated again and again; "she will be so worried about me. And it is true, I could not help it."

"It 's no wonder you were lost from her." Madame Garnier spoke soothingly. "I saw many children running hither and thither, seeking their parents. Ah, it touches the heart to see the little ones frightened; but one could do nothing, there were so many."

"Tell us what happened from the beginning, Jacques," I suggested.

"Everything was so confused," he answered. "We were always in such a crowd. Always some stranger was pushing me. We could not approach the Gare des Voyageurs. After a long time Maman decided we should walk. We left Rheims by the Paris road, but there it was just the same. There were crowds of people. We could n't get rid of them. We walked and walked; I don't know how many, many kilometres, but my legs grew very tired. It was most difficult to keep beside Maman and Heloise. Always there were some who pressed between us. The bundle I carried grew heavier and heavier. It must have been the same with Maman and Heloise. Poor Maman, she will be so worried about me!"

"We shall let her know you are safe with us," I assured him. "Now tell us how you lost them."

"It is not easy to say," he went on. "One minute I was beside them, and then —they were not there! I was so weary that it was as if I slept while I walked. Suddenly I found myself with strangers all about me. I ran ahead as fast as I could, pushing through the people—who did not like it, *je vous assure*. But I could not find Maman. Then I thought I must have gone too fast, and so I stopped. The people did not like this either, and pushed me to the side of the road. I watched for Maman and Heloise, but could not see them; then I knew that I had lost them. Yes, I felt like crying, but I did not; and soon I saw Madame Garnier."

"You saw me, child?" exclaimed Madame Garnier. "Why did you not come to me?"

"I tried to, Madame," he answered; "I called, but you did not hear. There were so many people between us. I hurried after you as fast as I could, but I was too tired. Then I lost my bundle, and, after trying to find it again, I could no longer see you. Not knowing what else to do, I came back to Rheims. Please, Eugénie; might I have some more milk? It goes well, that milk."

That was all of little Jacques' story, and Madame Garnier and I left him to the tender care of my old nurse.

"His poor mother must be distracted," Madame Garnier murmured, when we were downstairs again.

"But how could she have let him out of her sight?" I asked.

"My dear," Madame explained, "you cannot comprehend what it was like on that road out of Rheims. I am sure there were hundreds of families separated from each other to-day. Old men, old women, and children were suddenly left to themselves in the midst of frightened strangers, who had no thought but of their own safety. And they were decent people, too, Jeannette. Kind-hearted people, who, under ordinary conditions, would have stopped to help the weak and suffering; but they were all half mad with fear. It was terrible!"

"Do you think Madame Barton will have turned around?" I asked.

"Who can tell?" said Madame Garnier, with a shrug. "She may believe that the boy is ahead of her. Poor woman, she will be distracted! Do you know where she is going, Jeannette?"

"To Orléans, Madame," I answered, "but she gave me no address. Heloise was to write when they arrived. I had best send word to Monsieur le Capitaine Barton in care of the French army."

"That is well thought of," Madame Garnier agreed; "also, you might write to the mayor of Orléans explaining the circumstances. The letters ought to be sent to-night."

I nodded and was preparing to set about my task when Eugénie came into the room.

"The little Jacques is sound asleep," she announced. "He will be himself again in the morning."

"That will be good news for Monsieur Barton," I told her. "I am about to send him a letter, Eugénie."

"No letters will leave Rheims for many days," she replied grimly.

"What do you mean?" Madame Garnier and I asked in the same breath, for there was something in her tone that startled us.

"The *Boches* are in Rheims!" She said it bluntly. "I saw them from an upper window."

In the silence that followed we heard the sharp clatter of horses' hoofs on the stone paving of the street. Madame Garnier stifled a cry of fear as we ran to the front of the house and looked out. A company of uhlans moved past at a moderate pace. They glanced right and left, their weapons ready in their hands, as if expecting attack. In the semi-darkness they had the appearance of huge birds of prey.

Madame Garnier, shuddering, drew back from the window.

"The *sales Boches!*" Eugénie murmured again and again. "The *sales Boches!* They have no pity, no faith, no honor! This is an evil day for Rheims!"

CHAPTER VII

A GERMAN INTRUDER

I MUST confess that I was surprised at the way Madame Garnier took the arrival of the Germans. She made no attempt to disguise her fear of them, and I expected that she would stay with us, at least for that night; but I found that in this I was mistaken.

When the last of the uhlans had passed the house she turned and spoke determinedly:

"I must go home at once!"

"Madame had best stay here," Eugénie remarked, in a tone of command.

"No, no! Do not try to persuade me. My mind is quite made up."

"But Madame Garnier, the Germans —"

She interrupted me almost irritably.

"I cannot leave my two girls alone," she insisted, referring to the servants who had remained to guard her house. "I was reluctant to go this morning—*enfin,* now that I am back in Rheims it shall not be said that I deserted them."

Even Eugénie had no words to combat this aspect of the matter, and presently Madame Garnier went off, with Julie to escort her, fearful of what might happen on the way, but firm in her determination to do her duty as she saw it.

Happily, no mischance occurred, and Julie came back with the news that she had not seen a *Boche* either going or returning. Evidently the soldiers we had seen out of the window were an advance-guard of cavalry; but next morning the Germans were in complete possession of the city, and one could not walk a block without being challenged by a gray-clad guard.

Early in the forenoon there came a sharp ring of the bell, followed by an impatient rattling of our door. Instinctively we knew that it was the enemy who demanded admission in so brusque a manner, and Julie was in a panic.

I myself went to the door in answer to the summons, followed by Eugénie, who had ever an eye on me in those days, and we found, as we expected, a German officer and a squad of privates.

"Why have you kept me waiting?" the officer growled, pushing past me into the house. "You must be quicker when we knock. Remember, our patience is not inexhaustible. You wretched French are too slow. But we 'll change all that. You 'll see! We 'll make a decent country of this before we 've finished with it. Now answer my questions—and take care that you tell the truth."

I looked at him as he fumbled at some papers he carried. He was a short-necked, red-faced man, and he scowled at us as if frightening women brought a full measure of satisfaction to his arrogant pride. He had the manners typical of his countrymen, and he spoke in a guttural French which seemed to torture the words of our beautiful language. He was the first of many German soldiers with whom I came in contact; but his lack of courtesy, his bullying conduct from first to last, his strutting self-importance,—even in his dealings with me who was but a child,—these things were common to them all. Never did they show the slightest consideration for the old and feeble, never a grain of sympathy for suffering, never a hint of pity for their victims. They seemed to brag, like bad little boys who boast of their naughtiness. They were without shame, as they were without honor. They were spitefully cruel, as if in their hearts they were deeply envious of the gentle, kindly traits of those they conquered. So I found them, and so they are to-day. The Germans are not men, they are *Boches.*

These things Eugénie knew and had not failed to tell me of; but until I had seen for myself, how could I believe? My first lesson came that morning, when this officer entered our home and treated it and its inmates as if they belonged to him to do with as he saw fit.

"This is the house of Louis Martigny," he began, glancing at the paper he held. "Is he with your army?"

"Yes, Monsieur," I answered.

"There is also a feeble-minded old man living here. I wish to see him."

It was an order, and I led him into the library where Grandpère sat in the sun by the window.

The officer strode across the room and, grasping Grandpère by the shoulder, twisted him around with no gentle hand in order to look at him. Grandpère, startled at this rough treatment, stared up at the officer, and as he saw the hated uniform, his face grew blank as if he dreamed.

The man grunted something under his breath in German and turned once more to me.

"I have here the name of Jeanne Martigny, daughter of Louis. You are she, eh?"

"Yes, Monsieur," I replied.

"Your father is an officer in the reserves," he went on, consulting his memorandum. "Where is his desk?"

"Why do you wish to know, Monsieur?"

He had been looking eagerly about the room, but at my words he turned on me with a snarl.

"What 's that to you, girl?" he cried, taking a step toward me. "Let me tell you, I don't like your brazen ways. Have a care that you speak humbly, as is befitting. Now where is the desk?" and he shook a finger in my face.

"It is over there," Eugénie broke in, pointing.

"Silence, you old fool! I did n't ask you," the officer fairly shouted. "I want this girl to tell me, and she shall!"

His tone was enough to bring all my stubbornness to the surface, but my old nurse's imploring eyes were upon me.

"Papa's desk is there in the corner, Monsieur," I said, as calmly as I could. I had no fear of the man, only a deep abhorrence, and met his eyes steadily. Perhaps he read in mine something of my feeling.

"You need a lesson, my girl," he growled, "and trust me, you 'll have it if you flaunt your proud airs with us. Don't you know that we 've beaten you? We 've taken your wretched country. Your miserable army is running away."

"You have yet to take Paris, Monsieur," I retorted unwisely.

Luckily, this remark seemed to amuse him. It gave him an opportunity to boast.

"Oh, ho!" he chuckled gutturally, "we shall be in Paris in a week. We have the greatest army in the world. We Germans are the greatest people in the world." And with that he crossed to the desk and, flinging it open, sat down before it and began carefully looking through all the private documents Papa kept there.

He searched the desk very thoroughly, but found nothing which he cared to take away. I thought it must be military matters that interested him, but shortly he enlightened me.

"Your family is from Courcelles near Metz in Alsace," he began, again consulting his paper. "You see we know all about you." He paused a moment as if expecting a reply. "You *do* see we know all about you, eh?" he demanded, when I did not speak.

"Yes, Monsieur," I answered. To be quite frank I was astonished that he should have this information about us who were of no particular importance in the country.

"We know all about everybody," he went on, expanding with pride. "Now, what I want from you are certain documents relating to the estate once occupied by your family in Courcelles. Where are they?"

"They are in Paris, Monsieur," I answered truthfully. "You will have to take that city to find them."

I could not help a little smile of satisfaction, for it was plain now why he had searched Papa's desk so carefully. He was looking for the deeds to our domain in Alsace, doubtless in order to destroy them and thus make secure the title of those who at present occupied the land. It was an example of the thoroughness of German cunning and dishonesty.

But evidently judging me by what he would himself have done had our positions been reversed, he refused to take my word, and, with his men, set about making a thorough search of the house and cellar. Luckily for the treasures that Eugénie had hidden, the cellars were full of secret places very difficult to discover, and at the end of an hour or so they gave it up.

"You are to have a major quartered on you," the officer announced, as he took his leave of us. "I advise you to be ready for him. He will not be so lenient with you as I have been." And down the steps he marched and strutted off with his soldiers behind him.

(*To be continued*)



CHAPTER I

ARABS AND SCARABS

FEN sighed a little as he lay back among the pillows in the deck-chair and closed his eyes. His back hurt a good deal to-day. Beyond the awning the sun beat so mercilessly on the deck of the yacht that it made his eyes ache to look at it, and there was not very much else to be seen. Unless you could sit up, you could not see the stretches of blue Nile flecked with dahabiyeh sails, nor the pale, chalky bluffs crested with solemn date-palms. It is pretty dull, lying on your back all day while every one else goes ashore to poke among exciting ruins and buy queer things; especially if you are only seven and would like very much to be doing it yourself. So Fen *did* give a little sigh—though it was a very patient one.

It was the winter of 1912.

The big steam-yacht lay motionless at anchor, with only the faint ripple of the sluggish current about her bows to break the silence of the hot mid-afternoon. Fen was lost in wondering what it would be like to go down into the dark, mysterious tomb of an ancient Egyptian king, when a slight, sharp sound at the yacht's side brought him back with a start from the place of his imagination to the heat and the blazing sunlight. In a moment more he became aware of a Head, which was calmly contemplating him over the rail. It was quite a nice Head—dark haired, bronzed by sun and salt air, clean-shaven, with a whimsical mouth, and gray eyes that were laughing, though the lips were not. The eyes were looking straight at Fen, glancing quickly from the serious little face, with its sensitive mouth and shining frame of red-gold hair, to the frail form lost among the many pillows. There was a rather puzzled expression in the level gaze of Fen's sober hazel eyes as he finally said:

"How do you do?"

"How do you do?" said the Head, in a nice, deep voice; "may I come on over?"

"Yes. Please do!" Fen rather wanted to see if there were any more to the Head, or whether it just floated about like a cherub. There *was*—a great deal more to it. When its owner had climbed to the deck, he proved to be an exceedingly tall, white-clad young man.

"Please, who are you?" asked Fen, after his eyes had traveled upward till they reached the Head again.

"First tell me about yourself," smiled the young man. "Are you all alone?"

"Yes," said Fen, "except for Mammy—but she 's below—an' the crew, of course, but I don't ever see them. Mother an' everybody have gone ashore to see all kinds of wonderful things."

"Do they often do that?" inquired the young man, frowning a little; "go off and leave you? Would n't you like to see some of the wonderful things, too?"

Fen smiled rather wistfully.

"But I can't," he explained, "because of my back, you see. That 's why we 're here, I think, because the doctor said something about 'change of air' making me get stronger."

The young man's face grew very sympathetic.

"Yes, that 's all very well," he argued gently; "but it seems too bad, you know, that they see everything, while you have to stay on board. I suppose they bring you lots of things and tell you all about it though, don't they?"

"I ask Sally to tell me what they see," said Fen, "but she can't very well. She just said they went down where it was awfully dark, an' a man shouted all the time, an' Father gave him some money when they came out. But is n't there more than that? She can't tell me afterward."

"Is Sally your sister?" asked the young man, ignoring Fen's question.

"No, she 's my cousin—Larry is, too. Aunt Margaret has been very, very sick, and Mother took the children with us, so they would n't be in the way. Sally 's almost nine, an' Larry 's just my age, but he 's very tall an' strong. Now I 've told you *all* about us, so, please, who are *you?*"

"I," said the young man, suddenly and rapidly, "am a Blue Djinn, by name Siddere*ti*cus, and I—"

"What is a Djinn, please?" asked Fen.

"Don't tell me that you don't know what a Djinn is!" cried the young man. "You know what genii are, don't you, that come out of bottles with a cloud of evil-smelling black smoke?"

"Yes," said Fen; "they do it in 'Twilight Land.' Have you ever read that book?"

"They do, yes, and elsewhere," said Siddereticus. "Well, a Djinn is very much the same sort of thing."

A troubled look came into Fen's eyes as he surveyed the young man's length.

"But did *you* come out of a bottle?" he asked.

"We-e-l-l," said the Djinn, "you know the way they always get rid of genii is to entice them back into their bottles, or through keyholes, or something of the sort. I 'm a bit stiff and out of practice, but if you have a bottle anywhere about, I might *try.*"

"But I don't *want* to get rid of you," said Fen, "an' 'sides, I have n't a bottle. Please sit down here where I can see you better. You 're so very high, you know."

Laughing, the young man telescoped himself into a chair. Fen's eyes grew very perplexed again.

"But I always thought genii were all 'black an' horrible to look upon'; but you look just like anybody—that is," he added hastily, flushing a little, "not just like *any*body, but like a person, you know."

"Ah!" cried Siddereticus, "I have to disguise myself, you see. Even in Egypt people would stare if they saw a Blue Djinn, with a rather greenish face and a long white beard, walking about. I *have* to make myself look like other people."

"Oh!" said Fen, slowly.

"By the way," said the Djinn, "you have n't told me *your* name yet."

"It 's Fenton Norvell, but they call me Fen."

"Then I shall call you Fen, likewise," said Siddereticus, with his grave smile.

"Please, Djinn," said the little boy, "have you ever been in those places where they are to-day—tombs of old, old kings, and cities where nobody lives?"

"Very often," replied Siddereticus, lighting a cigarette. He blew a thin cloud of smoke, and then went on, as though he were picking up the thread of a story.

"That temple—when you come near it, the great columns tower up and up against the blue sky; they are taller than the tallest palms on the bank there. They are covered all over with hieroglyphics—carved figures of birds and beasts and men—round and round the column as far up as you can see. Just the sky, and the desert, and the columns that are almost as old as the desert itself. And the wind blows and the sand blows and cover up the great stone lions at the portal, and they lie buried and hidden for centuries. The storks fly across to fish in the Nile,

just the way they did when the temple was being built, three thousand years ago; and within, the mighty statue of the god Osiris holds up its hand silently and forever—"

Siddereticus paused to relight his cigarette.

"Oh!" cried Fen, "*Oh!* They never told me things like *that!*"

"And the tombs," Siddereticus went on. "They are dug into the very heart of the rock. You go down and down, and by the flickering light of your candle you see the paintings on the walls—clear and bright after thousands of years. Pictures of battles and feasts, kings and gods and men. Your candle throws long, queer shadows across the wall, and you can see only a very little way ahead of you, till another stone stairway plunges you into the depths again. Then at last you come to a place where there *is* no stair; and looking down into a silent, black well, you know that there below in the gloom stands the sarcophagus of the king—"

Siddereticus, whose voice had sunk to a mysterious undertone, paused and then said abruptly:

"But nobody can really tell you about it. You have to see it."

"Oh," sighed Fen, "I wish I could!"

"So do I," said Siddereticus; "but it means riding a very bumpy donkey for an hour in the heat."

"An' I could n't possibly do that! You are n't the kind of Djinn that has magic carpets, are you?" inquired Fen, rather diffidently.

"How I wish I were! Unfortunately, the Blue Djinns have nothing to do with magic carpets and such. They are not as powerful as some of the genii."

"I suppose you 've seen lots of Arabs—I mean scarabs," said Fen, presently, bringing his mind back from wistful imaginings. "Could you tell me about *them?*"

"Scarabs?" said the Djinn. "Indeed I have seen scarabs—and Arabs, too, for that matter. I believe," he added, looking vaguely around the deck, "that I could get a scarab or two for you now."

Taking his hands from his pockets, where they had been for some time, he rose to his feet, and passing his open hand over his closed one, he muttered *"Moya sukhua!"* which was the first thing that came into his head and happened to mean "hot water" in Arabic. Then he opened his hand and extended it to Fen, with four scarabs—beautiful bits of blue and green, with delicate carving—lying on the palm. Fen's eyes opened wide in wonder, the color came and went in his cheeks, and it was not until the young man dropped the handful into his lap, saying, "There you are!" that he could exclaim:

"How did you *do* it?"

"Djinns can do lots of things," smiled Siddereticus.

Fen looked at the scarabs for a long time, touching them gently, while a little smile flickered now and again across his face.

"What is the carving on the bottoms of them for?" he asked.

"Well, you see," explained Siddereticus, "the Egyptians thought that scarabæi—which are just plain beetles!—were sacred, so they made these little images of them out of clay, and wore them always, like talismans. When they died, ever so many scarabs were buried with them. The kings put their cartouches on the bottom—a sort of seal, you see. Each Pharaoh had his own cartouche—a lot of hieroglyphics carved on his scarabs, and statues, and his tomb, and whatever else belonged to him, so that every one knew at once whose it was."

At last Fen handed the scarabs back to Siddereticus with a little sigh.

"Oh, those are yours!" said the Djinn; "I can get more when I want them." And even as he spoke, he held a tiny blue one between his thumb and finger.

"Oh!" cried Fen, laying his head back against the pillows, bewildered, "you *are* wonderful! And are these really and truly mine?" he added, in a rather awed voice.

"I 'm afraid I can't get you an Arab," said Siddereticus, looking vaguely about him again; "but I can fetch quite a splendid creature, a slave of mine, in fact."

The young man glanced hastily over the

rail, and then, turning his back to it, clapped his hands three times and said something in a strange language. Fen's eyes shone—in 'Twilight Land' people always clapped their hands to summon slaves. But now over the side appeared a most gorgeous personage. His fez was of the richest scarlet, his jacket was curiously braided with gold, about his waist was an ample red sash, and a long, curved sword swung at his side. His white teeth gleamed in sharp contrast to his dark-skinned face and short black mustache. Fen, entirely speechless, gazed at this picturesque creature, to whom Siddereticus was speaking in low tones and with frequent gestures. The man, glancing quickly at Fen as he replied, drew his scimitar. Up it wheeled in a shining arc against the cobalt sky. And then and there the obliging slave went through an exhibition of sword-play, stamping and slashing and lunging with enthusiasm, while Fen, who by this time would not have been surprised had the deck opened and swallowed both Siddereticus and the swordsman, watched entranced, with shining eyes. Finally, having put all the fancy touches he could think of into his performance, the man made a low bow both to Fen and to his master, at a word from whom he vanished over the side.



"FEN WATCHED ENTRANCED, WITH SHINING EYES."

"And I must disappear, too," said Siddereticus.

Fen caught his hand.

"No!" he cried; "you must n't go away, Siddereticus! You must stay—always!"

"I shall come back again, never fear, Effendi," said the Djinn. Taking a notebook from his pocket, he scribbled a few

lines, and, folding the paper, stuck it in the crack of a deck-house window. Then, bending suddenly, he kissed Fen's forehead, and was gone before the child could speak.

CHAPTER II

THE SLUMBER-SONG OF THE NILE

WHEN the people who had been ashore boarded the yacht again, they were quickly summoned aft by an excited voice. Fen pulled himself up in his chair and leaned on his elbow.

"Oh, *such* a wonderful thing has happened to me!" he cried. "A Djinn—a blue one—came here, an' his name is Siddereticus, an' he made scarabs come out of the air, an' a slave, with a fuz on his head an' a sword, that fought with an in-visible demon, an' he told me about the temples, an'—"

His mother reached out her hand, quietly and rapidly passing it over Fen's forehead and cheek and the back of his neck; then taking his hand, she held it in hers. Turning to her husband, she said quickly in a low voice:

"He is n't at all feverish!" Then she said, "Now, dear, don't talk quite so fast. Tell Mother all about it."

Fen lay back among the pillows and looked rather helplessly at Sally and Larry, who were gazing at him with varying degrees of astonishment.

"*Truly,* it was a Djinn," he said, looking up into his mother's face; "and here are the scarabs."

He got them out of the pocket of his dressing-gown and laid them in her hand.

"Well of all—Look, Hal!" she cried, turning to Fen's father, who came to her laughing and holding out a bit of paper on which was penciled:

My dear Mr. Norvell:

In case you may imagine your boat to have been visited by the supernatural this afternoon, it may be just as well to supplement Fen's version of the tale. My father was Dr. Roger Thornton, who knew your father very intimately, I believe, so when I found that this was your yacht, I decided to call and renew acquaintance in the second generation. I am sorry to have missed you, but I spent a very delightful afternoon with your son. Please remember that I am known as Siddereticus, a Blue Djinn, and *not* as

Yours most sincerely,
SIDNEY R. THORNTON.

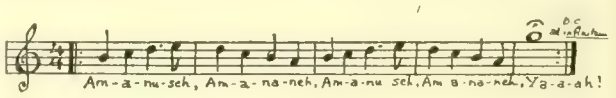
Mrs. Norvell handed the note back to her husband with a rather bewildered smile, and then, turning to Fen, said:

"So he gave you these, dear? But you look so tired! I think I 'd better send for Mammy to put you to bed."

"But *Mother,*" said Fen, "he just got them out of the *air!*"

FEN had been for some time in bed, but partly because he was thinking about Siddereticus, and partly because his back hurt, he was not asleep. Larry, who shared the same cabin with Fen, always fell asleep the instant that Mammy turned off the light, and he had done so to-night with his usual promptness.

Fen could see one star through the porthole, and he could hear the soft wash of the river against the side of the yacht. Upstream, the crew of an anchored dahabiyeh were singing a sort of endless chantey:



They sang it over and over again, their voices rising in a shrill and prolonged wail at the end, before they took up for the hundredth time the strain of "Amanuseh, Amananeh."

Suddenly, across the distant song of the boatmen, and seemingly very close to the yacht, came a soft chord struck from a stringed instrument. It was a minor chord, and it trembled away into the silence, for the sailors on the dahabiyeh had abruptly ceased their chanting and everything was still.

Then, quite low and mysteriously sweet, came a man's voice, singing, while the

faint, curious chords blended with it. This is what the voice sang, and what Fen heard, as he lay breathless beside his port-hole.

"Looming into the mighty sky,
The Memnon sing in the dawn,
And a thousand gray storks wake and fly
Over the Nile to the sun; but I
Sing when the sun is gone.

"Stars are hung in the emerald gloom,
Lamps for the temple door;
Into the mystic darkness loom
The portal columns of Pharaoh's tomb,
Hard by the river shore.

"The river singeth sweeter far
A slumber-song than I;
Be then your night-lamp yonder star,
And the Nile, on whose ancient heart you are,
Whisper your lullaby."

The song ceased as suddenly as it had begun, there was a momentary ripple, and all was as silent as before.

Fen, hardly believing himself to be awake, struggled to sit up enough to look out at the port-hole, but he only fell back upon the pillow with his back aching worse than ever.

"Of *course* it was Siddereticus," he thought; "nobody but a Djinn could possibly make up songs on purpose for people and sing them out of nothing in the middle of the water. Oh, Siddereticus!" he whispered suddenly, "can you hear me? You 're a Djinn, you must be able to! It was such a beautiful song! Thank you, dear Djinn!"

After a time of gazing through the port-hole, he murmured drowsily:

"That was the star it meant, about being my night-light. Think of Djinns telling—stars—to be my—night-light!"

The Nile murmured past, and the star shone on, but Fen was fast asleep.

THE elders having been occupied at dinner on the other side of the yacht, and Larry sleeping, Fen was the only one who had heard the slumber-song of the Nile. Being a rather lonely and very sensitive person, and having met with a good deal of skepticism from his cousins upon reporting the doings of Siddereticus the day before, Fen said nothing to any one of what had happened that evening, but he thought about it constantly. This gave him a more than usually preoccupied air, which annoyed Sally.

"I s'pose you 're thinking about that old Djinn," she remarked. She was marching up and down the deck to the accompaniment of tinkling bangles and necklaces, having several layers of these ornaments—souvenirs of the bazaar—on her person.

"There is n't any a such thing, anyway," said Larry, who was trying to shin up a stanchion.

"There used to be," said Fen, rather hotly for him, "an' why could n't there be now—specially in an awfully old ancient place like Egypt?"

"Well," pursued Larry, "if he is one, why don't he *look* like one, 'stead of like just any old person?"

"I 've told you lots of times how he 'splained to me about it," said Fen; "an' *I* think it 's nice of him not to frighten all the people by his greenish face an' all. 'Sides, he does n't look like 'any old person'; he 's quite queer an' diff'rent looking—all brown an' thin."

"Well, anyways," retorted Larry, "I don't b'lieve there 's any a such thing, nor I *won't* b'lieve it till I see him doing magics myselluf."

Fen was on the verge of tears, and Sally, whose heart was really in the right place, gave Larry a rather hard kick, and said to Fen:

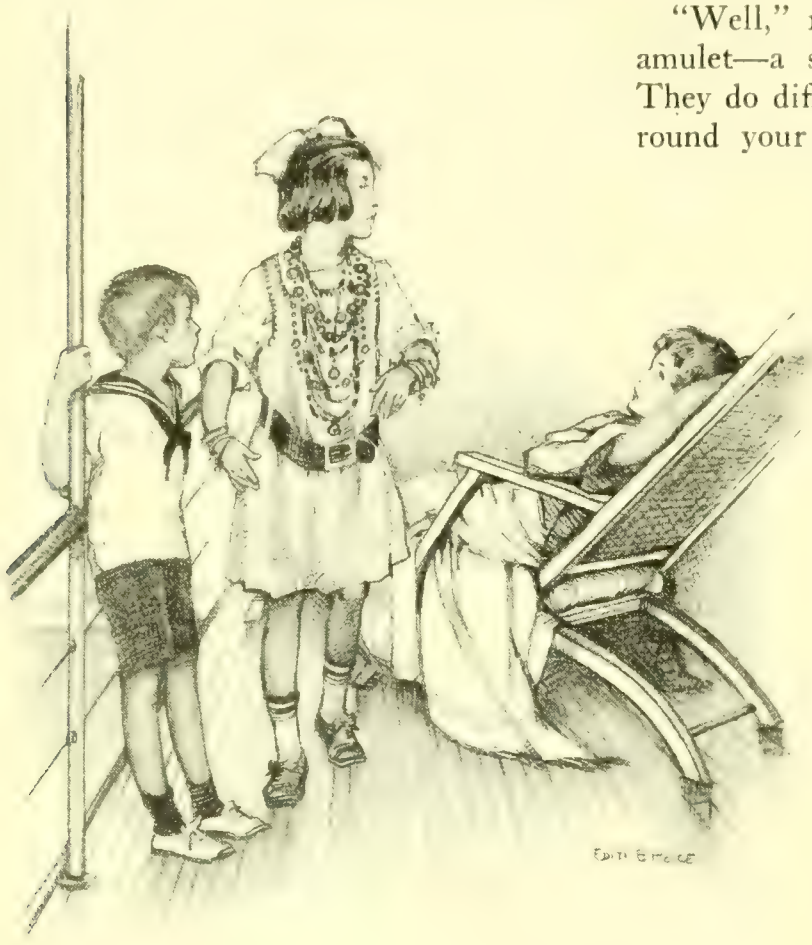
"Well, maybe there *are* lots of Djinns here (of course you would n't see 'em in *America,* Larry), and I hope your one will come and see you soon again, Fen, for he must be a wonderful thing."

Larry, whose shin smarted from his sister's vigorous hint, went off to the engine-room, while she repaired below to find a book, and Fen was left alone to his thoughts.

CHAPTER III

THE AMULET

Fen had been lying for some time with closed eyes when something like a very light kiss on his forehead made him open them instantly, but nothing was to be seen. He sat, tense and expectant, when all at once a little chain of mummy-beads, with



"'I S'POSE YOU 'RE THINKING ABOUT THAT OLD DJINN,' SHE REMARKED"

a small, greenish charm attached to it, dropped quietly into his lap. He looked up with a gasp.

"Siddereticus!" he cried, "please don't be invisible! Oh, I do want to see you!"

The Djinn, tall and impressive, stood beside him. He was clad in a blue robe which fell straight from neck to ankle, and on his head was a crimson fez. Fen gazed at him, speechless and awe-struck.

"Now I 'm *sure* you 're a Djinn!" he murmured at length.

"Greeting, Fen Effendi," said Siddereticus, seating himself cross-legged on the deck. "Alone again?"

"Well, they 're not ashore to-day," answered Fen. "Father 's up for'ard smoking, an' I think Larry went to talk to the engineer, an' Mother 's writing letters, an' Sally 's reading, I think."

"Very good," said Siddereticus, and, putting out his hand, picked up the chain from Fen's lap.

"Please tell me about it," said the little boy. "Is it a magic?"

"Well," replied Siddereticus, "it 's an amulet—a sort of talisman, you know. They do different things—you wear them round your neck, and they protect you against evil spirits and sickness and famine and such."

"Does this one do that?" asked Fen, eagerly. "What does the carving mean? It looks like people."

"It is. Two people standing hand in hand,—and it protects you from loneliness. It is n't as powerful a charm as some of them are, and it does n't *always* work; but on the whole, I think it does pretty well."

He hung it about Fen's neck as he spoke, muttering a few words of Arabic. Fen, quite overcome, clasped his hands fervently.

"I sha' n't ever feel lonely with this on," he said, "I 'll feel as if you were there. And oh," he added, "it was *you* that came in the middle of the water and made such a beautiful song, all for me! And the star *was* my night-lamp and shined in at me."

"I 'm glad it obeyed instructions," said Siddereticus.

"What did it mean, please," asked Fen, holding the amulet, "about the somethings singing in the dawn?"

"The Memnon?" said Siddereticus. "Alas, people say that it happens no more, but I, for one, believe that it does—in solitary dawns, when no living creature is about. But I 'll tell you."

He lit a cigarette, and for a moment watched the blue smoke rising straight upward in the still air. Then he went on:

"Far into the desert, where it is sometimes overflowed by the Nile, stand two great statues, bigger than anything you can imagine, but each one is carven from a single block of stone. Their mighty hands rest on their knees; the wind and the sand have worn away their faces; armies that are passed and gone have shattered the great crowns they used long ago to wear. Silent they sit there, as they have sat for ages, while the water creeps over their feet, and they are reflected in it. But—when the first rays of the sun touch them, and light up their mighty forms, they lift a faint, mystic voice and sing,—one high note that dies away as the sun rises—and then they are dumb again till another dawn."

Fen's eyes were wide and shining; he held the amulet with both hands and said not a word.

"So you see," said Siddereticus, "*they* sing in the dawn, and the storks fly, but I come and sing people to sleep in the dusk."

Just then Sally's voice could be heard, crying, "Oh, Fen!" and the Djinn sprang to his feet. Fen hastily thrust the amulet inside his dressing-gown, as Sally appeared at the head of the companionway. Siddereticus took one step toward her, made a quick pass with his hand, and had vanished over the side, his blue robe fluttering behind him, all before Sally could close her mouth, which she had opened in astonishment.

"So *that 's* your Djinn, is it?" she said at last. "Well, I must say he 's quite Djinnish-looking enough for anybody."

"You—you drove him away," faltered Fen, his hand pressed over the place where the amulet lay.

"LAN's sakes a-massy, chile!" cried Mammy, as she put Fen to bed that night; "wha' dis hyar heathen foolishness you-all got eroun' yo' naick?" and she put out her hand to it.

Fen shrank away from her with terror in his eyes.

"Don't touch it! *Please!*" he cried.

"Lemme dess take it offen you, so 's I kin wash you nice," she begged. But Fen's distress was so real, and he clung to the amulet with such frantically repeated appeals, that Mammy was forced to yield.

"Dar, dar, honey!" she said soothingly; "Mammy woan' tech it. Dess you lay a-still, so 's I kin wash you nice."

Fen listened and waited in vain for a song from the river, and went to sleep at last with his face to the star that Siddereticus had appointed as his night-light, and with his hand over the amulet that was to protect him from loneliness.

(*To be continued*)



"WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? EVEN THE REINDEER HAVE BEEN DRAFTED!"

BOBBY'S PRESENTS

By ELSIE DUNCAN YALE



I 've just bought a present for mother—
  The dandiest baseball, you see;
And if she can't possibly use it,
  Why, then, she can lend it to me.

I 've bought a fine bat for my father—
  I 'm sure it will make Daddy smile;
And if *he* thinks he does n't quite need it,
  I 'll borrow it once in awhile.

I picked out this jack-knife for baby—
  The best on the storekeeper's shelf;
But yet—she *might* cut herself, maybe!
  I think I will keep it myself.

For Aunty I bought some nice candy;
  But—I 'm really sorry to say,
'T was up on my bureau so handy,
  And now it has vanished away.

Some folks simply hate Christmas shopping:
  They 're glad when at last it is done.
But *I* don't see *why* they feel that way—
  I think it 's the greatest of fun!

OUR MAGAZINE

By CHARLES H. GARDINER

A TABLE strewn with books had we,
  And papers by the score;
But wise old Santa Claus well knew
  We needed just one more.

And so upon the Christmas-tree,
  Amid the red and green,
We boys and girls with awe beheld
  Another magazine.

Our curiosity aroused,
  The title-page we read:
"ST. NICHOLAS, A MAGAZINE
  FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," it said.

Then May and Sue, and Joe and I,
  With wonder-opened eyes,
And nods mysterious, tried to guess
  To whom belonged the prize.

And when, at last, old Santa Claus
  Our names began to call,
We found to our supreme delight
  The prize belonged to *all!*

And now twelve times each year we have
  A jolly, royal feast;
For we all read ST. NICHOLAS
  A dozen times, at least.



A Christmas Puzzle

by Anne Porter Johnson

THERE is one thing I 'd like to know
About this jolly "Santa" show.
That chimney story has to be
Fixed up a little bit for me!
Of course a child that 's fairly bright
Can see how he gets *down* all right,—
That does n't bother me—but then
How does he get back *up* again?

I asked my grandpa, and he said
He 'd never got that through *his* head!
"We 'll stay right in this room and see
How Santa gets back up," says he.
"That mystery shows up every year;
To-night we 're going to make it clear."
So he sat up to watch and wait;
I snuggled down before the grate.

Next thing I heard, from Grandpa's chair:
"Why, how is this? Well, I declare!"
That room was full of Christmas things,
The kind that Santa always brings!
Grandpa gazed up that chimney hole.
"That Santa chap 's a sly old soul!
We 'll have to wait another year
To have that puzzle solved, I fear."



MOLLY'S OWN CANTEEN

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

Author of "Mobilizing Molly"

How Molly Hatton, in her far-away Adirondack valley, mobilized her self-reliance and resourcefulness for war service, under the wise guidance of invalided Lieutenant Reed, and the way in which she "made good," was set forth in the August number of ST. NICHOLAS. A second and still more thrilling adventure of "Commander Molly" remains to be told and is here recorded.

A little reputation is a dangerous thing, but Molly, backed by her mother's experience and the rare letters from her adored Captain Reed, now in France, went from good to better during that long and terrible war winter. "Mobilizing Molly," she was now called, from her Uncle Andrew's log cabin, which was deep in the forest, to the last house down the long valley; and as Mobilizing Molly she was frequently in demand, while always her good sense and the captain's military maxims pulled her through. The Red Cross and other war-fund drives, the barn-rat nuisance—for many and various things her organizing abilities were utilized; and as army call after army call drained the lonely valley of its man-power, she was more and more looked upon by the villagers as the person who would smilingly ward off disaster—they did n't know how; they just left that to Molly.

But unknown to them, Molly was nursing black treachery in her heart. She did n't think of it as treachery, or she would have been the first to vanquish it and turn it out. She was aware only of the one big desire to go to France and work in a canteen. In the stray magazine and in the occasional Sunday supplement that fell to hand, Molly's hungry eyes devoured the pictures of fascinating lines of *poilus* being waited upon by charming girls, and she read and re-read the intoxicating details of their days' work. She pictured the beautiful confusion of it all, the happy fatigue that must be the reward of those lucky girls in distant France, while she—she must stay and slave in her poverty-stricken village. She would go. She had decided. Her brothers had gone, both of them, and she would find a way. And in the heat of her resolve she would then look at her mother patiently knitting—knitting, or ironing, or even sawing wood; and she knew in her heart that she had no right to desert. And in those forlorn days of late winter a persistent melancholy fastened itself upon her heart. Her mother, realizing how hard the work and loneliness were for her girl, prayed that the mails might bring fresh comfort from the captain. But from across the ocean came nothing, and the icy fear of what might have befallen him added to the secret unhappiness of both women. Never since he had left them had seven weeks elapsed without some word. And to complete the distress of Molly's spirit came the failure of the valley in the Third Loan.

It had been impossible to raise their quota, and Molly, who was regarded as leader of the valley, had felt the failure as a personal disgrace. To be sure, she had fallen short by less than a hundred dollars, but she had fallen short. She had been too proud to write this to the captain, and that caused another stab of the heart whenever she thought of it. Also, she had the sickening feeling that the villagers, her friends, no longer believed that she could do what she undertook; so altogether Molly was a pretty miserable girl on the April morning that she climbed up the ravine to her eagle's eyrie to think the thing out. She was going to decide then and there how to get to the city and how to get to France. For a canteen job she must have; the villagers could get along without her. She had failed them. She would go away and do what she liked.

Winter lingered in the ravine, but when

she had climbed out upon the bare pinnacle where she and the captain had often gone to think out some difficult problem, the sun swept the valley in a way that promised spring, and Molly's heart hardened as the affection for her lovely mountains gripped her desire and shook it. She *would* go. Let them work things out for themselves! For a year, now, she had planned and labored, and they had humiliated her by not finding that extra hundred dollars. She forgot the wonders of sacrifice performed under her persuasions. She thought only of her desire to get away, of the lines of *poilus* in the canteen, of France, glorious France! And then her thought suddenly stumbled upon the captain. Would he approve? She knew he would n't. Instinctively her hand felt in her pocket for a letter,—she always carried one of his,—and though she knew what it said, she read one of the paragraphs again:



"SHE READ ONE OF THE PARAGRAPHS AGAIN."

Milton Beggs, one of my men, Molly-O, tells me that he comes recently from the valley, and he has given me the details of your Red Cross campaign. Bravo, my soldier! Stick to it! Beggs said that it made leaving home a lot easier for him, knowing that you were able to keep things where they ought to be. We expect a great German drive, but we also expect to win; and there is n't a man-jack of us but is keen to see it through. You know the motto we decided on, "Tenacity, audacity, victory!" I think of you, working in your valley and wonder if you, too, repeat it. The great Foch himself—

Molly looked up impatiently. Shame at the thought of running away from her obvious duty struggled with the longing for the canteen work. Her glance rested on their cottage down in the valley. There was a flash of color in the April sun. Her mother was hoisting the two flags—the Stars and Stripes and the glorious and brilliant tricolor which the captain had sent her from France on the occasion of her first victory, and as she looked at them, a surge of determination swept over her. The battle was won. She would stay and fight it out till the colors came home—victorious. And with the surge of determination came a

splendid idea. It was so splendid that she rose to her feet and took in a deep breath of the satisfying balsam air. Then she turned and ran down the slope.

MOLLY'S mother wondered at the change, but wisely asked no questions. But as the days went on,—days of preparation, silent but continuous,—her curiosity finally overflowed in little questionings.

"Molly, what *are* you doing?" she asked at last, as the girl finally finished fifty cards which she had been printing:

TICKET TO BERLIN
(American Terminus)
Keene Canteen
First Stop, Belgian Frontier..... 10 Thrift Stamps
Second Stop, The Rhine..... 5 W. S. Stamps
Third Stop, Berlin..... .....$50 Liberty Bond
Round Trip.....$100 Liberty Bond

"Getting ready for my canteen," Molly replied sagely, but shortly.

"Are you really going, dear?" asked her mother, wistfully.

Molly shook her head. "Only as far as the Cut Cottage. I 'm going to start a canteen there, Mummy dear, all by myself. Lame Jasper has agreed to fix it up for me for nothing. That 's *his* contribution. You know there 's just the road and the river and the straight sides of the cliff. Every summer person has to come through the cut. They can't escape me. And I 'm going to make up for that last loan, and the next, too, by selling to outsiders. Is n't that a grand idea?"

The light that shone from her fine eyes kindled a fire in the elder woman's heart, and they talked long and merrily. That afternoon Molly called in Frank and Henny and Nat and Nye and the rest who had made up her staff on previous occasions and communicated her plans to them. The idea of levying toll on the summer people, who would shortly be coming in, swept the valley. There were offers of assistance from every house; and if Molly had had any apprehensions concerning her reputation as leader, they were speedily scattered by the vigor with which her plans were carried out. The Cut Cottage was painted, decorated with fresh balsam, and arranged with counters for the balsam pillows, the knit socks, the fresh fruits, the fishing apparatus. Birch-bark postals were cut by the score. Maple-sugar drops were made by the pile. These were to be sold singly, as "bullets," for five cents each. Potted Christmas-trees, wild-fruit jams—in short, everything that the valley produced, was assembled for the opening day. Whatever was donated by a villager was put down to his credit. All the proceeds—and this was the crowning inspiration—were to go toward the valley's quota of the Fourth Liberty Loan, the interest from which was to be used always for the good of the whole valley. In answer to a letter, Molly found that their quota would probably be one thousand dollars. She set May-day for the opening.

As everybody knows, even in war time people are tempted to wander up the valley of the Ausable. There is something about that stream, rising in wild forests, flowing headlong between steady old mountains, and ever inviting with ripple and song, that people will not resist. And Molly had picked out a strategic place for her canteen toll-gate, for there the river made a quick turn, then roared through a narrow pass, leaving only room for the road. And across this road Molly hung her sign:

THE KEENE CANTEEN
HELP DEFEAT THE KAISER
Inquire About Tickets to Berlin
From
CAPTAIN MOLLY HATTON
Within

The opening was a success. A party of early fishermen stopped, asked questions, bought a fishing secret,—another of Molly's ideas,—hired a boy-guide, bought a pocketful of bullets, some birch-bark post-cards, and promised to tell two others about the canteen. Molly gave them a birch button with K. C. on it. In the little village bank that night she deposited $8.40, and, in great comfort of spirit, wrote to her captain of the new venture and the first stride she had made toward the thousand dollars. Just as she



"'MAY WE WAIT HERE TILL THE SHOWER IS OVER?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

was getting into bed, tired, excited, happy, she heard a song coming in through the window. It was a song pitched in a not too certain key, but sung with a frontier heartiness by four of the faithful; and the chorus would have pleased one even less hardened to flattery than she. It ran:

"Oh the Keene canteen!
Oh the Keene canteen!
Here 's to Mobilizing Molly
And her Keene canteen!"

Later, when the serenade stopped and only the low conversation of the little river sounded softly through the darkness, she lay awake thinking, wondering—and once praying that her soldier in France, to whom she and the valley owed so much, might be quite safe.

On some days not a soul stopped at the canteen, but Molly stuck to her post. The receipts for May were nearly $96.00. In June they jumped to $202.00, and, with the summer still ahead, Molly dared to believe that she might not only pay in that extra hundred dollars of the Third Loan, but also amass the whole quota of the Fourth and be able to wire to Washington the very minute that the great campaign opened. There was only one flaw in her happiness—continued silence from her captain; and a great unexpressed dread began to cloud her days.

July began with heavy rains and no visitors. For two weeks big, bellying clouds from the south trailed vast curtains of enormous drops over the ranges, and the river rose and rose until it tore through the pass with all the strength and fury of its spring madness. In front of the canteen it curved in a great tongue of water that licked at the glistening granite and then swirled down toward the rapids. It reminded Molly of the logs going out three springs before, when her cousin Dan had been swept into that very pool as he was trying to break up the jam. They had found him, lifeless, two miles below.

On the seventeenth of July—and Molly well remembers the date—she woke with a depressed feeling. The night before she had counted her gains for the month and found that she had taken in less than twenty-eight dollars, and her banner month was more than half gone. By ten o'clock that day the sky had darkened as on every previous day, and she was sitting solitary at the canteen. But she applied the cure. She got out her captain's photograph with the motto she had written beneath, "Tenacity, audacity, victory." But she put it down suddenly, for a big shiny limousine drew up before the door and a swift-stepping, businesslike man got out of it and came toward her.

"May we wait here till the shower is over?"

"Certainly, all of you," said Molly, who could not take her eyes from the lady who had followed the speaker—the most beautiful lady she had ever seen. A little boy of nine or thereabouts ran in, followed by a governess, who was talking to him in French. They were plainly amused at the canteen.

"Do look, Edward!" exclaimed the lady; "did you ever see such originality? You must simply buy us all tickets to Berlin *and back*. I refuse to stop there a minute."

Molly's heart stopped. *Five* one hundred-dollar bonds—for the chauffeur had come in, too! *Five!* she could n't believe it, for the most she had ever sold was one fifty-dollar one-way ticket to a person who had come through on a motor-cycle in June.

"Certainly," the man had said; "and we 'll get a lot of ammunition, too, in case we see some Huns on the road."

The boy had already dived for the bullets and was eating them two at a time, while the governess tried to restrain him, saying, *"Non, Neddie, pas trop; prenez garde, mon enfant!"* ["No, Neddie, not too much; take care, my child!"]

While Madame talked with Molly, Mr. Nelton was writing out a check. Mademoiselle was discouraging her young charge from making a too vigorous exploration of the canteen, and the chauffeur was counting out bullets. The rain

poured on the roof. Molly thought that she had never had a moment of such delirious pleasure, and she told eagerly of her struggles with the last loan and all her plans. While she talked, the charm of the lady made her captive, and they forgot that the shower had ceased thunder-



"MOLLY'S DESPERATE STRUGGLES COULD DO LITTLE AGAINST THE SWEEP OF THE CURRENT."
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

ing on the porch. But Neddie had not. He had gone outdoors with the first ray of sunshine, Mademoiselle following him and imploring him not to get his feet wet. The chauffeur had returned to his car.

"Prenez garde, Neddie," came through the window; *"venez, maintenant,—dépechez vous!—Prenez garde!"* ["Take care, Neddie; come now, be quick!—Take care!"]

On the last "take care" the voice of the governess rose to a shrill pitch of horror, and Molly instinctively looked out. The boy was on the very edge of the stream where the current was setting with great force into a group of small birches; and as she looked, a part of the bank, with a small tree on it to which Neddie was holding, sank slowly into the flood. The governess clutched at him—missed—then clutched again—he had gone!

Molly sprang past the lady and out of the door. A swift vision of her cousin Dan swept through her brain. But she had something to do. "Hold tight, Neddie!" she screamed to him, "I 'll get you!"

Mr. Nelton was behind her. She pointed to a spot a few rods below, where the rocks jutted out, and he understood and ran along the shore. Then, calling once more to Neddie to hold on, she flung herself into the stream, disappeared with the impetus of her leap, reappeared, and in three strokes had clutched the little birch-tree with one hand, the boy's collar with the other, and was putting forth all her strength to hold back until Mr. Nel-

ton could reach the point of rock. Below that was a turmoil of waters, another jutting rock, and then rapids. If they should be swept into the rapids—again the picture of Dan floated before her eyes.

They were nearing the point. Mr. Nelton was there. He stretched out his hand, caught her's—but it was wet and slippery, the current too strong, and they were carried by. The chauffeur joined Mr. Nelton, and the two men raced for the next point—the last one. Molly's desperate struggles could do little against the sweep of the current. Neddie clung to the tree with the grip of the drowning, and Molly clung to his collar. Ten yards —five yards! The two men had torn through the brambles along the bank and reached the point. Mr. Nelton clung to a low spruce with one arm, and the chauffeur, grasping his other hand, stepped out into the current, waiting for the impact. Molly, with great effort, edged the tree with its burden a bit nearer. Could they reach her? Could they hold? Three yards —two yards! Then she felt her arm taken in a vise-like grip. The current pulled—Neddie hung like a millstone. Without him— "Tenacity—victory!" The words restored her flagging strength. Now she felt the rocky bottom under her feet. Inch by inch the two men dragged its prey from the wolfish current.

She had saved Neddie!

They let her lie on the grass till she regained her breath. She had not fainted. The governess brought a thermos bottle and made her drink hot coffee, and there was Mrs. Nelton, in that lovely dress, kneeling in the wet and saying wonderful things to her. Then they all went back to the canteen and put Neddie to bed till his clothes should be dry, and they all had a cry together,—Molly and Mrs. Nelton and the governess,—with a little laugh at things in between for sheer happiness. When they had tucked Molly up in a big chair, the governess brought out a hamper of the most delicious things ever eaten by human beings,—or so Molly thought,—and the chauffeur heaped wood on the open fire, and they all sat around in a sort of thankful silence; and at last, after Mr. Nelton had asked Molly whether she minded his smoking, he said:

"Miss Molly, you probably did n't know that Neddie's mother is a person with wonderful powers. She is a kind of fairy godmother. She can grant wishes if one will give her time."

"If the fairy godmother may put in a word," laughed Mrs. Nelton, "and you 'll go in and sit with Neddie, while Adèle and Warder do the packing, perhaps I can get Molly to tell me her three dearest wishes. Then I' ll rub your checkbook three times and say my say and they shall be granted. So run along, like a good husband!"

"And now, dear," she said to Molly, when the others had disappeared, "you must not look on me as a stranger. And, if you can, I 'd like you to tell me three of the things that lie nearest your heart. Perhaps I can help you. Mr. Nelton controls some newspapers and a magazine or two, and I—well, perhaps I can understand. Now close your eyes and wish."

Molly, in the warm, furry dressing-gown which the fairy godmother had insisted on the governess unpacking for her, lay back and closed her eyes. Was this the same day that had opened so darkly? Was there one thing in the world she wanted most? There certainly was. More than she desired the success of her canteen work, she wished for news of her captain. And with her eyes closed, she told her fairy about him and how he, really, was responsible for the canteen.

"As surely as humming cables and a War Department exist, you shall have news," said the godmother. "And now for the second wish."

"That 's easy," laughed Molly. "I wish enough people knew about the canteen to make us sure of our thousand dollars."

"That 's easy," laughed the fairy, in her turn. "A million people will read of you in a week's time. And now for the third —something for yourself."

Molly closed her eyes again, this time not to think, but to wonder if she dare

ask. The beautiful woman who sat before her might think her presumptuous, but Molly, desiring that her mother might know these new and lovely people from the great world, ventured to say:

"I wish that you would come and take supper with us. Mother has never met a fairy godmother, you see."

And this time Mrs. Nelton laughed aloud. "You 're a funny person," she said, "to read my thoughts like that! I was just going to make that wish myself!"

The rest of the story, though very pleasant to tell, cannot all be told here, for such stories never stop. One splendid word, one glowing deed, and a dozen consequences spring up in all directions, each one succeeded by a dozen others. But you must know how the fairy godmother granted the wishes, beginning with the last.

They put the canteen in charge of one of Molly's sergeants for the day, and all motored up the valley to stop not only for supper, but for many days after, with Mrs. Hatton. With Adèle to help and Warder to aid and all the rest to lend a hand, the visit became a house-party which soon developed into a village-party; for Mr. Nelton took the people motoring, the governess told the children stories of France, and Neddie was good and very shy of the swift Ausable.

When the holiday was over and the Neltons went back to the city, Molly's second wish began to come marvelously true. Men came by in great cars, saying they had been told about the place by a Mr. Nelton, and none ever went away without buying tickets to Berlin,—round trips always,—sometimes even leaving them for the village fund. Molly needed sergeants and many corporals to attend to the details, and the second thousand dollars was reached more quickly than the first hundred. Then something appeared in a newspaper about the maple-sugar bullets, which was quickly followed by orders from all over the State. And last, but most astounding of all, one September day a little old man turned up and said that he would double, for the valley fund, any amount reached by the middle of October —the end of the drive and the closing date for the canteen. On midnight, October 15th, the deposits in the valley bank totaled (would you believe it, or rather would the villagers have predicted it?) $9,989.78, and the next day Molly found in the mail a check for $10,011.22—"just to make it even," as the mysterious doubler explained.

That night the valley had a celebration in Molly's honor. There were speeches, and much fresh cider, and letters from France, for the valley boys abroad had long ago heard of the canteen and wished it well. And at the end of the evening they all stood up about a blushing Molly and sang the now famous valley song with its chorus:

"Oh the Keene canteen!
Oh the Keene canteen!
Here 's to Mobilizing Molly
And her Keene canteen!"

There were other results of Molly's second wish, a visit from Neddie and Christmas gifts and an invitation. But the height of Molly's happiness was reached the day after the canteen closed. An important messenger came to her house with a yellow envelop, and she read this cablegram—an answer to the fairy godmother, or her prayer:

Back from a dangerous mission. Safe. Writing.

MAJOR HODGES REED.



FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island."

CHAPTER III

The Venture Begins

Caleb Kendall, true to his word, was down at Finley's Wharf to see his nephew off. The old merchant shook his head gravely several times and was less irritable than usual.

Jerry found it much harder to say good-by to Nan, for he and she had been playmates ever since he could remember, and he knew well enough that there were many days and weeks ahead during which she was going to feel lonesome. Two tears trickled down the girl's cheeks when, at last, the moorings were cast off, and, under a gentle off-shore breeze, the *Endeavor* leaned over gracefully, with her bow pointing in the direction of Bath, where her cargo of lumber awaited her.

During the run down the coast, which, owing to the breeze falling away, lasted until noon on the following day, Jerry was able, for the first time, to form some definite impression of the ship's company, which numbered eight, including himself, his partner Ben, and Bumps, now official mascot. Wiggin, Flynn, and Gill, the men whom the skipper had brought with him, and Hook, the mate, were evidently efficient workers at their trade, but they were of a somewhat rough school.

Hook was a thick-set, bulldog type, with close-cropped hair and a heavy jaw. He was a grim creature, who gave orders in a rasping voice calculated to cut its way through a gale of wind. Flynn was tall and thin, and moved with catlike agility.

"I should hate to meet Gill on a dark night if I had a million dollars on me," Jerry said laughingly to Ben.

"He does rather look as though he 'd waylay a man for a quarter," agreed Ben; "but it does n't always do to judge by appearances."

Gill certainly was at a disadvantage as far as his appearance was concerned. He was about five feet seven, and wore a perpetual scowl, owing to a deep scar across his forehead. His hair, closely cropped, was red as flame, and his left eye, over which the deep scar terminated, was almost closed.

Wiggin, the cook, was an insignificant-looking little fellow, about sixty years of age, made up, apparently, of quicksilver and piano-strings.

The schooner called at Bath for her cargo, and when the last of the timber had been lashed down she had little more than a foot of free-board at her waist. There was lumber everywhere forward of the poop-deck, with only one narrow gangway left from the poop break to the galley, that stood near the foremast.

It was almost sunset on the last day of March when at length the schooner set off on her long voyage. It was a raw, cold evening, a biting northerly wind numbing hands and making noses blue. There was a choppy sea as soon as the schooner got away from the shelter of the land, but she rode easily under mainsail, foresail, and forestaysail. For the present, the skipper was not inclined to overburden her with canvas, as he wished to see just how she carried what she had. Dragon did not intend to take a watch, but gave Flynn and Gill to Hook for his watch, leaving Jerry and Todd for Ben. Though the wind was cutting, it remained steady and never veered from the north, so the night wore on uneventfully. Both sky and sea, however, were leaden next morning, and the wind howled dismally in the rigging. Occasionally the *Endeavor* sighted another ship, and once passed close to a big freighter.

Bumps was the cause of the first unpleasant incident during the voyage. When not pottering about the ship, as had been

his wont before, when Jerry had taken him to sea during Captain Kendall's lifetime, the dog usually spent his time either curled up in the galley or sleeping in the cubby that Jerry and Ben occupied. He had always been a favorite on the ship, and, though this was strictly against Jerry's orders, the men had taken a delight in feeding him with titbits (which did not always agree with his small interior) and teaching him tricks. It was but natural, therefore, that Bumps looked for similar attentions when he found himself afloat once more.

It was hardly to be expected that Bumps could have divined the fact that Gill disliked every dog that walked on four legs, nor would he have been more inclined to melt toward a dog that only had three. The sailor was sitting in the galley, talking to the cook, and holding a chunk of bread in his hand at the precise moment when Bumps put his little nose round the entrance. It so happened that the bread was being held not very far from the floor.

Dutifully, according to such manners as he had been taught to observe, Bumps raised himself on his haunches and begged silently. Neither Gill nor the cook noticed the fact; but when Bumps concluded he had begged long enough, he walked forward and took the bread gently in his teeth.

The seaman, resenting this, put out his booted foot and gave the spaniel a sharp kick in the ribs, whereupon Bumps, utterly surprised at this proceeding, and realizing he had an enemy whom he had never suspected, took a well-judged piece out of Gill's trousers, and incidentally gave the man's leg a nip to impress the incident on his memory.

Gill gave vent to a roar of pain and chased the spaniel along the gangway as far as the poop break; and Jerry, popping his head out of the companionway at that moment, was just in time to see the dog evade a rough, final kick.

The boy flushed hotly as he faced the furious sailor. "What did you do that for?" he demanded.

"If that dog o' yourn bites me again," Gill snarled, rubbing the sore place on his leg, "I 'll pitch him overboard, see? Dratted noosance, they is, anyway."

Bumps was now nestling against his master's leg, hugely pleased to be safely in harbor, so to speak.

"What had you done to him to make him bite you?" Jerry queried.

"Nothin'," declared Gill, untruthfully.

"Very well," said Jerry; "next time Bumps bites you when you have n't done a thing to him, you can throw him overboard. I give you my permission for that, because he would n't do such a thing in a hundred years. But next time you hit him when he has n't bitten you, he gets my permission to give you a real nip; and if I tell him to do it, he will. You can safely reckon on that."

There the incident closed, but Bumps remained strangely suspicious of Gill's toe whenever he found himself anywhere near the seaman; and though a friendly pat from Gill would have gone a long way toward earning entire forgiveness on the part of the spaniel, the sailor persisted in regarding the dog as an enemy, so Bumps kept a wary eye on him continually.

The weather grew worse until the *Endeavor* rounded Cape Sable, and then Captain Dragon found it necessary to shorten sail. The skipper maintained an anxious watch on the darkened horizon, while the schooner pounded and slapped her way ahead under three-reefed mainsail, two-reefed foresail, and the bonnet out of the jib. Heavy clouds scudded across the sky, and occasional downpours of torrential rain added to the general unpleasantness of the situation. On the fourth day out of port, however, the wind eased up considerably and the sun made a heroic effort to burst through the clouds. Toward evening the prospects were so much better that the skipper spread more canvas, shaking a reef out of the foresail, and the *Endeavor* bowled along at a merry pace.

Captain Dragon was, perhaps, not as jovial as he had seemed when Ben and

Jerry first encountered him in Danny Quirk's tumble-down shack. For some reason he had taken a dislike to John Todd, nor was he slow to indicate the fact, especially when he discovered that nothing he could say to Todd ruffled that individual. Once, when the captain had given an order for the sails to be trimmed, and Todd, not understanding instantly what was required of him, had done the wrong thing, Dragon bellowed ferociously at the sailor, and, holding up his right hand threateningly, attempted to shake Todd with his left.

"Keep your ears open, mutton-head!" snapped the skipper.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded John Todd, with every sign of meekness, but with every intention, nevertheless, of defending himself against any assault. And when it came to blows Todd was more than a match for any man aboard the ship. What he lacked in alertness he made up in physical strength. In wrestling and boxing there was nobody in his home town who could touch him, and many a man from farther afield had had to bow before the sheer power of the Anncove champion. But Todd never went out of his way to seek a fight nor a wrestling bout. In curious contrast to his appearance, he was mild-mannered and slow to take offense, which was, perhaps, as well, because one well directed blow of his massive right fist, straight out from the shoulder, would have been sufficient to knock any ordinary mortal into unconsciousness if it did not kill him.

"You seem to have got the 'old man's' back up lately, John," Jerry said to the sailor once while they were gliding along placidly. "What started it?"

Todd glanced up at the set of the sails and cast an eye over the ocean before replying.

"Why, I dunno exactly," he said at length. "Maybe I can tell you better before we get finished with this trip. The old man's standing in with Flynn and Gill, anyhow. Thick as thieves, they are; and don't forget, Hook is one of their gang. There's Wiggin, too. Not that he counts. I could pick him up and put him in my vest pocket without knowing he was there. But he makes five of the gang. And we 're only three."

"What 's got you talking like this, John?" inquired Ben. "Nobody has been saying anything, have they?"

Again the sailor cocked his eyes up at the sails before replying.

"Guess I 'd better have kept my mouth shut," he declared. "But it seemed to me I ought to put you wise to the fact that both Flynn and Gill have been trying to sound me. I don't know what their game is. I don't even know that they have a game on. But mark my words, they 're a gang all together."

"Why, John, if nothing worse happens than a little ill feeling, such as is liable to occur on any trip, I don't know that we 've anything to be alarmed about."

"That 's so," agreed John; "but—"

He did not complete his sentence, for at that moment Captain Dragon appeared through the companionway with a cheery greeting, and dispelled the faint suggestion of foreboding that the sailor had conjured up.

The weather continued to be all that was desired, and even Dragon, who never spared his men in trimming sail to catch the last ounce of breeze, was compelled to express the opinion that he was more than moderately satisfied with the progress they had made so far. But in spite of the air of well-being and prosperity on board the schooner, there was a curious feeling of insecurity of which both Ben and Jerry were conscious. It was difficult to account for. There was nothing definite on which it could be based, excepting what John Todd had said and something peculiarly sinister about Gill's demeanor —something furtive and threatening. On occasions his face wore an expression which was almost a sneer, which neither added to his personal beauty nor made Ben and the "owner" feel more drawn toward him.

"Sometimes that chap makes me feel as if I were living on the edge of a volcano," Ben once declared to Jerry. "He 's

the sort who would stab you in the back if he got the chance to make anything out of it."

"Well it 's a queer crowd, anyway," replied Jerry, "and Gill is the queerest of the lot. I wish now we had never brought him along."

Ben and his friend were on their watch below, sitting half dressed in their own cubby. It was the middle of the afternoon, and they were due to go on duty for the first dog-watch in a little while.

Suddenly Jerry gave a start and sat listening intently, with his head on one side.

"What was that?" he asked sharply.

"Did n't hear anything," replied Ben.

"It sounded to me just like—yes, it *was* a yelp. There it goes again!" he declared. Throwing down the shoe he had picked up, he dashed out of the cubby and through the cabin to the companion-way at the break of the poop. As his head emerged, he was in time to see the finish of what he half expected — a conflict between Bumps and Gill. What had happened already he could only surmise, but Bumps was now describing a semi-circle through the air, over the rail, by the side of which the irate seaman was standing with his arms still extended as he had hurled the spaniel overboard.

Up on to the deck Jerry scrambled, intent only on administering retribution, and with a few swift bounds he came to the place where Gill stood grinning evilly.

The seaman was taller than the boy and could have picked Jerry up with one hand and dropped him, too, over the side. He swung around with a startled look, caught sight of the expression on the boy's face, and instinctively put himself on guard. Jerry, however, flung himself forward headlong, and his outstretched hands caught the seaman on the chest. Under the impact, Gill lurched, stumbled over the lumber, made an unsuccessful attempt to clutch Jerry, and then, colliding with the rail, disappeared backward, head over heels, into the sea.



"BEN SILENTLY PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR OF THE LOCKER." (SEE PAGE 161)

Jerry cast an anxious glance over the water farther astern, caught sight of

Bumps emerging to the surface, and, running aft, took a header over the stern rail.

"For the love of Mike!" ejaculated Flynn, at the wheel, as he swung the ship up into the wind with much flapping of sails.

"Over with the small boat!" bellowed Dragon. "Get busy there! Doggone it! Has everybody on my ship gone crazy? Cut those lashings there, you! D' you want to see half the crew drown? Hurry up! Over with her!"

Ben, who had followed Jerry in more leisurely fashion on to the deck, but who had been just in time to witness the disappearance of his friend over the stern, was, with the assistance of two sailors, tugging frantically at the boat, and the instant she hit the water he leaped into her.

Jerry, meanwhile, had reached the dog, who showed unmistakable relief and tried hard to bark a welcome.

Ten yards away Gill, paddling about, shook the water from his head and glared malignantly across at Jerry.

"I 'll get you for this!" he gasped, as the boat approached.

"In that case we 'll leave you where you are, to cool off a bit," put in Ben, sheering off and picking up his friend first.

CHAPTER IV

Forewarned

Jerry and the dog were lifted over the side, and then the others turned to help Gill, who, when he clutched at the gunwale, displayed the marks of sharp teeth in the back of his hand where Bumps had extracted toll.

"You got yours coming and going," Ben observed to the sailor, whose teeth were chattering from cold.

"W-wait a bit. I c-can bide my time!" Gill snarled.

Back on the schooner, however, he found a reception which took all the starch out of him for the time. Captain Dragon, throughout the incident, had been waxing more and more wrathful, and when the little boat was back, nuzzling the side of the *Endeavor,* he was nearly exploding with anger. Jerry, who realized that it was a breach of all known and unknown regulations to push a man overboard in mid-ocean, whatever the circumstances, fully expected to come in for his share of the skipper's fury, but, to his astonishment, it was on Gill that the captain poured the vials of his wrath. And he did it in language that was both forceful and picturesque.

For some reason which at the time neither Ben nor Jerry understood, Gill's action had roused all the worst that was in Captain Dragon, and it was only Ben's intervention which prevented blows. As soon as he could get away, Gill slouched down into the forecastle, seemingly much chastened, to take off his dripping clothes, and Jerry, too, went into his cubby to make a change.

"In the name of goodness, what happened?" Ben asked him, as soon as they were alone.

"That brute must have done something to Bumps first of all, and I don't blame the dog if he did nip him. Any dog with spirit would object to being kicked, and I guess that 's what happened. Gill threw Bumps overboard, so I threw Gill overboard. That 's all."

"You *threw* Gill overboard! How? He weighs a good part of a ton."

"Pushed him, I meant," explained Jerry. "I could n't have done it, only he was n't quite expecting it, I suppose."

"Did Dragon see you push him overboard?"

"He must have, because he was on the poop."

"He was? Funny he did n't wade into you, too, then. After all, trying to drown one of the crew is n't exactly calculated to make a hit with him, eh? Wonder why he let you off so easy, Jerry."

"Perhaps he was too mad with Gill to pay any attention to me."

"Not likely, and I don't believe it was just because you happen to be owner. Maybe he 's fond of you, Jerry."

Jerry smiled.

"He need n't be, then, for I 'm certainly not fond of him. I 'm beginning to think that there 's something—something funny about Captain Dragon, Ben."

"Funny?" Ben looked thoughtful. Then, "Well, I sort of think so, too," he agreed. "Still, he has n't said anything, nor done anything—"

"I know," replied Jerry, "but just the same, there 's something not quite—quite—"

"You 've got nerves," laughed the other. Then he added, more soberly: "Perhaps it 'll be just as well if we keep our eyes open, however. If he should mean mischief, we might as well know it now as later."

While Jerry was in the fore part of the ship that evening, and the skipper was taking a nap below, Ben approached John Todd, who was at the wheel.

"I 've been thinking about what you were saying the other day, John," he began. "I don't think anything much can happen, but you might keep your eyes and ears open, and if you notice anything, report to me."

John turned his back to the wind to light his pipe. "Aye, aye," he said at last.

He kept the vessel on its course mechanically, but his thoughts were centered on Gill. More than once Gill, in his rough fashion, had made tentative attempts to get on a friendly footing with Todd and obtain his confidence: and hitherto Todd had ignored such approaches. John Todd not only had a sincere liking for Ben and Jerry, but he had known both of them since they first could toddle, and it now occurred to him that he might be able to serve them better as a friend of Gill than as an enemy.

His opportunity to test this opinion arose the following day while he was in his bunk and Gill was busy cleaning out the forecastle. The two were alone.

"Say, Gill," Todd said, "sometimes I wish I 'd never come aboard this vessel. There 's nothing like sailing along o' old shipmates. You 're a bunch all together, and it 's different for you. I feel out of it here."

Gill nodded thoughtfully, but did not resume his scrubbing.

"Huh! *'T is* kind o' tough not being in with the gang," he observed. "Where did they pick you up?"

"Me? Oh, I was hanging around, looking for a ship."

"Had you shipped with either of 'em before?"

John shook his head.

"Where did young Kendall get this ship of his?" Gill inquired casually.

"Never heard him say," replied John, with perfect truth.

Gill blinked once or twice.

"She 's worth a tidy bit, I reckon," he observed. "What d'you reckon she 'd fetch, cargo and all?"

"Hard to say," replied John. "I wish I had as much, though."

Gill, who had been sitting on his heels, rose, and perched himself on the edge of John Todd's bunk.

"What sort of a feller do you make of our skipper?" he asked.

"Knows his business, I guess."

"I don't mean that. Would you reckon he was a square sort of chap?"

"Why," he said at length, after due deliberation, "I 'd watch him, same as I would any one else if there was a deal on."

"That 's just what I think," said Gill, nodding, evidently distinctly pleased with his companion's judgment. "Say, you 're not standing in with young Kendall and the second mate, are you?"

John could have laughed outright, for he felt he was now within measurable distance of learning what he wanted to know.

"Listen here, mate," he said. "I 'm looking after John Todd. It takes me all my time to do that."

Gill bared his teeth in an ugly smile. His attitude toward the young owner of the *Endeavor* amounted to positive hatred, and he delighted in the thought of finding another ally.

"Suppose—suppose this vessel was sold," he began haltingly, "a thousand dollars, say, would come in handy, would n't it?"

"What? To me? You bet it would!" Not a trace of the surprise Todd felt was visible.

"And maybe more than a thousand, huh?"

"The more the merrier," replied Todd.

"It 'll be as easy as crackin' peanuts," Gill declared.

"Dragon knows how it can be done, I s'pose?" Todd asked.

Gill closed one eye and grinned. He had not meant to go so far just then as to implicate Captain Dragon in the affair, but evidently it was all right to do so.

"This schooner will fetch bigger money over in Europe to-day than any one would pay for her in America. Then there 's the cargo."

"That 's right—yes, that 's right enough," agreed Todd. "But what about a fair division?"

"Well, every man to go shares, according to the pay he 's drawing. That 's fair."

"How about the second mate?" asked Todd, naïvely. "Is he standing in with the crowd on this?"

"Nope," replied Gill, definitely. "He 's a pal of young Kendall's, so he 'll have to go along o' young Kendall."

"I 'm dead scared of going to prison, mate," John Todd protested; "but I 'd rather it was prison than the electric chair. If there 's going to be any killing, you can count me out."

"Aw, who said there was going to be any killing? We can set the pair of 'em adrift in the small boat when we get nearer the other side. The old man reckons he 'd get the biggest price at a Spanish port."

Hook's face appeared at the head of the companionway.

"Tumble up, Gill!" he called out.

The seaman disappeared, but as he went he turned, closed one eye, and placed a finger on his lips.

John Todd watched this performance with outward calmness, then shook his fist after the disappearing heels of the sailor.

When an opportunity came for John Todd to tell his story, Jerry and Ben listened, with few interruptions, until he had finished.

"But you don't believe all this, do you?" Jerry asked, filled with amazement.

"I wish I could say I did n't," replied Todd. "But I do—every word of it. Have we any firearms?"

"I have a revolver in my box," replied Ben. "Dragon is sure to have a weapon of some kind. As likely as not, he carries it on his hip. Hook has a gun. Where does he keep it?"

"That 's easy," Jerry put in. " I saw him put it on the shelf over his bunk after he had been cleaning it yesterday. And a little brute it looks, too."

"In that case," remarked Ben, "I 'm afraid Mr. Hook's revolver is going to vanish. Leave that part of it to me."

Hook's bunk was in the cubby next to that occupied by Ben and Jerry, and the second mate had no trouble in locating Hook's revolver. It was fully loaded, and, as Jerry had said, a formidable looking little weapon.

It became apparent within an hour or two that the disappearance of the revolver had peculiar significance to everybody on board. Word had evidently been passed around among the whole crew to look out for squalls, for there was an air of insolence about the men. Hook was unusually gruff, and even the skipper's laugh was obviously forced. John Todd's face was grave, and he endeavored to find an opportunity to speak to Ben, but the skipper was particularly alert. At last John managed to mutter a few words to Jerry.

"They 're going to act quick," he said. "As soon as you and Mr. Duncan are asleep they 'll fix you."

Though not conscious of fear, Jerry was filled with the deepest concern. Excitement of some kind he had been ready to anticipate on the trip, but excitement of this sort was the last thing he had expected. He wondered how far Dragon and his crew would go. Doubtless, he concluded, they would stop at nothing rather than be robbed of the prize which they deemed already almost in their hands.

It was Ben's watch below from eight

o'clock until midnight, and that was evidently the time planned for the attack. Jerry had no chance to speak to his friend until they went into the cabin.

"Ben, they 're going to seize the ship to-night," he announced in a low voice the moment they were together. The skipper was on deck, as was Hook, Jerry and his companions being the only members of the crew below in that part of the ship.

"To-night!" exclaimed Ben. "Well, it does n't surprise me, after the way they 've behaved all day. But how do you know?"

"John told me."

Ben Duncan had drawn from his hip pocket two revolvers.

"Here, Jerry," he said, "you 'd better have Hook's. I can get the best results with my own. I was stringing them when I said I was a crack shot, but I 'm not so bad at it. What 's Todd going to do?"

"He did n't have a chance to say more than a word or two. The less suspicion there is about him, the better, or they may begin by doing him up when he is n't looking, and then deal with us. Ben, could n't we arrange some sort of a little surprise?"

"How?"

"It seems to me that we can't start taking pot-shots at the first man who comes into our cubby this watch. Because, if we do, we might shoot John or—oh, well, anyway, they 've got to do *something* before one can start pulling a trigger! Look here," the boy went on, stuffing some clothing under the bedding, "that makes a pretty good dummy. Any one who came in would think there was somebody there until he touched it. Now let 's do the same with your bunk. Hand me that sweater. You 're bigger than I and need more stuffing. Pull the clothes well up. Now, how 's that!"

"Fine!" Ben admitted. "This ought to fool 'em. Now we 've got to hide."

"Yes, and that ought to be across on the other side of the cabin," said the boy. "If we could manage to squeeze into that locker—"

"Let 's try," Ben urged.

Silently they moved across the floor of the cabin in their stocking-feet, and found it possible to conceal most of their bodies in the locker, the door of which would not close, but left a space of six inches, through which they were able to keep an eye on suspicious movements.

The swinging lamp in the cabin gave only an indifferent light, and the many creaks and groans that came from the *Endeavor's* timbers seemed to them, as they crouched in their close quarters, louder and more insistent than ever. Occasionally the flapping of canvas sounded, but no voices could be heard by the occupants of the locker.

There came a step through the after companionway, which Ben and Jerry recognized as that of Hook. The mate was moving more carefully than was usual for him. There was something furtive about the way he put his feet down. Everything he did was visible to those in the dark locker. Hook moved a yard or two into the cabin, and then stood in a listening attitude.

Having satisfied himself that the victims were off their guard, the mate returned to the companionway and beckoned. In a moment Captain Dragon joined him, and together the two men glided toward the second mate's cubby.

Ben, with his revolver firmly gripped in his right hand, took hold of Jerry's arm with his left, lest the boy should move from their hiding-place an instant too soon. At best only a poor light filtered into the cubby, and with the forms of the captain and mate blocking the entrance, the enemy stood very little chance of seeing that only dummies lay in the bunks, until they actually touched them. Something gleamed in Hook's hand. It was a Malay kriss,—a cruel, double-edged knife with curving edges,—which Ben remembered seeing a week or more previously.

Suddenly Ben's grip on Jerry tightened, and he silently pushed open the door of the locker. Three strides, and they were immediately behind the visitors.

"Stand still!" Jerry said sharply.

(To be continued)



The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

CHAPTER I

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK EAGLE

On the wooded hillside just outside the city of Brussels, two boys, ragged as to clothes and swarthy of complexion, but rather too thin for rugged health, were resting in the shade of a tree, with apparently no other purpose in view than to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine while they gave their limbs and bodies a much needed vacation. Below, at the foot of the hill, a German sentry was pacing, and beyond gleamed a row of barracks, over which the black double-eagle of Germany fluttered idly in the breeze.

"Listen, Henri," the elder of the two boys was saying in a low, but eager, voice, "good news I bring to-day. The Americans are coming—coming like the locusts in the harvest season—thousands and thousands of them! Soon there will be a great army, and the *Boches* will be rolled back to the Rhine. They don't want to believe it. Their commanders tell them it is a lie. They invent all sorts of tales, but it is true. Bob knows, and he wishes the good news passed on. Spread it through Ghent. Tell every one, and flaunt it in the faces of the *Boches*. It will make them angry—but it will make them afraid."

Egmont stopped for breath, and Henri, who had been listening eagerly, spoke. In spite of the enthusiasm awakened in him by his friend, there was a note of depression and discouragement in his voice.

"America is a long way off, Egmont. Do you think they can get here in time?"

"Have n't I just old you they 're coming —that they are here, thousands of them?" exclaimed Egmont, with a slight trace of irritation.

"Yes, but it will take so many of them! When the English came, we thought Belgium would be saved. *They* came by the

thousands and thousands, and our hope was great, but they had to fall back. Nothing could stop the Huns. I fear—"

Egmont caught the speaker by the arm and shook him roughly. "Stop!" he commanded vigorously. "Don't say that! Remember your oath: *'I shall fear nothing, but brave everything, until my beloved country is freed of the tyrants.'* If you doubt and fear now, Henri, what can you expect the others to do? How can we keep up their courage while our soldiers are fighting in the trenches, and giving up their lives for us? I 'm ashamed of you, Henri! What would our dear king and queen think if they heard you! Are n't they giving up everything, working unafraid, night and day, for Belgium? Then why should you—"

"Don't speak so harshly, Egmont," interrupted Henri. "I have traveled far to-day, and the sun is hot. I felt discouraged, but I am not really afraid."

"And what did you have for breakfast, Henri?" asked his companion, looking at him with sudden compassion.

"Nothing but a piece of bread—American bread. It did not last long. I was hungry when it was gone. On my way here I caught a fish, and made a fire to cook it. The odor of it made me ravenous. Then—then—" his eyes filled with tears of rage,—"they took it away from me, and ate it while I looked on."

"The *Boches?*"

"Yes, a fat pig of an officer! He saw my smoke, and came just in time to take the fish almost out my mouth. Oh, Egmont, I could have killed him!"

Egmont nodded, and drew something from his blouse. "This will make you forget it," he said quietly, handing Henri a piece of bread with a tiny chunk of meat on it. "I saved it for you. I thought you would be hungry."

Henri's eyes opened in greedy surprise, but almost instantly he checked the expression, and nodded his head stubbornly. "No, it 's part of your breakfast. I shall not take it."

Egmont smiled. "I have eaten all I need," he replied. "I had a wonderful breakfast. This was left over. I don't really need it. If you won't take it, I 'll throw it away. Even the birds are hungry, and they will eat it up quickly. Shall I show you?"

Henri snatched the bread and meat from his hands.

"No, no!" he said sharply, "don't do that! The birds are better off than we are. I shall eat it."

Egmont watched silently the quick disappearance of the food he had saved from his own meagre fare. A gnawing at his stomach made him wince, and unconsciously, when one of the crumbs fell on the ground, he picked it up and put it in his mouth. Fortunately, Henri did not notice it. When the last mouthful had been swallowed, he sighed with satisfaction.

"It was hunger, Egmont, nothing else," he said, smiling. "I feel better now. I shall go back and tell the good news. Ah, we shall beat the Huns yet! We shall never give in! *Vive la Belgique!*"

"Sh-h!" cautioned Egmont. "You will be heard. That sentry down there is keeping an eye on us. We must part soon."

Henri lapsed into silence, throwing himself on his back, his hands supporting his head, and a bare foot elevated skyward as one leg crossed the other.

"I 'd like to shout it in their ears until it made them tremble," he growled. "Some day they will hear it in Germany."

"So they shall. When the Americans come by the millions, we shall cross the Rhine, and then—"

He stopped, a wistful, far-away expression in his eyes—a look which contained all the hopes and dreams of a nation held in thrall by a ruthless enemy.

"How many people live in America, Egmont?" Henri asked, after a pause. "It is a great country, but can they send millions of soldiers? Is it as big as England?"

Egmont smiled condescendingly at the naïve question. Then a flush of shame tinged his cheeks as he recalled his own ignorance of the big free country across the seas until he had been enlightened by his cousin Bob, who was an American by birth. Had he not once believed that America was a half-settled country, whose

people were largely Indians and black men? "It is as big as all Europe, Henri," he replied solemnly; "and its people are more numerous than—than the English and French put together. And it has all the food it needs—enough to feed all of us. It 's the greatest country in the world, Bob says. I wish some day I could see it."

"But have they enough ships? I heard Jean Beeckmann say it would take a thousand to bring a big army across, and England has lost most of her great ships."

"German talk, Henri!" was the scoffing reply. "That 's what they want us to believe. But, listen! Bob says America 's building ships so fast that the ocean will soon be alive with them. They 're launching them every day,—big ships and little ships,—sometimes two and three a day; and soon they 'll slide them into the water in whole fleets. They 're building airships, too, so many they 'll darken the skies. I 've been watching for them every day. Who knows but that is one now?"

He pointed skyward where a dim speck was rapidly growing larger, as the big-winged bird flew straight toward them. With eyes bent on the aëroplane, the boys waited in breathless silence until, in the dazzling sunlight, a big black cross, painted on the underside of it, dashed their hopes.

"It 's a German Gotha!" sighed Henri. "They 're everywhere now—nothing but Gothas and Taubes and Albatrosses. I hate the sight of them!"

"Well," resumed Egmont hopefully, "they will soon meet the American aëroplanes, and then they 'll pay for all their terrible work."

A crackling of paper under his blouse suddenly recalled something that he had forgotten. Stealthily drawing forth the newspaper that had been lying, closely folded, against his breast, he added:

"Take this, Henri! It 's the last copy of *'L'Echo Belge.'* It 's published in London, and is full of news. Take it and pass it around. But be careful no *Boches* see it. They 'd tear it up and arrest you."

"May I read it?" was the eager query.

"Not here. That German sentry may see you. Quick, hide it! He 's looking!"

Henri concealed the paper from sight, and then began working it under his shirt so that not even a corner of it was visible. "Jean will want to read it," he mumbled. "Jean 's sad and discouraged. He 's heard nothing from Marie yet. It makes him nearly frantic to think of what may have happened to her."

"Tell Jean he must be of good heart. Marie will come back to him. But"—yawning and rising, "I must be going. If we stay here longer, that sentry will get suspicious. Here 's your fishing-rod. You may catch another fish on the way back. If you do, keep it until you get home. Adieu now! I cannot wait longer."

Picking up his battered cap, Egmont left his companion and strolled idly down the hillside in the direction of the sentry. He had learned from long experience that it was safer to face the Germans boldly than to slink away as if afraid of them.

Henri watched him a moment, and then, with a sigh, picked up his fishing-rod and made off in the direction of Ghent, choosing a shaded road where the soft dirt would not hurt his bare feet as the hard macadam highway did.

The German sentry at the foot of the hill waited for Egmont to approach. He was not particularly ugly or suspicious by nature, but his life had been made hard and difficult by the half-grown youngsters of the district, who taunted him behind his back and made strange faces at him. There were boys back in Germany whom he often thought of, for they were his own, —little Fritz and Carl,—and for their sakes he had often been easy with these children of a conquered race; but sometimes he thought his leniency was misunderstood. They were not only mischievous, but openly rebellious.

He planted himself squarely in front of Egmont, and glared hard at him. Egmont endured the challenge with calm eyes that never wavered an instant. The sentry grunted, and then asked:

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen next birthday."

The man grunted again, and muttered surlily in German: "You lie, like all your

people! You 're fourteen! I have said it! Hear me!"

Egmont flushed and then paled. He was used to the insulting language of the invaders, but the sentry's words carried a threat with it. Many boys of fourteen and over had been carried away to work as prisoners in Germany. If he was suspected of being fourteen, what might not be his fate?

"No, thirteen," he replied, shaking his head. "I can prove it by the—"

"I said you were fourteen! Hear me!"

Egmont trembled before the bully in uniform, but there was nothing gained by irritating him. He kept silent, waiting for the other to proceed.

"You have good muscles," the sentry added, squeezing one of Egmont's biceps with a hand that hurt. "You could work in a factory—or a coal-mine."

He grinned and shook his head. "A boy of your age should work. I will see the commandant. He will make you tell the truth."

For a moment Egmont was struck cold with fear. If it suited the commandant to send him away to Germany, nothing he could say would be of any avail. And the work which he had to do for his country would be taken from him. He would never see Bob again, nor Henri nor Leopold, nor any of his companions. It was not the German way to give captives an opportunity to say good-by to their friends and family.

The sentry was a new man to Egmont, and, as he was stationed on duty outside of the city, the boy was speculating upon his chances of not being recognized again if he made a break for liberty and escaped.

"You come with me," added the man, after a pause. "I will make you say fourteen. Understand? You 're fourteen! Say it now!"

"Fourteen," Egmont repeated unwillingly.

"Ah ha! I said it! And now you said it! That makes you fourteen—and a liar! Hear that?"

Egmont said nothing, but in his mind he was saying that, if the chance ever came, he would repay the sentry for his words. Having properly subjugated his victim and forced him to deny his own words, the man seemed immensely pleased. He leered at him, and pinched one of his cheeks.

"*Ach!* It 's not so hard as I thought. You need good German food to make you stronger. See, the flesh is soft. You 're fourteen, but you 're not strong enough yet to work for Germany. Maybe I 'll let you go this time, but next time—look out!"

Egmont drew a deep sigh of relief. He would not be haled before the commandant to undergo an examination as to his age and fitness. In his relief he smiled up at the sentry, who, mistaking it for boyish impudence, suddenly raised a hand and smote him in the face.

Egmont went down before the unexpected blow, and lay on the grass a moment in stunned silence. When his senses came back to him, a slow, sullen rage at this unprovoked attack made him for a moment oblivious of everything else. All caution and prudence vanished from his mind.

"You German pig!" he growled in his own language.

"What 's that! Speak it again!"

Unable to grasp the meaning of the words, the sentry leaned threateningly over him, a hand raised as if to repeat the blow.

But Egmont's consuming wrath had not blinded him to his danger, and the possible chance of escape from his tormentor was uppermost in his mind. The German was firmly planted on two feet, with his legs far apart, but in bending forward he was in danger of losing his balance through any slight mishap. Egmont saw his opportunity, and with the swiftness and sureness of youth he took advantage of it.

He shot through the soldier's legs with one spring, and, at the proper moment, caught an ankle in either hand and tripped the burly figure as easily as an acrobat would leap through a paper hoop and never touch the rim. The man went down with a thud, plowing up the dirt with both hands and the tip of his nose.

When he regained his feet, the boy was

a considerable distance away, making for a grove of trees to the left of the barracks. The discomfited sentry was aching for revenge, and his rifle, lying where he had dropped it, offered him the opportunity. He seized it with an oath, and raised it to his shoulder.

But he did not fire at the fleeing boy. A crafty expression come into his face. He glanced in the direction of the barracks to see if any of his comrades had witnessed his downfall. If not, then why make a fuss? There would be awkward explanations to make, and perhaps in the end he would be laughed at for being toppled over in the dirt by a boy.

He lowered his rifle just as Egmont reached the edge of the grove and plunged into its welcome shade. *"Ach!* I 'll teach him manners next time!" he growled. "Little camel-pig! I made him say it! Fourteen he is! He said it! Called himself a liar!"

Smiling with satisfaction at the remembrance of this petty triumph, he dusted off his uniform, inflated his chest, and resumed his pacing, with the air of one who had defeated a formidable enemy.

CHAPTER II

THE SECRET OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

Egmont d'Anethan was not fourteen, but so dangerously close to it that it made him shudder whenever he thought of the deportation of the Belgian boys and girls to Germany for work in the mines and factories; for fourteen was the age fixed by the decrees of Berlin, and in a few months that momentous birthday would come for him. His adventure with the German sentry forced home another unpleasant truth —he *was* large for his age, he *looked* fourteen; and this decided the invaders in their selection far more than the actual number of one's years. They wanted no weak, sickly, undersized youths, even if they were above fourteen.

The realization of all this was a distinct shock to him, and on his way back to the city he avoided the German uniform wherever he saw it, although this was somewhat difficult, for, since the early occupation of Brussels by the enemy nearly four years before, sentries were stationed at every corner, and stray officers and soldiers had the disagreeable habit of popping out of doorways in the most unexpected way.

Belgium had been conquered physically, but the brave spirits of the people had not been broken. They were still at war with Germany. But it was a war of wits rather than of arms. In spite of the enemy's vaunted intelligence department and his hordes of spies, a system of underground communication between the cities and the Belgian army near the coast was kept up, and it was impossible to suppress outside news and prevent it from reaching the beleaguered nation.

The irritation of the German intelligence officers at being outwitted by their little foe was natural enough, and in their frenzy, at times, they seized innocent people and shot them as spies. One could hardly take a walk or visit a friend without being shadowed by some more or less stupid officer in uniform or in civilian clothes.

Reaching the Boulevard du Midi by a circuitous route, Egmont found himself among the throngs of people out for the afternoon airing. He drew a sigh of relief, for there was safety in numbers. Hurrying along for a few blocks, he turned into a side street, and then suddenly darted through the arched portico of an imposing house and disappeared from view.

The Palais d'Anethan was the home of Count d'Anethan, a man long past seventy, whose age and infirmities had kept him from defending his country with arms, but had not prevented him from serving her with his intellect. The d'Anethans were of ancient lineage, and one of the most respected families in Belgium. Egmont d'Anethan would succeed his grandfather, in time, and become Count d'Anethan; but as he entered the stately home of his titled ancestor, he looked anything but a count in dress and appearance.

His clothes, patched and dirty, were those of a common street urchin; his feet were bare and grimy now with the mud of the country; his hair was tousled and

gritty with dust; his hands and face were smudged and stained. But his eyes shone brightly with the unquenchable spirit of his proud race.

Passing through the arch to the court-



"THE SENTRY LEANED THREATENINGLY OVER HIM."

yard, he reached the grand staircase, and ascended to a private room above, where his coming was welcomed by another boy of about his own age. Bob Lane was an American first and a Belgian afterward. His mother, Count d'Anethan's daughter, had married Herbert Lane, a former attaché of the American Legation in Brussels; a post which he relinquished in a few years to return to America, where Bob had been brought up in the true democratic way.

During that fateful summer when Germany descended upon her little neighbor and with fire and sword attempted to obliterate her, Bob, who had lost his father the year before, was visiting his grandfather in Brussels, and the close attachment that had sprung up between him and his cousin Egmont seemed to be only strengthened by the stirring events that shocked the whole civilized world.

His mother, broken in health by the death of her husband and the tragic suffering of her own country, could not cross the ocean to join her son, but advised him, if he wished, to remain with his grandfather, rendering such help as a neutral could to his relatives and friends. Through the months and months when the starvation of Belgium hung in the balance, from which America's relief ships finally saved her, Bob stood loyally by the stricken people with whom he claimed kinship.

When America entered the war, Count d'Anethan had come to him and advised him to leave the country with the rest of the Americans; but the weary eyes of his grandfather were filled with tears when he spoke. "Your mother needs you, Bob," he said. "You can do nothing more here now. We must bear our grief as best we can."

Looking the old man in the face, with

eyes that reflected the spirit of a long line of d'Anethans, Bob had then replied: "No, Grandfather, I 'm not going to leave you. I 'll stay here until the American soldiers sweep the Huns out of Belgium."

Count d'Anethan shook his head as he smiled wistfully and affectionately at this grandson who had come to him from across the ocean to cheer his declining years. "It will be a long time," he faltered. "America is not prepared."

"That 's so," admitted Bob, ruefully. Then smiling, with a gleam of pride in his eyes: "But you don't know America! She 'll prepare, and come across with enough soldiers to whip the *Boches*. She 'll never quit until it 's done!"

"How will she get here without ships?" mildly asked the aged count, smiling at the cock-sureness of this young American grandson.

"Build them!" was the prompt retort.

In spite of his skepticism, Count d'Anethan experienced a little glow of hope and enthusiasm, for Bob had a way of making others share his own optimistic prophecies.

"She 's done wonderful things in feeding our people," murmured the count. "Wonderful! Without America we should have starved. Belgium will never forget."

"Then she 'll help you lick the enemy. She 'll drive them across the Rhine. Wait and see! I want to be here when the American soldiers come. I 'll shout myself hoarse when I see the Stars and Stripes passing through Brussels on the way to Berlin."

Egmont had clapped his cousin on the shoulder in an excess of enthusiasm. "I know they 'll come, Bob, these Americans," he exclaimed. "It will be a gala day for Brussels then. Grandfather, you must believe it and pray for it. You 'll live to see our country's wrongs avenged."

"I hope so, Egmont, I hope so! Yes," he added, stiffening his bent figure to the soldier's attitude, "the day must come when Belgium shall rise triumphant from her ashes! And God grant it may be the Americans who will help us!"

"Vive la Belgique! Vive l'Amerique!" shouted Egmont, tossing his cap in the air.

"Hurrah for the good old United States!" laughed Bob, joining in the enthusiasm.

But the days and weeks and months had passed, and still the Americans had 'nt come. Germany had become more brutal, if possible, toward her small neighbor, deporting the young and vigorous to work in her mines and factories. The world had looked on in horror and uttered protest after protest, but nothing except a mightier power than his own could swerve the Hun from his diabolical way.

In America, Bob had been a typical boy, and the team spirit was strong within him. Baseball, football, and all the other outdoor sports had taught him the advantage of coöperation in play and work.

Working alone and independently, the boys of Brussels were a great help in cheering the old men and women; but their patriotism needed direction and organization to make it effective. Something had to be done to counteract the demoralizing influence of the German false reports, the people had to be kept in touch with their army, coöperating with the Allies on the western front.

"Egmont," Bob said one day to his cousin, "I 'm going to organize the 'Boy Vigilantes of Brussels.' "

"What 's that?" asked Egmont, a little puzzled by the abrupt announcement. "Vigilantes? I don't know what they are."

"No, but in America we have them. They 're writers, who give their services to counteract the German propaganda. They spread true stories of what 's happening every day in my country; and when they hear of a German lie, they nail it on the spot."

"I did n't know you had boy writers doing that in America," said Egmont, in surprise.

Bob laughed good-naturedly. "I did n't quite mean that," he explained. "These writers are not boys. They 're men and women. The first Vigilantes were men who restored order in California and the West at a time when nobody's life was safe from the desperados who had flocked there."

In a graphic way he sketched the early history of the Vigilantes, and their adventurous career in the days when life in the turbulent Far West was almost as uncertain as in Belgium under the iron heel of Germany.

"The men here can't organize such a secret society," Bob added, "for all except the old are dead or in prison or fighting with King Albert. But why can't the boys of Belgium become Vigilantes?"

Egmont's eyes opened wide in astonishment, for he had not yet entirely grasped the full meaning of the other's words. "Could we do it?" he stammered. "We could n't fight the Huns. They 're too many for us, and they 're men, and we 're only boys."

"I did n't mean to fight them with arms, Egmont," was the smiling reply. "No, we could n't do that. But we could band together and do lots of things to help. There are the English papers and *'L'Écho Belge.'* They tell the truth about what 's happening. Could n't we smuggle them around and let the Reynteins and the de Lignes and the d'Oultremonts read them? It would certainly cheer dear old Madame de Chokier and Marie Van de Weyer if they could read about their sons and grandsons with King Albert, would n't it?"

"Yes—yes! Of course! And Leo Beeckmann would help us; Guy d'Asschès would, too. They 'd all help."

"Then we should organize at once. Invite Guy and Leopold and Phil and all the other boys you can trust. We must be sure of whom we take in. We can't have any traitors."

From this small beginning, the Boy Vigilantes of Belgium had spread to include most of the country held by the Germans. Bob and Egmont had been less ambitious in their plans than circumstances determined, for they called their organization "the Boy Vigilantes of Brussels," at first; but later, by their underground system of communication, it spread until there were branches organized in Ghent, in Antwerp, in war-torn Malines, as far east as Liège, and in the west to the very gates of Bruges.

It was a boy propaganda, and therefore most difficult for the Germans to ferret out and crush. There were no printed documents, no letters, to fall into the hands of the invaders to incriminate the members; nothing definite that could point to Bob or Egmont, to Phil or Leo, as the ringleaders. Henri Rogier, of Ghent, made occasional fishing-trips or took long tramps in the country; but ragged, barefooted, and disreputable in appearance, he looked to be the most harmless vagrant in the world.

Yet Henri, and Albert de Decker of Antwerp, and Alva Chassé of Malines, as well as dozens of other Belgian boys of the different towns and villages, met and exchanged messages by word of mouth. Sometimes it was only a message of cheer, and at other times it was important military information that would be of value to the Allies, for the organization had increased until Belgium was covered by a boy spy system that defied the intelligence department of the German army.

Bob and Egmont had worked assiduously to make the Vigilantes a power to help their stricken country. It gave them an outlet for their restless spirits, and the very secrecy of their work appealed to their imagination. The old Count d'Anethan never dreamed of the plots hatched under his roof. Perhaps, if he had, fear for the boys would have compelled him to stop it; and certainly, if it were discovered, the German rulers would have unhesitatingly imprisoned or shot him for harboring spies.

It was the fear of directing suspicion to their grandfather's house that had induced the boys to locate their meeting-place in an abandoned sewer under the lower part of the city. This could be reached by two small canals, whose waters, fed by the Senne River, rarely rose high enough to close any of the entrances. Like rats with many holes through which they could scurry if surprised, the young Vigilantes felt safe and secure in their artificial tunnel.

In Brussels there were twoscore members; in Antwerp nearly as many; a dozen in Ghent; and ten in Malines. But in

each of these places were numerous "tenderfeet," who shared some of the responsibilities of the regular members and aspired some day to be admitted as full-fledged Vigilantes. They worked indefatigably to gather news of value, listening, observing, searching for information to spread by word of mouth from one end of Belgium to the other.

Each member, before he was given a part to perform, had to take the oath of secrecy, which had been prepared by Bob and Egmont:

"I shall fear nothing, but brave everything, until my beloved country is freed of the tyrants. I pledge my life, and all I have and am, to do everything to help my country and king. If I am captured, I swear that I will not divulge any of the secrets of the Vigilantes, nor will I betray any of my comrades nor get them in trouble. I pledge myself to carry out the orders given me and keep them secret from the enemy until the day comes when Germany is driven out of the country and Belgium is once more free."

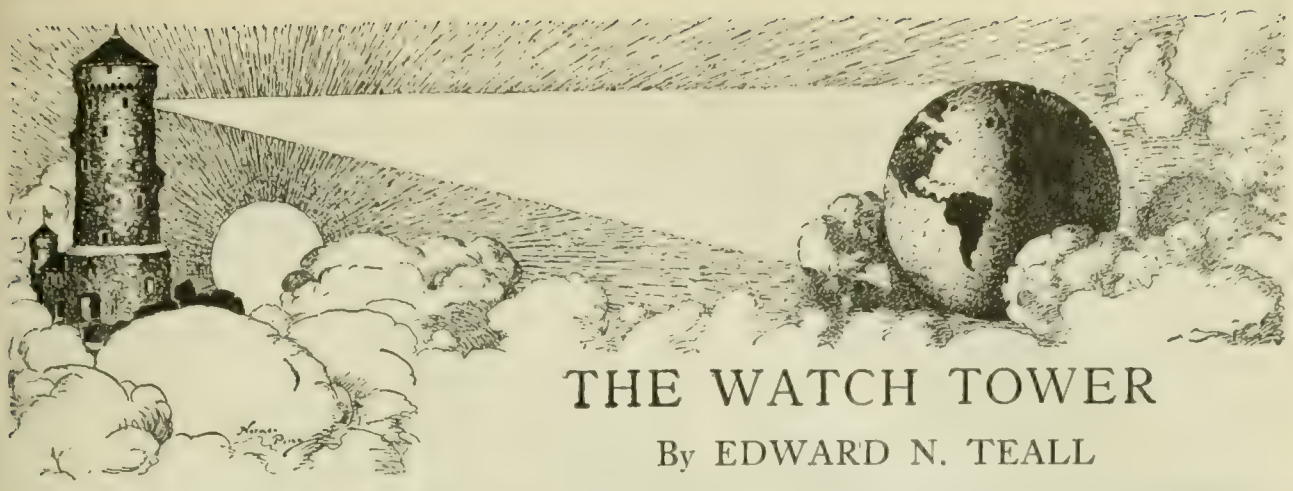
The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium had already accomplished much for their country, and their work still went on, for they continued to spread among their countrymen the real facts of the war and to put new cheer into the hearts of the aged and infirm whose burden had become almost unbearable.

(*To be continued*)



AN AFTER-CHRISTMAS LETTER.

"Dear Grandmamma: The dolly you sent me was lovely, only Towser thought you intended it for him."



THE WATCH TOWER

By EDWARD N. TEALL

Just as this number of ST. NICHOLAS *goes to press comes the glorious news that the world war is over!*

ST. NICK'S OWN MONTH!

WHAT! The Christmas month again? Why, bless us all, so it is—according to the calendar, and according to the pleasant warmth that comes in our hearts with the time o' year when wild winds whistle and the snow begins to fly! But where have the months flown since last we wished you all—not, indeed, a merry, but—a happy Christmas? No matter; they have gone their way, and again it is Yule-tide; and again we wish you the joy that may shine quietly in brave hearts, even when there are heavy burdens to bear and hard hills to be climbed.

Last Christmas we were deep in war—a holy war, a war in defense of all that makes life worth living, a war in which every Christian principle and belief gives strength to the defenders of Christian civilization. Now, as then, the world is in arms; but then peace was remote, and now, at this writing, its coming is, if not as near as we might wish, at least in sight.

Christmas giving means something this year! We are not indulging in expensive uselessnesses, but with the enforced return to a simpler way of expressing our good will to our fellow-men, we are learning a splendid lesson, the lesson of sincerity.

And the man in THE WATCH TOWER wants every beam of his lantern's light to carry to the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS a message of cheer and courage. If it were to flash out the news of Peace on earth—well, now; would n't that be just too joyful for anything?

PROGRESS OF THE ARMIES

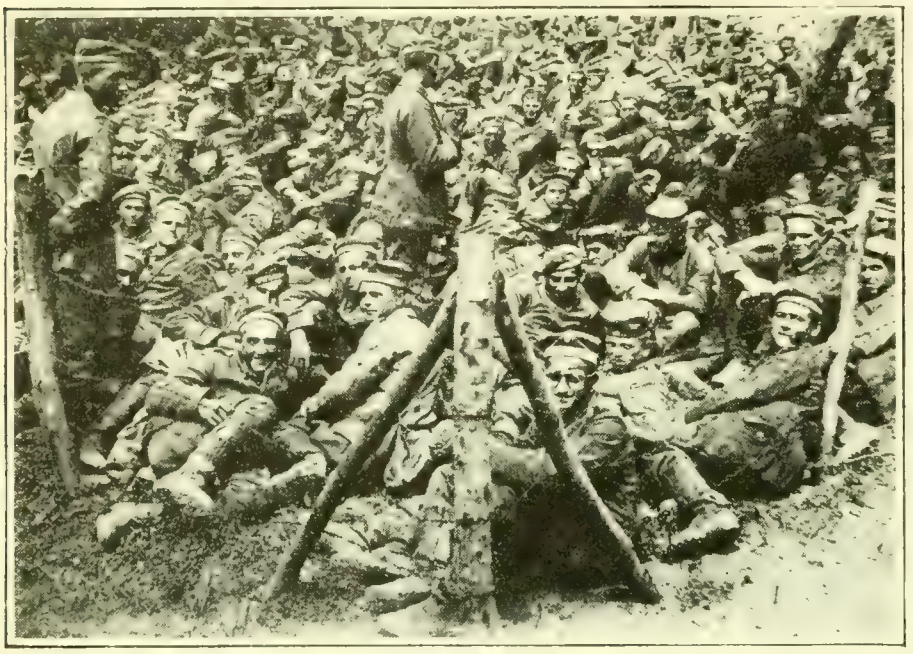
AFTER Château-Thierry and the clearing out of the Soissons-Rheims salient, came the American victory at St. Mihiel; and after that, the glorious beginning of the deliverance of France and Belgium from the brutal invader. All the way from the sea down to the line out in front of Metz, the Belgian, British, French, and American armies, first with slow, steady pressure, and then with the resistless might of an ocean tide, pushed the hosts of the would-be conquerors and rulers of the world back toward their own self-doomed land.

On the first of October, the French were in St. Quentin. On October 9, the British occupied Cambrai. The next day, they had taken Le Cateau, and passed fifteen miles beyond it. Lens and Armentières were evacuated in the next few days. Laon and La Fère were taken by the French. On the eighteenth, the Allies entered Lille and Ostend. The American troops cleared the forest of Argonne of its defenders, and threatened a deadly thrust at Germany. They took many prisoners, and gave THE WATCH TOWER material for the interesting picture which we print on the next page.

By the end of the month, Arras and Péronne and Bapaume and Cambrai and other cities that have been held by the devastating Huns were freed of their hateful presence, and had been left far behind by the advancing armies of Liberty. Important coal and iron fields had been re-

leased,—though the retreating destroyers had done their best to wreck them,—and the main lines of supply had been cut. The German forces were in full retreat, dropping back in ever increasing disorder from one new line to another, trying their best to get their demoralized ranks back to the border.

After forty years of training and preparation, the proud armies of the German Fatherland were on the run before the brave and invincible soldiers of the free nations, who had developed their fighting power within the short space of the four years in which they had been struggling to save the world from ruin at the hands of these supermen from savage Hunland.



Press Illustrating Service.
A BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED IN THE AMERICAN ADVANCE.

HOW MUCH DO OUR ALLIES OWE US?

THE former attorney-general of the United States, Mr. George W. Wickersham, has suggested canceling the war debts of the other Allies to this Government. Whether it be found practical or not, the suggestion is mighty interesting. Does any one in our large and alert class in history know of such a thing having ever been done?

Up to the middle of October, we had advanced to England, France, and Italy seven and one half billions of dollars. It seemed reasonable to suppose that, before the madness of Germany could be subdued, the total of our loans for war purposes would reach the ten-billion mark. That is a billion more than the United States Government borrowed from the American people in the Third and Fourth Liberty Loans combined.

It is easy to recognize, and not difficult to share, the ideal motives which prompted Mr. Wickersham. The cause of England, France, and Italy is ours, too. For three years, while they held the battle-line and paid the price of freedom in lives, we were supplying them with food, clothing, machinery, and all the munitions of war. The money they have borrowed from us has gone to meet a common need, to serve a common cause, to defend all the free nations against Germany's assault. By canceling the debt we could not, in this view, consider ourselves to be making our allies a gift. We should be simply squaring up accounts with them for their inestimable service to us all in saving the liberties of the world at the cost to themselves of awful sacrifices of men and treasure.

But are not the accounts being squared up, rapidly and to the satisfaction of all concerned? Are not the ordinary methods of business adequate? These questions express the practical view. The British, French, and Italian Governments, and the nations they represent, might feel that the sums of money involved failed to measure the full extent of the obligation!

But, whether or not we ought to do this thing, the fact remains that it has been seriously proposed, and that the suggestion gains equally serious consideration. *There* is a sign of progress with which to rebuke the pessimists who refuse to admit that the world is getting better, or ever can get better!



Press Illustrating Service
UNITED STATES DAY AT THE LIBERTY ALTAR IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

THE Fourth Liberty Loan began September 28 and closed October 19. The amount of bonds to be subscribed for was set at six billions. The loan started pretty well, then slowed up, but in the last few days subscriptions were made in immense amounts, and the newspapers of October 20 declared the loan oversubscribed.

The quota was twice as large as that of the Third Loan had been, and the epidemic of influenza, which was so severe in many places as to cause the schools, churches, theaters, and other places of public resort to be closed, was a direct drag upon the progress of the loan, since many Liberty Loan meetings and parades had to be called off. But the various patriotic demonstrations held on Columbus Day, which was



Times Photo Service
FARMERETTES IN COLUMBUS DAY PARADE ON THE "AVENUE OF THE ALLIES", NEW YORK CITY.

also National Liberty Day and was observed in every American community, proved a great stimulus to the loan. Some features of New York's splendid celebration are shown in this month's illustrations. The Liberty Altar was especially interesting.

The Fourth Liberty Loan certainly gave the opportunity for a splendid exhibition of that American spirit of which we are so justly proud. Pershing's boys, on the battle-line Over There, had proof of the fact that they need never lose faith in the loyal support of this great nation for which they are fighting.

We don't know, as this is written, just what proportion of the six billions and more was secured by the boys and girls who have worked so faithfully and well in every patriotic enterprise since America went into the war, but we are pretty sure that their earnest and intelligent efforts were responsible for no small part of the tremendous outpouring of subscriptions at the end of that wonderful campaign!

GERMANY'S BIGGEST BLUFF

Each installment of our serial history of the war takes, in reflecting the events of the weeks it reports, a character of its own. As we review the happenings of the good month of October, the final impression is that we have been spectators at a performance in which the German Government and the Government of the United States have been the chief actors—with the Germans making a more or less magnificent bluff and the Americans "calling" it. With her armies in defeat and retreat and her people at home war-weary and dismayed by the loss of Bulgaria and the exhaustion of her other allies, Germany tried to gain time for reorganization of her remaining resources by drawing her enemies into an armistice of which Germany should dictate the terms.

On October 7 a note to President Wilson, from the new chancellor, Prince Maximilian of Baden, was published. In it he said, "The German Government accepts the program set forth by President Wilson in his message to Congress of January 8 and his speech of September 27 as a basis for peace negotiations. . . . [and] requests the immediate conclusion of an armistice on land and water and in the air." Foch carried on.

On October 8 the President answered the German note. He asked if the German chancellor accepted the famous "fourteen points," and whether he was the spokesman merely of "the constituted authorities of the Empire who had so far conducted the war."

Senator Lodge, in Congress, and ex-President Roosevelt, out of it, led a prompt and well-meant opposition to any negotiation with Germany, declaring that the decision must be left to the Allies' commanders in the field: Foch, Pershing, and Haig. "Unconditional surrender!" was their war-cry.

On October 12 Germany replied that she had accepted the President's terms and was asking for the armistice simply to have the application of them definitely determined. The present German Government, said this note, was formed by the Reichstag, and the chancellor was supported in all his actions by the majority of its members.

To this note Mr. Wilson promptly replied, saying that the details of the evacuation of Belgium and France would have to be left to the Allies, and pointing out that, even while asking for an armistice, Germany had been committing more of those atrocities on land and sea that have made it impossible for self-respecting governments to deal with her except on the battle-field. He demanded "absolute guarantees" that any arbitrary power that could disturb the peace of the world would be made wholly ineffective.

On October 19 the State Department sent President Wilson's answer to the Austrian plea for an armistice. It pointed out that whereas the President in his address of January 8 had insisted upon the right of "autonomous development" for the states subject to Austrian rule, he could no longer accept the concession of autonomy as a basis for peace, but would

have to insist upon recognition of the independence of those states already recognized by this Government as an established fact. This referred to the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs.

At the end of October the Austrian Government declared its readiness to accept the terms defined by the American Government and renewed its request to the Allies to "enter upon negotiations" for peace and an armistice. And in France and Italy the Allies drove on.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER TELESCOPE

THE new map of Europe will look strange to persons who learned their geography before 1914. The greatest changes will be in the broad belt running from the Arctic Ocean down to Turkey. The western part of Russia may show some new states. Ukrainia and the Caucasus region, between the Black and Caspian Seas, may be independent. Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland may become one Poland, free and independent, one block of color on the map. There will be new lines drawn in the Balkans—and, we trust, the little patch that marks Turkey-in-Europe will be shown under another name.

KAISER KARL—the little kaiser of Austria-Hungary—woke up too late. He proclaimed an autonomous reorganization for the lands under Austrian domination. Autonomy is home rule, self-government subject to supervision from an overlord Government. A few years ago it would have made the victims of Austrian oppression happy; now it falls far short of their desire and determination, which is for full independence. Teuton brains, it seems, cannot quite catch up with the rest of the world.

OCTOBER brought some serious disasters. Forest fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin caused the loss of many lives and the destruction of towns. They may possibly have been started by vengeful I. W. Ws. The explosions at Morgan, New Jersey, caused many deaths and heavy loss in property. They shook the whole region between New York and Trenton. For days, the roads near by were thronged with refugees, like the roads in France and Belgium and Poland. Splendid work was done for their relief. Enemy aliens employed in the plant may have started the explosions. And in October the country was swept by an epidemic of influenza which threatened to interrupt the war work of the nation. Altogether, with the news from the battle-line, the German peace notes, the Liberty Loan, and these disasters, it was a month in which the trials of war time seemed very near and very real. But American courage was more than equal to every test.

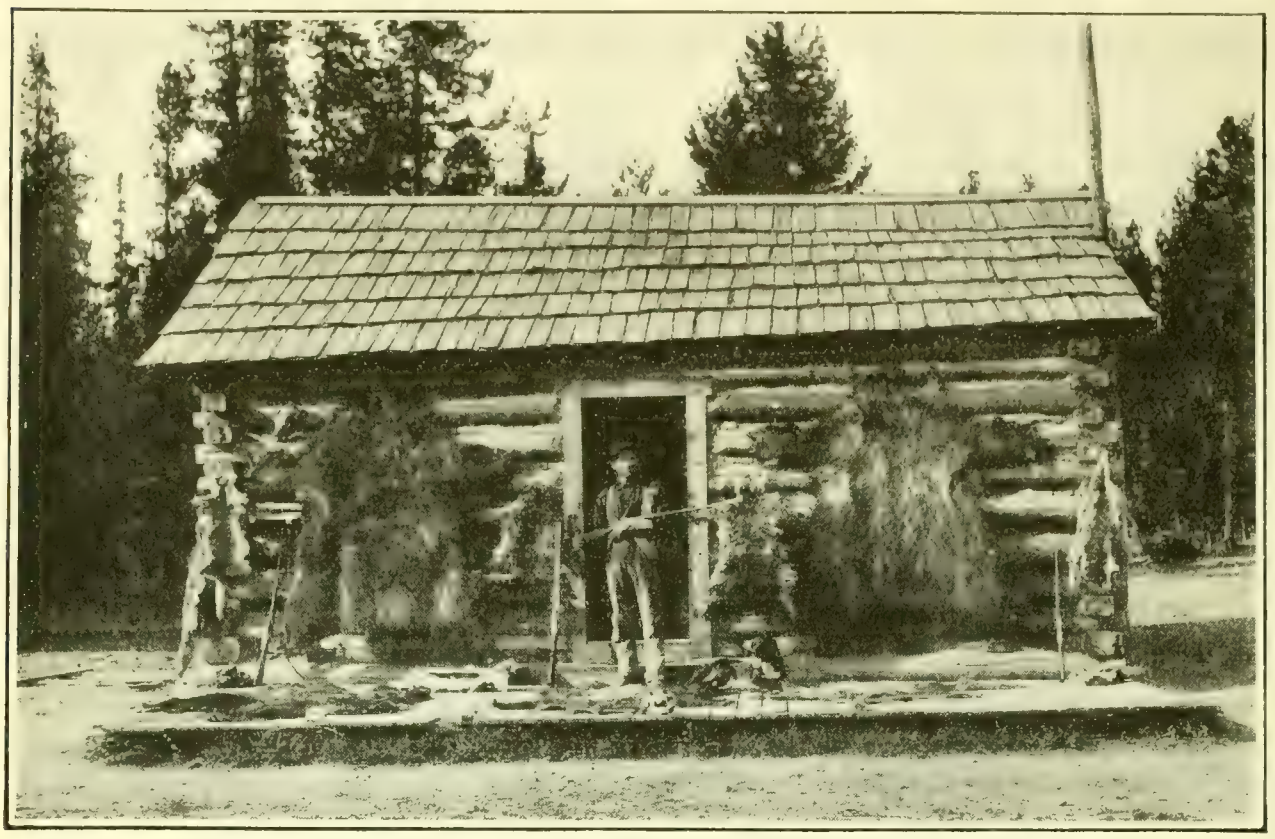
"SOCIALIST Congress in Bavaria Votes to Try Kaiser," is a newspaper head-line that caught our attention. We had been looking, so long and so hard, for news that the Germans, having tried the Kaiser, were getting ready to try something else!

THE Americans in France may have been getting a little more than their share of the glory. Some good Yankee lads in Russia have been doing *their* part, also, for Uncle Sam and freedom!

ONE of the first things Japan's new Government did, in October, was to declare itself friendly—actively friendly—toward the United States. A good beginning! It is to be hoped that Americans will do all they can to make it easy for Japan to regard us as among the best of her friends.

THE United States Senate, on October 1, voted against the Suffrage Amendment, 53 to 31. Even this was not final defeat, but another postponement of the day of victory.

ON the first day of October, the Allies put into effect the long discussed plan of centralized control of economic forces. If this succeeds as well as unity of military command has succeeded, there will be no fault to find!



PELTS OF PREDATORY ANIMALS TAKEN IN AN OREGON NATIONAL FOREST.

DEFENDERS OF THE RANGES

SKILLED hunters in the employ of Uncle Sam are waging persistent warfare against the predatory animals that prey on sheep and cattle in the Western States. Their efforts are encouraging stockmen to increase live-stock production on the Federal forest reserves as well as in the range country, and they are now protecting the sources of war supplies of meat, leather, and wool in the western grazing districts.

Hunters of the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture have killed 70,713 predatory animals during the last three years, which has resulted in a direct saving estimated at nearly $5,500,000 a year to the stockmen of the Rocky Mountain section. The total kill since the fall of 1915, when the work was started, includes 60,473 coyotes, 8094 bobcats, 1829 wolves, 201 mountain lions and 137 bears. The government experts estimate that the annual depredations among cattle and sheep by single predatory animals are as follows: wolf, $1000; stock-killing grizzly bear, $500; mountain lion, $500; bobcat, $50; and coyote, $50.

Stockmen in infested sections are aided by the Government to rid the ranges of such rogues. In some localities the stockmen's associations coöperate with the state and federal authorities in the extermination campaign, professional hunters being employed to detect and kill the prowling animals that prey on sheep and cattle. Illustrative of the scope of this work, the total income from pelts of predatory animals killed by government Nimrods last year amounted to, approximately, $100,000. In addition, many other animals, whose skins could not be reclaimed, were killed by poisoning. Ordinarily, the United States Biological Survey has from 250 to 350 professional hunters permanently in its employ. The area wherein predatory-animal control is practised includes ten districts: Montana; Idaho; Washington and Ore-

gon; Nevada and California; Utah; Wyoming and South Dakota; Colorado; Arizona; New Mexico; and Texas.

During the last twelve months 26,226 coyotes, 3458 bobcats, 849 wolves, 85 mountain lions, and 41 stock-killing bears have been disposed of, at an annual saving of probably $2,400,000 in domestic stock.

Recently a government hunter shot two male wolves which had killed 150 sheep and 7 colts on two Wyoming ranches; while another trapper bagged a pair of old wolves which had a record of killing $4000 worth of live-stock a year. A third trapper destroyed 85 coyotes and 2 bobcats in one month, using 6 horses and 200 traps over a trap-line varying from 50 to 100 miles in length. A coyote was recently captured which had destroyed seventy-five dollars' worth of sheep in one week. Two wolves, seven mountain lions, and a huge grizzly bear, the largest of its species ever killed in the Yellowstone Park section, are the kill of another of Uncle Sam's sharpshooters in the course of freeing his district of predatory animals.

U. S. Department of Agriculture.

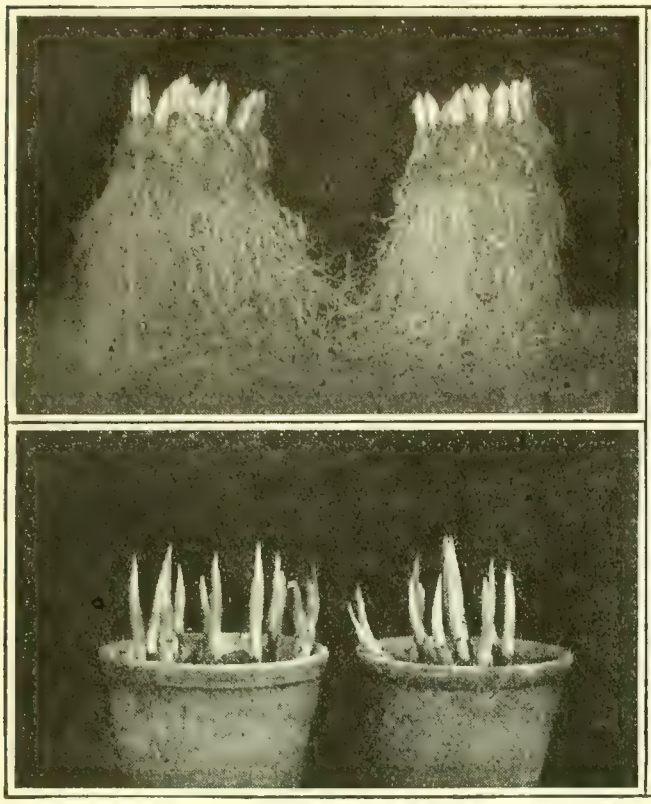
FLOWERS ALL THE YEAR ROUND

There are few more interesting things in the modern world than the commercial side of flower culture. Small armies of men spend all their time hard at work keeping up the supply of blossoms for the market. One of the most remarkable features is the way in which differences of climate in temperate regions have been gradually surmounted. In the old days people had flowers in the spring, summer and autumn; then followed a long period, when, apart from a few carefully nurtured greenhouse blooms, which cost a great deal to produce, there was virtually nothing to be obtained in the way of floral supply. All this has now been altered, and it is possible to secure many kinds of flowers at a cheap price even in the depths of winter. Several curious discoveries have led up to this result.

A little more than fifteen years ago a certain Mr. Thomas Rochford, of Broxbourne, England, made some observations on the effects of frost upon plant growth. He noticed that, in the early months of the year, when the temperature falls below freezing-point, the development of all vegetation is suspended. No injury results to the plants from this, and, in seasons when the natural rest is prolonged, the vigor of growth is greater than normal. A series of experiments was undertaken, and it was discovered that the normal flowering-time of certain plants could be retarded for quite a long while. Thus, lily-of-the-valley roots are put into a refrigerator in the autumn and kept there until the succeeding fall. They pass right over their natural blooming-time and, when they are



BULB STORAGE HOUSE IN WHICH THE SUPERHEATED BULBS ARE PRODUCED.



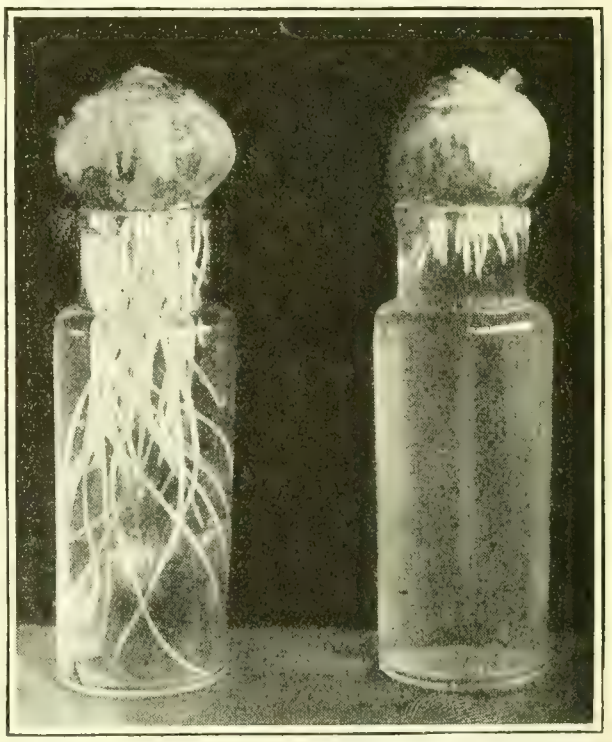
1. LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY ROOTS READY FOR PLACING IN THE COLD-STORAGE CHAMBER, AND 2. THE SAME AFTER PLANTING.



3. LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY IN FULL BLOOM, THE PLANTS SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH 2 TAKEN SEVENTEEN DAYS LATER.

brought into a warm atmosphere, they come into full beauty, whatever the season may be. The rapidity of growth is amazing after this treatment, and often the grower is gathering his crops of blooms within three weeks of the time of planting. Strangely enough this lily culture is carried on in the dark or, at any rate, in a closely shaded house. The absence of illumination encourages a long stem growth and does not in any way hinder the development of the fragrant blooms. This process of retardation has been carried out very successfully with lilacs, spiræas, azaleas, and many of the larger kinds of lilies.

Curiously enough, the ordinary spring-flowering bulbs have not shown themselves amenable to the retardation treatment. Hitherto it has been found impossible to induce these plants to vary their normal time of flowering to any extent, save that by forcing, in heat, they may be brought into bloom at a somewhat early date. Quite by accident it has been discovered that, although cold will not have the desired effect upon the bulbs, yet a certain amount of heat will, to a considerable extent, bring about similar results. This discovery was made quite by accident on a Dutch farm. In the ordinary course the bulbs, as they are gathered in from the fields, are stored



ORDINARY BULB AT THE RIGHT, SUPERHEATED BULB AT THE LEFT.

away in steam-heated barns. The exact temperature is a point of some importance, but, owing to a mishap, a batch of hyacinth

bulbs was very much overheated during a day and a night. At first it was considered that the bulbs were damaged beyond any hope of recovery, but, as they did not show any outward signs of having suffered harm, they were grown on in the usual way. Strange though it may appear to be, these particular bulbs then exhibited an exceptionally fine development and, most important of all, flowered long in advance of the normal time. Our interesting photograph shows a test with a superheated bulb and an untreated one; note the wonderful root growth of the former, which ensures an exceptionally early flowering. Both the bulbs were started at the same time. These superheated bulbs are now being offered commercially, and it is certain that they have a big future before them.



LILAC-BUSH READY TO BE PUT TO SLEEP

With a large number of plants the question of making them flower in the winter centers around a question of rest. Ordinarily, it is impossible to make a lilac-bush bloom in the autumn, simply because it has not secured its proper winter's sleep. But a Danish professor has worked out a scheme whereby it is possible to send plants to sleep and so make them rest in a very intense way. The plants are put into special chambers, and submitted to the fumes of chloroform or ether for thirty hours or so. The roots of the plants are bound round with damp moss, or similar material, and only the stems and buds are exposed to the fumes. The effect of the anæsthetic is physiologically similar to that which the drug has upon animals. One may say that the plant is thrown into a deep sleep; but the outcome of the treatment goes beyond this. The plant suffers no after harm, even of a temporary description, but seems to derive a distinct benefit. Indeed, it behaves very much as if it had been resting for months, so much so that it behaves with the greatest possible vigor when it is encouraged to start growth, even in the winter-time.

The modern florist has ransacked the world for plants that normally flower in the winter. In this quest he has been very successful, while frequent additions are being made to the list. As to the behavior of these plants out of doors, much depends upon the winter climate of the district. Where spells of severe frost are experienced, protection is needed, but the plants do well where the temperature can be kept a shade above freezing-point. Some of the new kinds of the Christmas Roses (*Helleborus*) and Winter Aconite (*Eranthis*) are quite remarkable in the vigor of their growth in winter. Quite a number of charming irises have been discovered in parts of Northern Africa. These normally flower in December and January.

S. Leonard Bastin.

CALIFORNIA'S POTASH LAKE

Some of our young readers have written to ask the name and location of the California lake referred to by Mr. Robert F. Wilson in his article entitled, "Uncle Sam's Fairyland," published in our October number, "whose waters hold in solution, chemists say, 20,000,000 tons of potash." In reply we quote the following news item, dated San Francisco, California, November 2, from the New York "Evening Sun":

"A new $1,000,000 unit of a potash plant on Searles Lake, in southern California, started operation to-day. It will bring the daily production of one company operating on this one lake up to 140 tons a day. The United States before the war used only 250,000 tons of potash a year, most of which was imported. Engineers estimate that Searles Lake alone will supply normal American potash needs for nearly a century."



PATTY AND HER PRESENTS

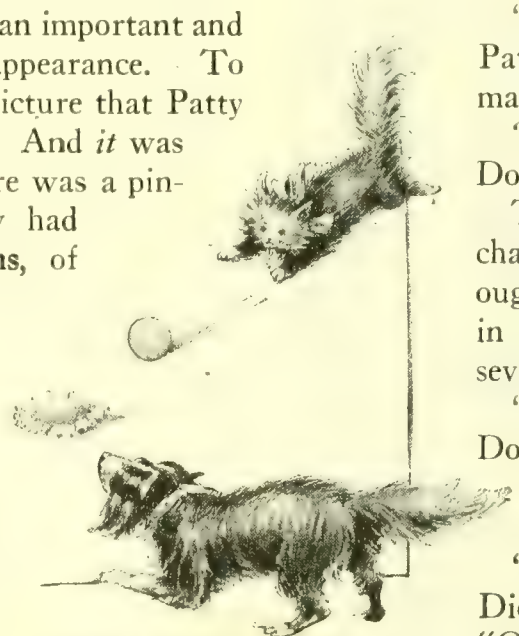
By ABIGAIL BURTON

"Are n't they the loveliest presents!" cried Patty. She was thinking about the surprises hiding under the lid of a big white box. She turned in her little white bed and bobbed up to take *one* more look!

Of course she ought to have been asleep. But Christmas eve is such a dreadfully *un*-sleepy time!

The big white box had an important and guess-what 's-inside-me appearance. To begin with, there was a picture that Patty had made, all by herself. And *it* was for Patty's father. There was a pincushion, too, that Patty had made, all but the pins, of course. And *it* was for Patty's mother. There was a bottle of perfume that Patty had bought with the dime she got for not crying when she had a tooth out. And *it* was for her big sister. There was a penknife that Patty had drawn out of a grab-bag at a party. And *it* was for her brother. And there was a ball of beautiful worsteds for the baby. No wonder Patty was proud of her presents!

"Let *me* see, Patty!" Dicky Dog begged.



"THERE'S MY PRESENT!" SAID DICKY DOG.

Dear me, I had forgotten Dicky Dog! But Patty had n't.

"Let *me* see, Patty!" Katy Katt begged.

Dear me, I had forgotten Katy Katt! But Patty had n't.

"But you can't see," cried Patty, "for it 's only Christmas eve."

"*You* saw," said Dicky Dog and Katy Katt.

That was true. So Patty changed the subject. "You ought to be asleep," she said, in a tone that *tried* to be severe.

"So ought *you,*" Dicky Dog and Katy Katt giggled.

"But I 'm not a bit sleepy," giggled Patty in her turn.

"Neither are we!" cried Dicky Dog and Katy Katt. "Oh, Patty, can't we pretend it 's to-morrow?"

Just then the lid of the box with the important and guess-what 's-inside-me appearance fell off.

"There 's my present!" said Dicky Dog, and he pounced on the pincushion.

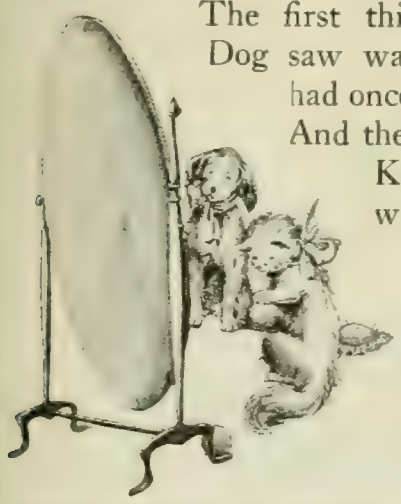
"There 's mine!" said Katy Katt, and she bounced on the ball.

"No, no!" cried Patty. "Be good, or you won't get any!"

So Dicky Dog and Katy Katt stopped pouncing and bouncing and were *very* good.

"First," Patty told them, "you must hang up your stockings, and then shut your eyes."

But there were n't any stockings! For on Christmas eve, you know, stockings are dreadfully busy. So Patty hung up a shoe for Dicky Dog and a glove for Katy Katt. And when the shoe and the glove were both stuffed, "Now!" laughed Patty. "Open your eyes."



"BOTH WANTED TO SEE AT ONCE."

The first thing that Dicky Dog saw was a collar that had once been a necktie. And the first thing that Katy Katt saw was a ribbon that had once been a bow. "Let me tie them for you," said Patty.

"My, but you look fine!" How delightful! Dicky Dog twisted his head, and looked at *him*self in the glass. Katy Katt wriggled her neck, and looked at *her*self in the glass.

"You 're in my way, Katy Katt," said Dicky Dog.

"You 're in *my* way, Dicky Dog," said Katy Katt.

And because both wanted to see at once, Dicky Dog bumped Katy Katt and Katy Katt thumped Dicky Dog.

"You must be good," Patty told them, "or I 'll take your presents away." So Dicky Dog and Katy Katt stopped bumping and thumping and were very good.



"PATTY HUNG UP A SHOE FOR DICKY DOG."

"I smell a bone!" cried Dicky Dog, and he pulled down his shoe.

"I smell catnip!" cried Katy Katt, and she pulled down her glove.

Dicky Dog began chewing his bone, and Katy Katt began nipping her catnip.

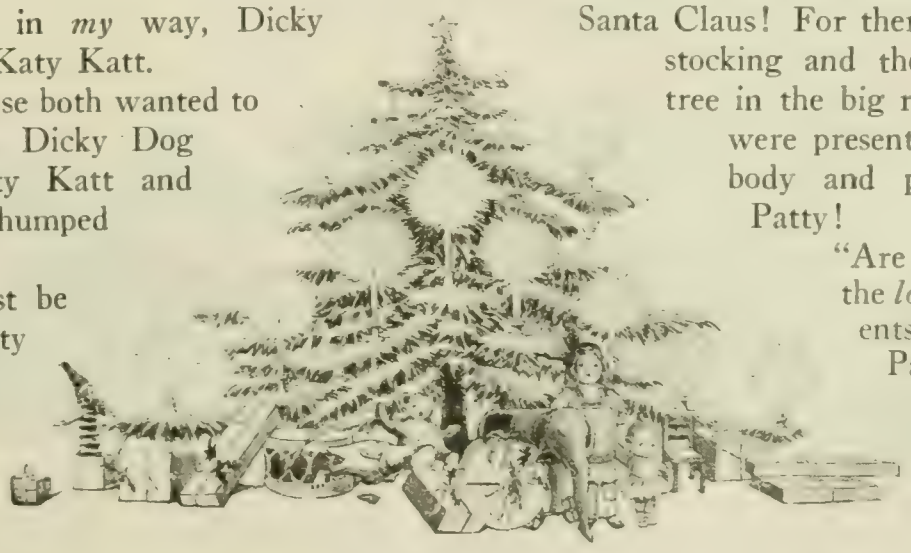
"But can't you find more surprises?" Patty asked.

Goodness, yes! Dicky Dog found a hard rubber ball to catch with his teeth. And Katy Katt found a soft flannel ball to pat with her paws.

"If you make so much noise," she said, " you 'll frighten Santa Claus. And he won't bring me any presents for myself. You must be good."

So Dicky Dog stopped barking, and Katy Katt stopped larking, and they were *very* good. And they had n't frightened Santa Claus! For there in Patty's stocking and there on the tree in the big room beyond were presents for everybody and presents for Patty!

"Are n't they just the *loveliest* presents?" cried Patty.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

It will be evident at a glance that the prose and verse of this month's League pages were written before the signing of the armistice on November 11 brought the great World War to a close. And League members, of course, understand that all contributions for December had to be sent in more than three months before the date when the successful ones could appear in the magazine. These stories, essays, and verses were actually written, indeed, in August, when the Allied forces on the Western Front had not yet smashed the famous Hindenburg line. The fact that each issue of the magazine must be made up far in advance of the date of publication is generally understood by most readers, nowadays; but it is advisable to call attention to it again, as explaining some sentences or phrases in which our young writers would otherwise seem strangely behind the times. And this introduction, we may add, is inserted on November 12, just before the magazine goes to press, and just after the beginning of the welcome armistice which brings peace and the dawn of a new era for all mankind.

Let no one imagine, however, from the foregoing, that the interest of this month's contributions is one whit lessened by the interval that has elapsed between the dates of their composition and their appearance here. Every one of the stories printed is a gem, and should be read carefully by St. Nicholas young folk and their parents. And there were a score of others so nearly equal to them in idea and expression that, in simple justice to their young authors, we have set their names apart in a "Special Mention" list at the head of the Roll of Honor—an innovation which will, no doubt, become an established feature of the League. For the task of separating, comparing, and finally choosing from thirty offerings so evenly balanced in every respect the eight or nine which are all that our space allows, is one that almost baffles our most patient and conscientious effort. This "Special Mention" list, therefore, represents this month, and will hereafter stand for, contributions that are in every way worthy to be placed alongside those actually appearing in the magazine.

But now to the feast! And let us note that our greatest cause of rejoicing this Christmas was well voiced, and prophetically, too, by one eleven-year-old member who tells us, on page 187: "I think the very best Christmas will be the one after peace is declared. Then we shall have no worries—and much more sugar!" The "no worries" and "more sugar" may not come true this year! But nevertheless, our young contributor is right indeed in her final sentence that this Yuletide of 1918, with peace restored, will be "the best Christmas for every one!"

PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 225

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Undine Hodgson** (age 14), California. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Hawes** (age 14), New Jersey; **Renée Moen** (age 14), New York; **Jean Rawlings** (age 13), District of Columbia; **Harriet P. Lane** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Frances E. Bacon** (age 11), Washington.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Florence Crosby** (age 14), Ohio; Silver Badges, **Caroline Rankin** (age 12), New Jersey, **Dorothy E. Reynolds** (age 16), Montana.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Grace F. Holcomb** (age 16), New York. Silver badges, **Emily D. Pierce** (age 14), Penn.; **Mary E. Hoag** (age 13), Minn.; **Marjorie Virdin** (age 15), Dela.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Henry A. Willard** (age 15), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Thomas F. Webb** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Frederick Forbes** (age 14), Hawaii; **Miriam Bullock** (age 12), California; **Elizabeth M. Stieren** (age 8), Pennsylvania; **Bertha D. White** (age 15), New Jersey; **Erma Johnson** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Helen Hughes** (age 14), California; **Leila McCartney** (age 13), Canada.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Rebecca Williams** (age 13), New Jersey.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Ruth M. Collins,** (age 14), Vermont.



BY HENRY A. WILLARD, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1917.)



BY THOMAS F. WEBB, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH"

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

BY UNDINE HODGSON (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July*, 1918)

I AM old, and yet I have not forgotten. Years have passed, and it still is as clear as when it first happened. No one remembers it as I—that wonderful Christmas of long ago. I slept, and the stars rose in the sky.

There came from heaven an angel, who said unto the shepherds, there tending their sheep:

"Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And then a host of angels came and sang praises unto God. And the shepherds journeyed forth to see if all that the angel had said was true. They came to the manger—and lo! the new-born Savior, as the angel had declared! And there came, also, three wise men, who brought gifts for Him.

Surely, this was the best Christmas—that is, the first and true one. And surely, also, I should know, for am I not the world? And, therefore, have I not seen and heard all that I have told?

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

REJOICE! Rejoice! Ye pealing bells,
Ring out again from sea to sea!
The bounds of heaven and earth seem lost
In one wild burst of melody.

Oh, hail once more, all Christian men!
List to the loved and joyous tale
Of how the Christ was born that night,
While angels sang o'er hill and vale.
Over the desert wise men came
With myrrh, and gold, and frankincense,
They offered gifts unto the King,
And knelt to him in reverence.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Ye Christmas bells
Ring far o'er all the gladsome earth!
Long years have passed, but still remains
The memory of the Christ Child's birth.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

BY ELIZABETH HAWES (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

"SOMEWHERE IN OUR HOUSE,"
DECEMBER 26.

DEAR BOB:

I just simply have to scribble you a line and tell you about Christmas. Believe me, it was "some Christmas"!

You know I 've been simply dying for a pair of shoe-skates, and I got just about enough money saved up for them last year when they started a Thrift Stamp campaign here, and I went and spent it all on stamps. I don't mean I was sorry I bought them, or am now, but I sure did want those skates!

Well, when folks began to ask me what I wanted for Christmas this year, I figured I 'd better keep quiet about them, because they cost an awful lot these days, and everybody 's kind of hard up now, too, so I just said, "Nothing in particular."

Well, when Christmas morning came I went downstairs, and, to tell the truth, I felt a little down in the mouth. And, say, the very first thing I saw was those skates—the very kind I wanted! I simply could n't imagine how the family found out I wanted them. And what do you think? Why, Bill wrote to Pop all the way from France and sent the money to get them with! You see, when I saved up the money and then spent it, I wrote him and told him about it, but I never thought he 'd remember. Gee, I guess there are n't many fellows that have a brother like that! It was just the best Christmas *I* ever had!

D. R. W.

The skating 's slick. I 'm going out now.



"AN INDOOR STUDY." BY GRACE F. HOLCOMB, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT. 1916.)

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

BY RUTH GARDNER (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

"—— and I 'll think of you all every minute on that day and wish you all a merry, merry Christmas!"

Mother's voice shakes just a wee bit as she finishes our soldier's Christmas letter to us. "Our soldier" is my only brother, Bob, who is over in France fighting for his country and us.

Mother, father, my sister, her husband, their children, and I are all gathered around the hearth-fire, spending the Christmas twilight in thinking of the happy day we have just spent and of Bob, the only absent member of the family.

For a few minutes after the reading of Bob's letter, which he had mailed so that we might receive it on Christmas day, none of us speak—we cannot. We just look into the embers of the fire and see there the face of our soldier. We think



"AN INDOOR STUDY."
BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER."
BY EMILY D. PIERCE, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER."
BY KATHLEEN RENICK, AGE 17.

of all the many, many homes in which the end of Christmas day is being spent in the same way.

We miss Bob—yes, we miss him dreadfully, but we do not wish him back now. We cannot wish him back yet even for this, our best Christmas.

Our — my — best Christmas, though not like other Christmases! We have given more and received less this year. *Is* it less, when we think of the great blessing we have received in giving? And then that pile of letters and cards there by mother's side tells, itself, a wonderful tale of friendship and understanding love. Our friends have not forgotten us on Christmas, even though we have not exchanged gifts this year.

The twilight is nearly gone, and the night is almost here. The fire needs more wood; but before we put it on, one more look at that face in the embers. Our soldier! It changes! Our *soldiers!* Our soldiers—"God bless *them* every one!"



"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH." BY JULIA B. SMITH, AGE 14.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY CAROLINE RANKIN (AGE 12)
(*Silver Badge*)

SWEET the Christmas bells are ringing
Twilight shadows fill the sky.
All around the angels singing:
"Glory be to God on high!"

Oh, how many hearts are lightened,
List'ning to the sacred song!
Oh, how many eyes are brightened,
Gazing at the heavenly throng!

As the bells ring out their gladness,
Bringing each a happy thought,
See the world throw off its sadness!
See how quickly smiles are caught!

See how broken hearts are mended,
All life's sorrows cast away;
Love renewed where it had ended;
Darkness fading into day.

As those Christmas bells are ringing,
Oh, how much their music tells!
Bringing love and faith and courage—
Dear God, bless those Christmas bells!

MY BEST CHRISTMAS
A True Story

BY RENÉE MOËN (AGE 14)
(*Silver Badge*)

IN 1917, Mother and Father decided that we would not invite our relatives on Christmas eve, as usual, but send in an application to entertain some sailors instead. Twenty-two had come to our house for Thanksgiving and Mother had told them that, if they were in town at Christmas-time, we would be glad to have them again.

On Christmas eve, as Mother and my sister were coming home, they met, at different subway stations, two of the sailors who were with us on Thanksgiving, each with several others. They both told Mother that they would "bring a bunch that evening."

Two friends, who had been with us at Thanksgiving, were invited. Out of the eighteen sailors that came, three of the original party were there.

It was amusing to see how much more at home these acted, as compared with the others. For instance, a new-comer wanted an ash-tray. One of the three replied that he knew where they were kept, at which he got one for him.

Mother had them write their names and addresses in her guest-book, as the Thanksgiving ones had done. We talked and sang songs, mostly. So altogether, by helping Uncle Sam in that way, it really made it the best, as well as the happiest, Christmas that I ever spent.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

BY JEAN RAWLINGS (AGE 13)
(*Silver Badge*)

OUT of the darkness arose the sun, and streaked the heavens with its golden light. 'T was the dawn of Christmas at Grandfather's. Out in the country the dear little farm-house stood, far away from the noise of the city. The snow lay deep in the fields near by, and the winter sky was bright and clear.

After breakfast was over, the stockings emptied, and the presents opened, the girls and boys and my sister and I went outdoors. We built two enormous snow forts, placed about two hundred feet apart. We were grim soldiers of war, and heroes to the very last. When peace again resumed her reign, we went coasting down Snake Hill, at the bottom of which is Silver Creek. Such a hill! We fairly flew over the ground, and such a slide as we had over the glassy surface!

Later we had our Christmas dinner. The feast consisted of roast pig, turkey, six kinds of vegetables, mince pie, ice-cream, nuts, raisins, oranges, dates, figs, olives, fruit-cake and, best of all, the plum pudding, shining in its glory of dancing flames. After dinner we popped corn, roasted chestnuts and marshmallows, and told stories.

The shades of evening gathered closer around the earth. Twilight darkened into night.

Christmas was over.



BY MARGARET LITTLE, AGE 15.



BY FREDERICK FORBES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOHN BRANSBY, AGE 10. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY JANE KIRK, AGE 12.



BY MIRIAM BULLOCK, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH M. STIEREN, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET MIRACLE, AGE 13.

"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH"



"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH." BY BERTHA D WHITE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

BY HARRIET P. LANE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

FRANCE, DECEMBER 26, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER:

Yesterday was the most wonderful Christmas in my life, despite the fact I am in a base hospital with wounds in the leg. Do not worry, Mother, they are not serious, and I hope to be back in the trenches again soon.

After the wounds had been dressed, *et cetera*, the nurses distributed boxes sent by the Red Cross, containing a sweater, helmet, socks, chocolate, and cigarettes. Maybe we were n't glad to get them! After each had spread his articles on the bed and admired them, the door opened, and a French general came in with two aides. He spoke to the nurse, and then came down the ward and stopped in front of my bed.

"This is Sergeant Bennett," said the nurse.

"I'm pleased to meet you, my boy," said the general, in his genial manner. "Why, oh why," thought I, "had he asked to see me?"

Then he took a box from his pocket, and, opening it, held up a *Croix de Guerre* and silver star. Even then I did not realize what was happening, until he began to praise me for the "valor" I had shown. When he finished, he leaned over, pinned on the *Croix*, kissed me heartily on both cheeks —a way Frenchmen have—and passed on down the ward. The fellows were very noisy, but earnest, in their congratulations. I can hardly believe it yet.

The nurse says I must stop writing, so good-by, dearest Mother. Do not worry about me.

Your loving son, RALPH.



"AN INDOOR STUDY." BY MARY E. HOAG, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

ONE by one, with sea-gull wings, the little boats come home;
The sky and sea are sapphire, flecked with glittering clouds and foam.
On her father's wharf where the great trade-ships bring cargoes of precious bales,
Anna, the merchant's only child, stands watching the sea-gull sails.
Anna of Bruges, just thirteen years, slim and serious-eyed;
Little she cares for the gems at her throat—they are her *father's* pride.
Sea and sky are the jewels *she* loves, and music is dearer than all:
The sea-wind's harp, and, on wintry nights, great chords when the breakers fall.
Daily she goes to the vast dim church, where the organ's faintest breath
Wakes echoes strange of angels' songs till the last note's golden death.
Yet, in her child-heart, music there is, weaving still lovelier spells;
Sea and the angels blended in one—*hark to the Christmas bells!*
Golden and rich as their "Peace on earth," light as a wassailer's rhymes,
High as the "singing morning stars," low as the manger—*the chimes!*

Anna of Bruges—where is she now? Bruges is Belgian no more!
Silent the bells—they were melted by Huns, melted for weapons of war!
"Golden and rich?" Nay, steely and cruel! "Weaving still lovelier spells?"
Nay, but as leaden as now is the heart of Anna, who loved the bells!

Written August, 1918.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

BY SUSAN SIMS (AGE 11)

IT was Christmas in Florida—Christmas in the "Land of Flowers." To me, at least, as I stood on the veranda of our house in Tampa, it was a day of unending delight and joy. To have a Christmas not under a dark and foreboding sky, but under a sky of cloudless blue, out of which the sun shone with brightness, was lovely! The cool breeze swung the trees back and forth. The river, as it ran rippling down the hillside, fairly bade the world good day. Some like snow,—I do not,—and to have a day like this, when one might have the Christmas-tree out-of-doors, and could swim, ride horseback, and enjoy all the other sports under a sky of cloudless blue, was delightful! I laughed "with the pure joy of living," and then bounded down the steps to see our tree.

In a few minutes Father appeared. "Merry Christmas, Daddy!" I cried. "Same to you!" he answered, waving his hand and coming toward me. I showed him my presents, and then turned to the last unopened one. It was a tiny parcel—wrapped in a piece of tissue-paper. My curiosity was aroused, and I opened it eagerly. A small piece of paper fell out. For a moment I was disappointed; however, I picked it up and read it. It read, "To Betty Manson, Christmas, nineteen

seventeen. A subscription for ST. NICHOLAS for five years, from her father."

"Oh, Daddy!" I cried, as I flew to him. "The ST. NICHOLAS! Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

"You 're perfectly welcome," he answered, leaning down to kiss me; "and, Betty, are you happy?"

"Oh, Daddy!" I answered, almost too happy for words; "this is my very best Christmas, and your present was the nicest I ever had!"



"AN INDOOR STUDY."
BY MARJORIE VIRDIN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

BY FRANCES ELLEN BACON (AGE 11)
(*Silver Badge*)

MY best Christmas came when I was about eight. Christmases are always best days—to most people, anyhow—so there was n't much difference between that one and the others. The reason that this Christmas was my best one was because one of my presents happened to be "The Secret Garden." It was my favorite book at the time ("Little Women" was reserved for my tenth birthday), and I had read it as a library book, but never expected to own it. Now here it was—a beautiful copy—with, "From your Seattle cousins," written on the card.

Words can't express how happy I was! I hastily finished taking down the rest of my presents from the tree, and opening them, I "oh-ed" over them quickly, too. I liked the presents and was grateful to my relatives; but I wanted to read "The Secret Garden." That was the best present, in my opinion (perhaps not in Mother's, for she had given me most of the other presents), and I hurried to it as soon as I could. I curled up in Daddy's big leather chair and read. I read *all day*, actually! Think of that!



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARGARET HEBBLETHWAITE, AGE 15.

This is the history of my best Christmas up to this time. Probably my *very* best one has n't come yet. When it does, I 'll write the history of it. I think it will be the one after peace is declared. Then we shall have no worries—and much more sugar! Perhaps that will be the best Christmas for every one!

MY BEST CHRISTMAS

(*A True Story*)

BY NANCY HULL (AGE 9)

PERHAPS the best way to enjoy a thing is to share it with some one else. Last summer I had a war garden, and sold the vegetables to the family. In all, I made three dollars.

At Christmas we heard of a man who had volunteered in the American army and who had no relatives; so with the money I had earned from the garden I bought a fine box of things, and sent it to him with a pretty Christmas-card.

In January I received a letter thanking me for my kindness. He said it was the only package sent him, and it cheered him so. He is now in France, and I often receive postals from him.

Next Christmas, if he is still there, I will send him another box.



BY MARTHA C. MORRIS, AGE 13



BY ALICE McCANN, AGE 13



BY ERMA JOHNSON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH"



"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH." BY HELEN HUGHES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY FLORENCE CROSBY (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge, Silver Badge won July*, 1918)

OH, a cruel war is raging although 't is Christmas day,
And the never-ending struggle almost takes our hope away.
So often we are weary of the war and all it brings
That we wish we could forget it and think of other things.
Then our hearts are sore within us, and we do not cease to sigh,
And we wonder why the war *must* last, as day by day goes by.
All our hope of peace seems fading far away, so far away,
We almost forget the message that is ours on Christmas day,
Till, with a sudden, joyous burst, on the clear and frosty air,
Comes the chiming of the Christmas bells that echo everywhere!

Oh, those silvery notes resounding! Oh, those chimes that do not cease!
For the story that they tell is one of faith and hope and peace.

We may well look up and listen, for they fill our hearts with cheer—
Cheer that brings us peace and comfort, though a war is raging near.



"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH." BY RUTH LEE, AGE 17.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY DOROTHY E. REYNOLDS (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

OH! 't is ages and ages since long, long ago,
The wise men were led by a bright, shining star;
And with gifts and with prayer, in humility low,
They traveled on camels from countries afar.

And after a time, when their journey was o'er,
The star stopped over a hillside green,
And flooded all with its heavenly light
So pure and calm and serene.

And then the wise men beheld the babe,
As in the manger he lay;
And they offered gifts to the lowly King,
As he slept 'mid the fragrant hay.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE		VERSE
	Katharine Lewis	
	Anna Harris	
Dorothea K. Smith	Florence E. Meier	Mary Lockett
		Charlotte I. Root
A. Appleton Packard, Jr.	Silvia Wunderlich	Eleanore M. Chamberlain
Charline Raub	Marjorie L. Barclay	Elizabeth H. Hart
Paula Gysler	Erma Storm	Juana Abraum
Edith Branson	Katharine Cram	Emily L. Weed
Helen K. Taylor	Henry Rische, Jr.	Mary S. Benson
Frances Adams	Lois Fuller	
Josephine K. McEntee	Myrtle Imhoff	
	Mary Gardner	

ROLL OF HONOR

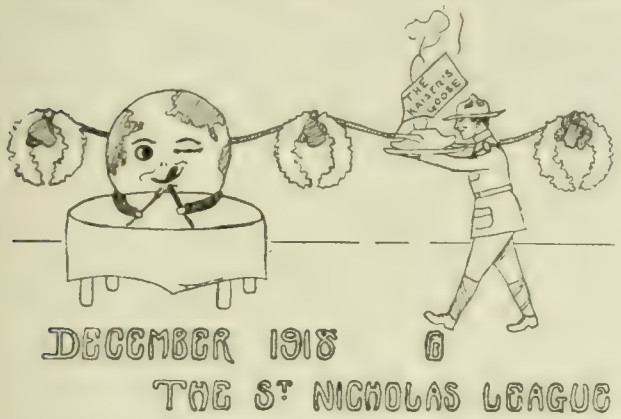
A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE		VERSE
	Catherine Kincheloe	
Agnes Dunaway	Elinor M. Williamson	Marian Bardene
Mary G. De la Hunt		Helen G. Davie
Katharine Mordock		
Madeleine Gievan		
Caroline Stadlinger		
Gwynne Dresser		
Jack Steiss		
Ruth Shortell		
Mary Waugh		
Anna C. Fuller		
Ethel Littmann		
Eleanor Scott		
Helen Pflaum		
Virginia Freeland		
Elsie Jacobs		
Webster Townley		
Helen Epler		
Mary M. Lewis		
Eleanor Chadwick		
Teresa Caldera		
Violet L. Daniel		
Amy O'Connor		
Mary R. O'Connor		
Katherine E. May		
Frances L. Gray		
Susanna Kessler		
Jean Weiller		
Catherine E. Ochs		
Berenice Porterfield		
Betty Miller	Jean Moir	Bradford Ropes
Elizabeth Gussen	Harriet E. Warden	Alice Morrison
Mary Williams		Birkbeck Wilson
Faith M. Jackson	Garnet Bockmeyer	Edith Clark
Harriet C. Rockwell	Barbara Corfield	Elizabeth Warren
	Mary E. Raub	Lorine Sanderson
Alma Miller	Barbara Bancroft	Eugenia Boross
Mary Mann	Edith E. Hatfield	Gwendolyn Roberts
Page J. Shepherd	Elizabeth Bunting	
Emily M. Weeks	Marion Burgess	Louise Van H. Jack
Hope L. Bishop	Alma Gilbert	



"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH." BY LEILA MCCARTNEY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Rosamond W. Eddy
Ruth Nicond
Violet S. Crosby
Marian L. Hopkins
Dorothy M. Punderson
Charlotte M. Reynolds
Mary L. Russell
Henry Meloy
Inez A. Miller
Eunice Jackson
Anna C. Adams
Natica Nast
Elizabeth F. Ferguson
Mary K. Cobb
Lois Wilde
James G. Taylor
Ruth Dewberry
Louise H. Blaine
Beatrice E. Carson
Eleose Weinss
Evelyn D. Goetz
Marguerite Munger
Helen A. Walder



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY FRANCES B. OWEN, AGE 14.

Laurie E. Ford
Mary E. George
Madeline Smith
Estelle Janney
Hortense A. Doyle
Betty Thompson
Anne M. Owen
Mary Steichen
Mary L. Schindler
Reid D. Allen
Cynthia Walder
Ruth Garnsey
Anne I. Faulkner
Alice E. Kelly
Emma C. Kelly
Dorothy S. Kendall
Gladys Lull
Marjorie Peterson
Elizabeth Mouat
Eleanor Moran
Eva Curtis
Sallie B. Gaston
Mary C. Hamilton
Catherine Wallace
Freida Campbell
Montague Ball
Frances Hill
Dorothy Seymour
Roberta Jorden

PHOTOGRAPHS

Caroline F. Gucker
Sarah M. Neel
Wantworth Brown
Sewall Emerson



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RIKA MILLER, AGE 13.

Helen A. Murphy
Shirley Smith
Mary W. Greene
Helen E. Waite
Kathleen von Gontard
Elizabeth Land
Harriet S. Taylor
Marian Zollinger
Janet Bullitt
Elizabeth Bailor
Ruth Fuller
Dorothea Parker
Ralph Johnston
Arthur Davis
James Thomas
Beatrice Bates

DRAWINGS

Pearl Ng.
Selma Moskowitz
Edward E. Murphy
Katherine G. Cole
Loris Peck
June Johnson
Evelyn Hougen
Josephine E. Lockwood
Christine Fredericksen
Wanda Frentrup
Lillian Bubeck
Ione A. Drake
M. Patricia Drake
Helen Ringa
Margaret E. Norton
Evelyn Bulmer
Helen McIlvaine
Alice C. Paxson
Elizabeth Palmer
Isabel F. Stoneall
Marjorie C. Roach
Mary A. Phillips
Jeanette Warmuth
Betty Bock
Berniece Davis
S. E. Morris
Romayne Warren
Julia E. Aultz
McLaren White
Peggy Gautt
Charles de Forest
Margaret Wegener
A. M. Miller, Jr.
Faith H. Poor
Katherine Hamill
Jane Darrah
V. Lewis Carpenter
Priscilla Martin
Doris E. Rigby
Mary P. Hamblet
Elinor Tomlinson
Dorothy Dixon
Elizabeth B. Bray
Jane Richardson
Nancy M. Fowler
Elizabeth Kittle
Edith A. Wright
Catherine Viets
Louise Howland
Marian Wenrich
Emily Hamill
Edith R. Pentz
Josephine R. Stieren
Caroline E. Sheldon
Helen L. Fluhrer
Gertrude F. Wadsworth

PUZZLES, 1

Mildred M. Harris
Rhoda Lewis
Eleanor W. Bronson
Catherine Sweeney
Donald B. Hatmaker
Mona Morgan
John N. Hough
Erna Erbe
Hilda J. Miller
Virginia Palmer
Florence M. Gilday
Dorothy Wood
Emily Pendleton
Finette Kelty
Mary M. Reed
Blanche Vogel
Katharine L. McDonald
Jeanne E. Beattie
Newton C. Jones
Roberta J. Donner
Doris Walker
Ruth Jameson
Mary Barcus
Fay Wilson
Thora Beeken
Elsie Montag
Eleanor Roberts
Daisy L. Cox

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 230

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 230 will close **December 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **December 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **April.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of Victory," or "Victory."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Taking a Chance."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happy."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "At the Door," or a Heading for **April.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competition" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

Chicago, Ill.

Dear St. Nicholas: You never had a more interested reader than I am. But this will be my fifth year as your subscriber, so I think I ought to say how much I have enjoyed the stories "The Sapphire Signet," "Under Boy Scout Colors," and "Lost Island," and also The Riddle-box.

My mother took you for many years, when she was a little girl. She has one year of St. Nicholas, bound. It is volume fifteen, running from November, 1887, to October, 1888.

I live right on the shore of Lake Michigan in an apartment so high up that we cannot see the street, but look out on the water instead. Last winter it seemed like the arctic regions, for the lake was frozen half a mile out, and had great mounds of snow and ice on it. These were hollow, and we could go inside of them. We skated on the lake every day. Chicago looked like a white battle-field, with trenches dug through its banks of snow. We were caught out in the worst blizzard our city ever had. We could n't get anything to ride in, as taxi drivers were afraid to run their cars, so we had to walk. I went into drifts up to my neck, and the moisture in my eyes turned to ice. My clothes froze stiff.

In summer it is splendid here. We can see all kinds of boats from our windows, and can go straight out of our building into the water.

Thanking you for the many years of pleasure you have given me, I remain,

Your interested reader,

Donald B. Hatmaker (age 12).

Paris, France.

Dear St. Nicholas: Perhaps some of the boys in America would like to know what I have been doing over here these last four years. My father used to be a professor, but now he is a first lieutenant in the United States Army.

A little before August, 1914, my father promised to teach in Constantinople. We had our places in a ship called the *Athena*, a Greek ship. After we had been out two days the ship caught fire. It was in the hold. The sailors blocked the air-holes up, but that did n't do any good, so they took off the hatches and started pumping salt water in. When night came, they thought they had put the fire out, so we all went to bed.

Next morning the fire was worse than ever, so the sailors had to throw lots of things overboard, most of it sacks of flour, bales of cotton, big rolls of paper—all for the English Government. It was war time, so America had begun sending things over. The fire caught from bombs. When they looked at the lifeboats to see if they were all right, all the plugs were missing. At last the captain sent out the S O S. After several hours we saw a giant ship coming toward us. It was a ship coming to save us. It was the *Tuscania*, that has been torpedoed since. It was an English ship.

When the English sailors came on board, one of them went down dressed in a sort of diving-suit, and carried a telephone on the end of a tube! When he came up, he said the fire was too bad to fight. Then English sailors started taking us across to their ship. Women and children first, then the men. Everybody started to go for the side where they were taking them onto the lifeboats, so that it made the boat tip so that one could hardly stand up. When it was the men's turn to get into the boats, there was a fight; but the Americans stayed out of it. My father was one of the last ones to get off. The *Tuscania* took us back to New York. In about three weeks we were on a ship sailing to France.

When we got to France we went on to Spain to see my grandfather. I went to a Spanish school there. I already knew Spanish, so I got along pretty well.

After we left Spain we went to Switzerland. On the way, there were only three places for the four of us on the train, so I slept out in the corridor with a lot of *poilus*. When we arrived at Geneva my father went on to Constantinople, while we stayed behind. The war was going on all the time. Geneva was full of spies. After we had been in Geneva several months, we moved to Vevey. There I went to school. One day, when I came home, I had a big surprise—my father was there! My brother thought he had come by aëroplane. We then went up into the mountains for two months. Then we went to Constantinople. My father was professor of physics at Robert College. I was only nine, but they let me in with the eleven- and twelve-year-old boys. I got along pretty well, except with arithmetic, which I could n't do.

When the track season came, I was in a race and was fourth; but it was n't fair. They let in two Bulgarian boys stronger than an English boy they put out.

After a while we got news that America had gone into the war against Germany. A few days before my birthday we left for Switzerland again. My birthday is the twenty-second of April. When we arrived in Switzerland we stayed there a few days. One day we were down at the station, saying good-by to some people. All of a sudden we heard a big roaring and cheering. I could n't see what it was from where I was, so I ran down to the end of the station and I saw a lot of *Boche* prisoners. My mother came and saw what it was, and turned around and saw my father come running down, waving his hat at the *Boches*, but he did n't know what it was. I ran up and stopped him. We were so disgusted!

When we got to Paris it was all air-raids and bombardment—air-raids at night, bombardment in the daytime. I went to school here in Paris. I went to a French school, and I passed the examinations.

My father is in the signal corps.

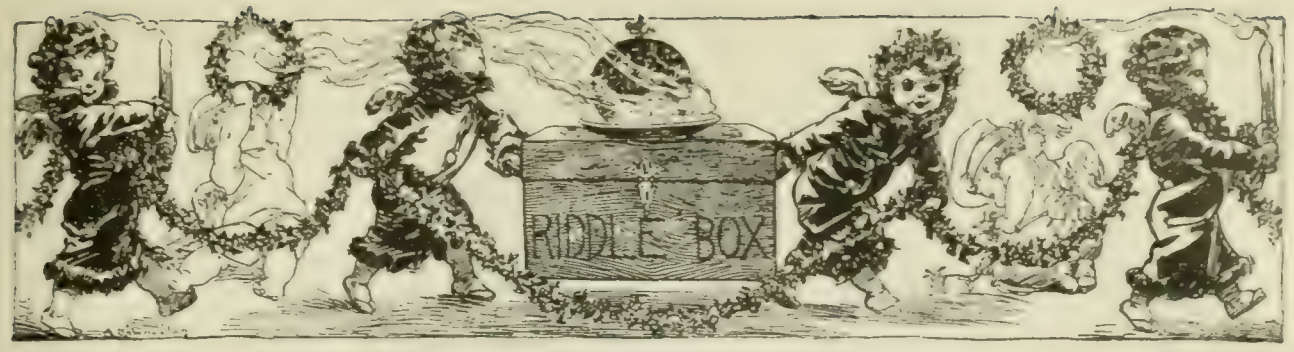
My mother, brother, and I went to Biarritz for about two months. There it was submarines and hydro-aëroplanes. Once a ship there, with a cargo of peanuts and tar, got torpedoed, so, when we went in bathing, we would get black spots on us, and that was tar.

We are back in Paris now. Here school begins in October and ends in June. The lessons begin at eight and end at half past eleven or twelve o'clock.

I am eleven years old.

Your interested reader,

William Gordon Dike.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

ANAGRAM WORDS. Roosevelt. 1. Receive. 2. Obtrude. 3. Outrage. 4. Senator. 5. Epitaph. 6. Valiant. 7. Enticed. 8. Laughed. 9. Tempter.

OCTAGON. 1. Apt. 2. Apron. 3. Prate. 4. Toted. 5. Ned.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I Primals, Mark Twain: finals, Tom Sawyer. Cross-words: 1. Minuet. 2. Akimbo. 3. Redeem. 4. Knocks. 5. Thalia. 6. Willow. 7. Apathy. 8. Innate. 9. Nearer. II. Primals, Mark Twain; finals, Tom Sawyer. Cross-words: 1. Market. 2. Alonzo. 3. Ransom. 4. Kansas. 5. Tacoma. 6. Window. 7. Albany. 8. Ignore. 9. Nectar.

OBLIQUE PUZZLE. 1. Y. 2. Bat. 3. Yacht. 4. Thorn. 5. Tread. 6. Naval. 7. Davit. 8. Light. 9. Three. 10. Tease. 11. Essay. 12. Eased. 13. Yearn. 14. Dread. 15. Nadir. 16. Digit. 17. Rigid. 18. Timid. 19. Diner. 20. Deter. 21. Refer. 22. Repay. 23. Rat. 24. Y.

TRIANGLE. 1. Colon. 2. Odor. 3. Low. 4. Or. 5. N.

RIDDLE. Raise, raze, rays.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Havelock. 1. Hamper. 2. Acorns. 3. Vessel. 4. Ermine. 5. Lizard. 6. Orange. 7. Collie. 8. Knight.

BROKEN CAMPS. Hancock, Sheridan, Fremont, Upton, Jackson, Taylor, Custis, Funston, Shelby, Cody.

SOME SINGULAR KINGS. 1. Shaking. 2. Joking. 3. Blacking. 4. Faking. 5. Making. 6. Talking. 7. Liking. 8. Lacking. 9. Working. 10. Thanking. 11. Thinking. 12. Drinking.

METAMORPHOSES. McAdoo, Hoover. 1. Man, ran, ram, ham. 2. Con, can, car, oar. 3. Add, aid, ail, oil. 4. Day, bay, bat, vat. 5. One, ore, ere, era. 6. Oat, rat, rot, rod.

CHARADE. D, coy; decoy.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Daniel Boone. 1. Edges, sedge. 2. Cheap, peach. 3. Wines, sinew. 4. Snipe, spine. 5. Steer, trees. 6. Slope, poles. 7. Robes, sober. 8. North, thorn. 9. Throb, broth. 10. Plane, panel. 11. Table, bleat.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, within the time limit, from Ruth Mary Collins—Buell Carey—Helen H. McIver.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, within the time limit, from Florence S. Carter, 11—Henry Hill Collins, 3d, 9—Miriam J. Stewart, 9—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 9—Alice Poulin, 8—Gwenfread Allen, 8—Katharine Hynson, 7—Albert W. Simpson, 7—Helen Adda Vance, 7—Clara E. Councell, 7—Finette Kelty, 7—Olga F. Joffe, 6—St. Anna's Girls, 6—Helen Ashbury, 6—Julia Cecil John, 4—Margaret B. Lee, 4—Sheila Swan, 3—Constance Howard, 3—Johanna Betz, 3—Alice Sherburne, 3—Elizabeth Beason, 3—Lucille Dixon, 3—Marion McAllister, 3—Elizabeth Brock, 3—Elizabeth Hayter, 3—Frances E. Cummings, 3—Lindsay Beach, 3—Virginia Siegman, 3—Pauline A. Seely, 3—Elizabeth Elliot, 3—Katherine Kridel, 3—Helen Hayes, 3—Anne Wortley, 3—Henry H. Fleisher, Jr., 3—Cornelia and Frederick, 2—M. Forrest, 2—M. Saunders, 2—E. Lindenmeyr, 2—B. Alexander, 2—F. E. Cookman, 2—D. White, 2—V. Kruger, 2—M. Holden, 2—L. Stewart, 2—Margaret and Barbara, 2—J. Becker, 2. One puzzle, R. P. O'Malley—P. C. Schoder—J. Hall—N. B. Longworth—V. Garnsey—H. Smillie—M. I. Hammond—E. Dreier—G. Harmon—D. Coburn—D. E. Hunziker—L. Clark—M. D. Graff—J. W. Conn, Jr.—K. Cram—R. Killoch—A. Dumont—E. Hodges—K. Hayward—E. Seymour—E. B. Roberts—M. Ross—L. Watkins—H. Weisberg—P. E. Coleman.

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell a name that will be forever famous.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of Italy. 2. A city of France. 3. A city of Australia. 4. A city of Switzerland. 5. A city of France.

RUTH CAMPBELL (age 11). *League Member.*

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the sixth row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of an ancient language of the Orient.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A writer of indifferent verse. 2. A water-clock. 3. Popular government. 4. To pronounce. 5. A famous river of Mesopotamia. 6. An important part of a U-boat.

MAY MC DONOUGH (age 16), *League Member.*

A LOCK-AND-KEY PUZZLE

EXAMPLE: What lock is a golden case? Locket. What key is saucy? Perky.

1. What lock is a chest? What key is a country?

2. What lock is a dread disease? What key is a beast of burden?

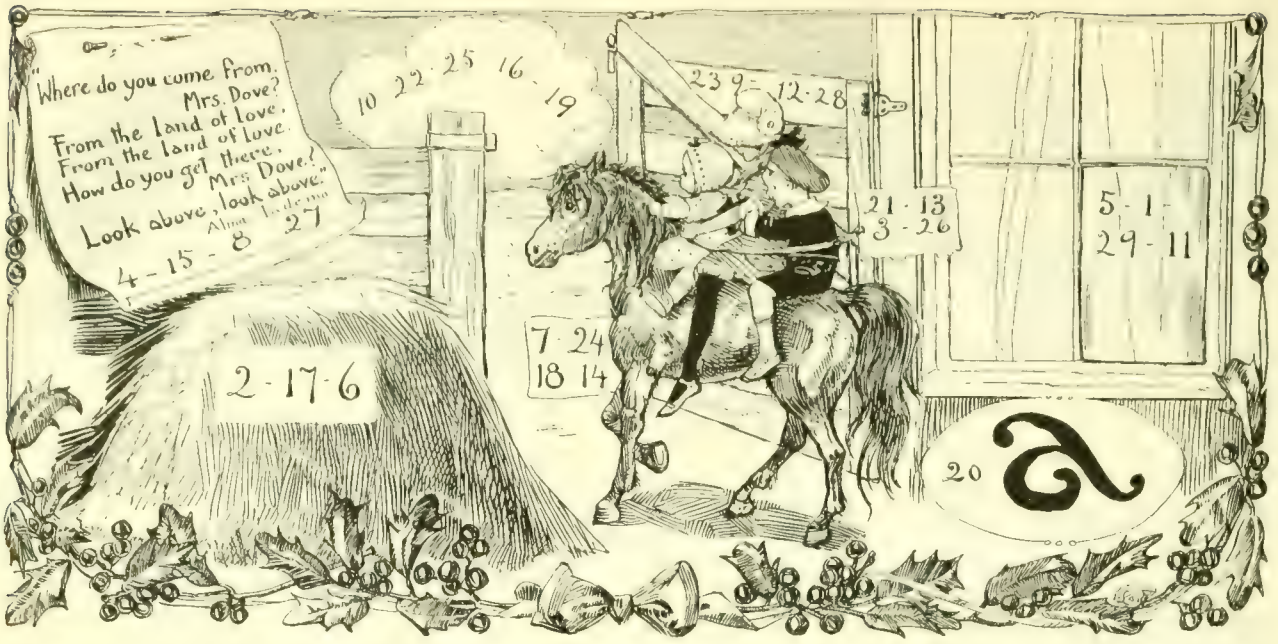
3. What lock is a jail? What key is an amusing animal?

4. What lock is a refusal of employment? What key is a warder?

5. What lock is a toll? What key is fraught with danger?

6. What lock is a useful workman? What key is spasmodic?

VIRGINIA SARGENT (age 10), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-nine letters, is a pleasant Christmas wish. It is taken from the play of "Pericles."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals and my finals name what every loyal American should own.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Final. 2. A measure of length. 3. A large animal. 4. A prefix meaning "equally". 5. A range of rocks near the surface of the water. 6. Acid. 7. Certain evergreen trees. 8. A vegetable. 9. Gumbo. 10. Model. 11. Moist. 12. Sinks slightly.

EVELYN COLGATE (age 12), *League Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* is heavy, my *first* is light;
It fell on my *third* one summer night;
My *second* is busy as busy can be,
But my *total* is doubtful, we all must agree.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the seventh word will be the first two letters of the first word. The words are all of the same length.

1. Mistake. 2. A bay window. 3. Senior. 4. To rub out. 5. A kind of cloth. 6. A style of painting which illustrates everyday life. 7. To direct attention.

MEDORA HOSTETTER (age 13), *League Member.*

ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous story published just one hundred years ago.

Cross-words: 1. An inn. 2. A place overgrown with coarse herbage. 3. To braid. 4. Courage. 5. Power. 6. To pulsate. 7. A little disk affixed to letters. 8. To strike. 9. A river of India. 10. A decree. 11. A city associated with witchcraft. 12. A city of Italy. 13. A very hard variety of quartz. 14. To ignite. 15. A river of France. 16. A river of France. 17. A water-nymph.

FRANCES CUMMINGS (age 13), *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARE

1. To shout. 2. Surface. 3. A useless plant. 4. Boys.

M. ANSBACHER (age 13), *League Member.*

A MILITARY KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

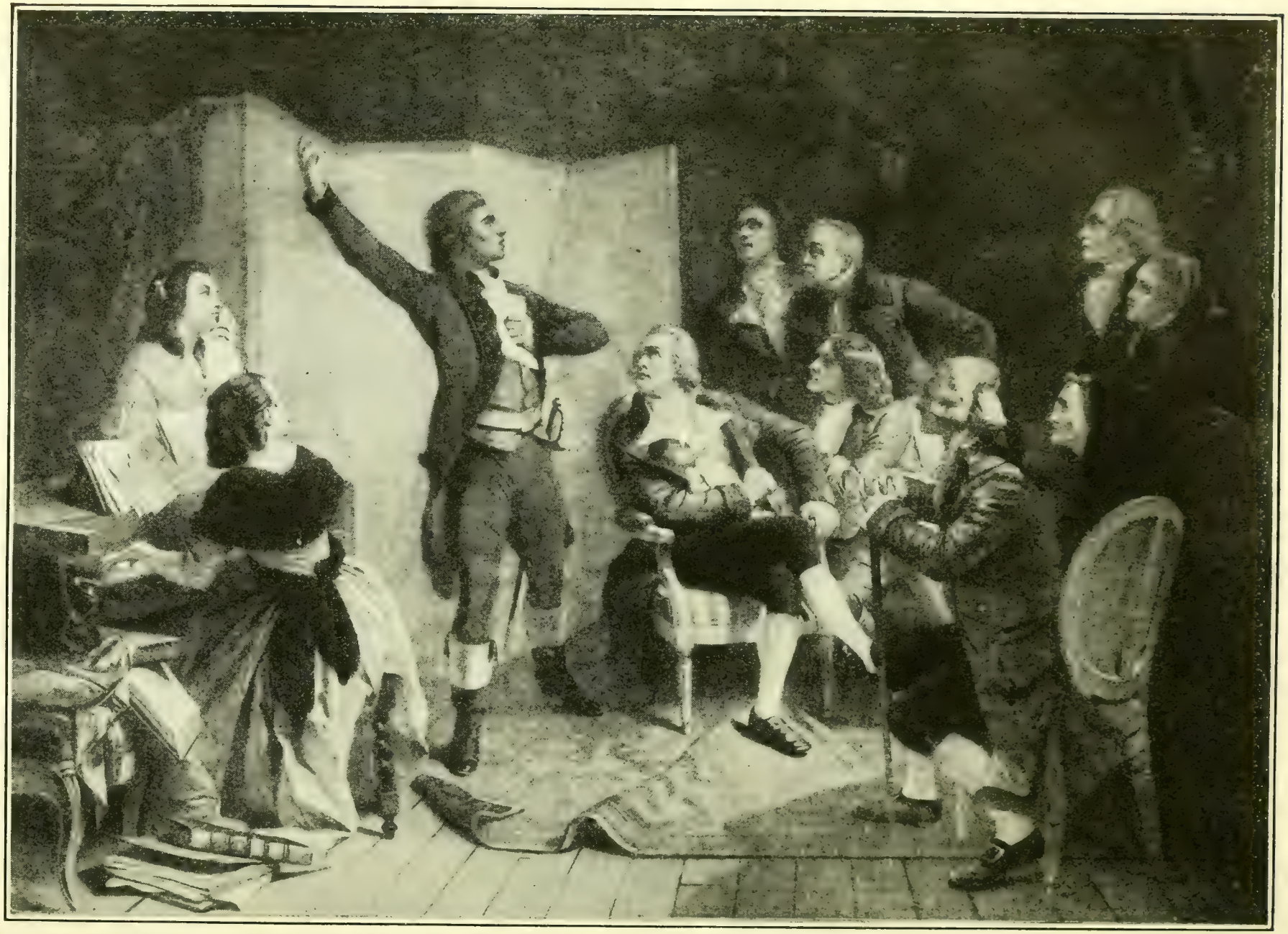
1 S	2 S	3 S	4 A	5 L	6 B
7 A	8 R	9 R	10 A	11 M	12 U
13 I	14 O	15 E	16 N	17 D	18 S
19 L	20 R	21 C	22 I	23 O	24 L
25 U	26 S	27 S	28 E	29 I	30 S
31 N	32 E	33 S	34 H	35 H	36 P
37 N	38 S	39 S	40 T	41 O	42 S
43 S	44 U	45 A	46 M	47 I	48 P
49 G	50 L	51 O	52 N	53 E	54 Y

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess), until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been rightly made, the names of eight war-time necessities may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

REBECCA WILLIAMS (age 13).

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

WHEN THE
GREAT
SONG OF
FRANCE
WAS
SUNG
FOR THE
FIRST
TIME



ROUGET DE
LISLE
SINGING "THE
MARSEILLAISE"
AT THE
HOME OF
MAYOR
DIETRICH,
STRASBURG,
1792

From the painting
by Isidore Pils in
the Louvre, Paris

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI JANUARY, 1919 No. 3

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THE STORY OF "THE MARSEILLAISE"

By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

HE was just an obscure officer of the engineers and his name was Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle. Outside the little mountain town where he was born and the army posts at which he had been stationed, nobody knew anything about him; and he was far from being the most popular man in his regiment. His reserved manner and solitary habits prevented that—his inclination toward dreaminess that often took him on long rambles into the Vosges while his brother officers engaged in pranks at the barracks. Sometimes even when among them at the mess-hall he seemed to be very far away; and then they would shrug their shoulders and let him alone; for although they liked him well enough, they could not understand his moody ways. And more than one foretold that these same moody ways would cause him to make a blunder some day that would disgrace him in the army.

But they who prophesy do not always know. It was written in the book of destiny that this dreaming soldier of Lorraine would be acclaimed among the greatest and most beloved sons of France.

It happened in Strasburg in the spring of 1792. The revolutionists, determined to overthrow the monarchical government of France, and fearing that the Emperors Francis of Austria and Frederick William of Prussia would support the claims of Louis XVI and thwart their efforts for independence, had declared war against these rulers, and each day brought nearer the attack that every one knew was sure to come from beyond the Rhine. The forces guarding the border were too weak to protect it in case of onslaught, and it was necessary to strengthen the Army of the Rhine, as it was called, by a large number of men. Strasburg alone needed six hundred, and a call for volunteers had been issued; but the recruiting was slow. France divided, with republican and royalist pitted against each other, was a dangerous country at that time in which to take a stand. There were many whose sympathies were with the revolutionists, but who hesitated to support them openly lest the royal party come into power again and mete out terrible punishment to all who had opposed them. Meanwhile, the war preparations of Prussia and Austria went on, and the people of Lorraine trembled.

No one realized the danger more deeply than Mayor Dietrich of Strasburg, who had spent hours and days working out plans to speed the recruiting. Results were very disappointing, however, and it was

clear that something else would have to be done. He knew the captain of the engineers, Rouget de Lisle, and knew also that often he composed songs—words and music—that were sung by the soldiers at the barracks. So he invited the young officer to dine with him.

Mayor Dietrich was a wise man. Knowing that Rouget de Lisle was poetic and beauty-loving, and that color and light and music exhilarated him like some magic elixir, he proceeded to make that love of beauty serve France. He engaged an orchestra to play. He flooded the room with light from many-colored tapers, and ordered the tricolor, the recently adopted flag of the republicans, hung pendant along ceiling and wall. The music, the radiance of the scene, and the mute appeal of the banners inspired the soldier; and at a happy moment the mayor asked his guest to write a recruiting song.

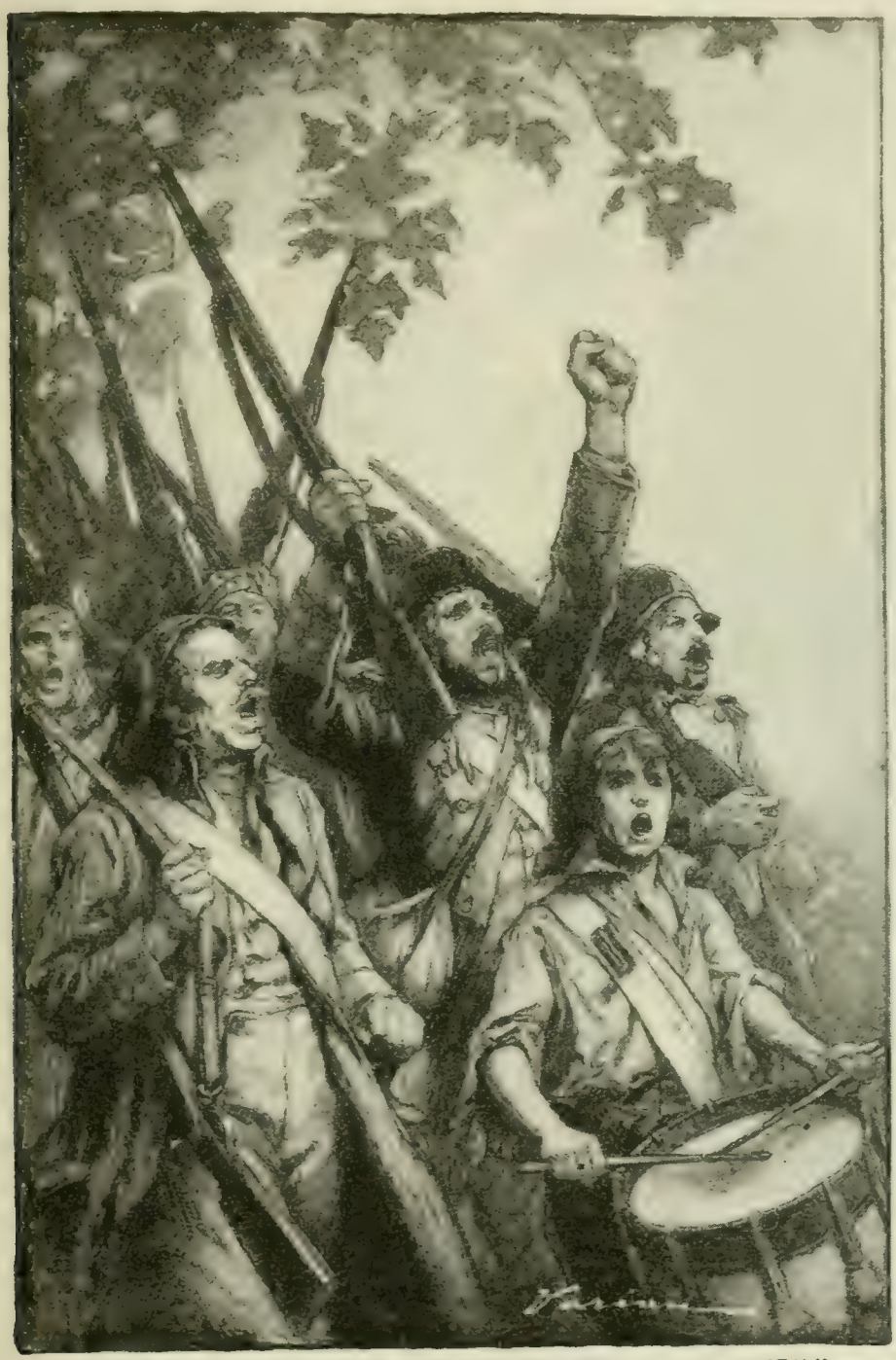
Rouget de Lisle thought about it throughout the remainder of the dinner, and when he went home that night his soul was aflame. It was late, but he did not go to bed. Thoughts of fiery patriotism surged through his brain, melodies expressing the appeal of the tricolor, and he sat by the window working them out on paper. Some of them suited him and some did not, and these latter he scratched out or threw away. On and on he worked, having no thought of the passing of the hours, experiencing no sensation of fatigue, and when, at last, words and music were completed, dawn was breaking over the Vosges. Then for the first time it occurred to him that he had worked all night and that he was very tired. But he was a soldier and could not then go to bed, for already the reveille was sounding and he must take part in the daily program at the barracks.

Several hours later, the mayor sent over to know if the recruiting song would be ready by evening, and Rouget de Lisle replied with a copy of the completed manuscript. It was tried out at the Dietrich house that night, copied and arranged for a military band, and on Sunday, four days later, was sung by many voices and played by the band of the *Garde Nationale* at a review in the public square. *"Chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin"*—"War-song of the Army of the Rhine," it was called, and was greeted by wild enthusiasm. Nine hundred men, instead of six hundred, enlisted, and the fears of the people became memories.

For days afterward the *"Chant de guerre"* sounded in the streets of the city, in villages beyond, and then it traveled throughout Lorraine. Soon it was heard in other parts of France, and everywhere it was welcomed with the same enthusiasm it had aroused in Strasburg. Sometimes, during those terrible days when men's minds were inflamed by wrongs long endured and they perpetrated wild outrages in the name of liberty, it was the inspiration of bloody and merciless deeds, for the revolutionists adopted it as their battle-song and men and women went to the guillotine to the sound of its strains. How it came to play such a mighty part in that revolution is a very interesting story.

It was a night in June, down in the warm, bright southland of Marseilles. Some republican leaders of that city had gathered at a banquet, and during the course of the meal a tenor named Mireur sang a song, one that had not been heard in that region before. It was Rouget de Lisle's *"Chant de guerre,"* and such a thrill did it send through all present that they had it printed the next day, and copies were distributed to the members of the Marseilles Battalion, a body of volunteers about to depart for Paris. "Reds of the Midi," these men were called, and they were fierce, hot patriots every one. Some historians have described them as cutthroats and thieves, runaway galley-slaves from Toulon, and scrapings from the slums of Marseilles. But that charge is hardly fair. Among them were some who had been convicts, not because they were criminals at heart, but because they lived in a time when might made right and the poor man had no privileges his lord was bound to respect. Those of humble birth were often victims of outrageous treatment at the hands of the nobility, who

would send them to prison or even have them executed with no more feeling than they would have about killing a fly. More than one among the "Reds of the Midi" had served at Toulon for having committed no greater crime than that of angering a noble, and the memory of their wrongs made them ferocious. They were oppressed, liberty-craving people marching to the aid of their liberty-craving brethren in the north; and because Rouget de Lisle's recruiting song pulsed with the same spirit that animated them, they adopted it as their hymn of action. They re-christened it *"La Marseillaise,"* and by that name it has been known ever since.



"THE REDS OF THE MIDI—*'ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE!'*"

Up through the mottled valley of the Rhone they went, past Avignon, past Arles, past Tarascon, and past Beaucaire. Singing, they moved forward, singing *"Allons, enfants de la patrie!"*—"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!"—and believing that a day of freedom was about to dawn in France.

"Oh, what a sight it was!" writes the Provençal poet Felix Gras of the march of those Reds of the Southland past Avignon. "Five hundred men, sunburnt as locust-beans, with black eyes blazing like live coals under bushy eyebrows all white with the dust of the road! They wore green coats turned back with red, but farther than that the uniform did not go. Some had on cocked hats with waving cock's feathers, some, red liberty-caps with strings flying back over their shoulders and the tricolor cockade perched over one ear. Each man had stuck in the barrel of his gun a poplar branch to shelter him from the sun, and all this greenery cast warm, dancing shadows over their faces and made them look still more fantastic and strange. And when from all those red mouths—wide open as wolves' jaws, with teeth gleaming like wild beasts' teeth—burst forth the chorus, *'Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!'* it fairly made a shiver run up and down one's spine.

"Two drums marked step—*Pran! rran! rran! 'Allons, enfants de la patrie!'*

Thus the whole battalion passed onward and was swallowed up in the city gate."

It was June when they left the Mediterranean shores. Several weeks later they broke into Paris, chanting *"La Marseillaise"* as they came. On August tenth the Tuileries was stormed, the Reds of the Midi leading in the attack and their liberty song sounding above the din of the fight.

The Revolution was now in full swing, and *"La Marseillaise"* did much toward keeping the people loyal to it, for ever since that day when it was first heard in Strasburg, no matter where sung or in what



PORTRAIT MEDALLION OF ROUGET DE LISLE

cause, it has made the blood of Frenchmen leap. Lukewarm they might be on a subject, but let some voice ring out with the words, *"Allons, enfants de la patrie!"* or a band strike up the first inspiring measures, and they were lukewarm no longer. Battles were won by it, and more than once it has saved the day for France.

NOVEMBER of 1792. Through the Belgian province of Hainault the legions of Austria were marching against the republicans of France, to break their power at one blow and set back on the throne, from which the people had driven him, the Bourbon monarch Louis.

East and west of the Rhine every one knew that upon the outcome of their advance the fate of the revolutionists hung, and the people waited, quivering. At Jemappes, a village three miles west of Mons, the Austrians met the French, and arms of royal army and of commoners from beside the Seine clashed in deadly conflict. Furiously both sides fought, for each realized how much was at stake; but when the battle was at its most critical point, the tide turned against the Frenchmen. The right wing began to give way, and along the Austrian lines went a shout of victory. Then General Dumouriez, one of the most courageous and brilliant commanders France has ever produced, remembered the magical power of *"La Marseillaise."* Placing himself at the head of his troops, he began to sing, *"Allons, enfants de la patrie!"* A few officers in the front ranks took up the strains, then others and others, until, ere long, every man in the right wing was singing. There was a wild shout and a forward charge, and the French won a victory.

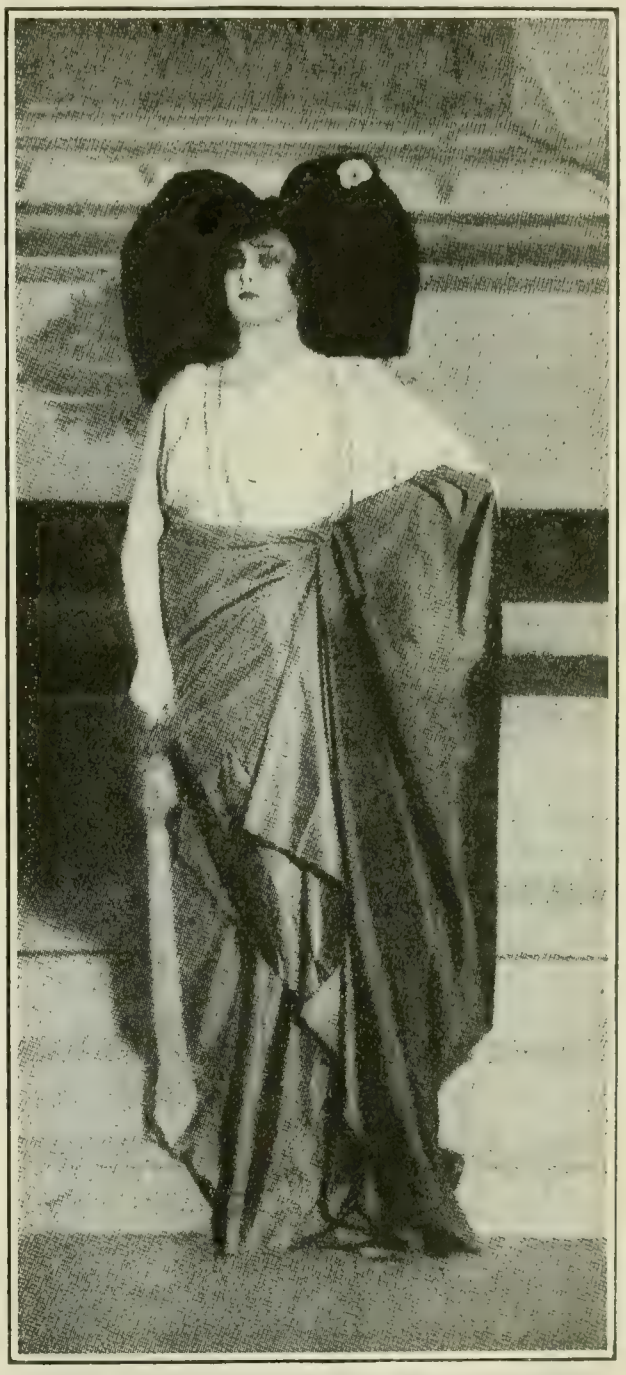
Far away from Jemappes, and long, long afterward, France and England were battling against Russia and Turkey in the Crimea. A French regiment was detached to storm the heights of Malakoff, whose fortress was one of the chief defenses of Sebastopol, but the Russians hurled them back. Again they formed and advanced seven times in all, and, seven times, fire from the Cossack field-pieces put them to flight. Order was given for the eighth forward movement, and, simultaneously with it, *"La Marseillaise"* rang out upon the air. The men rushed forward as if inspired. They charged through a rain of shot and shell and fell by dozens before the murderous cannon, but the broken regiment went on, for above the din of the firing could be heard the words, *"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!"* and Malakoff was won, won by the song of a soldier who served in Strasburg sixty years before.

During the Revolution of 1848 it was the same. When the courage of the people ran low, Madame Rachel, a French actress whose name stands high on the list of stage immortals, in a theater in Paris recited *"La Marseillaise"* as only a great artist could recite it; and then, as at Jemappes and at Malakoff before the enemy, it aroused wild enthusiasm and inspired men with the determination to win.

In the Franco-Prussian War this glorious liberty-song was the inspiration of the French, and was still their inspiration in the great war of to-day. Never, from the time Rouget de Lisle wrote it, has its power been mightier than since that August day of 1914 when the battle-cry sounded over Europe; never has it sent men to death and glory with more eagerness and sublime desire. It was heard at the Marne, drowning out the notes of "The Watch on the Rhine." It sent regiments forward at the Somme and at Verdun, before Amiens and Ypres. It has kept French courage glowing like a meteor when it seemed that only a miracle could keep that flame from dying out, and in 1915, the sound of its strains in a Paris theater trebled the recruiting.

Marthe Chenal sang it, a great artist, who chose to help France with a song. Her wonderful voice was known from Bordeaux, in the south country, to Calais, beside the Channel. She had often been called the most beautiful woman in Paris, and when word went forth that she would sing the loved liberty-chant, people went by thousands to the Opéra Comique, and those who went will never forget it. Every one of them had heard the song many times before, but as they listened to Chenal it seemed they never had heard it really sung. She wore a robe of filmy white, cut in Grecian lines. On her head was the Alsatian bonnet, ornamented with a tiny cockade, and she sang as Rouget de Lisle himself might have sung had he been a great vocal artist. When the rousing chorus, *"Aux armes!"* was reached, the tricolor fell from the folds of her robe and enveloped her, and then she stood silent beside the footlights, as if she were the spirit of liberty and of every noble ideal for which France was struggling. *Poilus* home from the trenches, many of them bearing scars they will always carry, crouched in their seats and wept. Officers in the boxes covered eyes with handkerchiefs, and women and children sobbed. Each one took away a memory that was a glorious thing for France; and each time, after Chenal's singing, fresh courage swept over the city.

The song carries a thrilling appeal for all freedom-loving nations, and has received reverent tribute not only in the Allied countries, but even among their enemies. For, according to the newspapers,



MLLE. CHENAL SINGING THE "MARSEILLAISE"

when the French soldiers entered Budapest, the capital of Hungary, soon after the signing of the armistice in November, the residents sang the "Marseillaise" while the French battalions were marching in. It was even reported, at about the same time, that *German* troops, and a part of the Berlin populace celebrated the coming of peace by parading along Unter den Linden to the strains of the "Marseillaise,"

played by a military band; while Philip Gibbs, describing the re-entry into Antwerp of Belgium's heroic soldier-king, tells us: "All over the city, bells were ringing, their notes mingling in a strange, clashing melody. And from the belfry of the cathedral, the chimes' gay carillons came tinkling down. They were playing the 'Marseillaise.' "

Only a few miles away from where King Albert was thus joyously welcomed back to his place as ruler, the former Emperor of Germany, who had ruthlessly invaded Belgium, was even then beginning the disgrace of humiliating exile. But—alike in the capital of his great empire, where his very name was being hooted, and in the famous seaport of Belgium, where her returning King was acclaimed with loving loyalty—it was the "Marseillaise" that voiced the deepest feelings of the people. What a triumph for the great national song of France!

This is the story of the song. But what of the singer who sat through the velvet April night composing a recruiting anthem for the Army of the Rhine? He served France as a soldier, and served it well, being always loyal to the Republic. During the Reign of Terror, when so many mistakes were made and so many innocent people were imprisoned and executed, he came near going to the guillotine, charged with having made statements against the people's cause, statements which he had not even thought of. From behind prison bars he saw the attack on the Tuileries and heard his song sounding above the storming of the palace, wondering if it would be his death-chant, too. But he managed to escape to Switzerland, where he remained until the power of Robespierre was broken and that tyrant himself followed to the guillotine the many people he had sent there. Then Rouget de Lisle returned to France and to the army. Under General Hoche, he fought the Austrians at Quiberon and was wounded there, and then served as a soldier for many years afterward. Finally, he retired to private life, and—to poverty! *"La Marseillaise"* had become the national anthem, but it brought him little money, and there was more than one day when its composer went hungry. Then, when he was seventy years old, Louis Philippe granted him a pension and the cross of the Legion of Honor, and the remaining six years of his life were passed in comfort.

Rouget de Lisle suffered greatly, but he served France and is still serving it; and because France is grateful for that service, she honored him to the uttermost in 1916. In July of that year his body, which had lain till then in a little suburban cemetery, was borne in state to Paris. The day was made a national holiday, and at a service held as the nation's tribute to him President Poincaré spoke a noble eulogy.

"Wherever it sounds, *'La Marseillaise'* invokes the idea of a sovereign nation that has a passion for independence, and whose sons, all of them, prefer deliberate death to servitude. Its striking notes speak a language understood to-day throughout the world. A hymn like that was needed in a war like this to interpret the generous thought of France."

Then, amid the reverence of a grateful people, the body of Rouget de Lisle was placed in the Hôtel des Invalides, where sleep the great Emperor Napoleon and other illustrious Frenchmen, and which is France's memory hall of noble deeds.

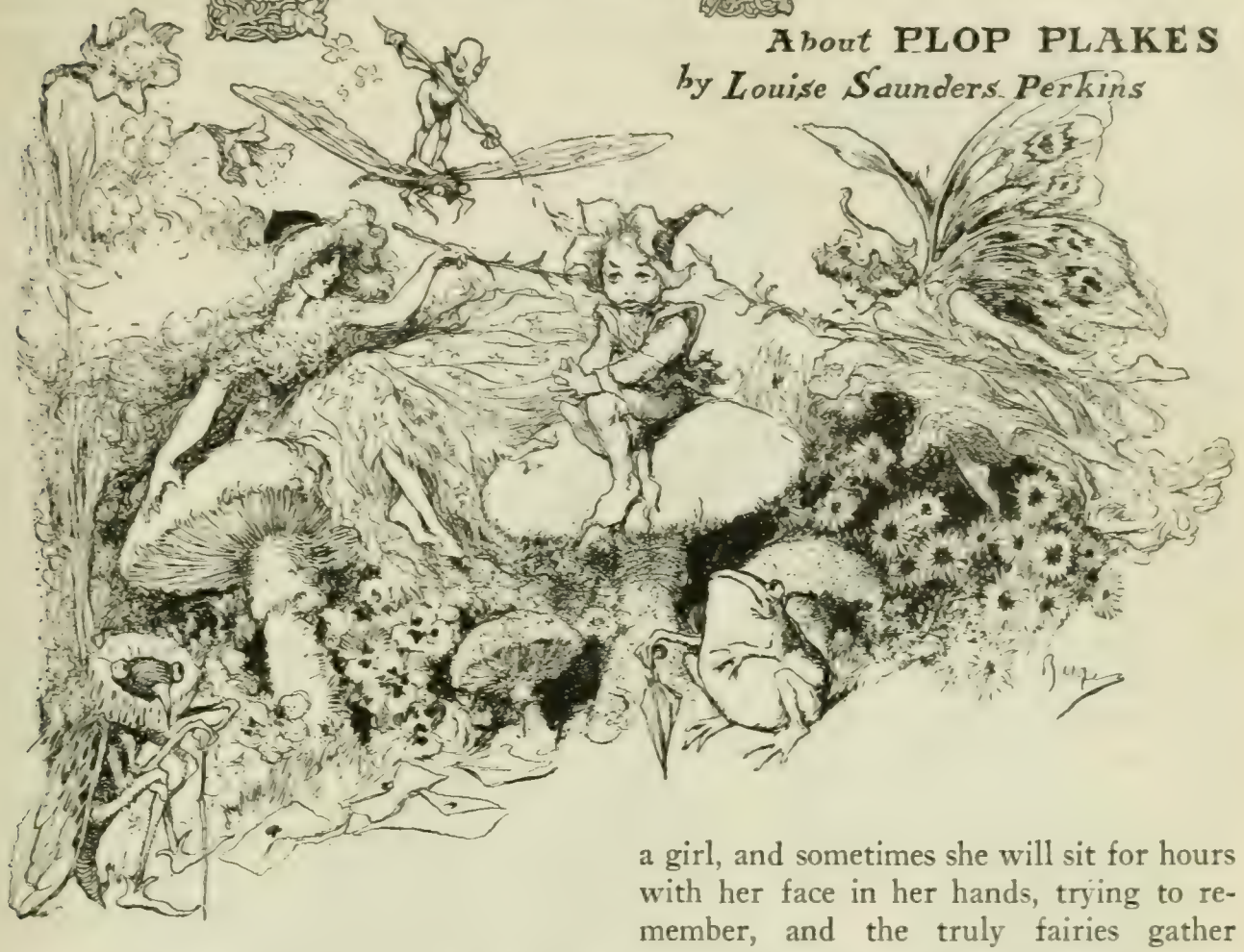
"Soldier of France and singer of the Marseillaise"—that is his epitaph. Could any man desire a nobler or a more enduring one?



The DREADFVLLY INBETWEENS

About PLOP PLAKES

by Louise Saunders Perkins



THERE are three of them, Minthy Boo and Plop Plakes and Putcherly. They live in Fairyland with the fairies, but there is a mystery about them. In the first place, they are bigger than the fairies are and they can't fly. But they can jump, oh, so far! It 's almost flying. And sometimes they manage to keep themselves up in the air much longer by violently kicking their feet, the way you do when you jump a wave. Some one suggested that they were children who had been changed back again, but had not been changed *quite enough*. That might be it.

It is embarrassing for Plop Plakes, Minthy Boo, and Putcherly not to know where they belong—to be so very inbetween; not as big as children are, and yet not as small as fairies, either. To be without wings, like children, and yet, strange to say, to have gold dots in the corners of their eyes nearest the nose, which is the true sign of a fairy.

Minthy Boo feels it most, because she is a girl, and sometimes she will sit for hours with her face in her hands, trying to remember, and the truly fairies gather around her, solemnly waiting until she looks up. Then they shout eagerly: "Did you remember, Minthy Boo, even a tiny bit? Tell us, Minthy Boo!" And Minthy Boo shakes her head and says very tragically, "No, I did n't remember anything, not anything at all!" Then they all fly off together to tumble among the flowers, and Minthy Boo is happy again and even forgets that she cannot remember.

Minthy Boo is exquisitely beautiful, with little, slim, white feet and long, crinkly, brown hair. Putcherly is a fairy of the world. He seems to know everything and to have been everywhere, and he jumps with such elegance that the fairies despise their wings. Plop Plakes is a dear little fat creature. Every one loves him and laughs at him. He would like to be admired, the way Putcherly is, but no one admires him. However, he is the best fun of all to play with.

One day, and this is where our story begins, the fairy queen decided to have a

coronation. Once every so often she takes off her sparkling crown so that her hair can be shampooed with dew caught in a lily cup; and of course, after her hair is thoroughly dry, when her sparkling crown is put back again, there has to be a coronation. And a great time it always is, I can tell you! All the fairies fly busily to and fro, the day before, carrying invitations to each other. In fact, the fairies think it is almost more fun to deliver the invitations than it is to go to the coronation.



"PLOP PLAKES SITTING COMFORTABLY BETWEEN THE DONKEY'S EARS" (SEE PAGE 204)

Plop Plakes watched the fairies flying about, carrying the little white envelops, with great anxiety. "Is n't that *my* invitation?" he would call; but the fairies paid no attention to him. Putcherly and Minthy Boo were far more polite. They pretended that they were not expecting anything, and Putcherly did it so well that you would almost have thought that he did n't *want* an invitation.

Presently the envelops were all delivered, and there was one marked Minthy Boo, and another, Putcherly, but there was none for Plop Plakes. Poor little Plop Plakes was left out! No one knew why—even the fairies did n't know.

"The queen told us to leave him out," they said; "and it will be a horrid coronation without Plop Plakes."

Minthy Boo and Putcherly were very angry, for they loved Plop Plakes and could n't bear to see his little face, usually so bright and smiling, looking unhappy.

Plop Plakes tried to bear it bravely, but he could n't. He did so love coronations. He thought it such fun to dance and whirl about with the lady fairies and to sit on a toadstool, eating violet water-ice, and to sing with the music; but most of all he loved that thrilling moment when the queen's sparkling crown was held over her beautiful, newly shampooed hair. Then he could hardly refrain, even with Putcherly holding him down, from shouting "Hooray!" All day the fairies tried to comfort him for not having been invited. They patted his head, and made him a wreath of rose-leaves, and tickled his nose with milkweed, and performed all sorts of tricks before him to cheer him up. But he did n't cheer up.

"I never *have* shouted 'Hooray,'" he said mournfully. "If I had, then I could understand why I was n't invited. But I never have; Putcherly has always pinched me just in time."

Putcherly could n't understand, either. He sat in the ring with the fairies around Plop Plakes and wondered. But Minthy Boo didn't wonder. She went away to find out. After a while she came back. The fairies were still patting Plop Plakes and wiping away his tears with poppy petals, and hanging chains of nasturtium seeds around his neck. Plop Plakes was beginning to enjoy this very much, but he tried not to look happy, because he knew they would stop petting him if he did.

Then Minthy Boo lighted daintily, after a great big jump, on her slim white feet. Her little peach-colored dress fluttered around her, and Plop Plakes and Putcherly thought her far prettier than any fairy.

"Plop Plakes," said Minthy Boo, "I know now why you were not invited to the coronation."

"Why?" shouted Plop Plakes.

"Who told you?" asked Putcherly.

"The queen's hair-dressers told me, and the queen told them."

"Pooh!" sniffed Putcherly. "Why should the queen tell *them?*"

"I don't know; there is something about hair-dressers," said Minthy Boo, thoughtfully; "one always tells them things."

Plop Plakes bounced up and down in impatience and excitement. "*Why* was I not invited?" he asked again.

"It seems this is going to be a very grand coronation," said Minthy Boo, sitting down and crossing her little white feet, "the grandest and smallest and most

refined that our most gracious queen has ever had."

"The smallest?" echoed the fairies.

"Because it is the most refined," explained Putcherly.

"At first," continued Minthy Boo, "the queen did n't think that she would invite any of us, as we are so dreadfully inbetween; then she decided to invite Putcherly and me because we have a *je ne sais quoi.*"



"IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE SAT THE WICKED MAGICIAN." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"A *what?*" asked poor Plop Plakes.

"She said that Putcherly and I had a *je ne sais quoi,* Plop Plakes, that you lacked."

"Where did you get it?" demanded Plop Plakes.

Minthy Boo sighed. "I don't know; I don't even know what it is. If I did, I would give you some of mine."

Putcherly rose. Every one waited for him to speak. "Nobody knows what it is —exactly," he said slowly, "but I think— I have heard—that it is an air."

"Fresh air?" asked Plop Plakes.

Putcherly knitted his brows. "No, rather stale, I should imagine, though, of course, it may not be that at all."

"Why must you have to have it to go to a coronation?" wailed Plop Plakes.

"The queen says you must, that 's why!" shouted the fairies, reprovingly.

Plop Plakes set his teeth. "I am going to find one," he said. "You 'll see, I shall bring one of them back, and then I can go to the coronation." He picked up his stick, and started off.

"Don't leave us, Plop Plakes!" called the fairies, flying after him. "Never mind about the coronation."

But Plop Plakes was already trudging down the road.

He walked for a long while—he did n't dare jump, for fear that he might miss a *je ne sais quoi* by the roadside—until he began to feel very tired. Fairies never get tired, but Minthy Boo, Plop Plakes, and Putcherly do, and that proves it more than anything, in spite of the gold corners in their eyes. He sat down on a stone, stretching his little fat legs in front of him.

Presently there appeared, over the top of the hill, a boy leading a donkey. The boy was poorly dressed in a faded doublet of green, and his dusty blue hose was patched in several places; but the donkey, pattering behind him, carried a beautiful white saddle trimmed with silver.

The boy seemed very unhappy. He walked along with downcast head, and Plop Plakes thought that he could see tears.

"What is the matter?" asked Plop Plakes, suddenly, when the boy and the donkey were in front of him.

The boy jumped. "Oh!" he exclaimed; "who said that?"

The donkey turned aside to nuzzle and breathe in the long, daisied grass beside the stone on which Plop Plakes was sitting. Plop Plakes seized him by the ears and jumped on to his head. "I said it."

"You?" said the boy; "well I never! Who are you?"

Plop Plakes, standing firmly between the donkey's ears, pointed to his eyes.

The boy looked closer and saw the gold corners. "A fairy!" he breathed.

"I *think* so," said Plop Plakes, trying to be quite truthful. "Tell me, what is the matter? Why are you crying?"

"I was n't," said the boy. "At least—" He wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

"Go on," encouraged Plop Plakes, sitting down comfortably in the soft place between the donkey's ears, his chin in his hands. He forgot, for the moment, that he was looking for a *je ne sais quoi.*

"It 's about a little girl who used to play with me—something terrible has happened to her."

"M-m-m, that 's bad," said Plop Plakes, thinking of Minthy Boo.

"You see, her father is a magician," the boy went on, "only he is a good magician, so he is very poor; and another magician lives near us, a wicked one, who is always trying to undo the things that the good magician does. For years and years he has hated Katy's father and tried to do him some injury. Her name is Katy."

"Yes, such a nice name," said Plop Plakes, sympathetically.

"And now, oh, he has done the most awful thing! He bewitched Katy only this morning and shut her up in a chest, and the good magician can't think of a spell to make it open. He just sits there all day and burns things and mixes potions and says magic words, but it does n't open the least little bit, and the bad magician sits outside and *laughs!*"

"And Katy is still there, lying in the chest?" asked Plop Plakes, anxiously. He had entirely forgotten the *je ne sais quoi.*

"Yes," asserted the boy, and his lip began to tremble. He looked at the beautiful white saddle. "I bought that for her," he said, "with all my money. I was going to teach her to ride. And now the good magician has promised that whoever can make the chest open shall have one wish and Katy's hand when she grows up."

"Katy's *hand?*" repeated Plop Plakes.

"Marry her, you know," said the boy. "And Katy was going to marry me. We have always said so."

Plop Plakes suddenly clapped his hands together. "And a wish? Did you say, a wish?" he asked. "Why did n't he wish that the chest would open?"

"He has," said the boy; "but it does n't work, and the wish is still there."

"Take me there," said Plop Plakes. "I know lots of magic; and if I show you how to make the chest open, will you give me the wish?"

"I will give you anything," said the boy, "—*except* the promise of Katy's hand when she grows up!"

They started off, but this time Plop Plakes did n't have to walk. While riding comfortably between the donkey's ears, he pulled the handkerchief off his stick, untied the knots in it, and put it in his pocket. He tried to remember some of the magic that the fairies had taught him. "If only Putcherly were here!" he said to himself. "Putcherly knows all the magic there is."

The boy walked swiftly along the sunny road, between yellow fields of wheat, leading the donkey, who jerked his head now and then so hard that Plop Plakes had to put an arm around each ear to keep from falling off. Soon they came to a little thatched house close to the roadside. In front of the house sat the tall, wicked magician in flowing black robes embroidered all over with little stars and crosses. He laughed when he saw the boy coming toward him with the donkey.

"Here is another simpleton!" he called derisively; "none of you will ever do it—never in the world!"

"Put me in your pocket," whispered Plop Plakes to the boy.

So the boy carefully emptied his pocket of the various things that he carried there, and then tried to stuff Plop Plakes in.



"THE BOY TUGGED AND PULLED ON THE COVER OF THE CHEST" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Ouch!" exclaimed Plop Plakes. "Stop! You are squeezing me. It 's too small."

If he had been a real fairy, he would n't have found it too small!

"How about the saddle-bags?" suggested the boy.

They were just the thing. Plop Plakes climbed into one of the saddle-bags, and the boy took the saddle off the donkey and carried it under his arm.

"What are you going to do with that?" sneered the wicked magician, as the boy passed him to go into the house; "that won't help."

"Perhaps it will."

The magician laughed again.

Plop Plakes, looking through the opening in the saddle-bag, could see a very pleasant little room. There were flowers on the window-sill beneath the white curtains, and the copper pots and pans along the wall gleamed like pools of fire in the dim light. But he noticed signs of neglect, too. The black hearthstone had not been swept, and the sanded floor was very much tossed about. In the middle of the room was a huge iron chest, with sides of grill work through which showed Katy's little red dress and white apron. There were two strange magicians in the room, who were trying all sorts of charms to open the lid of the chest. One of them was chanting slowly, in a deep voice, as he waved a long wand:

"Flappity bat and firefly bright,
Wind that ruffles my beard at night,
Stickey cobweb 'cross my path,
Long frog's dive to his stagnant bath,
Rabbit that steals the farmers' grain,
Barking dog in the wild sea lane,
Unseen spirits of earth and air,
Swing back this lid, or else *beware!*"

This made Plop Plakes, in the depths of the saddle-bag, laugh so hard that he

had to pull his handkerchief out of his pocket and stuff it in his mouth. He knew that there were no such things as witches. There are just happy little fairies with gold corners in their eyes, who make rose wreaths and tickle one's nose with milkweed and tumble and play pranks with each other; and as for bats and fireflies and frogs and rabbits—they are the kindest possible creatures, but too stupid, certainly, to know anything about magic. "I am fairy enough to know *that* much," he thought.

The other magician, dressed in a purple robe, was stirring something over the fire. He first threw into the pot a handful of dark-green, crumbly mold from a tree-trunk; then he shook over that the dust from a brown moth's wings. Plop Plakes thought this very silly. Then the magician, after he had poured some black-looking fluid over it all, stirred it anxiously, holding back his voluminous purple robes from the fire and peering into the pot.

"A genie ought to arise out of this now," he explained at last, holding his dripping spoon over the floor; "but I can't see any sign of him." He peered into the pot again. "I made it strictly according to receipt, too," he said dolefully. Presently he sat down with a huge book of magic open on his knees. He leaned closely over it, studying, the big spoon still in his hand.

"It 's strange," said Katy's father; "nothing has worked properly."

The boy looked discouraged. "If these great men have failed," he whispered to Plop Plakes, "surely we can't do it."

Plop Plakes' eyes twinkled through the opening in the saddle-bag.

"Try lifting it up," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Try lifting it up with your hands, the way you would open any old chest."

The boy smiled. "That can't be it, of course," he said.

"Why not?"

"They would have thought of that the first thing."

"Did you think of it?" whispered Plop Plakes. "When you put me down, be sure I am on *top* of the saddle, not under it."

The boy hesitated a minute, then he put the saddle on the floor, walked to the chest, and began to roll up his sleeves.

"What are you going to do?" asked the magicians, sharply.

"Open the chest," said the boy.

"How foolish!" said the magician in the purple robe, scornfully.

"Absurd!" sneered the second magician.

They both went back to their charms and potions, paying no more attention to the boy. The boy tugged and pulled at the cover of the chest, while his face grew red, and the muscles stood out on his forehead. Plop Plakes watched him eagerly through the opening in the saddle-bag.

"Why should this boy be allowed to disturb us?" asked the first magician, fretfully. "I am trying to work it with mathematics—the science of odd numbers, centuries old and *most* difficult. He puts me out."

"And I," said the magician in the purple robe, "am going to sprinkle my brew over the chest in a minute to see if it will do any good. He will be in the way."

"Let him try," said Katy's father, the good magician.

The boy tugged and pulled until he almost lifted the chest from the floor, but to no effect. When he paused for breath, he noticed that Plop Plakes was trying to attract his attention. He walked to the saddle and leaned over.

"Don't you see there is a latch on it?" he heard.

The boy looked. So there was! He quickly undid the latch, pulled again—and with a mighty groan, the chest opened so suddenly that the boy tumbled to the floor.

Katy's father flew to the chest, the wicked magician's evil face appeared at the window, and Plop Plakes had to pinch himself to keep from shouting "Hooray!" The good magician gently lifted Katy in his arms.

"Give her some of my brew!" said the magician in the purple robe, excitedly, lifting it from the fire.

But Katy, fortunately, was gradually waking up. She sighed deeply and then opened her eyes.

"Why, there 's Patrick!" she said, when she saw the boy.

Patrick almost pulled his cap apart with delight.

"Hello, Katy!" he gasped.

The magician in the peaked hat stamped his foot, angrily. "I had almost finished my problem, and now he has spoiled it! If you had given me time to work out the problem, it would have opened the chest.

The magician was furious! He took up his book and walked away, muttering to himself.

"Why are they so angry?" asked Katy, wonderingly.

"Because they have found that they are not so wise as they thought they were," said the good magician, "and because they wanted you to keep house for them."

"I am going to keep house for you and



"THE QUEEN SAID, IN A CLEAR VOICE, 'PLOP PLAKES MAY NOW SHOUT HOORAY'"

It needed no wisdom or knowledge to do what that boy did—mere school-boy learning!" He took up his wand and stalked out of the door.

"That boy does n't know anything about magic," said the magician in the purple robe, contemptuously.

"He used strength," said the good magician, thoughtfully, "and brains. Perhaps strength combined with brains is magic."

"I don't think so!" snapped the magician in the purple robe.

Katy climbed down from her father's knee. "Just look," she exclaimed, "at this horrid stuff on the fire! Help me pour it out, please, somebody." She took hold of one handle of the pot, the boy grasped the other, and they promptly emptied the magician's brew, so carefully compounded, out of the window.

Patrick," said Katy, proudly. "Oh dear! look at this floor and the hearthstone!" She seized a brush and began to sweep with such energy that her short little red skirts busily swung to and fro as she did it.

Plop Plakes could remain hidden no longer. He jumped out of the saddle-bag. *"And* brains, did you say? *And* brains and *brains!"* he shouted gleefully. *"I* was the brains!"

Katy dropped her broom in delighted surprise. "A real fairy!" she said, kneeling beside him. "He has gold corners in his eyes! See! He is a real fairy."

But the magician knew better, although he tactfully said nothing. Plop Plakes thought this very kind of him.

Then Patrick explained that although Katy's hand was his, the wish belonged to Plop Plakes.

"What is your wish?" asked the magician, taking his wand out of the umbrella-stand.

Plop Plakes jumped like a cricket on top of the chest. He wanted a *je ne sais quoi,*—oh, very badly,—so that he could go to the coronation; but something else had occurred to him.

The magician handed the wand to him. Plop Plakes held it in both hands, his feet wide apart, his hat on one side.

"I wish," he said, loudly, "that the wicked magician's power may be taken away from him, *forever!*"

As soon as Plop Plakes had said this, they heard a howl outside, and through the window they could see the wicked magician running down the road, his black embroidered robe grasped in each hand.

Plop Plakes sitting on the soft place between the donkey's ears, went home with Patrick, while Katy rode on the splendid white saddle behind him.

He rather dreaded meeting Minthy Boo and Putcherly and the fairies, now that he had to come back without any *je ne sais quoi* at all, after he had vowed so determinedly that he would find one. After saying good-by to Katy and Patrick, he slipped away through a clover-field. In a little while he saw Minthy Boo coming toward him. She was walking slowly, brushing the long grass to one side with a stick. He tried to jump behind the stump of a tree, but she caught sight of him at once.

"Oh, Plop Plakes!" she called, happily, running toward him. "I 'm so glad to see you! Tell me, did you find any?"

Plop Plakes hung his head. "No," he said, sadly. "I could n't."

Minthy Boo laughed. "That 's all right, because—what do you think?—the queen is terribly sorry that she did n't invite you, and she has been so unhappy about it ever since. She says, if only you will come back in time, she won't have a small and refined coronation after all. Just a jolly one, where we can all have fun."

"Hooray!" shouted Plop Plakes.

"There are about twenty invitations for you now," continued Minthy Boo. "The fairies have been delivering them all day. Every time they come back from searching everywhere for you, they deliver another invitation."

So Plop Plakes went to the coronation after all, and he never had such a good time before! He whirled the lady fairies about until they gasped for breath. He ate dozens of violet water-ices. He sang and tumbled in time to the music, and at that thrilling moment when the queen's sparkling crown was raised and held over her shining, newly shampooed hair, Plop Plakes received the greatest honor of his life. The queen paused, then said, in a clear voice, "Plop Plakes may now shout Hooray."

So Plop Plakes, intensely excited, shouted "Hooray" with all his might, and afterward he felt as if a string, tied around him too tight, had suddenly been cut.

In about seventeen years the wicked magician, as all his power had been taken away from him, turned good and taught school in the village.





ABOUT AMERICA

A Letter to a Young French Girl

(Written during the War)

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

My Dear Little French Friend:

I call you "little," I should explain, more because of the affection in the word than because you really are little. Indeed, the photograph which the gentleman of the committee so kindly transmitted to me shows you to be a grave-eyed young lady of perhaps more than thirteen, while your letter shows you to be even older than that, certainly older in serious ways than my own daughter of thirteen—older in experience, and, I fear, in suffering and sacrifice. And let me say frankly that this letter of yours, just received, is both intelligent and charming; and I regard as a privilege the opportunity you make for me to tell you something about the country of which I have the honor to be a citizen, the United States of America.

You say, my dear little friend, that you are sure it is a good country, and a generous country, but that naturally you do not know so much about it as you do about France, and that you have never quite understood what sort of people the Americans are, having heard expressed various contradictory opinions of them.

Well, to explain: we are what our history shows us to be. Certainly that must be true! A nation is like a person in this: he is what he does; also he is apt to be what he *has* done.

In the first place, then, the Indians were here, upon these enormous tracts of land between the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there came colonists, prevailingly English, to the Atlantic coast, hardy and brave and industrious people. In many places the tribes of Indians sold them the rights to the land, and in others wars arose, and the Indians were gradually driven westward from the coast, where the English colonies more and more securely established themselves. But in England, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, there was a king, of German descent, and he wished to put heavy taxes upon the colonists in America and rule them without allowing them to have a voice in the government. The colonists were not so meek as the king thought; they were independent in spirit, and they made up their minds to be rid of any rule

but their own, so that each man of them should have not only freedom from kings, but freedom from all manner of oppression. The colonists fought a long, hard war for this freedom they so much desired; and in the midst of their trials a beautiful thing happened: the young Marquis de La Fayette, a Frenchman who cared more for the ideal of liberty than he did for his wealth, his comfort, or his life, came across the sea to help those new Americans, and became a general in their small, hard-fighting army.

The colonists had other help from France,—help which their descendants could never forget,—and at last France openly joined in the war, sending forces to fight, both on sea and on land; and, with this great aid, the revolutionists were able to win the war and their complete independence.

They adopted the free form of government known as a republic, without kings or hereditary officers of any kind. No class of people were granted special privileges; all citizens not only stood alike before the laws, but each one had as much to do with making the laws as any other. Always the ideal the Republic strove to attain was freedom for every citizen, so that in this country no normal human being should be obliged to act against either his conscience or his inclination, and that all citizens might have equal opportunities.

Now, those who made the Republic were not selfish; the doors were thrown wide open to all people who might wish to come from other countries and take up citizenship. The land which in time came under the domination of the American people was vast; east and west it was the whole width of the American continent, with thousands of miles of sea-coast for ports and fishing-grounds; there were forests of big timber, forests broader than some of the countries of Europe; there were mountain ranges more massive than the Alps and laden with coal and iron and with silver and gold; there were gigantic deposits of copper, of lead, of every other mineral, and of oil and gas; but the greatest of all in richness was the rich earth itself, the millions and millions of acres of fertile land for corn and wheat, for all the cereals, and pasturage for such herds of cattle and sheep as the world never knew before.

You have heard, you say, my dear, of the "rich Americans," and how the United States is the "rich man's country." In a way, this is true. The American people are the richest people because they have been industrious in developing such vast tracts of the rich land. And all the while, you know, anybody who wished could come here and share in the development and in the prosperity. The immigrant had as much chance to grow rich as the native had. It all depended only on his industry and his intelligence. Education was open to him; everything was open to him, if only he were willing. And hordes of immigrants did come, and shared in the products of the rich soil and became Americans.

You may have heard somewhere that the Americans grew rich by other means than by their industry and the richness of the American soil; and of course it is true that here and there there were men among them who by cunning and corruption got more than their proper share; but the common prosperity of the people is a fact of overwhelmingly more importance than that a few individuals have misused for gain the trust of citizenship. I am a kind of Socialist, myself, my dear, but I believe, with the unfortunate Russian lady, more in the socialism that tries to make poor people rich than in that which tries to make the rich people poor. Almost all the richer people in America have won their riches in open and fair competition; they have won by industry or intelligence or economy, or all three; and there are indeed very, very few poor people who need to remain poor if they display normal energy or intelligence. The advance has been so great and the opportunities are so universal that almost all of those who consider themselves poor to-day can have more comforts in their lives and better education for their minds than were within the reach of those who were considered "rich" fifty or sixty years ago.

Of the people who came to America from all over the world, many came because they wanted the freedom of thought and speech and action prevailing here; many came to escape the period of military service which was necessary in Europe because of the ambitions of autocratic governments; and many indeed came because of the richness of the American soil and the equal opportunities for everybody to share in the riches produced from it. America was in truth a land, as we say, of "peace and plenty"; and yet, of course, we have not been able to escape wars.



BOOTH TARKINGTON

After our Revolutionary War we came again into a quarrel with Britain, and fought what we call the "War of 1812." This was because the British interfered with our maritime rights. They did not sink our ships or murder American citizens, but they did infringe upon our rights on the sea in a manner intolerable to an independent nation; and so we fought them, of course; and in the end the British agreed to respect the rights we had defended. This was a war we had to fight, unless we were willing to let a foreign government abuse American citizens; any nation must fight when it comes to such a question as that, you see, or else it will not long *be* a nation.

And then, before the country settled into its boundaries, there was a war of expansion: Americans had begun to develop a great northern section of Mexico (the hot country south of us), and they declared their independence of Mexico, then asked us to join this section (called Texas) to the United States; which brought about war between the United States and Mexico. Undoubtedly such a war was indeed a war of expansion, but the Mexican rule of Texas was not a good one, and the people of Texas were surely not unreasonable in wishing to live under American laws rather than under Mexican rule.

The war we fought with Mexico was not a great war, however. Our greatest war lasted four years, and was not with a foreign country. It was caused by a great sin among ourselves, a sin which had begun as a small thing long before we won our independence, but grew until it was enormous and not to be borne. The people of the Southern States of our federation held hundreds of thousands of negroes as slaves, and when the nineteenth century was a little more than half over, the North found that the time had come when the great evil must be faced.

Now, my dear child, if you wish to understand the character of our people, I will ask you to think for a moment or two about this great and terrible Civil War of ours. My father and some of my uncles took part in it; for almost all the men whom I knew in my boyhood and youth had been soldiers in that fierce struggle. Some of them, indeed, were cripples, but all greatly honored among us; and even now we still see the old, old veterans gathering for a reunion. Why did they fight?

The Southerners had determined to break up the country rather than abate what they considered their rights in their property, the slaves. The Northern States would not consent that slavery should increase, and determined to hold it in check; and this brought on the war which, after four years of terrible sacrifice, crushed the South and abolished slavery. The Northern States did not want war; they hated war and were altogether unprepared for it. There could be no material gain for them in their opposition to slavery. They knew that the war and even the abolition of slavery itself would make them poorer, not

richer, and they knew that many and many of their best must die, if it came to war—and yet they fought. They fought because they thought slavery wrong—so wrong that it was worse than war.

And it is true that our war with Spain came because the people of the United States felt that a wrong was being done to the people of Cuba. Horrors were continuous for many, many years in the unhappy island so close to our coast; we felt that the long tragedy must be closed. And at the end of the short war, when we had taken Cuba from Spain, we set the island in order and went away, leaving it to the free Cubans. We had taken the Philippine islands from Spain, but we paid Spain $20,000,000 in money for them, and assumed their government until such time as the natives should learn how to govern and protect themselves—and only until that time.

These, then, have been our wars, little Marie, and I think you will not believe that they show us to be a mean or ungenerous people, nor an overly self-seeking people. But shall I tell you something of what sort of people we have seemed to be in our long years of peace time? Then I shall say at once that in the last twenty or thirty years of our vastly increasing wealth and prosperity I think we have been too much concerned with our wealth and prosperity themselves. I mean that wealth and prosperity ought really to be only a means to help a people toward *thinking* more comfortably, and toward making the world more beautiful, whereas we have thought that wealth and prosperity were intended as a means toward getting more wealth and prosperity. We have built huge cities and kept on making them more and more enormous, and we talked a great deal of the mere *size* of everything and of how much money everything cost us. And many of these cities were incongruous and ugly to the eye, and noisy and dirty and befouled with heavy coal-smoke. We did not care to make them beautiful and clean; so long as they were big, we cared for little else. You see, the great *size* of everything meant that everybody was "getting rich." And everybody *could* get rich, the newest immigrant as well as the native, if he worked hard enough and skilfully enough. There is no doubt we thought rather too much about riches.

On the other hand, we did think pretty well about education and government. We made progress in our effort to see that every baby born into the world shall have the same chance that any other baby has to live a wise and good and happy life. We made progress in our effort to see that all the children and young people of the nation shall have all the education that they need or that they wish to take. We made progress in our effort to prevent cunning men from increasing their riches by unfair advantages; we made progress toward giving the laboring man publicly more than the capitalist can have privately. (As in France, where no millionaire can have to himself so fine a park as that of Versailles or Fontainebleau, which belong to the people. And neither a laboring man nor a millionaire can sit under more than one tree at the same time, you know, my dear.)

We made progress, indeed, in our democracy; that is to say, in having a country belonging to all the people. Our law is that there shall be no classes or castes of people. We shall never let the richer rule the poorer; we shall never let the poorer rule the richer. We shall not even let either the richer or the poorer regard themselves as a class and attempt to rule the other. It is true that there are immigrants, accustomed to oppression in their own empires or kingdoms, who have come to our Republic, and, not accepting our republican ideals, have desired to introduce class hatred and class government here. We will not have it. We shall teach them that such things are not for America, and that here there shall be neither classes nor class rule; nothing but rule by all the people.

That is a little about what we are, here in America, my child—only a little, of course, and told very broadly and roughly. Now, let me tell you something of how we come to be fighting with the French and British and Italians against the Ger-

mans and Austrians in the Great War—how it is that we who live on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean should be sending millions of soldiers to Europe.

Until 1914, most of us, here in America, believed that there would never be another great war. For my own part, I was like the rest: I was unable to imagine that the government of any country could be so foolish or so wicked as to bring about an international war. In the summer of 1911 I was motoring in Germany, and as we approached the French frontier we found that great numbers of German soldiers were also moving in the same direction—toward France. We bought a newspaper and read that there was a "crisis"; and it is the strange fact that we laughed about it, we were so sure it meant nothing serious. We even laughed when we left the German frontier, on the road from Strasburg to Nancy, and saw troops of Uhlans collecting within a few yards of the border of the neutral strip between the two countries. There were batteries of artillery, too, close by; though when we crossed into France, we could see broad stretches of French country, but no French troops until we had gone more than ten kilometres along the road. We remembered this, I should add, at the beginning of August, 1914, when the Germans declared that "French patrols had crossed the frontier," but the French Government stated that all French troops had been held ten kilometres from the border. However, in 1911, we motoring Americans were actually amused by the preparations for war attending the "crisis"; we were so positive that no such dreadful thing as war could really come about. You see, we were "provincial"; we merely reflected the pacifist condition of our own country.

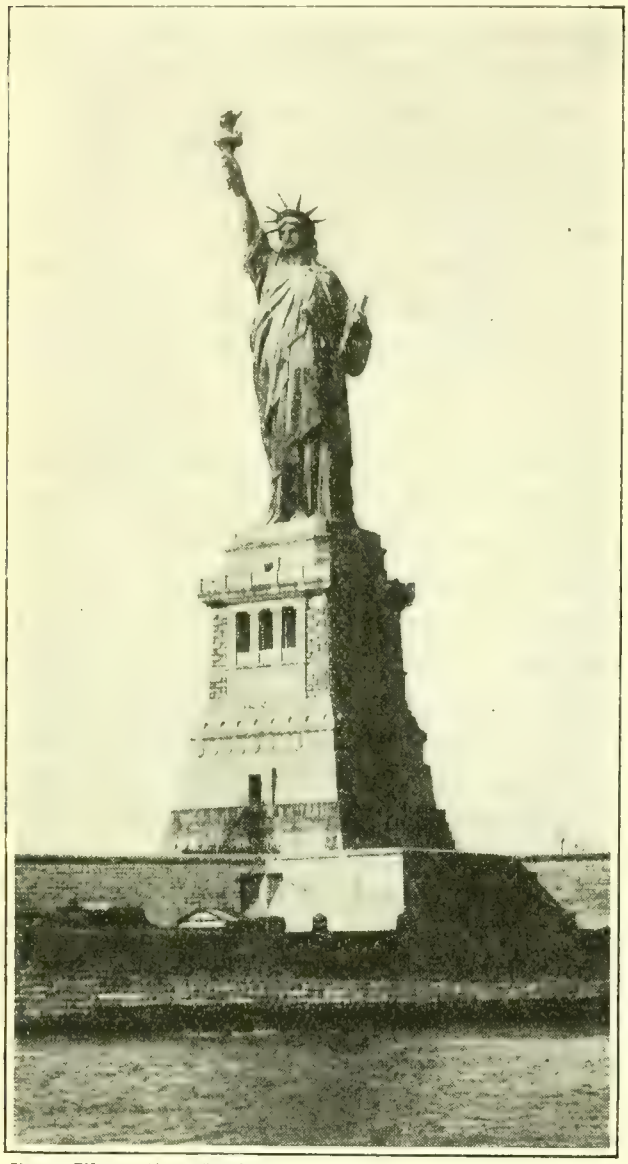
For we were, indeed, a pacifist nation. The American army was so small that it really had no part in the life of the people. in America we rarely saw soldiers on the street; in an American city or town or village a military uniform was as rare as ragged clothes—the only uniforms we were accustomed to see were those of policemen and postmen and messenger-boys. There are over 100,000,000 people in the United States, and our army consisted of about 100,000 men. There was a small body of militia in each of the States, with no equipment for war and very, very little training.

I tell you this, you see, to show you why we were so innocently ignorant of the real condition in Europe. The very thought of war was repugnant to us; and we believed the thought of war so repugnant to all other nations and governments that a state of war could never again exist, except locally, as a sort of police struggle—or as a class-struggle, in Russia, perhaps.

And so, when the war began in Europe, in 1914, we were at first confused and horrified. It seemed more like something we were dreaming than like reality. For a time we did not understand what had brought this horrible thing about, though we had always felt a strong distrust of the German kaiser. We had admired Germany for many things, and we had a friendly feeling toward the German people, because we thought them so good-natured and jolly, with their beer-songs and music, and yet so industrious and law-abiding, and so capable in business. The truth is, we did not know a great deal about them; and the one thing which puzzled us, when we spoke or thought of them, was why in the world they did not throw their strutting, war-talking old play-actor of a kaiser into the dust-heap. Therefore, we were dumfounded when, in that bad August of 1914, we learned the truth that all the German people were as bent on war as their kaiser himself was.

For France we had a feeling different from that which we felt for any other nation. There was La Fayette, you remember, and Rochambeau, and the help from France to enable us to be free. France is a republic, as America is. And if you should come to America, the great thing you would see from your ship, before you set foot on shore, would be the statue, rising from the salt water and high against the sky, "Liberty Enlightening the World"—the statue France gave to America. Close to the garden entrance to the Louvre,

you have seen, in Paris, the bronze figure of La Fayette mounted on his war-horse. The school-children of America gave that to France in token of a gratitude lasting through many generations, and never stronger than to-day. In the Place d'Iéna you have seen the equestrian bronze statue



Press Illustrating Service

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR PRESENTED TO AMERICA BY THE FRENCH NATION

of La Fayette's friend, George Washington, and you know that he was an American. We call him the "Father of his Country," and that is what he was. It was because he was the most heroic figure in the founding of this Republic, and because France was his friend and our friend, that his statue is there in Paris now. So I think you will understand what Americans mean when we say that our feeling for France has always been different from our feeling toward other countries.

You will understand, too, how stirred and troubled we were, when, in the early days of that August, we saw France threatened with war. As I have said, we were confused; we did not understand what had seemed so suddenly to betray all Europe into agony. It was to us as if we unexpectedly heard fierce voices breaking a stillness, the voices of Austria and Germany, and then, looking over the sea, we saw our old friend, France, deathly pale and quiet, but standing ready to face any horror. And we hoped, whatever the right or wrong of this terrible quarrel, that France would not be overborne.

Then Germany treacherously murdered little Belgium, and we felt instantly and instinctively that a government and an army capable of doing so bad a thing must be in the wrong of the quarrel, and must have provoked it. With no more before us than this, our judgment began to be formed. And when our ancient enemy, Britain, straightway sent her little army to stand with France and what was left of Belgium, we gloried in Britain and felt that Britain was right and honorable and brave in this fight.

Slowly we began to unravel the causes of the war, as the facts of the German plans came before us bit by bit—and, finally, the proofs, not set forth by Germany's enemies, but all by Germans themselves; until we found that what we had only intuitively felt at first was indeed the historical truth. Germany had brought about the war for the purpose of becoming more powerful and richer.

Do you know how many Americans went to help the Allies in 1914 and 1915 and 1916? The brave young men sailed on every ship; they went by hundreds into Canada and enlisted there; they drove ambulances for France; and they fought on the sea and in the air for France and for Britain. There were many thousands of them. Not *one* American went to help Germany.

Our Government declared that we would take neither side. Nearly all the men who formed that Government saw the truth as plainly as the majority of our

people did; they understood the wickedness of the German ambition. But it was the Government's duty to keep our unwarlike nation out of war, if that could be done; and for a time, indeed, we had no direct quarrel of our own with Germany. War was "against our nature," as we say; its calamity would fall upon the noblest possession we have—the young men of the nation, and in riches and comforts, even in necessary food and clothes, we should every one of us be much poorer. We tried to "maintain neutrality."

The Germans would not have it so. To obtain a treacherous and unlawful advantage over Britain and France they sank merchant vessels upon which were American citizens. When we protested against these murders, the Germans told us to change our laws. In the end they made laws for us to obey, and declared that if American citizens disobeyed the new German laws, these citizens would be killed by Germans. That is, Germany announced that she had begun to rule America by force, and an American's disobedience of German law was to be punished with death. Of course, if we endured such a proclamation, our independence, for which the French so long ago came to help Washington fight, was at an end, and we were subjects of the kaiser.

That is why we have about two million soldiers fighting the Germans in France at the middle of this autumn of 1918, and why we shall have a million more there by the end of spring, and why we shall send ten million if they happen to be needed.

It is why we are launching three great ships a day and shall soon be launching ten; it is why we are gladly doing without wheat, that the Allies may be fed; it is why we go cold in our houses, that the coal may heat the steel for cannon.

Already, dear little French lady, we Americans are much poorer in money and in all kinds of "property" and "capital" than we were before we went into the war. The taxes in our country have all fallen on the richer, not upon the poorer. In money, the poorer (those who labor with their muscles) are growing richer, and the richer are growing poorer. But the whole country is poorer because of the prodigious masses of useful things that come out of the ground—the coal, the iron, the copper, the cotton—which are being consumed in the destruction of war. War eats up true wealth: the minerals and the muscles—



STATUE OF LA FAYETTE IN PARIS PRESENTED TO FRANCE BY THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN OF AMERICA

yes, and the brains. The millionaires are being made less than millionaires every day; and though the workingmen receive more money than ever before, they cannot buy more with it than they could before the war.

But this, as you know too well, is not the hard cost of the war. Each day there are more American graves in France, and already splendid young men are beginning to be carried from the returning ships at our ports—crippled, blind, insane. Yet all these things are but the slightest beginning of what we would bear in order to win this war. For that we would bear

everything—as France has borne everything.

There have been foolish people who have called this a "capitalists' war." (In your letter you show that you understood what this term means, and you are very clever and well educated for your years, I must say!) And you mention that some one had said, "The Americans are all capitalists!" So we are, as every one is who earns some money and puts it in a savings-bank. Well, we are losing a great deal of our capital through the war, and we are prepared to lose it all. Foolish people have said of the war, "Why should the poor man fight in a rich man's quarrel?" Of course the Germans are trying to get the poorer people of England and France and America and Italy to say such things, but if poor people in Germany were overheard asking that question, they would risk being put in jail. You see, it is n't a "rich man's quarrel" so far as the Allies are concerned. We are fighting, rich and poor, to keep the kaiser and his government and army from making us all (and all our descendants) work for Germany—as slaves, if Germany chooses, or under whatever laws and rules the Germans might decide to enforce upon us.

America came into the war for the reasons I have told you; but since then we have gradually come to a clearer enlightenment. We see that there is not at one time room enough in the world for such a government as Germany's and for free peoples such as the people of France and Britain and Italy and America. The kaiser's government must be crushed, or the rest of us will be crushed, poor and rich together.

We intend to live, we Americans, and to live in freedom, without further uneasiness as to the intentions of kaisers or other Germans. We mean to see to it *now* that our grandchildren shall have no fear of Germany. It is our hope to take from the shoulders of France and of Britain some weight at the ending of their task. And when it is finished, what do we Americans want for ourselves? What do we intend to ask as our reward? Not one inch of ground; not one sou of tribute; no increase of trade; no favors. We want a peace that shall last, and we want the French, the British, and the Italians to think of us as a friend thinks of a friend.

With gratitude to you for what you have borne not only for France, but for America, I am, dear child,

Your American friend,

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

A BACKWARD AND A FORWARD LOOK

BETWEEN January 1, 1918 and the present New Year's Day lies a year that will probably be regarded by future historians as the most momentous twelve-month in the political annals of the world. For to sum up briefly, within that interval the German autocracy, which sought to crush the free peoples and bend them to its will, has met its Waterloo. The proud nation that arrogantly defied the lovers of liberty has itself had to bow to the might of the soldiers of the Allies, and its dream of world domination has gone, glimmering, into oblivion. Not less complete, either, has been the defeat of its abhorrent comrades in conspiracy: Austria, the ramshackle empire that set the match to the great conflagration by its insolent ultimatum to Serbia, in 1914; Turkey, the "unspeakable" heathen slaughterer, "made even worse" and more heathen, as Mr. W. D. Howells has so well said, by association with that so-called Christian nation, Germany; and Bulgaria, faithless to everything except its own selfish interests and to everybody except those who compel it to obey. It is a consummation devoutly to be welcomed by free men the world over, and sure to be reverently commemorated by the people of emancipated nations and by their children's children. It means the dawning of a new and better day for all mankind.

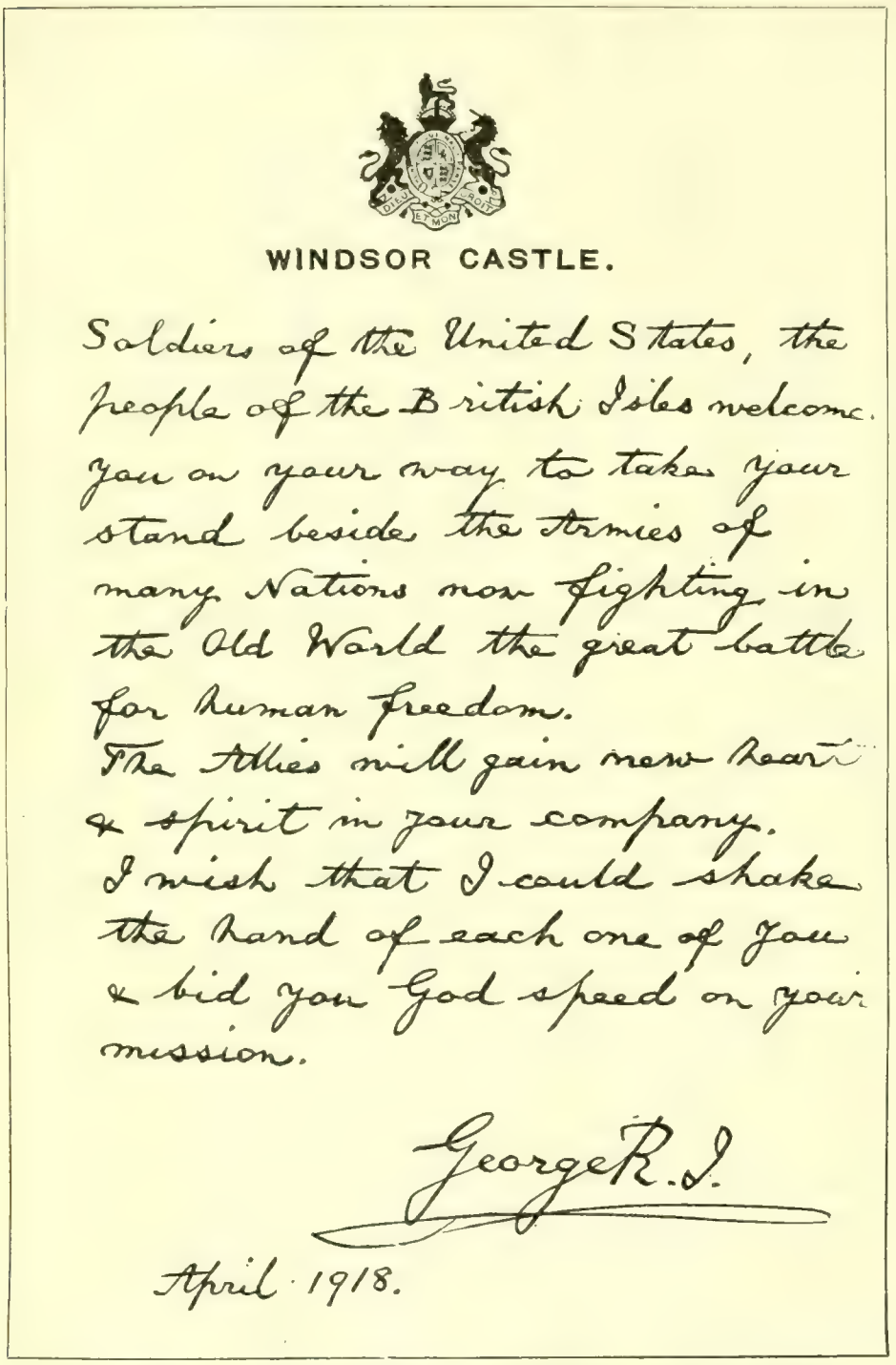
And in achieving this greatest of vic-

tories the Allied nations actively engaged played a glorious part: (1) Little Serbia, whose prime minister, after exhausting every effort to meet Austria's insolent demands, replied, at last: "It is better to die for duty than to exist as slaves. We fight!" And right nobly did Serbia fight, defeating two Austrian armies, at the outset, and never surrendering, even when Bulgaria stabbed her in the back, and, by the aid of this perfidy, the German and Austrian forces overran the whole country. (2) Belgium, whose noble king also defied Germany's base and treacherous demand to be allowed to march through that neutral land to attack France, with "Belgium is a nation, not a road!"—a nation which, by sacrifice and martyrdom for the sake of honor alone, has won imperishable glory. (3) Heroic France, who, by sheer military genius flung back the invader at both battles of the Marne, and for four long years stood, as at Verdun, an impregnable bulwark between the ruthless enemy and his two ultimate aims, Paris and the channel ports. (4) England, whose mighty navy gained a strangle hold upon Germany at the start and never relinquished it, and whose brave soldiers, gathered not only from the British Isles but also from the widely separated colonies of her vast empire, fought on so many fronts with that bulldog courage that does n't know when it is beaten and against which the so-called "invincible" Hun converged his fiercest and most stupendous efforts—in vain. (5) Russia, who, though now worn out by war and groping along a dark and tragic path, yet rendered tremendous service at the beginning, and was put out of the conflict, at last, by treacherous leadership rather than by defeat. (6) Italy, who, allied for years with Germany and Austria, promptly proclaimed her neutrality when war was declared, thus leaving France to range her whole army against the German onset, without having to protect her Italian frontier; who actually joined in the conflict in 1915, on the side of the Allies, and accomplished almost superhuman feats of mountain warfare, and who, by her great victory of the Piave in 1918,—one of the greatest of the whole war,—fully retrieved the defeat of the year before. (7) The United States, our own great Republic, who came late to the fray, but not *too* late, and amazed the world by the enormous might and power which she contributed, as well as by the almost miraculous speed with which her armies were trained, and transported across three thousand miles of sea to the battle-front, where their dauntless dash and valor, their resourcefulness and self-reliance, showed them both in defense and attack worthy to fight alongside the most seasoned veterans of the French and British forces.

Nor must we forget: (8) Rumania, who, betrayed by Russia, suffered a cruel fate, but maintained her struggle to the last, and held thirty-four German divisions on her front during the critical months when the German Army of the West was besieging Verdun. Nor (9) Greece, who withstood the subtle intrigues of her deceitful king, finally deposed him, and, restoring Venizelos, the patriot, fought valiantly at last in the battles that overcame Bulgaria. (10) Portugal, too, early joined the Allies and loyally did her utmost, both in France and in Africa. (11) Japan stood guard over eastern Siberia and the Oriental seas, and, with other Allied forces, aided the Czecho-Slovaks in resisting the Bolshevists of Russia. (12) The Czecho-Slovaks themselves achieved one of the greatest feats in history by their wonderful march across the vast empire of Russia and Siberia, drawing to the standard of true democracy, wherever they went, the better elements of the Russian people, and thus aiding mightily in the redemption of that great nation, as well as the establishment of their own.

Here is a record, then, of which each and all of the chief participants in the great struggle may well be proud. And at its close, as the New York "Globe" has declared: "The five nations of France, Great Britain, Italy, the United States, and Japan now have the mastery of the world. If they perpetuate their union by a permanent alliance, and use the power of

this alliance to keep the world in order, a league of peace can perhaps be brought into being." Some days earlier, Gertrude Atherton, in "The New York Times," made this strong plea: "The time has come for us to solidify our present friendship with Great Britain, understand her, rejoice in a close alliance with a great, brave, generous, and magnanimous country; love her as much as it is humanly possible for one nation to love another. If we had known her in 1914 as we do today, we should have been in close political alliance with her before the war; and if Prussia had dared to declare war at all, her horrors would have come to a speedy conclusion. A close alliance with Great Britain would be the most natural alliance in the world. She gave us our language, our laws, our code of the inviolable freedom of the individual. . . . Without forgetting our incomparable France and the tremendous record of Belgium and Italy, it is permitted to demand: Where should we all be today but for the British navy?"


WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many Nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.
The Allies will gain new heart & spirit in your company.
I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you & bid you God speed on your mission.

George R.I.

April 1918.

THE MESSAGE OF WELCOME FROM KING GEORGE TO OUR SOLDIERS

The verdict upon this question seems to be unanimous in the American press. It has been well voiced by the New York "Evening Post" in this extract from an editorial of recent date: "There has been much curious and unprofitable debating who and what won the war. This, at least, can be set down with all confidence: but for the British navy the war could not have been won at all. It was the one indispensable element of victory."

And again, the fact is emphasized with more detail in The New York "Evening Sun": "King George told no more than the bare, literal truth when he said that 'without the (British) fleet the struggle could not have been maintained, for upon command of the seas the very existence of our land forces has from the first depend-

ed.' Nor, as he also said, could American troops have been sent to Europe if the navy had failed. During the later period, our own fleet did magnificent work, but the brunt of the war was carried by the English ships from the beginning.

"Of course we all know this. It has been plain from the first; but it will not do to forget it when peace terms and final settlements come. Let us always remember that but for the British sailors and the French army Germany to-day would rule the world, and we should be slaves."

France was at war with Britain at frequent intervals through several centuries; but all the animosities of former times have melted away in the fiery crucible of this world-war, in which the two nations have faced, with equal courage, comradeship, and devotion, the common danger to the liberties of the world. And America may well echo the tribute to England offered by the sturdy French premier, Georges Clemenceau (affectionately greeted in the streets of London as "good old Tiger"), when he said: "Our ancestral enemies have become our indestructible friends!" So let it be—not only with France and England, but with England and the United States! And in token of the inborn fellowship with England which our best thinkers have always felt, even beneath the shadow of old-time estrangement, it is well to recall here two stanzas written by our beloved Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, more than fifty years ago:

"O Englishmen!—in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede,
And Shakespere's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

" 'Thicker than water,' in one rill
Through centuries of story,
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you the good and ill,
The shadow and the glory."

That this sense of kinship and unity is increasing in both countries is shown in the interesting announcement by "The New York Times" of the program for "Britain's Day" in the United States, December 7. This number of ST. NICHOLAS must go to press before that date, and therefore cannot include here any account of the celebration itself; but there can be no doubt that it will be a memorable event. As the "Times" declares: "One of the surest proofs of growing good feeling and closer relations between the United States and Britain is the hearty response of the entire nation to Britain Day. Letters from governors, mayors, societies of every type, school boards and individuals from every State in the country have been received at the Britain Day headquarters in New York City. Britain's achievements in the war will be honored throughout the country on December 7, and New York City will pay tribute to our ally's share in the war, with a great Britain demonstration at the Hippodrome on Sunday, December 8. Representative men of America and the allied nations will take part, and it is expected that some notable persons will arrive from England to participate. America's celebration is the inevitable result of the country's admiration for the splendid fighting spirit Britain has shown in the world war.

"Profoundly expressive of the fellowship existing between the two countries was Britain's celebration of the one hundred and forty-second anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. A demonstration took place at Central Hall, Westminster, near the House of Parliament, on July 4, 1918. The most distinguished statesmen of Britain and her representative men joined in the meeting. Viscount Bryce, who is well known in America, having been former British Ambassador to the United States, presided at the meeting, and in his message to President Wilson said that the British people 'send to the President and the people of the United States their heartfelt greetings on the one hundred and forty-second anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence.'

"Americans have spontaneously agreed

to the Britain celebration on December 7. Thousands of cities will honor it as Britain Day. The gratitude of the entire country will be shown. Many prominent persons in America have been responsible for the movement, and speakers who will be heard at the New York City demonstration will be among the most representative people of New York City and prominent nationally."

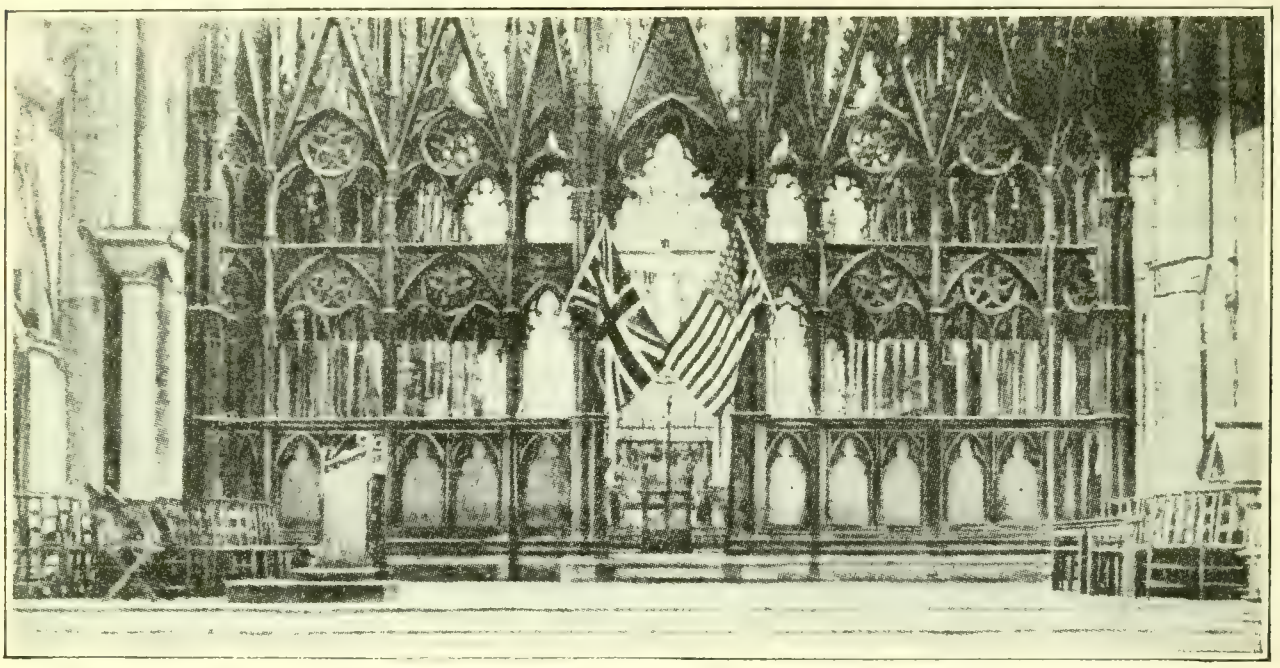
Of England's feeling for America, perhaps no finer evidence has been given than the ringing stanzas of Alfred Noyes' beautiful poem, "The Avenue of the Allies," which, as a tribute from an English poet, deserves to be cherished and memorized in every school and household of our land. And to this may be added the earnest statement of a prominent and patriotic citizen of New York, Mr. Otto Kahn, who recorded these observations during a recent visit to England and France:

"The desire of Great Britain to do everything possible for our boys over there, and to make of the present comradeship in arms a lasting, deep, and cordial friendship between the two nations, is strikingly manifest everywhere, from the highest to the lowest. I believe the importance of meeting them in the same spirit, sincerely, whole-heartedly and without reservation, cannot be over-estimated.

"Whatever betide, the world will be safe for peace, humanity, and liberty as long as America and Great Britain, understanding and trusting one another, stand on guard. The world will not be safe, otherwise, for any length of time.

"France is superb beyond words. What the men—and women, too—of France have done of heroism, and resolutely and uncomplainingly borne of sacrifice these past four years, forms one of the very noblest chapters in the world's history. The entire civilized world owes a debt to France which it can never repay.

"She has, indeed, become the sacred soil of humanity."



THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN FLAGS DISPLAYED IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, JULY 4, 1918

The feeling of France for America was eloquently set forth by Ambassador J. J. Jusserand, on September 24, when presenting two great Sèvres vases to the Senate of the United States, in appreciation of the Senate's reception of former Premier Viviani and Marshal Joffre during their visit in 1917. In the course of his address, the ambassador said:

"In planning this war, the Germans had concluded that, when they struck, Belgium would be found benumbed with fright, France in decay, England in indifference, and America in business.

"The answer was Liège, Marne, Ypres, and St. Mihiel. . . .

"We are at one of the grandest periods in the history of the world. We see sights never to be seen again; not only scenes of horror, but scenes of splendor. To these latter scenes, American contribution is one of which you and your descendants may well be proud forever. Seeking to use the terms of your President, no conquest, no dominion, no indemnities, no material compensation, acting as 'one of the champions of the rights of mankind,' your nation has stood the severest tests and offered an admirable example. . . .

"And we are in, all of us, 'until the last gun is fired.' And why are we in? We are in, as I take it, in order to give its proper value to a document about as sacred to us French as to you Americans, and which recalls for us common souvenirs. It is to make good for the world the Declaration of Independence."

Thus both France and England have paid tribute to our great Declaration—the British people (against whom it was mainly directed when written!) having sent their heartfelt greetings on the one hundred and forty-second anniversary of the Fourth of July, 1776. Moreover, to our Stars and Stripes England has accorded an honor paid to no other national banner, for our flag has floated from the same flagstaff with that of England, and on a level with it, from the tower of Parliament Buildings, London. And the photograph here reproduced showing the flags of the two nations, side by side, in Winchester Cathedral on July 4, 1918, bore the inscription:

"Independence, 1776
Interdependence, 1918
Asunder—Never!"

France, England and America! Here is a glorious fellowship which neither their welded peoples of these great days, nor any coming generation, should willingly let die. Mr. Frank H. Simonds, in the "New York Tribune," adds his testimony to that of Mr. Kahn, in these words:

"As long as the United States stands with France and Britain, bound by common purposes and enlightened intelligence, the peace of the world is assured, and it is threatened the moment these nations begin to drift apart. . . . The association with France and Britain is not, on our side, merely a passing arrangement. The mass of the American people are thinking of the British and the French in wholly new terms. This is the greatest thing of all in the present situation. Let us trust that our French and British friends will recognize that this is the real fact in America."

WATER IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

Prepared For St. Nicholas by
THE UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION

Everything depends on something else. It is a good deal like the "House That Jack Built." This story is about the water that (1) consumes the coal, that (2) fires the ships, that (3) carry our troops, that (4) have freed Europe, that (5) needs more coal than it can produce, that (6) we must send over.

It is an odd fact, but almost everything we use and a great many things we do could not exist, or could not be done, without coal. Of course, food and clothes and houses depend on coal, and most kinds of traveling. Books and paper and ink and pencils, in fact, almost everything which is used to educate boys and girls, and almost everything their fathers do to earn the money to educate them, and almost everything their mothers do to keep them well and happy,—can be traced back to coal. No wonder, then, that the world needs hundreds of millions of tons every year.

We have heard a great deal, of late, about the amounts which war factories, and particularly steel-furnaces, have needed in

order to supply our armies with the weapons of victory. Our lightless nights and many other coal-saving crusades have kept the great need of the war in our minds. Perhaps we have felt, therefore, that when the war ended our coal economies could end, too.

But the armies which we have sent abroad we must bring back. That will require a great deal of coal. Moreover, Europe will be able to mine very little coal for years to come. You know how Germany has flooded and dynamited some of the mines of Belgium and northern France. Those countries will turn to us. Italy has no coal-mines. If England and Austria cannot send her coal,—and they cannot at once,—she, too, will look to us. Russia has mines, but where will she find her miners? The United States is not going to cease to be useful to our Allies just because the war has ended. We shall still send them coal and materials manufactured from coal. Our boys and girls will go on helping Europe just as they have helped during the war. The older boys will still watch the furnace dampers, and, perhaps, sift ashes. The older girls will still see that fuel is not wasted in the kitchen range and that meals are so planned as to cook all dishes at one time, so that at other times the fire can go out or be banked. The smaller children will still be "light-monitors," turning out lights in all unnecessary places.

We introduced this as a water story, however, and so far we have said nothing about water. Perhaps you think it is a story about *hot* water, since it has to do with coal. But as a matter of fact, it sometimes takes coal to make water *cold*. Just why this is, we shall find out in a few minutes.

Water has to be pumped in order to flow from our city faucets, and this pumping is done by coal power. Filtering, also, in city filtering-plants, requires coal. About how many gallons a day, do you suppose, is pumped for each person who lives where there is a water system? About one hundred and thirty-nine gallons. That seems like a good deal more than you use or I use every day, and, in truth, it *is* more. A hundred gallons a day would probably be enough if we did not waste so much.

A leak one thirty-second of an inch in diameter wastes eight gallons an hour. Will not you boys and girls notice leaks and tell your fathers about them? If your house has a water meter, it is worth while occasionally to turn off all the water outlets and then watch the meter. Of course, if it still moves, that proves that there is a leak.

A stream one quarter of an inch in diameter uses up five hundred and fourteen gallons an hour. Will you not avoid washing your hands in running water, and partly fill the basin instead?

Often it is necessary to let water run from the cold faucet for some time before it is really cold. This is when it takes coal to make water cold, for, of course, we are using coal to pump it until it runs at the refreshing temperature. When we are drawing a pitcherful, we can save this waste by taking it as it comes and then cooling it in the refrigerator or on the window-sill.

Every man, woman, and child can help to stop the waste of millions of gallons of water in his own city. Saving water is saving coal, which will be needed to feed, clothe, and employ the suffering people of Europe.

Of course, there is one thing which the world needs even more than it needs coal; and this is strong, healthy citizens. Plenty of baths and plenty of glasses of water are necessary to health. Water used is not water wasted. Use all the water that you need to keep you fit, for your best gift to the Government is yourself in fine form for work and play. Afterward, use a part of your strength and happiness to prevent waste of coal-pumped water, and waste of coal everywhere, so that the boys and girls of Europe can become strong and fit also. They are calling to you over here to share with them those good things which make it worth while to be alive and young in the Big House That Jack Built.



FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island"

CHAPTER V.

THE FIGHT FOR THE SHIP

Hook swung round quickly and was in the act of raising the kriss, when he saw Jerry's revolver pointing at his chest.

Captain Dragon, with an imprecation, half turned, but became stationary when he felt something cold pressed against the side of his neck.

"Drop that knife!" Jerry ordered, addressing the mate.

Hook glared, but did not obey. He was weighing the chances of being able to knock the weapon out of the boy's hand.

"Drop it, or I 'll shoot!" Jerry commanded.

The kriss rattled on the floor.

"Now, Captain Dragon," said Ben, "if I press the least bit harder on this trigger, you 'll die in a hurry. I am in earnest. Don't try any tricks. Let that revolver fall. If you move your arm, I 'll shoot."

The revolver dropped.

In a few minutes Hook was securely trussed up with rope, and then the skipper was treated in a similar manner. Dragon, however, did not submit to the ordeal in silence.

"Cut this out!" he protested. "A joke 's a joke, Mr. Duncan, but I warn you it 's no joke to tie up a skipper on his own vessel. It 's an offense—a serious offense."

"Come on, Jerry," said Ben, "We 've got to face the rest of the music on deck now. Hello! that 's what I half expected. The schooner has gone up into the wind. There 's nobody at the wheel!"

In the faint moonlight Ben made out the figure of Gill a few yards away.

"You there, cap'n?" the man asked in a gruff voice.

"He 's down below," Ben replied. "Come here, Gill."

The seaman, who had been utterly surprised at this unexpected turn of events, hurled a belaying-pin with great violence in the direction of the second mate. Fortunately it missed its mark, but as it clattered against the woodwork, Ben fired

twice in rapid succession. At the second discharge Gill gave a scream of pain, and there came a confusion of voices as Wiggin, Flynn, and John Todd, hurrying from the forecastle, rushed aft. Along the gangway they ran, between the lumber, Flynn leading, Todd next, and Wiggin in the rear. Todd had no idea how the situation stood, but suddenly he put his great arms forward and clutched at Flynn. They fell in a heap, and Wiggin, tripping over them, rolled on the top. The cook, realizing that John Todd was crushing the life out of Flynn, fastened his own wiry hands round John's throat.

"I 've got him, Flynn," Wiggin called shrilly. "Get up and help me. Gill! Gill! Where 's Gill?"

From the sounds Gill was making, however, he was in no condition to come to the rescue. Nor was all going well with Wiggin, as he soon began to perceive. Strong though his hands were, they were puny compared with the great fingers which John Todd had twined round the throat of Flynn, and meanwhile Ben and Jerry have arrived on the scene.

"Stand back there, Wiggin, if you don't want to be shot," Ben ordered.

The cook, who had believed the second mate and the owner to be securely tied up by now, according to the program, stared with astonishment into the barrel of the revolver that was pointed straight into his face.

"Why—why—" he began, his fingers relaxing involuntarily.

"Get up, you little worm!" Ben snapped.

Something came hurtling through the air. There was a thud as it struck Ben, and he sank to the deck with a groan. Gill, with a desperate effort, had recovered sufficiently to be dangerous, but fell again after the effort.

Wiggin laughed hysterically; but the laugh died as suddenly as it came, for Ben's place had immediately been taken by Jerry.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed the cook, rising to his feet, while John Todd, now relieved of his own adversary, gave his undivided attention to the task of quieting Flynn.

"Where 's Hook—where 's Dragon?" he asked, gasping for breath. "Look after them!"

"They 're tied up down below," replied Jerry.

John Todd rose to his knees over the prostrate form of Flynn, who had become unconscious.

"What 'll I do with this little snipe?" he asked, indicating the cook.

"Truss him up, like the others," ordered Jerry.

None too gently, Todd secured Wiggin, and deposited him, together with Flynn and Gill, down in the forecastle, while Jerry, fetching a lantern, knelt by his friend's side.

To Jerry's great joy, the second mate opened his eyes a few moments later.

"Where am I? What 's happened?" he asked, trying to raise himself on to his elbow.

"Gill hit you with another belaying-pin," the boy explained. "He won't do it again, though."

"Gee, but my head aches!" said Ben. "Say, Jerry, the wind is stronger. We ought to get her under control again."

It was, indeed, time that some one began to pay attention to the handling of the *Endeavor*. She had been sawing and yawing, now canting over to starboard as her sails bellied, and then, as the booms swept the deck with a crash, going over crazily on the other tack. Moreover, during the last twenty minutes, the breeze had strengthened considerably.

Ben winced as a splitting pain shot through his head when he stood up; but he succeeded in reaching the wheel, and held the schooner up into the wind while the boy and John tugged and hauled on the canvas.

"The problem that 's worrying me now," the second mate announced, as soon as the task was finished and Todd was grasping the spokes of the wheel, "is what course ought we to make?"

"I was thinking something of the sort," replied Jerry. "We could never reach Bordeaux with a crew of three all told, besides the job of looking after Dragon

and his gang. We 're just about half-way across the Atlantic, are n't we?"

"Yes, and the nearest land is the island of Corvo, in the Azores."

"Could n't we make for that, and get rid of these ruffians?" Jerry asked.

"I almost think that would be best," Ben said. "We could get some sort of a crew together there and make for Bordeaux."

A little later, when Ben went into the cabin, the skipper began to plead with him.

"Come on, Mr. Duncan," Dragon said in a wheedling tone. "Unfasten this rope, and, dog-gone me, I 'll say no more about it! If a big sea gets up, you 'll lose the ship, for a certainty," he declared. "Who is there up on deck?"

"I suppose you *are* feeling a bit curious on that point?" Ben said. "Gill has been shot and tied up. Flynn nearly got choked for his pains, and now he 's safely trussed up. Your friend Wiggin is also cooling his heels in the forecastle. But we have John Todd to help us, thank you."

"Todd!" the skipper ejaculated. "Did n't I warn 'em Todd was n't to be trusted?"

"That 's a sort of confession, is n't it, Captain Dragon? Mind you, I 'm not in the least surprised."

Dragon bit his lip and glowered. He realized that nothing he could say now to whitewash his position would help him. Then a look of cunning came into his eyes.

"Why, you see," he began, "the crew did n't want to take the risk of going into the submarine zone, so they tried to persuade me to make for some other port. I did n't want to, but they got threatening."

"You 'll stop where you are now, till we can hand you over to the authorities," Ben declared flatly.

"But you don't want to hand *me* over to any authorities," the captain protested. "Blame the crew, if you like, but they forced me into it."

A muffled growl came from Hook.

"Don't you be in no panic, cap'n," he said. "If I 'm going to the pen, you 're coming, too, sure as you 're drawing breath."

"Don't take any notice of him, Mr. Duncan," the skipper pleaded. "He 's just feeling sore."

"See here, Duncan," said Hook, "Dragon's the leader in this business, and he 's slippery, so just you keep an eye on him. Dirty dog, tryin' to squeeze out of it and leave us in bad! You 'd have swiped the lot if you could, Dragon, as soon as we 'd sold the——"

"Stow that, you idiot!" Dragon bellowed; and Hook relapsed into silence; not from any sense of obedience, but because he realized he had only been making matters worse.

When the wind moderated, the sea became carpeted with a thick mist, which made it impossible to sight anything more than a hundred yards away. Ben put Todd on the look-out. There was a light breeze, which sent the vessel bowling along quite fast enough, considering the now ever-present possibility of shoal water, but was not sufficient to disperse the fog. Jerry kept the lead going, and found ample depth.

At last Todd, pointing upward, declared the mist was thinning. Before long it was possible to see the tumbling ocean for a distance of a quarter of a mile.

Suddenly he put his head forward a trifle, and narrowed his eyes.

For a full thirty seconds he remained still as a statue, peering over the water.

"There 's something on the starboard bow," he called out finally.

"What is it—land?" Ben inquired, in an anxious voice.

"No. It 's some sort of a craft, but I can 't make it out very clear yet."

Ben, delighted at the opportunity of meeting another ship and ascertaining his bearings, put his helm over to port.

"How 's that?" he asked. "She 's not coming this way, is she?"

"No. Stationary, I b'lieve. Keep your helm as it is."

For a while there was silence. Then John Todd began to rub his eyes. Jerry, having gone forward, stood at his elbow.

"Where away?" he asked.

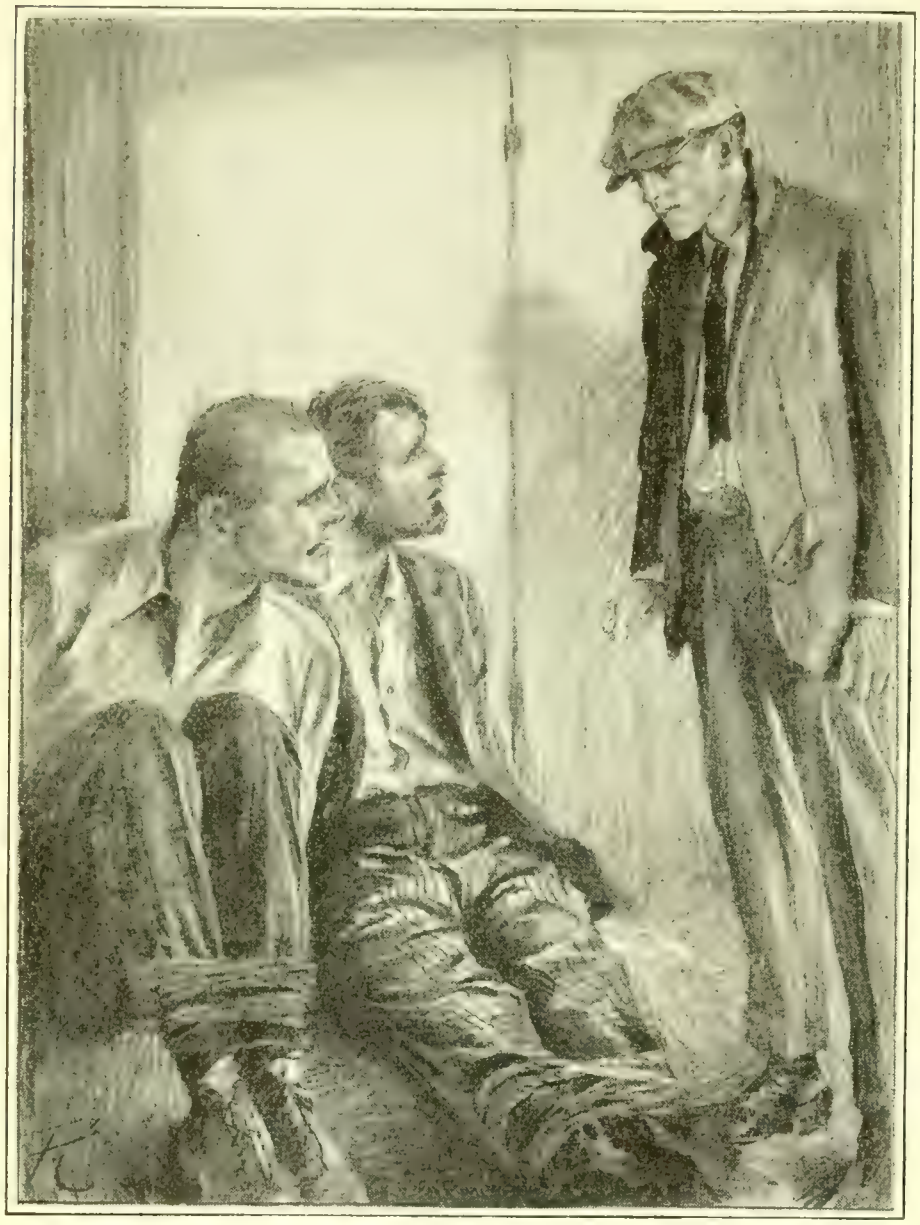
"Well, if that ain't the peculiarest

thing I ever struck!" said Todd. "Can you see anything of her now, Jerry?"

Jerry scanned the sea ahead with care.

"Are you *sure* you saw something?" he asked, dubiously.

"Just as sure as I am that my nose is in front of my face. Right here, where we are now, it was. Not a big boat, as far as I could judge, but it was there. Drat the fog!"



"'SEE HERE, DUNCAN,' SAID HOOK, 'DRAGON 'S THE LEADER IN THIS BUSINESS'"

"You must have been mistaken, John," the boy said. "Either that, or else she was going right across our course and has disappeared that way."

"Aye, dog-gone it, but that 's just what she was n't doing!" Todd declared. "I could n't make out her outline on account of the fog, but I could see a blur."

"Where away?" cried Ben, impatiently, from the wheel.

"Dunno," replied Todd, scratching his head in perplexity. "She 's either gone down or up. I can't figure it out."

The surface of the sea was becoming clearer every minute, and from where Ben stood he could see a long distance over the water, but nothing was visible save undulating, green seas.

"Well, if that ain't the queerest ever!" Todd said to Jerry, again rubbing his eyes. "It 's a tidy few years since I first went to sea, but I don't know as anything like that 's ever happened to me afore."

"Did—did it look anything like a submarine?" Jerry asked, Todd's conviction inevitably suggesting the idea.

"Gee! I never thought o' that!" replied Todd, pushing back his cap and scratching his head once more. "Don't know as I ever saw one o' the things afloat, though I 've seen pictures of 'em in the papers. But, come to think of it now, it *might* ha' been."

"She 's gone, anyway," observed Jerry, sweeping the sea with his eyes.

"Land 'o, straight ahead!" Todd called out over his shoulder. "See it?" he added, addressing Jerry, and indicating a dark, low-lying shadow that looked about a mile off.

"No, I can't—yes I can, too!" the boy replied, and hurried aft, greatly elated.

"Do you think this is Corvo?" he asked.

"I 'm not so sure," replied Ben. "You see, we 've run a lot further south than I

thought we 'd have to. But there 's no special reason for going to Corvo. Any other place will do as well, so far as we are concerned."

"Did you see anything of that boat John spotted?"

"Not a thing. Nor did he! He only thought it," replied the second mate.

"Does n't it occur to you that it might have been a U-boat?" Jerry queried.

"A U-boat!" Ben laughed. "Why, what under the shining sun do you think a U-boat could be doing round in the Azores?"

"I don't know," Jerry replied. "All the same, I should n't be surprised if—"

A surprise greater than anything Jerry had anticipated occurred before the boy finished what he was saying.

He happened to be glancing over the port quarter, and right under his eyes something bobbed up out of the water—something that looked, at first, like a stick. But whatever it was, the thing was moving at the rate of five or six miles an hour, for it kept pace with the schooner.

"Loo-look!" was all the boy could exclaim, pointing with one hand and nudging Ben with the other.

"That 's a periscope, all right," commented Ben, coolly, as the thing emerged further out of the water, followed by the turret of the boat itself. "They must be coming up for a word with us."

The U-boat was not more than twenty yards from the *Endeavor* when the hatch swung aside and a man emerged from the conning-tower.

"Heave to, there!" came the command in sharp tones.

"This is an American vessel, sailing under the American flag," replied Ben, in level tones.

"Heave to, or I 'll sink you!" was the officer's immediate answer. He spoke in English, but with a pronounced German accent.

Ben put the helm hard over and fetched the schooner up into the wind. The officer on the submarine watched this proceeding critically, and then his vessel slowed down, its dark hull well out of the water. Several sailors appeared on the deck as if by magic, and a wicked-looking gun was raised until it pointed directly at the schooner.

Ben, who resented this interference, was in no mood to carry on a polite conversation, but he kept his temper under control.

"What 's the idea?" he asked. "I tell you we 're neutrals."

"Ach! America iss not neutral now," said the German, with a grim laugh. "Three days ago your United States declared war on my country!"

CHAPTER VI

"ABANDON SHIP!"

"What!" gasped Ben. "We 're at war with you? And—and you 're going to sink us?"

The officer took out his watch.

"I give you ten minutes to leave your vesssel," he said. "After that, I sink her. You get in your boat and take a course due west. There 's an island about fifteen miles away. You can reach it before dark."

Even in the midst of such a climax, when Ben realized that complete disaster had fallen upon them utterly without warning, it occurred to him that it was peculiar for the officer to send them a long distance due west, when there was land looming up through the mist little more than a mile away. But that was no time to bandy words.

The officer was holding his watch in his hand.

"One minute has gone," he said, relentlessly.

"You and John go down into the fore peak and cut those men free," Ben said to Jerry, at the same time disappearing through the companionway and drawing out his own knife as he did so.

"This ship 's going to be sunk in nine minutes," he announced, bluntly, severing the cord round Dragon's wrist. "Hustle up, there, if you don't want to be drowned."

In less than sixty seconds the late cap-



"'LOO-LOOK!' WAS ALL THE BOY COULD EXCLAIM, POINTING WITH ONE HAND"

tain was on deck, with Hook following at his heels.

At that moment Wiggin, Flynn and Gill tumbled up from the forecastle.

"Over with that boat!" Ben ordered sharply. "Look lively, there. You jump in Jerry, and I 'll hand you the dog."

Ben took up a position in the stern of the little craft, which rose and fell like a frail cockle-shell in the ground swell, and directed the oarsmen to row in the direction of the land near.

The officer on the U-boat put his hands up to his mouth.

"Come back! Not there!" he shouted. "I tell you take a course due west."

"But is n't there an island over here?" Ben called back.

"You disobey orders, and I sink you where you are!" shouted the German. "I tell you not once more!"

"All right," said Ben, stroking his chin and turning the boat west, but making a very determined decision to make for the land that was looming up as soon as the submarine had gone. He had no intention whatever of undertaking a comparatively long and perilous journey in a small open boat, overladen with eight men, when there was solid land almost within a stone's throw. Moreover, the great bank of fog, through which the *Endeavor* had been passing all day, was gradually drifting up to where they now lay on the water.

The submarine moved a little way off the schooner, and then, without further warning, there came a loud report and the sound of crashing woodwork as a shot pierced the side of the old *Endeavor*.

The U-boat commander uttered a guttural exclamation of annoyance, for the shell had failed to explode. He gave the order to reload the gun. But, suddenly, he held up his hand, at the same time saying something rapidly in German.

Ben had given his men orders to cease rowing, while he watched the deliberate work of destruction.

"Listen!" Jerry said. "Can't you hear the thud of a steamer's propellers?"

"There 's *something* up," Ben replied, "else why has Fritz stopped his game with the schooner? It *is* a steamer! And Fritz is getting scared. See, they 're bobbing down into the submarine again!"

"About two minutes too late!" the boy commented ruefully.

At that moment, like a grey ghost out of the swirling fog, came the outline of a ship, traveling at a tremendous pace.

"She 's going some!" said Ben. "And—gee! she 's a destroyer—a Britisher, too. See, the U-boat is ducking under. There she goes!"

He rose to his feet, and taking off his coat, waved it to and fro, trying to attract the attention of those on the war-ship. She came in a direct line for the place where Jerry and Ben were, and then, swerving to avoid a collision, slowed up within less than a fathom's length.

An officer with gold braid on his sleeves leaned over the side of the bridge, holding a megaphone to his lips. "Who was that firing over here?" he asked.

"A submarine—a German!" Ben replied. "She 's just submerged, after firing one shot at our schooner."

"Which way did she go? There 's a nest of the brutes somewhere round here."

"She was moving in that direction," Ben replied, pointing to the north, "when she was going under."

There was a clanging of bells in the war-ship's engine-room.

"You make for that island over yonder," called out the officer, pointing to the land near. "We 'll come back and pick you up in a little while." Even as he spoke, the destroyer was rushing away at a great speed. Those in the little boat watched her until the fog took the ship into its mysterious embrace once more.

"Ben," said Jerry, at length, "I 've got an idea. The schooner does n't seem to be sinking."

"She can 't, with all that lumber in her," replied the second mate; "but she won't be what you might call seaworthy after that sort of treatment."

"No, but we might manage to beach her," replied the boy. "Come on. Let 's try. She 's insured, and all that sort of thing, but I 'd just hate to leave her there after we have come so far."

" 'Vast, there!" said Dragon, emphatically. "Did you, or did you not, understand that dog-gone Dutchman? As like as not, he 'll pop up again as soon as we get on board. Don't you go nigh that schooner again, or we 'll all get killed, as sure as my name 's Jenkin Dragon."

For answer, Ben quietly drew out his revolver.

"Give way on your oars, men," he said; and the argument stopped abruptly.

The shot had entered the starboard side of the *Endeavor* near the bow, on the water-line. Had it exploded, the whole ship would have been reduced almost to splinters, but instead it had passed straight through and emerged on the port side. As the schooner rolled in the swell, the sea gushed into her gaping wounds until the vessel became water-logged. She now rode low in the water, her deck amidships flush with the ocean, and the rolling seas were surging over her.

Ben climbed over the side first.

"Up you get—every man of you!" he called out. "Look lively, there! Lend a hand, and we 'll try to get a piece of the mainsail on her, to weather the bend of the island. I 'll beach her there now, or bu'st in the attempt."

At the southern side there was very little swell, and Ben headed the vessel toward a cove, where she settled down gently near the beach.

At that moment a dull boom came across the water. It sounded as though it might be miles away to the north in the fog.

"I—I hope that was n't the destroyer being torpedoed!" Jerry exclaimed.

Ben shook his head. "Can't tell," he replied guardedly. "Perhaps it 's the destroyer taking a pot-shot at the submarine."

The small boat, which had been trailing astern, was drawn up to the side.

From where the *Endeavor* lay, it only took the crew a minute to make their way ashore, but there was no sign of any one to greet them. The small boat landed on a level beach, beyond which there were rocks flanking low cliffs. With Ben at his side, Jerry leaped over the rocks and clambered up the cliff, which happened to be near a hill about sixty feet above the level of the sea. The whole island was visible from the summit of the hill. It was, roughly, about three quarters of a mile in length, and two hundred yards in width across the widest part. It was evident that nobody lived on the place.

"Queer thing," said Ben, "but that submarine commander must have meant well, after all, when he tried to get us to make for that other island. This is worse than being in a desert. We 're stung, Jerry!"

"But why should the submarine commander have been so awfully particular about sending us off there?" the boy queried. "He said he would fire on us if we did n't obey. *That* was n't much like kindness! He must have had some other reason."

"I'd hate like poison to make the trip in our little boat to that place the German spoke of," said Ben. "We should be safe enough if it did n't come on to blow, but you know what the weather is like this time of the year round here. The last few days, for instance, would n't have left us afloat long."

"Well, gents, what d' you make of it?" Captain Dragon, who, like most stout sailors, was a great deal more agile than one would have thought, had followed them to the top of the hill.

In the rush of recent events, the problem of dealing with Dragon and his gang had not occurred to either the second mate or to Jerry. The encounter with the U-boat and the shelling of their vessel had changed the complexion of matters somewhat.

Loud, angry cries arose just then from the beach near where the *Endeavor* was stranded. Jerry and his companion swung round quickly and began to race for the place, fully expecting to see a fight had broken out among the remaining members of the crew. What they did see, however, was very much more alarming.

John Todd had gone back to the schooner in the boat for provisions, taking Gill and Wiggin with him. On arriving at the side of the ship, Todd sent the cook on board to gather together what he required, and had followed him over the rail, holding the boat's painter in his hand. The moment Gill found himself alone in the boat he whipped out a knife and severed the painter, determined to make a bid alone for the island fifteen miles off, and so possibly escape punishment for his share in the recent attempt to seize the schooner. He rowed straight out to sea, and then it was that the cries of the other men went up that attracted the attention of Jerry and Ben.

"Ben," said Jerry, "Gill has fooled us, but he 's fooled his friends at the same time. Dragon and the rest of them meant to make their get-away in the boat as soon as the sea went down."

"I should n't wonder," replied Ben. "But, honestly, I don't care much what becomes of Gill. The worst of it is, whether he loses his life or not, we certainly lose the only boat we have. Even though we might be willing to take a chance in the schooner as far as the land over there, it 'll be an impossibility to get her afloat again. John, ahoy!" he called out, "you 'd better make a raft out of some of that deck lumber and come ashore on it."

"Aye, aye," Todd replied; and within half an hour he and Wiggin had fashioned a raft large enough to carry two men at a time. A line was tied to the ship, and, when the end of it had been carried to the shore, they had a ferry from the beach to the schooner.

Not long after Gill had got away, the breeze from the north increased somewhat, which seemed to give positive satisfaction to the vindictive skipper.

"He 'll get it now, mark my words!" declared Dragon. "It 's Davy Jones' locker for him, and right well he deserves it for going back on his pals."

As the day wore on without any sign of the destroyer's return, her fate became more and more doubtful. Though fog still surrounded the island, Ben ordered the men to erect a large pole on the summit of the little hill, and a distress signal was run up. The *Endeavor* still offered the most comfortable quarters for the men to sleep in, especially when the tide receded and left her high and dry. Ben, Jerry, and Todd, having no reason to trust their companions in distress, divided the hours of darkness into three watches, taking turns at keeping a look-out upon Signal Hill, as they called it. Dragon and Hook were forcefully invited to share the

forepeak with the rest of the crew, thus leaving the cabin at the disposal of the young owner and his friends. Since the ship had been stranded, there remained no danger of Dragon and his men seizing her, but in view of the fact that the ex-skipper might resort to violence and so rid himself of dangerous witnesses, the occupants of the cabin closed the two companionways when they slept, and kept their revolvers ready for instant use. But the night passed without incident, and after breakfast Jerry proposed that Ben should accompany him on a thorough tour over their island prison. First they made a bee-line for the farthest end of the island, against the jagged rocks of which the surf was beating a terrific tattoo. There was a low cliff here, into which the sea had eaten a number of curious caves, some of them running for a considerable distance into the side of the island. Ben lowered himself cautiously over the edge of the cliff and scrambled down to make a closer inspection; and while he was so occupied, Jerry stood on the top, allowing his eyes to wander along the pitiless coast. Suddenly he frowned and, shouting to attract his friend's attention, pointed to something which lay where it had been cast by the receding tide.

"Looks like our small boat, does n't it?" Jerry called out.

Ben beckoned to the boy, and together they made their way to the water's edge. There they found the little craft, its sides crushed in and splintered as it had been hurled by the surf against the rocks. The thing was battered almost beyond recognition.

"Then—then Gill must—must have—" Jerry began.

"There 's no doubt about it," Ben put in bluntly. "And I, for one, am not going to say he did n't deserve his fate."

They returned to the top of the cliff and began to stroll a little way from the most easterly point of the island.

"I wonder," said Jerry, thoughtfully, "how long it is since any human being visited this place before."

"Years, probably," replied Ben. "Possibly lots of years. You see, nobody would have any reason for landing here except people who were wrecked. I tried last night to figure out on the chart just where we are, but I could n't be sure, because there are a good many islands no bigger than this in the Azores. As soon as this fog lifts I may be able to form a better idea whether that German officer was telling the truth when he said there was an island over to the west. The compass will tell us the direction, and then maybe I can get my bearings correctly."

Jerry stopped and stared at something on the ground. Ben, following the direction of the boy's eyes, looked at it also. Then the boy stooped and picked it up—a silver watch-charm, with a few links of broken chain attached.

"Not so *many* years since somebody was on this island, Ben," he said. "See, it 's still bright, and it would n't have taken long to tarnish."

"Has one of our crew dropped it, I wonder?" Ben queried.

"Why, how could he? Nobody's been over at this side but us, for one thing, and besides, do you remember seeing anybody among our crowd with a charm like this? I don't."

"Dragon, Hook, Flynn, and Wiggin stayed on board last night," Ben observed, "but Gill did n't. I wonder if he could possibly be prowling around."

Jerry shook his head. "I distinctly remember that Gill did n't own a watch at all, so why should he have a charm dangling from a watch-chain?" the boy said.

"Besides," put in Ben, "if you come to think of it, nobody in the wide world could have come ashore through those breakers and rocks in that boat and lived. No. Gill is n't walking about the island, Jerry. Somebody else dropped it."

"Then, *who was it?*"

(To be continued)

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER VIII

Boches

THE Germans have said that they acted with consideration for us during their occupation of Rheims. Perhaps, for them, they did. I can tell only of my own experiences. Soon after our enemies entered the city, a major had been quartered on us; but, in fairness to him, I must acknowledge that he never struck any of us, not even old Eugénie, so we were more fortunate than others in the city.

The man spoke enough French to make himself perfectly understood, but it seemed as if he had taken pains to learn all the insulting words our language contained, and he used them upon all possible occasions.

From the moment he entered the house, his dissatisfaction with his surroundings was evident. He glanced sharply about the rooms through which he passed upon his first inspection, grunting disapproval at every step. Eugénie had stripped us bare of valuable ornaments, and he could discover little that was worth stealing. This was the chief cause of his malcontent, though I did not know it at the time.

At length, in the guest-room which we had put at his disposal, he gave expression to his ill humor.

"They have sent me to live among pigs!" he cried loudly, while he dismissed us as he might have done had we been dogs that had failed to find favor in his eyes.

Eugénie was furious, but I had trouble to keep from laughing outright. He was a little man, whose proud struttings and fierce speeches seemed absurd and incongruous.

But the major was not the only one we were forced to endure. He brought with him an orderly who, though his looks belied his bearing, was as difficult to please as was the master from whom he took his cue. This soldier-servant was a young man, scarcely more than twenty, I should judge, and in appearance pleasing enough; but though he spoke no French, he left little doubt in our minds that he possessed all the unlovely qualities of his countrymen. If a dish of food did not please him, he threw it on the floor. He bullied poor Julie till the girl scarcely knew what she was doing when he was in the kitchen. In a hundred ways he made our lives intolerable, and a complaint I made to the major only resulted in a redoubling of his objectionable acts.

Indeed, between the major and his orderly, our existence was made miserable. The former complained constantly of his accommodations, and seemed to take it as a personal affront that we did not follow the German methods of household economy. I was not greatly surprised, therefore, when he came down one morning in an especially ill humor.

"I must have another room!" he announced. "I do not like the one I am in. After breakfast I will look over the house and take the one I like best."

When he had finished his heavy meal he motioned me to accompany him, and we went upstairs, with Eugénie in attendance.

He made a tour of the house and liked none of it, but finally decided that my room suited him better than the one he was occupying, and gave me orders to pack my things and make way for him.

"You have half an hour," he announced, and stumped out of the room and down the stairs.

Eugénie and I set to work immediately to move my belongings to Father's room. Near the end of the half-hour I returned to my chamber to collect the last of my small treasures, which I had left in a box on the table, and was surprised to find the major in the room with his back to me.

He turned as I entered, and I saw that he had been rummaging among my things, for in his hand he held my most prized possession, the little sandal of Jeanne d'Arc.

"Oh, you must n't touch that, Monsieur!" I cried, forgetting for a moment the kind of man with whom I had to deal.

"I touch anything I have a mind to touch," he answered hotly; and with an effort I curbed myself. "What is this thing?" he asked after a pause.

"It is a relic of Jeanne d'Arc," I explained, as calmly as I could; "she wore it when she came from Domremy. It is very precious to me," I added.

"I don't believe any such stuff," he contradicted flatly. "It 's absurd! Who invented such a tale?"

His incredulity irritated me, and, very foolishly, I recounted all the history of the sandal, telling him how it had come down to us from the knight of Metz and mentioning the yellow parchments that proved its authenticity. He listened with scarcely an interruption, turning the soft leather shoe over in his hand and examining it curiously as I told my tale. I saw that I had almost convinced him, and was certain that he would give my relic back to me at once.

"So you see, Monsieur, why the sandal is very precious to me," I ended.

"After all, it may well be as you say," he admitted. "At any rate, it 's interesting enough and I shall keep it."

"Keep it!" I repeated, scarcely crediting my ears. "Oh no, Monsieur, you would not do that."

"And why not?" he demanded.

"Because it is mine, and to take it would be stealing," I replied, boldly.

"Stealing!" he shouted, his face growing red with anger. "You talk of my stealing? I, a German nobleman! I tell you, girl, everything in this city belongs to us,—do you understand?—to us Germans! I do not steal. It is impossible! I am a gentleman and take only what is mine. This is the first thing I have found in this miserable sty that is worth the taking." And with that he replaced the little slipper in its box, waving me out of the room as he pocketed it.



"'OH, YOU MUST N'T TOUCH THAT, MONSIEUR!' I CRIED"

But I was by no means ready to let him have his way. It was early in the war, and I did not then believe that even a major would be permitted to steal from a

girl. There were high officers in Rheims, —some of the very highest, so rumor had it,—and I was determined to appeal to them, confident that my relic would be restored to me.

Thus resolved, I quitted the room without another word, and a few minutes later left the house.

I hurried first to the apothecary shop of Monsieur Cartier, hoping he might know where those I sought were lodged.

"I think they are in the palace of the Archbishop, Mademoiselle," he told me, "but I cannot be certain. They 're very secret about where their high officers are living."

The palace of which Monsieur Cartier spoke was beside the cathedral, and, thanking him, I started off at top speed; but on my way there, at a turn in the street, I almost ran into a company of officers who were plainly of those I sought.

"Oh, please, Messieurs!" I exclaimed, thinking of nothing but the loss of my treasure, "I need your help." And I moved toward a young man who seemed the most important member of the group.

But ere I had taken more than a step toward him, I was roughly grasped by the shoulder and held fast.

"What do you mean, girl?" cried my captor, sternly. "Clear the way! We have no time to bother with your troubles."

By this I knew that the young officer was, as I had guessed, the chief personage among them, and, twisting myself about, I spoke to him again.

"Monsieur, one of your majors has taken my sacred relic of Jeanne d'Arc, and I must have it back again."

There had been an amused smile upon the young man's lips; but when I spoke of Sainte Jeanne, his face lighted up with interest, and a fresh hope grew in my heart. He gave a command for my release and then addressed me in excellent French.

"Now what is all this about Jeanne d'Arc, Mademoiselle?" he asked, pleasantly enough. And with hardly a pause for breath, I poured forth the whole of my story with a rush.

"And it is really authentic, this sandal?" he inquired, after listening without one interruption.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," I assured him, "we have the letters from Jean of Metz. It is truly the slipper of the Maid."

He stood a moment in thought, as if making up his mind, and I held my breath, most anxious for the outcome. At length he spoke some words in German to his companions, and then turned to me.

"Lead the way, Mademoiselle de Martigny!" he cried gaily; "I am impatient to see this relic of yours."

I needed no second invitation, but started back at once.

"There are at least some honorable men among the Germans," I said to myself, and hurried ahead, the officers behind me chatting together in their own language and laughing a good deal, as if at a joke.

Indeed, I was rather inclined to laugh myself as I pictured the major's face when he was ordered to return my sandal to me.

CHAPTER IX

MONSIEUR LE PRINCE

WE reached the house shortly, and, as we entered, the major, followed by his orderly, was about to leave it. There was a great clicking of heels and an exchange of stiff salutes, after which the young man led the way into our reception-room, where Grandpère sat by the window. The officers scarcely noticed him, and he, after a quick glance at them, turned away his head and looked out of the window again.

There was a volley of short sentences in German, and the major took my box out of his pocket, handing it to the young man with a low bow, as if offering a gift. The other seemed to thank him, rather indifferently, I thought, and at once centered his attention upon the sandal. This he handled with a certain reverence and care which showed an appreciation very pleasing to me.

"It is most interesting, Mademoiselle," he said, finally. "I know something of these things, having a collection of my own. That the sandal is fifteenth cen-

tury work, I can see no reason to doubt. Whether or not it once belonged to Jeanne d'Arc is another matter."

"There is no doubt of that either, Monsieur," I answered readily. He seemed so genuinely impressed with the relic that, for the time, I forgot that he was a *Boche*.

"Oh, yes, I remember you spoke of certain letters, or papers," the young man went on, with a show of enthusiasm. "I should like very much to see them."

"They are in Paris," I replied. "My papa keeps them with other valuable family papers in the vault of the bank."

A shade of disappointment crossed the young man's face.

"Do you know the name of the bank, Mademoiselle?" he asked. "I shall be in Paris before many days."

At his words there was a titter of laughter among the officers, and a cold chill struck into my heart. I remembered, then, the kind of men with whom I was dealing.

"I do not know the name of the bank, Monsieur," I answered truthfully; "but whether Jeanne d'Arc wore the sandal or not, I treasure it, Monsieur." And taking a step nearer the young officer, I held out my hand.

"Yes, I can well understand how you feel," he remarked, still most pleasantly. "But, Mademoiselle, I am in a somewhat awkward position. You see, the major here has presented me with the little slipper, knowing my interest in such things, and it would hardly be polite for me to hand it over to you."

"You mean you are going to keep it?" I half gasped, unable to credit what was happening.

"Most certainly I mean to keep it!" he retorted, dropping his mask of friendliness. "When we Germans want a thing, we take it." And with that he spoke a word to the others and moved toward the door.

"But you sha' n't have it!" I cried, and flung myself at the man, striving to snatch the box out of his hand.

I was quite beside myself, and have no very clear idea what happened in the few moments that followed. I did not reach the young officer, for, as I went forward, one of his companions jumped between us, and another, seizing me by the arm, threw me with some force against the wall. I cried out, more in anger than in pain. At the sound, Grandpère leaped to his feet and rushed upon our enemies.

For a few seconds there was a mighty confusion. The German officers rallied in front of their young leader, shouting orders right and left. I saw pistols in the hands of one or two; but before I could rightly realize just what was going on, the biggest and most brutal of the men struck Grandpère a heavy blow on the chest, and he fell to the floor like one dead. There was an instant of silence as all in the room looked down on the old man lying motionless on the floor. Then one of the men laughed. This seemed to break the spell, and in high good humor the German officers trooped out. As the last man went through the door he spoke to me over his shoulder:

"Hereafter, my girl, you 'll know better than to argue with his Imperial Highness!" And with another burst of laughter they quitted the house.

Truly I had found one in high command. Where should I go now to seek an honorable German! My brain was numbed with the unexpected turn of events. What kind of people were these *Boches* whose very princes did not hesitate to steal?

But for a second only did I stand thus. Grandpère's white face brought me to my senses, and I dropped to my knees beside him as Eugénie, followed by Julie and little Jacques, came running in.

They stopped at the threshold and gazed at the body on the floor with frightened faces.

"Is he dead, chérie?" whispered Eugénie, tottering into the room.

I lifted Grandpère's head and, with a great feeling of thankfulness, found that he still breathed.

"He is alive, Eugénie," I murmured.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Poor Grandpère tried to save me from the *Boches*," I explained.

"The *Boches!*" she muttered. "They will kill him yet!" But seeing that he was alive, she summoned her wits and

sent Julie off for water and smelling-salts. However, we had no need of restoratives. Grandpère quite suddenly opened his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked weakly.

"You were struck down by brutal men, Grandpère," I said, bitterly.

"But they appeared to be Germans," he went on, his voice growing stronger and a look of anger coming into his eyes. "I thought they tried to harm thee."

"Oh, Grandpère, they *were* Germans!" I half sobbed. "They have come back again to steal and burn and kill. They are not human. They have no pity in their hearts."

"Do you mean that the German army has come back again?" he asked.

"Yes, Grandpère, yes," I answered as earnestly as I could. "Can't you understand? Many things have happened, and we are at war once more."

I could see that he comprehended what I was saying, for, with a quick return of strength, he stood up, his eyes suddenly blazing.

"War with the Germans?" he cried with a loud voice. "At war with the Germans—and I am doing nothing! Where are our armies? Why have you let an officer of the Legion of Honor sit dreaming while France fights? I must join my regiment!" He strode out of the room, and we heard him mount the stairs.

Eugénie and I looked at each other in astonishment.

"He has recovered his senses!" she murmured in an awed voice. "A German blow darkened his mind—another German blow has let in the light again!"

"It is like a miracle, and it came about through the relic of Jeanne d'Arc! Could the blessed saint have anything to do with it?" I asked breathlessly.

"Where is the relic?" Eugénie questioned.

"It 's gone," I confessed. "The Germans have taken it. I was trying to get it back when Grandpère was struck."

"Strange! Very strange!" My old nurse crooned, staring straight before her as if she saw a vision. "Things come and things go, and we know not why. Perhaps the loss of thy relic is necessary, but it shall bring no profit to those who have stolen it. Some day it will come back to you."

"I have no hope of that, Eugénie," I told her. "The one who took it is a prince. They keep tight hold upon their treasures."

"Nay, child!" she cried, as one inspired, "think you the Maid who saved France has not the power to save again? If it is necessary, the dead will rise up to fight as, in a way, your grandpère has come back to life. France shall win her last battle with the *Boches,* and then shall she be made whole again. What has been stolen shall be restored. Your sandal shall come into your hand again as surely as Alsace-Lorraine shall again be French!"

She shivered as the words left her lips, and I saw the light of prophecy die out of her eyes. Of a sudden she was only a wrinkled old woman of short speech and crabbed ways.

A moment later Grandpère came down the stairs, and entered the room with the step of a man twenty years younger. He was clad in his faded uniform, and on his breast were pinned his medals; at his side was his sword, and there was a look in his face that I had never seen before.

He knew me perfectly, but he gazed at Eugénie for a moment as if she were a stranger. Then he stepped close to her and stared into her face.

"It cannot be Eugénie?" he mused.

"It is no other, Monsieur," she answered.

"But—but you look so old. Eugénie was a young woman."

"Aye—forty-four years ago, Monsieur."

He was quite bewildered for a moment, and put his hands before his face as if to hide the emotion he could not control.

"Has it been so long?" he faltered at last. "Forty-four years! And all that time I have been dreaming." His body shook as if he were in pain.

"Oh, Grandpère," I cried, putting an arm about him, "do not think of the years that are gone."

"You are right, my dear," he said, with quick energy. "Tell me, I did not dream we were at war?"

"No, Grandpère, they——."

"Then I must be at my duties," he interrupted, and turned to go out, but halted as both Eugénie and I called a warning.

"You must not be seen like that, Monsieur!" my old nurse exclaimed.

"Rheims is in the hands of our enemies, Grandpère," I explained. "You must take off your uniform, otherwise they will make you a prisoner and you will not be able to help France."

"So that 's the way the land lies!" He saw at once the difficulties that confronted us. "You 're right, my dear, I cannot appear like this."

He was about to leave the room when there came the sound of an opening door, and I heard the voice of the major speaking as he entered the house.

CHAPTER X

PRISONERS OF WAR

THERE are occasions when one acts before thinking, and instinctively I pushed Grandpère back of the half-open door. There was no time to consider what was best to be done. Our salvation lay in the *Boche* officer going directly to his own chamber, thus giving us an opportunity to hide Grandpère until he had changed into every-day clothes. But fortune was not with us. The major stamped along the passageway, grumbling at Julie and little Jacques, who stepped back out of his path. For an instant I was sure we should be safe, then the man turned his head and looked through the open door at me.

He halted, his figure stiffening, and a heavy scowl overspread his face.

"So there you are, you meddlesome tattler!" he snarled. "You would make trouble for me, eh? I 'll teach you to carry tales."

He held a cane in his hand and lifted it threateningly as he came at me. I backed away, and Eugénie, with a cry, would have stepped in between us; but ere she could move, Grandpère sprang upon the man's back. So great was the major's surprise that he lost his balance, and they fell together on the floor.

Without a moment's hesitation we were all upon him. Eugénie, Julie, I, and even little Jacques, who seized upon a foot and would not let go, in spite of desperate kicking. With hardly a sound, except for our panting, we struggled to subdue our enemy and soon succeeded. He had fallen upon his face and I held his head in that position, while Grandpère knelt upon his back, and Julie, Eugénie, and Jacques, among them, held his legs.

When he was quiet, Grandpère looked at us and smiled.

"We are a gallant little army," he chuckled, and there was a faint tinge of red in his cheeks that made him look remarkably like Papa.

"How are we to kill this *Boche,* Monsieur?" Eugénie demanded, very short of breath, but taking a deal of pleasure in the business.

"We are not Germans, Eugénie," Grandpère replied, with a twinkle in his eyes. "We do not kill our prisoners."

"I will give my *parole d'honneur,* Monsieur," came the muffled voice of our captive.

Grandpère laughed outright.

"No, Monsieur Major," he answered; "we learned in 1870 that the word of a German officer was not to be trusted. Jeannette," he went on to me, "get something to tie this fellow up with. I can hold his head while you are gone."

"But Monsieur," the major began.

"Do not speak!" cried Grandpère angrily. "A man who would strike a girl had best not talk of honor. Go, Jeannette. I shall feel happier when I see this *Boche* trussed up like a fat goose."

"There is a clothes-line in the kitchen, Mademoiselle," Eugénie suggested. And when Grandpère had shifted his position a little, so that he could press down upon the major's head if need be, I ran out of the room.

But as I turn into the hall my heart almost stopped beating, for, with his back to me, and doubled over, as if, perhaps,

from pain, was the major's orderly. Here was one not so easy to overcome, and how would it be possible to hide the matter from him?

At the sound of my step he turned, and I expected the usual sullen scowl upon his face; but greatly to my surprise, it was convulsed with silent laughter. As our eyes met, he put a finger to his lips and, nodding his head toward the kitchen as an indication for me to follow, he tiptoed off as noiselessly as a cat.

At once I jumped to the conclusion that the man knew nothing of what had happened; and though I could not account for his extraordinary behavior,—it was the first time I had ever seen him show a trace of levity,—I really had no choice but to obey his silent command.

It was evident that he wanted to talk to me. If I did not go with him, he would come after me and discover what we had done. Moreover, the rope was in the kitchen, which was another reason for my going there, though what excuse I could give him for wanting it was by no means plain to me.

On the other hand, why was he so quiet, and, still more to be wondered at, what was the cause of his merriment?

I had tarried a few moments, turning these matters over in my mind, for a false step would be fatal to us all; but there seemed only one thing for me to do, and I went into the kitchen, meaning to maintain as calm and unconcerned a front as I could muster, but, in reality, trembling with apprehension.

The orderly met me in the doorway with the clothes-line for which I had come in his hand. He held it out to me with a reckless, boyish grin upon his face.

"Tie him up well, Mademoiselle," he whispered, in excellent French. "It was a fine sight! Then, if you please, come back alone, and say nothing of me to the others."

I was so amazed that I stared at him for a moment, gaping like a thirsty fish; then, with a glad realization that here, at least, was no enemy, I hurried back with the rope.

"I thought you would never return," said Grandpère, who with the others was sitting just as I had left them. "I am afraid that our prisoner will be smothered."

"And serve him right!" Eugénie muttered. She hated the *Boches* and was at no pains to hide it.

"I have no love for these barbarians, Eugénie," Grandpère said, as he set about tying up the major, "but I think we shall have more pleasure out of this German alive than dead."

We wound the rope around the helpless officer until he was wrapped like a mummy from his neck down. Then we turned him over on his back and stood up to have a good look at him.

His face was scarlet, and his little, bloodshot eyes were red with anger. He was quite helpless, but by no means subdued.

"Leo! Leo!" he began to shout at the top of his lungs, and kept it up till Grandpère, seizing a cushion from a chair, held it over his mouth to stop the noise.

"It is the orderly for whom he calls," cried Eugénie, clutching my arm. "If he hears him, we are lost!"

Grandpère looked up inquiringly, not understanding, of course. And bidding Eugénie make all clear, I slipped out, telling them not to leave the room until I had seen how the land lay. I should have liked to ease her mind, but the orderly had urged me to say nothing of him, and I dared not disobey.

"I hope you have the major tied fast, Mademoiselle?" were the words with which I was greeted when I reached the kitchen. The young man was still hugely pleased about something, but he spoke in an undertone.

"Yes, Monsieur, did you not hear him calling you?"

"To be sure! but his bellowing stopped so suddenly that I guessed what was happening," he answered, with a grin. "I wish I could have had a hand in it. I owe him something on my own behalf. It was a funny sight!" and he went off into another silent fit of mirth.

"But please explain the meaning of your actions?" I demanded; for I saw very little to laugh at in the situation.

He sobered in a moment, catching the note of anxiety in my voice.

"You are right, Mademoiselle; I must explain myself," he began, "though it will be impossible to tell you everything now. It would take too long. However, you may count me as loyal a Frenchman as ever lived, though till this war began I was never nearer France than Strasbourg."

"I do not understand your position," I replied.

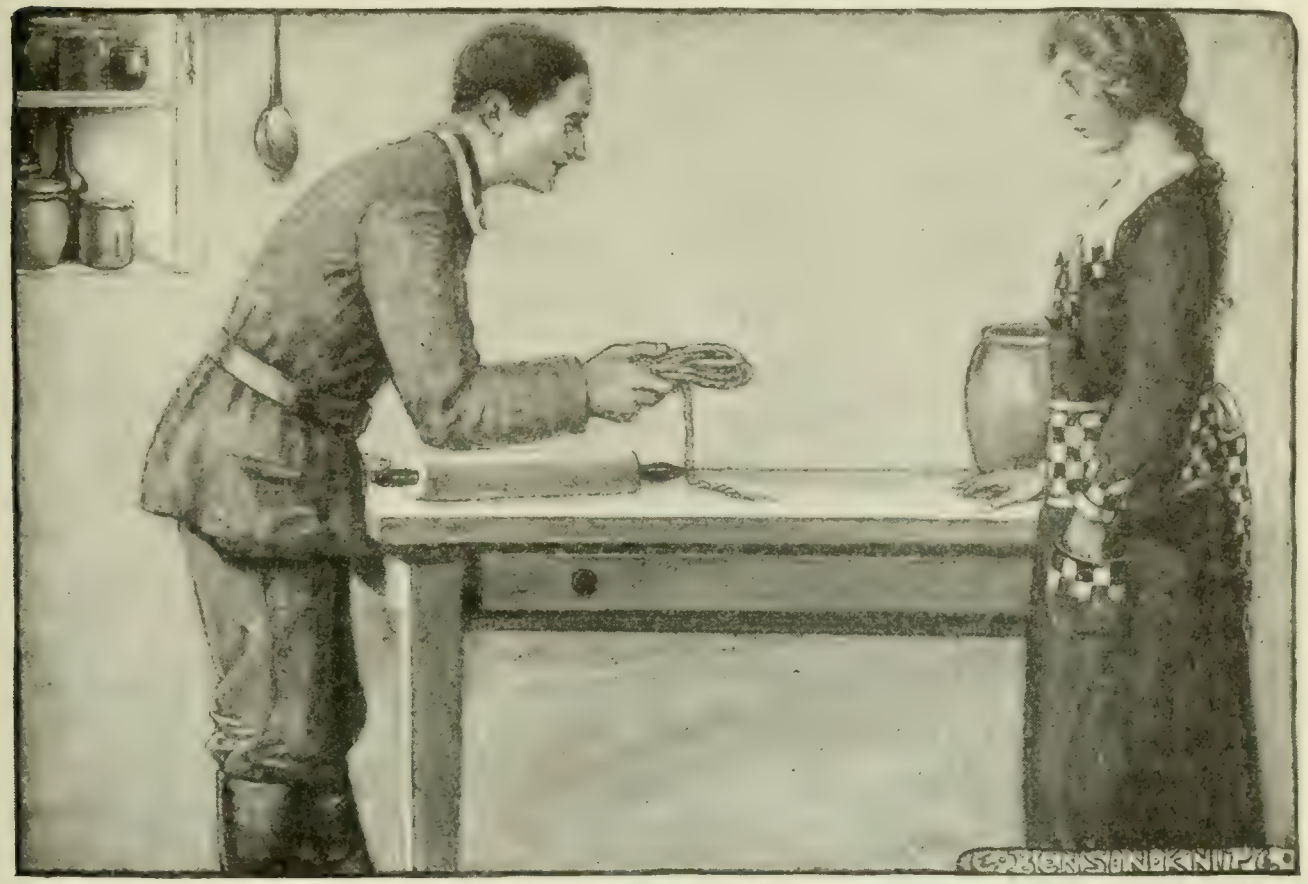
"In a word, Mademoiselle, I am a French spy," he returned promptly. "But no one else must know. Do you understand?" His earnestness was very marked, and I saw that he attached great importance to this.

"But the others of the family are bound to learn if you stay here," I argued, not seeing how the matter could be kept from Eugénie and Julie at least.

"I shall stay here, and yet they must be kept in ignorance. You will take a second prisoner, Mademoiselle."

He smiled as he said it, and, crossing the kitchen, came back with another piece of clothes-line in his hand. "You must tie me up."

"Oh, I see!" I exclaimed, catching the drift of his remarks. "The *Boches* would guess you were a spy and shoot you."



"HE CAME BACK WITH ANOTHER PIECE OF CLOTHES-LINE IN HIS HAND"

"Yes, but being shot is the smallest part of it, Mademoiselle. It would put an end to my work, which is the only thing to be considered. It is no easy matter to get a spy into the German army. There are all too few of us as it is, so you see it is necessary that none but you guess I am anything but the German I seem."

"But, Monsieur, how can it be made to appear that I have overcome you?" I questioned.

"It 's easily done," he replied gaily. "You will knock me insensible with this." He picked up a rolling-pin from the kitchen table and held it out to me.

"I cannot strike you, Monsieur," I replied, drawing back instinctively.

He gave a low chuckle of merriment.

"Oh, I have no longing for a broken head, Mademoiselle. We shall only pre-

tend. I shall fall down, and you will call for Monsieur, your grandfather. Together you will bind me. It will not be difficult, but do not be careless with the knots. A tight cord about the wrists is easier to bear than one about the neck, and the *Boches* have keen eyes."

"But after that, Monsieur, what are we to do with you and the major?" I asked helplessly. "As you said yourself, this house will be the first place searched when you are missed."

"I 've thought of that," he answered soberly. "Until nightfall you must keep us here. It will be a risk, but not too great a one I hope. After that you must take us away—to the house of a friend, perhaps."

"But the Germans will search every house in the city!" I protested.

"That is possible, too," he agreed; "but it will take many days to explore all the cellars of Rheims, and I have hope, Mademoiselle, that the French army will have driven out the Germans before that. At any rate, it is all we can do. We must trust somewhat to our good fortune. Are you ready?"

He held the rolling-pin in his hand and I nodded, though I was by no means certain just what he was about to do.

But I was not left long in doubt. At my signal he hit the table a sharp rap or two and threw it over, so that it clattered noisily. Then he gave a ghastly kind of groan and fell to the floor.

"Now call your grandfather, Mademoiselle," he whispered, and turned over on his side, closing his eyes and looking indeed as if he were stunned.

I lifted my voice and shouted for help, and in a moment came running not only Grandpère, but the others as well, and, seeming to comprehend the situation at a glance, they fell upon the young man and soon had him properly bound.

"You dealt the brute a good blow!" Eugénie chuckled, picking up the rolling-pin and brandishing it in her hand. "I heard it strike his wooden head."

"We have n't time to talk about that," I said hurriedly, "we must hide our prisoners."

"Jeannette is quite right," Grandpère agreed. "The major is sure to be missed sooner or later. What shall we do with them?"

"Put them in the cellar, Monsieur," Eugénie answered promptly.

"Yes, with the rats!" Julie murmured, with a vindictive glance in the direction of her supposed enemy.

"They must be kept apart," I cautioned, for more than one reason; but it was sufficient for me to explain that, if they were together, they might the more easily contrive to escape.

It was no light task to drag the two men down into the spacious vault below the house. In the midst of our efforts with the major, the bandage around his mouth came off, and he began bellowing for "Leo" at the top of his voice, so that we were forced to gag him effectually. The orderly, as I shall still call him, assuming a return to consciousness, gave us no little trouble till he, too, was gagged. Indeed, so well did he act the part of angry *Boche* that it was hard for me to realize that he could be anything else.

But at length we had them settled out of sight, and Grandpère and I returned to the library for a breathing-space.

But we had scarcely seated ourselves when there came a sharp ringing at the front door-bell, and for an instant we eyed each other apprehensively.

"Your uniform!" I whispered. "You must go up at once and change it."

He nodded, and, without another word, left the room. I went to the window and peered out through the curtains.

Before the house stood a German military automobile, and on the step was an officer. My heart sank as I heard Julie going along the hall to answer the summons.

(To be continued)

BLUE MAGIC

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

CHAPTER IV

WHILE FEN SLEPT

"BET you can't get where I am!" crowed Larry, from a very precarious perch, to which he had scrambled by means of every possible foothold.

"Bet I can so!" cried Sally, not to be outdone by one so young as her brother, and started at full speed to climb up beside him.

As Fen watched them he wondered vaguely what it could be like to be able to climb up things like that. Or what it would be like to run—or even to walk, quite slowly and soberly. Very dimly he remembered walking, holding his nurse's hand and walking down a street in Baltimore,—but one vague memory is hardly enough to counteract so long a time of utter helplessness. It was not really Mammy's fault that it happened. She *thought* he was there beside her, but instead he had run after his ball, which had bounced into the parkway, and the automobile was going so fast that it could n't stop in time. That had been four years ago—four years that seem like your whole life, if you are only seven. And because he was still not mending as much as they had hoped, the doctor had said this fall, "Absolute change of air—sea voyage if possible—Mediterranean, perhaps." So they went away, and Father had refitted the yacht and met them. And he *was* stronger. He could sit up really straight for half an hour every day, now, without his back hurting too much. The doctor said that some day he would be able to walk a little, and that was something very wonderful to look forward to.

Sally had reached the place beside Larry, and they sat swinging their legs and looking down at Fen. Larry fetched a cooky from his pocket. They broke it in half and munched it contentedly.

FOR convention's sake it is only fair to state that Siddereticus, clad in a perfectly civilized grass-cloth suit and Panama hat, made a proper call on the elder Norvells one night after the children had gone to bed.

As he stood by the rail, ready to take his leave, Mrs. Norvell said, "I think it 's so kind of you to be so good to my little boy, Mr. Thornton."

The young man turned and looked at her for an instant. His face was inscrutable in the dusk.



"THEY SAT LOOKING DOWN AT FEN"

"I think I asked you to call me Siddereticus?" he said. "The thing is, if you don't do it *all* the time, you might make a slip some time when it mattered." He left the rail suddenly, saying, "Might I take a look at Fen?"

"Why—if you *want* to—yes. Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Norvell, a little perplexed. "Show him the way, Hal."

At the head of the companionway Siddereticus paused. "Don't bother to come, Norvell," he said, "I can perfectly well find my way. Which is his cabin?"

"Well—all right," said Mr. Norvell, "it 's aft—port side, second door."

With a little nod, Siddereticus vanished into the companionway. He made his way to the cabin and entered silently. In one berth, Larry slept robustly, with arms and legs flung haphazard; and opposite, under the port-hole, was Fen's bed. The young man bent close over it, gazing through the faintly luminous dusk.

Sleep had extinguished that light which Thornton had been accustomed to see in the child's face. The will power, which kept him in his waking hours eager and brave, was relaxed, and one saw more plainly how much he had suffered. Somehow he looked smaller than Siddereticus had remembered him, and very tired and helpless. His hand had loosed its clasp on the amulet and lay limply near it, where it gleamed against the pillow. The young man glanced behind him, and, stooping, kissed the small hand. As he slipped from the cabin, Fen sighed and stirred a little.

"A most singular chap," said Mr. Norvell, when Siddereticus had taken his final departure. He sank into a deck-chair and lit a cigar.

"A *most* singular chap! What an idea, to be cruising all over creation in that absurd knockabout, with that outlandish Mohammedan servant, or whatever he is. And Thornton, senior, as I remember him, was a most practical man—an eminent physician, I think."

"Why do you suppose he takes up his time playing with Fen?" said Mrs. Norvell. "And why in the world did he want to go and look at him to-night?"

Mr. Norvell blew smoke rings into the darkness and shook his head.

"A most singular chap, altogether," he observed.

A little later Mrs. Norvell went in, herself, to look at Fen asleep—a thing she rarely did. She noticed the amulet which lay beside his cheek and wondered where it had come from, as she knew she had never seen it before. "Something that odd young man has given him, I dare say," she thought. Half unconsciously she smoothed the tumbled covers before she turned away. But she came back from the door and kissed his hair with a little sigh.

She was a proud woman, and she had hoped to see her son as distinguished a naval officer as his grandfather had been. The sudden destruction of her ambition was a greater grief than she confessed even to herself, and she had unconsciously allowed her shattered pride to change her attitude toward the child. She failed to realize that although an active career was closed to him, his brain was developing rapidly; in seeing the doors of the life she had planned closing before him, she had not glimpsed the far wider doors that he might open for himself.

Fen did not lose faith in his talisman, though it brought him no Siddereticus the next day. To be sure, it fulfilled its promise after a fashion, for Sally and Larry were in evidence most of the time, and Fen had to admit to himself that no one had said with *whose* company the amulet was to provide him. And Sally, who had a kindly heart after all, read to him most of the morning, with frequent interruptions from Larry. The story she read—with a good deal of stumbling over long words—was about a Djinn who came out of a bottle, thereby astounding an honest fisherman and bringing him both good and bad luck. Fen, you may be sure, was only too glad to hear about any variety of genie, though he was of the private opinion that his own Siddereticus was much nicer than the personage who came out of the bottle.

Larry still refused to believe in the existence of "any such a thing," in spite of Sally's graphic account of the blue-robed

apparition which had "magicked" her and then vanished over the rail, "in a cloud of blue smoke," Sally insisted—which might well have been, as Siddereticus was smoking a cigarette at the time.

CHAPTER V

THE BOOK OF THE KING

FEN knew quite well that he had closed his eyes for only a moment, but when he looked up again he saw Siddereticus cross-legged on the deck in front of him. He was smoking and had every appearance of having been there for hours.

"But you were n't there two seconds ago!" cried Fen. "Oh, how *do* you just appear out of nowhere?"

Siddereticus smiled mysteriously, but did not speak. Instead, he rose to his feet and began to pace a slow circle, his unwavering eyes fixed upon a certain spot on the deck. Fen gazed at it too, fascinated, and not knowing in the least what might rise up from that particular place. Siddereticus stooped and traced a circle—apparently with his finger, though a bluish mark was left on the deck. ("Because he 's a Blue Djinn, I suppose," thought Fen, "an' it shines through.") Siddereticus placed in the very middle of the ring a little green saucer, on which he lit a tiny mound of grayish powder. It burned with one blue ribbon of smoke and a single orange coal at its heart.

Walking with long, silent strides around the magic circle, Siddereticus muttered curious words and passed his hands through the fragrant wisp of smoke, shattering its single blue line into a writhing tangle of misty threads. Now and then he sprinkled the glowing coal with something which made a green flame leap up from it—a flame that burned blue, and orange, and purple, as it flickered lower and then died away with a shower of starry sparks.

Suddenly Siddereticus crouched down with his back toward Fen, the blue robe hiding for an instant the center of the ring, and when he sprang up, a great book lay beside the smoldering embers. Siddereticus raised it and brushed it off.

"O Fen Effendi," he said, as he seated himself beside the little boy, "the charm is accomplished. It is The Book of the King."

It was a large, thin book, bound in soft leather and fastened with a thong. In it there was no writing—only pictures, oh, so many! colored with flat yellow and red and blue, just such figures as Siddereticus had told Fen were painted on the walls of the tombs and temples. "Pictures of battles and feasts, kings and gods and men." There were rows and rows of these queer, stiff figures, each doing a different thing, each with a story to be told. As Siddereticus slowly turned the wide pages, he told those tales.

Of the king's going into battle, with his leopards walking behind the chariot; and of his victorious return, with the musicians dancing before. Shawms they played, and psalteries, and cymbals; and maidens scattered flowers before him. Priests were there, leading the sacred bull Apis—snow-white and crowned with lotuses; and the soldiers walked behind, with spears. He told of the triumphal feast—how one serving-man washed the king's feet with wine from a great blue jar, another poured oil on his head. And then came tales of journeys and wars, pyramid-building and tomb-digging, ceremonies and adventures; all were unfolded as the pages turned. At last Siddereticus closed the book.

"The king died," he said, "and these are the pictures that were painted on the walls of his tomb. Deep in the chamber to which no stair reaches, he lies quietly in his sarcophagus, but his spirit has crossed the waters in the Sun's boat and feasts with Osiris. Whence it came, the Book must now return, and I—follow it."

He bent for an instant over the smoking ashes. A great cloud of sweet-smelling smoke rose suddenly; and when it drifted and cleared away, Siddereticus was gone and the Book of the King with him.

"You look as if you 'd just waked up," said Sally, coming round the end of the deck-house. "Were you asleep? What a funny smell!"

CHAPTER VI

THE LAST EVENING

LARRY was fast asleep, as usual, when Fen, who was still quite awake, heard a faint sound outside the port-hole and lay rigid with expectancy. The sound continued,—a queer little scratchy noise, as though something were trying to creep up the side of the yacht,—till suddenly a squarish, dark object appeared on the edge of the port-hole, against the pale circle of sky. It poised there for a moment, and then tumbled softly on to the bed. Fen reached for it eagerly, and found that it was a very small box made of dark wood, with bosses of brass on it here and there, and fastened with a small clasp. Fen's hand trembled a little as he opened the box and peered into it. A faint, musty smell, like long-dried rose-leaves, came from it, and at first he could see nothing. Then he saw, wrapped with wisps of dry grass, a little figure, blue with the matchless glaze of ancient Egypt—the figure of a seated man, a man with a bird's head and his hands resting on his knees. Fen gazed at it, breathless with wonder, while the dusk deepened and the blue glimmered faint and more faintly. Then it was too dark to see at all, and Fen carefully wrapped the mysterious little image in the dry Nile grass and laid it in the brass-bound box. He put it under his pillow, and fell asleep with his cheek against the uncomfortable bump that it made.

EVERY one was ready to go ashore, and the launch puffed alongside. Sally was very busy putting two picnic-baskets into it. Fen's mother spoke to him as she pinned on her hat.

"As it 's the last night, you know, Father wanted to do something special. They say it 's so pretty by moonlight—but we 'll be back before it 's very late, on account of the children. I 've told Mammy to give you your supper and that she is to put you to bed early." She kissed him rather apologetically.

"You don't mind very much, do you, dear?"

Fen smiled. "Of course not," he said. "I hope it 'll be nice."

Though she was his mother, she could not see behind the brave smile in his eyes, and his cheerful answer left her quite content as she descended to the launch.

Mammy, after making sure that Fen needed nothing, hastened below. Mammy did not at all approve of Egypt.

When the launch had disappeared and all was quiet, Fen drew from under the pillows the little box, which he had smuggled there that morning. Carefully taking the blue image from its grass wrappings, he held it in one hand, the amulet in the other, as though he half expected some magic to happen through their combined power. Though he held them for a long time, nothing at all *did* happen, and finally, what with the heat and the utter stillness of everything, he fell asleep, quite without meaning to. He woke with a start to find that the blue figure had slipped from his hand and lay on the deck with its head broken cleanly from its shoulders. Fen gazed at it silently, unable at first to believe that the precious thing which had come so mysteriously in at the port-hole, now lay in two pieces, broken, and that *he* had broken it. Then he buried his face suddenly in the pillow and sobbed bitterly.

A strong arm came round him all at once, and, before he quite realized it, he found himself hiding his face on a blue-robed shoulder. He put his arms around the Djinn's neck.

Presently Siddereticus said, "I will take him away with me and make him quite whole."

Fen sighed shakily.

"Oh, *can* you?" he said, "I was so m-miserable! I loved him so, an' I was holding him, to make a m-magic happen, an' I went to sleep, and when I woked up he was b-b-broken. But the amulet magic *did* work," he added, " 'cause you came." He smiled a little.

"Ah," said Siddereticus, "you 're not so miserable now? When our little blue person is whole again, I 'll tell you who he is and all about him. Is it awfully uncomfortable to have me hold you like this?"

Fen shook his head. "Please," he said, "I like it; it—it 's different. Oh, I 'm *so* glad the amulet made you come. I want you to tell me how you made him come in at my port-hole in the night. How did he know *which* port-hole? How did he know my bed was there?

Siddereticus smiled inscrutably.



"'LEAVE US IN PEACE, WOMAN!' HE CRIED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Ah!" said he, nor could he be made to say another word on the subject.

"I *knew* there was something very important to tell you," said Fen, presently. "We 're going away to-morrow."

"What!" cried the Djinn.

"Yes," said Fen, sadly; "we 're going back down the Nile, an' then we 're going to Venice, an' then to Cap—Cap— something—what 's its name?"

"Capri?" suggested Siddereticus.

"Yes, that 's it—Capri! to get my aunty, who 's been there ever so long, painting pictures—an' oh, sha'n't I ever see you again?"

Siddereticus studied the river bank thoughtfully.

"Well," said he, "I have n't a magic carpet, but I have other means of travel, and I should n't wonder if you 'd see me again some day—though I make no promises, mind!"

The sun was beginning to set; the broad surface of the Nile lay like a smooth sheet of gold, and the dahabiyeh sails made rosy flecks upon it.

"Nearly tea-time," said Siddereticus.

"Yes," sighed Fen. "I suppose Mammy will be bringing mine in a few minutes."

"Oh, then I shall have to vanish," said the Djinn, as he put Fen carefully into the deck-chair.

"Oh, no, *no!*" cried the little boy, "Oh, *why* did I say that! Please, please don't! Everybody has gone ashore for a picnic, an' it' ll only be me here alone, an' surely just Mammy won't make you vanish. Oh, *please* stay an' have tea with me!"

He clutched the amulet desperately, but Siddereticus disappeared behind the chair and was lost to his view.

"Y-you did n't even say g-good-by!" wailed Fen.

There was a faint clink and a rustle, and when Fen raised his head from the pillows, where he had buried his face in despair, what he saw made him gasp with delight.

Close beside his chair stood a squat little teak-wood table, curiously carved and spread with a white cloth. On it were set out two queer, tiny cups, with no handles, two silver spoons that had odd figures

carved in the bowls, a plate of thin sandwiches, and some dates and figs lying on green leaves. There was also a little fat green jug of milk and a copper kettle on a stand, over which Siddereticus was bending with a match in his hand. Fen could only murmur, "Oh, *Oh!*" but his face was utterly radiant.

Just then there was the sound of a footstep on the deck, and a terror-stricken voice cried out:

"Oh, lan's sakes! Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy! One ob dem heathen men! Hyah, you! git out ob here! Did n' I allus says dis was a onnatchel lan'? I ain' nebbah seen such a onnatchel lan—nebbah! Oh, Massa Fen! honey chile, doan' let dat air E-gypshun critter tech you!"

"It 's all right, Mammy," said Fen. "This is a—a friend of mine. *Please* go away."

Siddereticus, who had been stooping over the spirit-lamp, the red glow of it on his lean, bronzed face and crimson fez, stood suddenly erect and pointed a terrifying finger at Mammy, who remained motionless at the companionway, a tray in her hands.

"Leave us in peace, woman!" he cried. "I mean the young effendi no harm. Take away your unnecessary tea-tray, and come nigh us no more. Alpha-beta-gamma-delta-epsilon!" he concluded, brandishing his arms, as Mammy vanished with a shriek and a clatter of tea-things.

"*She 's* disposed of," said Siddereticus, bending again over the alcohol lamp. "*She* will trouble us no more!"

"Did you really magic her?" asked Fen, solemnly. "Will it hurt her?"

"Not in the least, I assure you," said the Djinn. "Ha! The lamp 's all right now; as soon as the water is boiled, we 'll have our cambric tea. You 're not to talk, because you 're tired,—yes, you are! don't contradict a Djinn, *ever;* something might happen,—so I 'll sing to you, a queer little song, while the kettle boils."

He was seated cross-legged on the deck, and as he sang, he swayed a little from side to side, crooning this strange, wild air:



"I like it," said Fen, when Siddereticus had stopped. "It makes me feel prickles. What does it mean, is it magic?"

"Not exactly," said the Djinn, "though parts of it *do* sound a little magicky. People sing it in Smyrna, and—well, it means something like this: 'Sleep, my precious child, my beautiful, and dream softly. I will make Cairo for thee in rice and give to thee. All Alexandria in sweetest sugar. Cairo in rice, in honey all the Nile, and for thee, Constantinople, too, and there shalt thou reign for three years.' "

"How queer and nice!" said Fen. "It *must* be magic! Please do it again."

The kettle began to sing just as Siddereticus stopped, and he made the tea—very weak and almost all milk for Fen, and very strong and entirely tea for himself.

"Wait!" he commanded, as Fen raised the cup. "We must drink three times—the mystic, ancient ceremony. Touch your cup to mine—'Salaam, Effendi, may it benefit you!'—say it, Fen."

Siddereticus took a sip of tea and extended his cup again. Thrice they executed the solemn rite, Fen repeating, "Salaam, Effendi, may it benefit you!" in awe-struck tones.

The sandwiches were delicious. They had something in them that Fen had never before tasted, but liked. When the tea was finished and they were eating figs, and the Djinn had lit a cigarette, Mammy appeared, poking her head cautiously around the corner of the deck-house.

"Please do go away, Mammy!" begged Fen. "We don't need you at all, because I 've had my tea, and this—this gentleman will carry me down to bed—that is—I mean—will you, Siddereticus?" he added, looking inquiringly at the Djinn.

"Certainly I 'll carry you, anywhere you ask—to the ends of the earth, if need be," said he, and, turning to Mammy, cried:

"Hence! Be off! Do not let me have to command thee thrice! Depart! Go in peace, O Daughter of Senegambia!"

"Lawsy!" muttered Mammy, as she went away, looking fearfully over her shoulder. "Whut he mean by daughter ob Sunny Gammy, I dunno. Pappy's name was G 'o'ge Washin'ton Johnson."

A few stars were beginning to appear in the sky, which had grown dark very suddenly after the sunset, and a luminous glow far down in the east showed where the big, full moon was rising.

"When the rim of the moon comes up from the Nile and makes a pathway of silver upon the waters, then must you go to bed," said Siddereticus.

"Did you know," he went on, "that when Horus, the Sun-god, the Beautiful, has passed through the skies in the blazing Boat of the Sun and has come to the end of his journey, then his wife Athor, who is the golden sky of the West, stretches her arms to him and embraces him, and together they sink beneath the waters to the Land of Spirits. Then comes Maut, the Mother-goddess—the deep night sky—to spread her cool veil over all this hot desert-land. Do you see? She is all about us now, big and tender and comforting; the stars are her eyes, watching to see that all is well with her children. She it is who soothes us into sleeping; the little drowsy night-noises are her lullaby; she it is who even now is making your eyelids droop, my Fen—and see! there is the moon, Maut's lamp, lighting her a pathway across the waters——"



"FEN REPEATED, 'SALAAM, EFFENDI, MAY IT BENEFIT YOU!' "

Fen snuggled happily into the strong arms that lifted him so gently, and he was almost asleep when Siddereticus laid him quietly on his bed.

"Good night, Fen Effendi, good night," whispered the Djinn, "Maut is watching over you, with eyes that will not close till Sate, the pale morning sky of the East, waits for the coming of the Sun-god."

He kissed Fen's cheek, laid his hand for an instant on the bright hair, and vanished with a faint swirl of his gown. Fen fell happily asleep while Mammy was putting him to bed, and did not remember that they would sail at seven the next morning and that he would not see his beloved Djinn again.

(To be continued)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS SCOUT

By EDNA PAYSON BRETT

He did n't belong to any patrol—he was n't a real scout at all; but it was n't Davy's fault. He was only nine and a half, you see, and that meant two years and six months of waiting—interminable waiting it seemed to Davy—before he could wear the coveted arrow-head badge of the tenderfoot scout and go hiking and camping like big Cousin Fred.

That is how the figures stood late in December. It was the summer before, at Grandfather's, that Davy had first begun counting the time until he should be twelve. There, at the farm, he had met Cousin Fred. Fred was sixteen years old, a first-class scout, patrol leader in his home town, and a winner of the life-saving merit badge. But he had never felt too big to take Davy for a Sunday hike over the hills, relating thrilling tales of scout camp life and woodcraft; telling all about scout law, with its twelve hard things every scout must be and the daily good turn every scout must do; explaining the different badges, the oath and the salute. What wonder that Davy wanted to be a scout most of anything in the world!

Shortly after his return in the autumn, Davy determined to take matters into his own hands. Accordingly, one day, standing before his looking-glass and raising his right hand, palm to the front, he solemnly swore to the oath, all by himself; then he pinned under his jacket, right over his heart, a secret badge of his own designing. There he had worn it ever since, and considered himself as honor-bound to the oath as any scout living.

It was now two days before Christmas. There had been a snow-storm, clearing about noon. Davy had hailed it with whoops of delight. Now, by shoveling walks, he might earn money to get a Christmas present for Mother and Father, after all. It could not be the magnificent azalea and real leather pocketbook he had first aspired to—that had been on the assumption of at least six snow-storms; but there was a gay little Jerusalem cherry-tree for Mother, and for Dad a beauty of a tie, red and green changeable. Davy had selected them days ago—all he was waiting for was a job. What luck it should be Saturday and no school!

When the one o'clock whistle blew, Davy and his snow-shovel were well on their way, bound for an attractive-looking corner house out on the avenue—corner houses were twice the job of ordinary places. Davy pressed the bell button confidently. A sour-looking maid opened the door an inch, snapped out "No," and banged it to before Davy could get out a word. He stood staring at the door for a moment, his mouth still open, but a minute later he was striding across the street to the opposite corner, once more wearing his sturdy scout smile. There, however, they kept a hired man; next door, a big boy was already at work. For one reason or another, nobody seemed to need Davy's services, and it began to look as if Daddy and Mother might not get their Christmas gifts at all; only Davy was determined. At last, a nice little lady twinkled "yes" over her spectacles. But Davy was only on his third contract, with a shortage of ten cents staring him in the face, when the town clock struck four.

"Well, I declare, you work as if you meant business!" A jolly old man paused at Davy's elbow. "Come up to number seventy Lexington Avenue—electric light in front—and I 'll give you a job. My pay is thirty cents. If you are n't there by a quarter of five, I 'll take it you 've struck something nearer by and do it myself."

"Oh, I 'll be there, all right; thank you, sir!" Davy's spirits rose to the crown of his cap. The necktie and cheery-tree were now assured—and a box of candy besides!

Fifteen minutes later, he was scuttling out to Lexington Avenue. As he was crossing the street, a block or two from the railroad station, he nearly ran down a young lady dashing along with a suitcase,



"DAVY INVOLUNTARILY STRETCHED OUT A SMALL HAND TO STEADY HER"

a hand-bag, and an umbrella, in a frantic effort to overtake a passing trolley.

"Hey, there, hey!" yelled Davy; but the car whizzed right along.

"Oh, dear!" panted the young lady, dropping her big suitcase. "I 've lost it, and there won't be another Fletcher Avenue car for fifteen minutes." She looked as if about to drop, herself, and Davy involuntarily stretched out a small hand to

steady her. "Thank you," she gasped. "I do feel a little shaky—running with this heavy luggage, I suppose. I believe I 'll go around the corner to the drug store and get something hot—provided I can secure a trusty young man to watch my suitcase." She smiled confidently down into Davy's honest face. "I 'll be back in ten minutes, in time to catch the next car."

"Oh, you can trust me, *sure!*" Davy smiled back. A scout has to be helpful and courteous, especially to people in trouble.

"And you 'll stay right here with it and not let any one touch it? It contains all my Christmas presents, you see."

Davy promised with his hand over his badge, but of course she could n't see that away under his jacket!

He watched her anxiously as she crossed the street and turned the corner; then sat down on one end of the bag, his snow-shovel at his feet, and began to consider.

It was now twenty-two minutes after four by the clock in the little tailor shop at his left, and he must meet his appointment at a quarter of five or lose his job. Luckily, he had planned to get there ahead of time—and she would be back in ten minutes—so he 'd keep his date all right.

Trinity chimes pealed the half-hour. Eight minutes gone, and she had n't returned yet.

Now, in the distance appeared a Fletcher Avenue car—*her* car, that she would surely be back to take! It approached, passed—and she had not come. Something must have happened! If he could only go around the corner and find out—but there was his promise.

Another five minutes gone—why did n't she come! He might still make it if he ran.

The chimes rang out a quarter of five! It was all up now about the job, and he was still ten cents short on his Christmas fund; for he could not take a tip from the lady—a scout may never accept pay for a good turn! A chill wind was coming up, and it was growing darker and darker on the lonely corner. Davy stood up and stamped his feet to get out the numbness. But a scout has to be cheerful, no matter *what,* and he tried to whistle.

The town clock struck five,—the little tailor came out of his little shop, rattled his big key in his door and was gone, leaving Davy lonesomer than ever. He brushed his eyes with his coat sleeve. A scout cry? Never! But he was so cold and lonesome and disappointed about the job! He had n't thought that being a scout was just like this.

Then suddenly, clearer than the chimes, he seemed to hear Cousin Fred's cheerful voice again, reciting their favorite passage from the law: *"A scout is brave. He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear."* And Davy knew, for sure, that he was n't going to desert his post, no, not even if it meant an all-night watch! He turned up his coat collar and started whistling again,—with better success,—keeping time with his toes as he paced up and down.

"Hello, pard, waitin' fer yer airship?" A burly young tough whom Davy had noticed hanging around the opposite corner swaggered up with a cigarette in his mouth. "What yer got there? Nuggets or bombs?" giving the suitcase a kick. "Aw, say," he added, with an insinuating leer, "I 'll mind it whilst yer beat it to Jakey's fer a bag o' peanuts," and he held out a nickel.

"Oh, no, thank you." Davy sat down on the suitcase in a hurry. "I could n't think of leaving it to any one, not even somebody I know. I promised her, you see,—the young lady,—to keep it till she came back. It 's got all her Christmas presents in it!" Davy added proudly.

The ruffian's eyes narrowed. He cunningly changed his tactics. "Say, kid, what did she look like—her that belongs to the bag?"

"All kind o' brown clothes and pretty and dreadful white in the face. Maybe you 've seen her?" wistfully.

"Well, what do yer know!" Davy felt his arm clutched tight. "Believe *me,* pard, that young lady 's a pertic'ler friend o' mine! And if you 'll jest remove yerself from her trunk there, I 'll be *dee*-lighted to fetch it to her. Here, I 'll stand fer her tip," trying to slip a coin into Davy's hand.

"No, sir!" Davy set his jaw fast and

plumped down his little body more protectingly than ever over his charge.

"Aw, yer won't, won't yer? We 'll see," sneered the ruffian, casting a furtive glance to right and left.

In an agony, Davy followed his glance, but no help was in sight—save an approaching trolley, and that probably would



"'I PROMISED HER TO KEEP IT TILL SHE CAME BACK'"

n't stop. Oh, if only some one *would* come, or if he were only bigger, or had a magic sling like that David of old! But no, all unarmed he must meet *his* giant Goliath. Was ever a true scout up against heavier odds? Then, in his dire need, he seemed to hear Cousin Fred's voice again, *"A scout has the courage . . . to stand up for the right . . . against the threats of enemies . . . and defeat does not down him."*

Davy braced himself for whatever might come—and it came promptly. A sharp wrench, a vicious punch, and the suitcase was in the hands of the enemy, and Davy flattened on the ground, well nigh winded. It was a black moment for the brave little scout. Everything lost—and what would *she* think? And he had tried so hard!

Then— Ah, the trusty snow-shovel, Davy's ally that had n't been reckoned on, lying so near! *Trip-ity-ripp!* Over it went the enemy with an ugly growl, pitched sprawling into the gutter!

And the car *had* stopped, depositing a broad-shouldered young man who saw what had occurred and was now making rapid strides right toward Davy. The ruffian, scenting trouble, picked himself up, and limped a precipitate retreat through the shadow and around the corner—with*out* the bag!

"Well, well, here you are, standing by your guns, just as she said you 'd be!" The young man was addressing Davy, who had managed to get on his legs once more and

regain his charge. "Say, but you 're game all right!" At the word of appreciation and the slap of *camaraderie* on his shoulder, Davy suddenly did n't mind any more about the long waiting, losing the job, and having the wind knocked out of him.

"You 're looking pretty white about the gills, though," the big young man's voice was very kind. "Beastly long ten minutes, was n't it? She did n't count on fainting, you see, and that sort of thing. She 's my sister—teaches in the South—was going to spring a surprise on the family by coming home for the holidays. Here, I 'll take that ark off your hands now and start you homeward. Your folks 'll be getting worried about you."

Oh, how Davy longed to accept the proffered release! But no—"I—I—I can't," he stammered. "I promised, you see, and a scout has to keep his word." Oh, it was so hard to say no to this friendly young man. It took almost more courage than fighting the ruffian.

"Well, that 's a good one on me!" The big young man turned away his face to save Davy's feelings. "A *scout,* did I hear you say?" He was quite serious now. "But you 're some way short of twelve?"

Then, of course, Davy had to tell about the secret badge, who he was, where he lived, Cousin Fred, and the encounter with the ruffian.

"Come, give us your hand, brother scout. You 're the real article, certificate or no certificate!" Davy's small, mittened palm was taken in a mighty grip. "Now stand on the suitcase and look here,"—the big young man opened his greatcoat,—"on my sleeve—can you see?" taking out a pocket flash-light.

Davy saw! The badge of the scout master—a sure guarantee of all that was honorable and loyal, trustworthy and brave! It was like the coming of the Prince in fairy-tales. Davy's eyes glowed. Words failed him, but off came his right red mitten and three fingers were raised to his forehead in reverent salute. Then he quietly slipped from the suitcase, and, the weary watch over at last, joyfully resigned his charge into lawful hands.

"I say! you 're a dandy little scout, just the kind I 'm looking for! and if only I were a magician, I 'd hustle those next three birthdays of yours along in no time at all! But here 's your car—you 'll hear from us later. Good-by!" And with a parting slap for Davy and a nickel to the conductor, the scout master was gone.

On Christmas morning there came a package for Davy and a letter, both in the same unfamiliar hand. The package contained a most wonderful book, and the letter read:

My dear little Merry-Christmas Scout:

Yes, that is what I have named you, for where would there have been any Merry Christmas for me but for your valiant defense of my precious bag! I am so sorry for what you had to endure on my behalf, but I am very happy to add to my acquaintance one more person who can be perfectly trusted, whatever the cost. Surely, never was a real, truly boy scout more faithful to his oath than my little scout of the secret order.

I hope you will enjoy the "Animal Book and Camp-fire Stories," by Dan Beard, National Scout Commissioner, which my brother and I are sending you as a small token of our gratitude.

We are planning to see you very soon.

Most cordially your friend,

AGATHA ALDEN.

"Gee!" gasped Davy, turning rapturously from letter to book and back to letter again. "But any scout would have had to do it, would n't he, Dad?"

Father, admiring his new Christmas tie before the sideboard mirror, smiled down into Davy's earnest face reflected therein. "I should certainly say he would, my son," he agreed, without hesitation. But the eyes he turned to Mother, across the room, were brimming over with pride.

"*Our* little Merry-Christmas Scout," softly responded Mother, who was tending a gay little Jerusalem cherry-tree at the window. Sometimes there are bargains, you know, the last thing before Christmas, and so Davy's ten-cent deficit did n't matter, after all!



Painted by Robert Blum

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

A JAPANESE CANDY-SELLER

THE *AMÉ-YA*, OR CANDY-SELLER

By FAIRMONT SNYDER

To-day I heard a little bell
  Go tinkle-tinkle, somewhere near;
It had a strange, familiar ring—
  Not like the bells that we have here.
It took me back to old Japan—
  I saw again the native streets,
The old *amé-ya,* with her cart,
  Selling the happy children sweets.
"Amé!" She rings her bell and calls,
  To tempt slow buyers with her words;
They crowd around to watch her mold
  The candy animals and birds.
Then, with her brush she paints the eyes
  And lines for furred or feathered clan;
And oh, the pennies she takes in—
  This candy vendor of Japan!

THE BOY VIGILANTES OF BELGIUM

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

CHAPTER III

"TEACHING THE HUNS A TRICK"

WHEN Egmont met his cousin in the upper room of the Palais d'Anethan, after his adventure with the German sentry, he was shaken and excited, and stood a moment in breathless silence.

"Did you see Henri?" Bob asked eagerly.

"Yes," was the reply, accompanied by a nod of the head. "I told him the news, and he will carry it to Ghent."

"That ought to cheer them up, then," Bob said, smiling grimly. "I don't know of anything better that has come to us for a long time. But," observing Egmont shrewdly, "you look tired and pale. Anything happen to you on the way?"

"No—yes."

Bob waited for him to explain his contradictory answer, watching him anxiously, for it was apparent that Egmont was shaken and troubled by something out of the ordinary.

"Bob, do I look as if I might be fourteen?" his cousin asked suddenly.

"Why, yes, you might almost pass for fifteen, cousin. You always were big for your age. So am I. Why?"

Egmont gulped before replying. "I was stopped by a sentry, and he threatened to have me sent to Germany to work in the mines. He said I was fourteen and forced me repeat his words. I was helpless, of course."

Bob's face grew serious. "And then what?"

Egmont smiled at the memory of what had followed. "After I had been so obliging to the fat pig, he knocked me down. Then—then—I got away. I tripped him, and ran for the woods."

"It 's a wonder he did n't shoot you!" Bob exclaimed. "They shoot for less than that."

"I think he intended to. Once I turned my head, and he was aiming his rifle at me. But he did n't shoot. Anyway, I don't believe he could have hit me, I was running and dodging so fast; very few of these sentries can shoot straight. If they could, they 'd be at the front."

"Yes," nodded Bob, "there are only fat, bald-headed *Landwehr* in Brussels. That is why we have so little trouble with them. They 're stupid clerks and business men turned into soldiers."

Egmont agreed with him, for, since the battle-line had moved farther west, Germany's real fighters had disappeared, leaving Brussels in charge of the older men. They had no fear of an uprising in their rear, for had not all of Belgium's young men been driven back of Ypres?

"The time has come, Egmont, for you to be more careful," Bob added after a pause. "If they think you look old enough to work, they 'll take you away to Germany. That would be worse than—than almost anything. Prisoners who work in the mines either die or come back living wrecks."

"Are n't you in danger, too, Bob?" asked Egmont. "You look older than I do, and you 're taller?"

"Yes, I 've been expecting it for some time. But they 'll never take me to Germany! Not on your life! I 'll see to that."

"How can you help it if they seize you?" asked Egmont, knitting his eyebrows in surprise.

Bob shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Oh, I 'll find a way—break away, or wreck their train. I 'll never cross the line into Germany as a prisoner."

This boastful statement impressed his cousin, for Egmont had great admiration for the bravery and resourcefulness of Bob Lane. More than once he had extricated himself and others from difficult positions. It was the American way. Egmont sighed.

"I hope they 'll never try to take us," he added.

"No, I hope not, but I suppose we ought to be prepared for it and make our plans. If we 're taken, or have to leave Belgium,

somebody else must take our places. The work can't stop."

"I don't like to think of it," muttered Egmont, scowling. "We 're needed here."

"Sure! but for the sake of the cause we must be prepared. It 's been bothering me a good deal lately. Every day some German officer or sentry stares at me as if he was sizing me up. I 'm getting too big to be allowed to stay. The time will come soon when they 'll try to deport me."

"I had n't thought of it before to-day," replied Egmont, walking the floor nervously. "I don't know what I 'll do if they seize me. I—I—think—I 'd rather die."

"You would n't do your country any good by dying," smiled Bob. "It 's better to live for it. Now my plan is to choose now some of the smaller boys we can trust to take our places if we 're deported or vanish. There 's Leo and Albert. Why not elect them as our successors and pledge them to go on with the work?"

"Guy d'Assches is cleverer than either Leopold or Albert," suggested Egmont.

"Well, put Guy in, or Georges de Ligne. They 're both good."

Bob, who had been waiting to see Egmont on important business, suddenly recalled that his cousin's story had completely driven this from his mind. With a little catch of his breath, he now remembered it, and turned excitedly to the other.

"Egmont, I forgot!" he exclaimed. "We 've just found something important. Guy and I stumbled upon it this morning."

"What is it?" asked Egmont, aroused by the other's eagerness.

"The key to the German mines under the Hôtel de Ville. The whole square is mined, ready to be blown up the moment the Huns have to evacuate Brussels."

"You 've found the mines?"

"Not exactly, but something better. We 've found the wires that lead to them. The mines are laid deep down under the cellars, and we could hardly dig for them, but they 're all connected by wires that run into the old Guild House on the corner. That 's where the German officers are quartered, you know."

Egmont nodded, and Bob went on excitedly, but in a lower voice, as if the walls might have ears that could not be trusted with such a weighty secret.

"They start from the cellar of the corner Guild House, and run in all directions to the mines. A touch of a button would, of course, blow up the whole square, wrecking the Hôtel de Ville, the *Maison du Roi*, and all the historic guild houses of the archers and skippers and printers. It would be terrible!"

"The dastardly cowards!" exclaimed Egmont, angrily. "They 'd destroy everything that is beautiful in Belgium! They stop at nothing! Why do they want to blow up all we have left, Bob? Is that war?"

"Is it war to bayonet and kill women and children?" asked Bob, in a hard voice. "Is it war to torture prisoners and starve non-combatants? No, it 's savagery, Egmont, the kind of savagery that our American Indians would be ashamed of! But it 's Germany's method of war. We ought to know it by this time. If she 's forced to evacuate Belgium, she 'll blow up or destroy every building that she can. That 's why we must defeat her plans, and save the superb Grande Place."

"Save it? How can we do that?"

"I 'll explain," said Bob. "We 're going to cut the wires,—all of them, one by one, —and then repair them." Then, as his cousin stared blankly at him, he laughed good-naturedly. "See these, Egmont?" and he held up what was apparently a bunch of short wires, carefully insulated with cotton sheathing. "What do you think they are?"

"Pieces of copper wire, are n't they?"

"They look like that, don't they—the kind of wires you use for electrical work? But they 're not, Egmont. There 's no wire in them. The center of each is nothing but a strip of candle wick. Guy and I wrapped them carefully with this insulation that we stripped off of some old wires. Nobody, by looking at them, could tell them from the real thing, could they?"

Egmont shook his head as he took one of the strips in his hand and examined it.

"Well," Bob continued, "we 're going

to cut the wires that connect the mines—several inches out of each one—and then repair the break with these strips of candlewick. No inquisitive German, nosing around down there, would ever discover the trick. He 'd report the wires in good condition. Then, on the day set for the explosion, what would happen? There would be no explosion! The electricity could n't bridge the gap.

"But where are the mines and wires?" demanded Egmont. "I want to help cut them—to have a hand in it."

"Of course; the future Count d'Anethan must be one of those who are to save Belgium's beautiful capital from destruction by the Huns. If you 're rested now, we 'll go. Guy will be waiting for us. We want to finish the job before night."

Forgetting all his weariness and hunger, Egmont picked up his cap and followed his cousin down the broad stairway and through the central courtyard into the street. They waited at the entrance long enough to look up and down for any signs of German soldiers, and then scurried along to another house a block away.

This was the home of Guy d'Assches, a boy a year or two younger than either of the cousins. Guy had been expecting them, and let them in. "Why did n't you come before?" he asked. "I 've been waiting hours for you."

"I had to explain our little scheme to Egmont," Bob replied. "He knows all about it now."

"Is n't it a fine idea?" asked Guy, eagerly.

"The best yet! We must hurry and fix the wires. Something might happen to set off the mines by accident. Suppose some stupid soldier should tamper with them."

"No danger of that," laughed Bob. "They won't have the wires connected with the battery. That would be too dangerous."

"We ought to go out one at a time," said Guy, "otherwise we 'll excite some Hun's suspicion. If a sentry sees three boys together, he thinks he sees an army, and instantly gets excited. Suppose we separate now, and meet in the sewer."

"That 's safer," replied Bob. "I 'll start first."

Leaving the house stealthily, he made his way along the street until he reached the main boulevard, where his identity was immediately lost among the crowd there. Following the stream of pedestrians to the lower part of the town, he turned once more into a narrow side street lined with old houses, whose faded fronts had a picturesque effect.

A few blocks farther brought him to one of the canals that had been partly covered. These canals, fed by the Senne river, had at one time been important arteries of commerce, but many of them had been abandoned and partly or completely arched over.

Bob halted at one of the arches, and began aimlessly tossing small stones and chips into the water; but all the while he was furtively glancing back and in front of him to see if any uniformed German was watching him. Suddenly he slipped down out of sight so swiftly that an observer might have thought the ground had opened to receive him.

Once out of sight in the shallow canal, he waded up it rapidly until he came to a familiar opening, which he knew to be the old, abandoned sewer that entered the canal at right angles, above the water-line. Dripping and muddy, he crawled through the opening of the dry sewer and threw himself down on the hard stone floor to wait for his companions.

They appeared a few moments later, creeping through the darkness like half-drowned rats. Guy came first, reaching the sewer from the right, and Egmont next, from the left. Bob rose and struck a match, with which he lighted small candles.

"This way, Egmont," he whispered to his cousin. "Follow me!"

Then followed a long, tortuous, underground trip, which, to the uninitiated, would have been decidedly puzzling; but the boys knew every canal and every foot of the sewer. When they came to a point half a mile away from the first entrance, Bob stopped and raised a hand.

"We 're right under the corner Guild House," he whispered. "The bunch of wires comes down here. Here they are, Egmont. You can see them!"

Egmont stepped eagerly forward and gazed at the strands of electric wires that ran through a metal tube over his head, and then spread out in all directions. They had been installed by an expert, for they were carefully protected and firmly fastened to little brackets in the sides of the walls.

"Now we 'll teach the Huns a trick or two!" murmured Bob, in a low voice. "Let me have your cutters, Guy. I 'll begin on this wire."

CHAPTER IV

UNDER THE GUILD HOUSE

THE plan of the young Vigilantes was simple, and they worked silently and swiftly. Bob clipped the wires where they were exposed after leaving the metal tube, cutting a piece from each one and then replacing it with a strip of the fake wire, skilfully concealing the joinings with extra strips of insulation. They worked these over carefully, so that no inspector, sent down to examine the wires, would suspect they had been tampered with.

Finally Bob dropped his arms with a grunt of satisfaction. "There! I don't believe any one will discover the trick," he said. "What do you think?"

"Listen!" exclaimed Egmont; "what 's that noise?" holding up a hand.

"The German officers in the Guild House over our heads," replied Guy. "They 're carousing, as usual."

The muffled rumbling overhead could hardly be identified as laughter and singing; but Bob assured his cousin that Guy was right. They had heard it before, when they first made their discovery of the wires. "This metal tube runs directly into the cellar of the Guild House," he explained, "and if the cellar door is open, the noise comes right through it. There, they 've closed the door, and we can't hear them any more."



"BOB CLIPPED THE WIRES WHERE THEY WERE EXPOSED"

The muffled rumble of voices had stopped, and all was again quiet in their

subterranean hiding-place. They waited a few moments to see if it was renewed.

"How 'd they get down here to string the wires?" Egmont whispered, after a long pause.

"Followed the sewer as we did, I suppose," replied Bob. "They must have known about it. They had maps and plans of the city long before the war. Brussels was full of German spies. They knew more about the city than lots of Belgians. I should n't be surprised if they had the plan for mining it drawn up years ago."

"Yes, there were traitors—" Guy began, when Bob interrupted him with a cautious whisper:

"The cellar door 's open again. Hear the noise!"

They listened once more in silence until the sound died away.

"I 'd like to get a peep into the Guild House to see what they 're doing," remarked Guy. "We might learn something important."

"Perhaps there 's a way of getting down here from the cellar," suggested Bob; "I 'm going to look for it."

Guy and Egmont were both eager to join in the search, and they began a careful examination of the sewer wall.

Suddenly Bob touched something hard and smooth that was neither stone nor brick.

"What 's this?" he asked excitedly. Then, a moment later, he answered his own question. "It 's an iron door! Yes, here are the hinges. It 's curved to fit the roof of the sewer. It must be the entrance to the cellar!"

Their excitement was great, but for a moment they were undecided what to do. If the door led directly into the cellar of the Guild House which the Germans were using as an officers' club and meeting-place, it might be dangerous to force it open.

Finally, however, Bob placed both hands against the iron plate and pushed upward. The door yielded slowly to his effort. "It 's not locked!" he whispered. "See! I can open it."

"Better not," cautioned Egmont. "We might get caught in a trap."

"We don't want to do that," was the murmured reply, "but I 'm crazy to get a look at what 's above."

Bob stopped a moment and considered. "Guy," he said then, "stand by the metal pipe and listen. I 'm going through this door. You can give me the signal if any one opens the cellar door above, and I can get back without being seen."

Egmont was n't quite sure that they should undertake so risky an enterprise, but Guy nodded his head and took his station where the wires came through the roof. Bob once more applied an upward pressure to the iron door, and, with his cousin's assistance, it was soon forced open.

They listened intently for some time before making another move. There was no noise from above. It was as quiet in the musty cellar as in the sewer.

"Hand me the candle," Bob whispered. "I can't see a thing up here."

Then, holding the candle, he mounted on his cousin's shoulders until he was high enough to thrust his head and shoulders through the opening. From this point of vantage, he got a view of the space above.

"It is n't the cellar," he whispered down to the others. "It 's a sort of subcellar. There 's another above this. I don't believe any one comes down here very often."

"It may be the wine-cellar," replied Egmont.

"Then we 'll have to be careful, for they 're drinking enough up there to need a new supply before long. Anyway, I 'm going to explore."

Placing the candle on the floor, he pulled himself up until he stood in the black, musty subcellar of the old Guild House. The place was filled with boxes and barrels, many of them filled with rare old vintages of the best wine, and others, broken open and empty, testifying to the thirst of the invading enemy. Guy and Egmont waited anxiously below.

But it was n't casks of wine that Bob Lane was looking for. Now that he was in the subcellar, he was curious to know how it was entered from above. He finally stumbled upon a stairway in one corner.

He could now hear the muffled noises

more distinctly. The Germans were talking and laughing loudly, breaking out occasionally into rough song. The sounds came to Bob's ears as clearly as though they were in the next room. He wanted to get a look into the club-room, but the danger attending this made him hesitate.

Finally, curiosity got the better of him, this dark hole for a week. There 's no danger. I 'll be very careful."

Although willing to risk danger, when necessary, Bob had never been foolhardy, and both of his companions realized this. The secrecy of their cause was as much his as theirs, and after a few more words of protest they let him have his own way.



"A PATH OF STRONG SUNLIGHT POURED THROUGH AN OPEN DOORWAY"

but he was still cautious. Returning to the iron door, he whispered to his companions: "I 've found the stairs leading above. I 'm going up to explore."

"Better not, Bob," expostulated Guy. "You might get caught, and then all our fixing of the wires will be wasted."

"I 'm not going to get caught, nor am I going to spoil our job," was the reply. "I want you and Egmont to close the door, and keep it closed until I rap on it. No, I can open it from this side when I want to return."

"Bob, you 'll be captured and shot!" exclaimed Egmont. "Please don't do it!"

"I 'm not going to run any risk, Egmont. If anybody comes down here, I can hide behind the boxes and casks. There 's plenty of room. He could n't find me in

Creeping slowly up the stairs, Bob fumbled around in the dark for the latch of the door above. He had extinguished his candle and dropped it in his pocket for future use. A light might betray him.

It was an ordinary trap-door that he encountered, let into the floor of the cellar proper, and swinging upward. Bob tested it and found it unlocked. Inch by inch, listening cautiously, and peering intently through the widening crack, he raised it until it was far enough open to give him a good view of the upper cellar.

Like the subcellar it seemed filled with a motley collection of boxes and casks. They rose tier upon tier on all four sides. It was not necessary to use his candle to see. A path of strong daylight poured through an open doorway at the head of

the stairs that led into the rooms above. It was through this opening that the boisterous laughing and carousing came.

Bob paused a long time, listening and looking, holding the trap-door in such a position that he could quickly close it if any one appeared. The cellar, like the subcellar, was deserted, but there was more danger of being surprised here. He had no desire to push his investigations further.

He had learned all that was necessary. The old German coffee-merchant, who had lived in the corner Guild House before the invasion, had secretly prepared his place for the reception of the German officers. The subcellar had been dug below the main cellar after the innocent appearing coffee-merchant had taken possession of the building, and the opening into the abandoned sewer had then been cut and the iron door fitted to it.

Perhaps the mines to blow up the square had even been laid prior to the invasion, in order to destroy that part of the city in the rear of the Belgian army if, for any reason, the Germans had been checked. It was certainly no worse than many other of the diabolical plans laid by the Huns.

The boisterous carousing of the German officers struck Bob with peculiar force, and made him shudder with disgust and rage. While the Belgians suffered the torments of hunger and fear, the invaders drank toasts, and plotted, and planned further outrages. The blood mounted to his forehead, and his heart swelled with anger.

"I 'd like to blow up the whole square and kill them all!" he muttered under his breath. "I could do it, too."

He thought of the great power that had suddenly been put in his possession. He had not examined the upper ends of the wires coming through the iron tube, but he had no doubt they were connected with an electric battery, or could be connected in a short time. By replacing the pieces of wire he had cut out, he could then exterminate all the staff officers assembled in the building. More than that, he could blow into eternity the German regiments quartered in the different buildings of the square.

But he would wreck the most magnificent buildings of any capital in the world —the superb Grande Place, second to none in Europe, with the beautiful Hôtel de Ville, the galleried and much-gilded *Maison du Roi,* and the many guild houses of the archers and skippers, the printers and merchants. Not only that, but hundreds of innocent Belgians—men, women, and children—would meet their fate with the Germans.

No! such a thought was too terrible for consideration. He had to be content with his present work. He had to save rather than destroy. It was not the mission of the Boy Vigilantes to make conditions worse in Brussels, even though a few important German officers would be killed in the process.

When Bob rejoined his two companions in the sewer, they listened eagerly to the brief account of his discoveries in the cellar above. The chief importance of his investigation was that it confirmed the suspicions of the boys: that the old German coffee-merchant had been a spy who had prepared the way for blowing up some of the finest buildings of Brussels if the city resisted invasion.

"And now," Bob added, "they intend to blow it up if they 're forced to evacuate."

"Well, they 'll be disappointed," replied Guy, grinning.

It was getting late, and Egmont was anxious to return. Their discovery of the perfidy of the invaders had increased his bitterness toward the Germans, and he led the way out of the sewer in silence.

It was dark when they finally crawled along the canal and scrambled to the street above. They stood there a moment, a little dazed by their surroundings. Bob was the first to recover his wits.

"We ought not to have come up together," he whispered. "We 'd better scatter now."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when shadowy figures seemed to spring up all around them. They started to separate—and ran plump into the arms of German soldiers!

(To be continued)

HER JUSTIFIABLE CAMOUFLAGE

By ELIZABETH PRICE

I—THE BLACK

"WHAT ails you, Leonard? You appear like the 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' or words to that effect." Frank Taylor looked up from the kit he was overhauling with curiosity in glance and voice.

"Nothing," growled his tent-mate, shortly.

"Don't look like nothing when a good-natured chap like you turns gloomy. Sick of your bargain with Uncle Sam?"

The tanned face reddened darkly. "Nobody but you would dare say that to me, Taylor, and *you 'd* better not." Leonard's square shoulders straightened, then drooped again as their owner sunk his chin in his open palm and fell silent once more.

"Come on, 'fess up your 'ghastly secret' and get it out of your system," teased Frank, in nowise disconcerted. "It does n't do any good to get grouchy."

"That 's easy talk for you—you have n't had to smash somebody's cherished plans and expectations—deal 'em all a death-blow at one fell swoop. It 's enough to make a grouch out of Job."

"You don't say! I suppose I am not to ask for details?"

Leonard Preston arose and began pacing the bit of floor space between the two cots. "Oh, it 's no secret, Frank. It 's just that it 's hard to talk about it. Of course, it 's Amy—my sister, you know. Poor little soul, I 'm all she 's got, and she depends on me to see her through the hard places. I 'd rather face a firing-squad than tell her we 're ordered to France without so much as a chance to say good-by."

"Great Scott, man, be glad of it! What comfort is there in a moist farewell? Excuse *me* from such," said Frank, fervently.

"You don't seem to remember that I 've been here a year, doing instructing since I finished my own training, and I was to have four weeks, beginning now."

"Leonard, you surely don't grieve after a holiday when—"

The tall pedestrian interrupted with a scornful gesture. "Do you suppose it 's because I want it? Don't you know I 'm aching in every nerve I own to get across and *do* something? But Amy 's lonesome as the dickens, and she 's planned every hour of my twenty-eight days and how to use it. Even engaged a little bungalow on Spring River to spend it in, and paid for it out of her school-teacher earnings. She has n't any money to throw to the birds, either, since she got through with her oculist and buying the glasses he ordered. What do you suppose she called it?"

"It? The oculist? Why doctor, probably—they usually do, you know."

"Oh, get out! The bungalow."

"'Rest Cottage' or 'Honeysuckle Lodge.' Girls will be girls."

"That 's where you show your ignorance of this particular girl. 'Cyclone Cliff,' if you please—anything sissy about that?"

Frank stared with mock incredulity. "Well, I take off my hat to any feminine brain that evolved that title!" he declared. "Too bad it 's knocked in the head."

"Yes. Amy will be all broke up—Jove, I dread to get her next letter, Frank!"

"I don't blame you, old man; but it 's one of the ordeals of war and can't be helped. Get busy and forget it."

"Easier said than done. Poor kid! nobody but me, and I 've got to hurt her so! If only she had n't set her hopes so hard on her little Cyclone Cliff!"

II—THE BLUE

"OH, Mr. Hart!" A cheery voice called the postman across the little street. "Is there a letter for me? I 'll come over and get it. I hate to bother you to hunt for it, but I can't wait if I 'm to catch the nine-o'clock car for the bungalow. I 'm going to get things ready for Leonard to-day."

"So you were telling me, Miss Amy. I hope you 'll have the time of your life. Here 's the letter—you 're welcome." And the kindly carrier went on his way.

Amy tore open the envelop she held, a happy smile illumining her features at sight of the welcome handwriting.

"For four whole weeks he won't have to write to me!" she remembered joyfully. "Four weeks I 'll have him to myself, and we can do all the things he likes best. We can go boating, fishing, bathing; he can sleep as late as he wants to; and I shall cook him everything he likes. Oh, it 's just too joyful, Pussy Kitten!"

She stopped to stroke the fat cat, then dropped on the door-step with her letter. But when she finished reading, she rose and groped her way indoors.

"Not four weeks—not four hours!" she said brokenly. "Not even time for good-by!"

Nine-o'clock passed unheeded, while she sat in the chair that had been Leonard's favorite—the one that was to have gone to Cyclone Cliff that very afternoon.

"I don't see how he could have held out such hopes to me if he knew this was possible," she said aloud, a little hard line touching the soft curves of her lips. "He ought not to have let me be so disappointed—he knew I was counting on it with all my might. I 'll tell him how unfair I think it when I write."

The clock was striking ten before Amy finally shook out her wet handkerchief and rose to her feet. "I must go right away and give up the bungalow," she reminded herself. "I paid Mr. Hayes for the whole month, but perhaps he will give me back part of the money; he knows I have none to spare, and he can rent the place to some one else. I hope I won't know who gets it, though; it seems as if I could n't bear that."

III—THE BATTLE-SHIP GRAY

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Hayes, but I 've brought back the keys. Leonard has been ordered to France, and we won't need the bungalow."

The voice shook a little in spite of itself, and Mr. Hayes hastened to express suitable sympathy. But, as he said of himself, he was a man of business, first and foremost, so he followed his words of condolence with the reminder that, since the cottage had been definitely engaged, he would be obliged, regretfully, to retain the amount of the rental.

Amy caught her breath a little sharply. "But perhaps you can rent it to some one else," she began, when he interrupted:

"Out of the question, Miss Amy, at this late day. I have had applicants since you engaged the quarters, but the parties have suited themselves elsewhere, and the probability of later tenants is very slight. Of course, I can try to rent it for you."

"Very well. It does n't seem quite fair, under the circumstances, that I should bear the whole loss, since I 'm not to use the bungalow at all; but you probably know what is customary." The words were more submissive than the tone, and Mr. Hayes moved in his chair uncomfortably, then repeated her final word with much assurance.

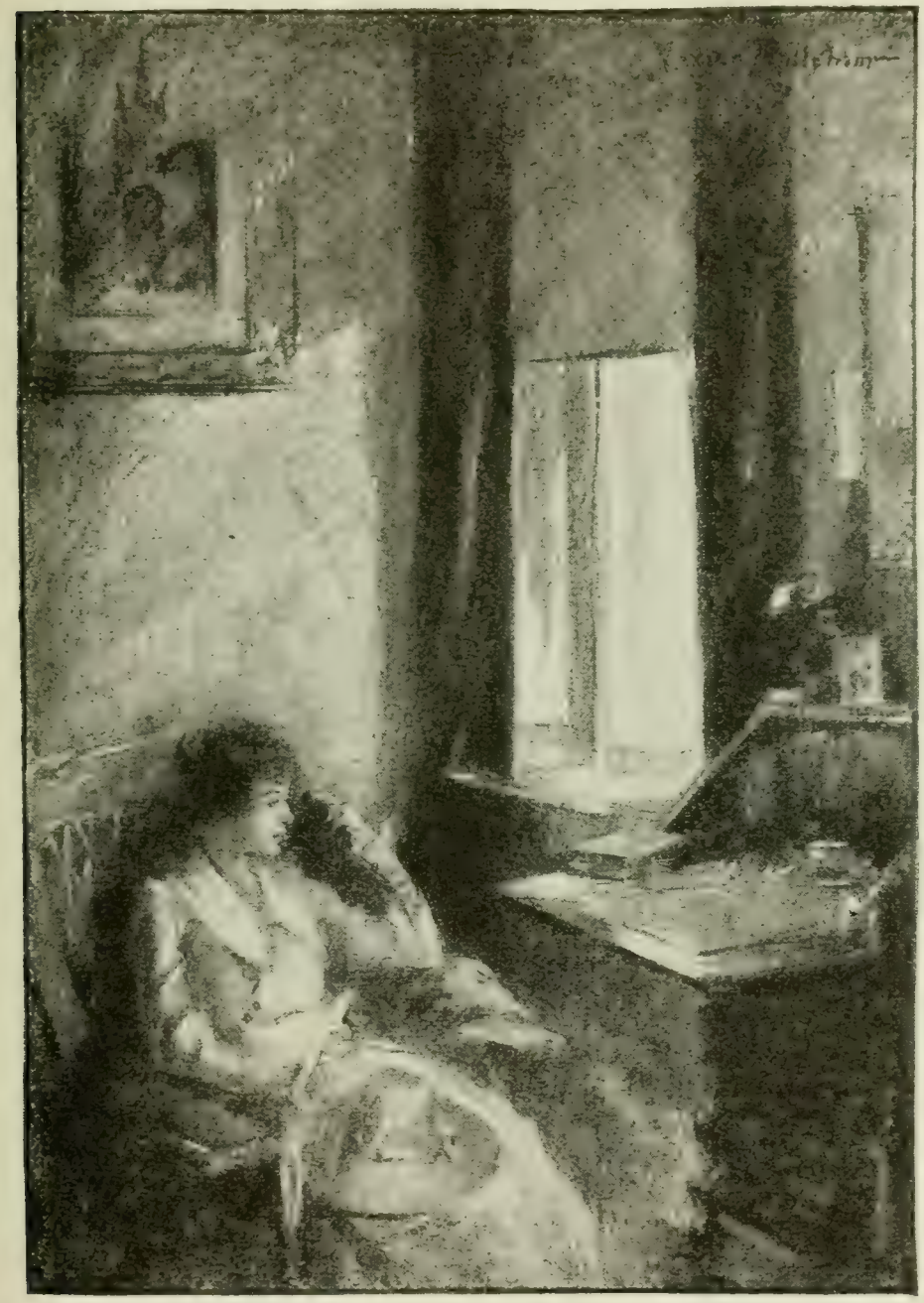
"Customary? Yes, entirely so. Any owner of property would bear me out in the statement. Anything else I can do for you? Good day."

"I should hope there was n't anything else he could do for me—that is quite enough," fumed Amy, as she sped down the long stairs. "He might have given back at least half of it—I do need a new dress woefully, though I did n't mind doing without when it meant Cyclone Cliff for brother and me. Won't Leonard be angry? I can see his eyes snap as he reads my graphic account of the interview. Oh—" and then she went flying after something that skidded ahead of her and landed in glittering fragments on the floor below.

"My precious glasses! Ten dollars more gone!" she sighed. "That empties my savings bank effectually, and means no more frolics this summer. I 'll probably be run over by a truck or something, for I can hardly see to get home without them. Leonard will be sorry about this new ex-

pense, now that he is n't here to help me out."

The street looked strangely unfamiliar as Amy viewed it with unassisted vision, and the sidewalk seemed dim and far away. Twice she stumbled, and at a third misstep gave a little cry of pain and sat down suddenly on the curb. Here a good-natured neighbor found her a few minutes later, and stopped his rattling machine to investigate.



"NINE O'CLOCK PASSED UNHEEDED"

"Broke your specs and sprained your ankle? Well, that 's a shame, Miss Amy! You get right in here, and we 'll go home by Dr. Grant's. He will fix up your eyes in a jiffy, and hot water and arnica will help the sprain, so it might be worse." The big voice was cheery as well as sympathetic, and Amy sighed with relief.

"Dear me, but I 'm glad you came, Mr. Thomas," she declared.

"Everything is going wrong to-day, so I supposed I'd have to hobble home alone to make this happening match the rest. Leonard will appreciate your kindness to me when he hears how much I needed kindness."

"Going to worry your brother with your aches and pains, Miss Amy?"

"I 'm going to tell him my troubles, if that 's what you mean. Why, Mr. Thomas, I could n't bear his absence if I could n't write him every single thing that happens. He 's my—my safety-valve."

The driver nodded. "I see. Who 's *his?*"

Amy considered. "Why, I—" she hesitated. "Really, Mr. Thomas, men don't need sympathy the way girls do. Leonard *wants* to shield me from every annoyance he can."

"It 's a poor rule that won't work both ways, Miss Amy. Looks to me as if our lads have about all the burdens they need, these days, without us home folks saddling our no-account woes on 'em. Give them all the good cheer they can hold, say I, and keep the pin-pricks to ourselves."

"Leonard would n't like it—he never did believe in deception." The girl's voice was unsteady again, but her companion's was not.

"Deception—your Aunt Isaac!" he exclaimed, with scorn. "It 's nothing but justifiable camouflage, Miss Amy. See that camouflaged ship in port last week?"

"Yes—was n't it queer?" Amy was glad to change the subject.

"It sure was—black, indigo blue, battle-ship gray, and white, all mixed up together without any apparent system. They do say that at a distance you can't tell her size or shape or which way she 's headed. It 's a ship just the same, doing its duty, but not letting the whole world know its business. Looks to me like a rattling good suggestion to us stay-at-homers. Now sit still, Miss Amy. I 'll call Dr. Grant out to talk to you."

The good neighbor stayed by till his passenger was safe in the tiny apartment that had long been home to her and Leonard.

"Thank you so much!" she said gratefully. "I can take care of myself now. I 'll have to keep quiet a few days. I can use my old glasses till my new ones are replaced, so I 'll be able to write and knit. But I 'll have time to miss Leonard a good deal, won't I?"

"If you choose to. It occurs to me, though, that I 'd rather be remembering what a jolly good sort he is, and what an honor to his country and his friends. The boy is all that, and it ought to be some comfort to his sister, Miss Amy. Good-by—I 'll tell your downstairs neighbor about you as I go."

But the downstairs neighbor was out for the day, so Amy was left alone with her thoughts. They were not happy thoughts at first, and many tears fell as she began the long letter, recounting the day's disappointments. But gradually her pen slackened its pace, as Mr. Thomas's suggestion intruded more and more persistently. Was it worth considering? Was it hard on Leonard to hear her complaints? It was true that he could not remedy conditions now—was it strictly necessary that he should know them? Maybe he would like to receive some consideration as well as so constantly to bestow it!

"Of course he would!" she exclaimed aloud at last. "What a selfish goose I 've been—hanging around his neck like a millstone, instead of helping him bear his burdens! I must have been positively cruel, and I 'm glad I had it pointed out to me before he goes. I 'll start a new letter this minute, and I do believe I can camouflage a little."

IV—THE WHITE

THE letter, sent special, reached the camp in time. Leonard's lips tightened as he broke the seal, and he squared his shoulders as if bracing for a physical shock. His tent-mate watched him sympathetically.

"Confound the folks that have n't the grit to face the situation!" he muttered. "What do they think we 're doing this for—fun?"

But Leonard's face was already relaxing, and presently a smile came broadly into view. "I 'd like to read you part of this if it won't bore you, Frank," he said at last. "It 'll show you what a game little sport my sister can be when the need arises."

"Sure thing—go ahead!" The permission was accompanied with a clatter of mess gear as Frank emptied his hands and settled to listen.

"I am disappointed of course, dear, that our plans have been upset. But if Uncle Sam needs you right away, you don't want to do one thing in the world only let him have you. If you did want anything else, Leonard, I could n't be so proud of my boy.

"Mr. Hayes was very polite and agreeable, seeming quite interested in a certain young man of my acquaintance. I have decided to ask him for the refusal of the bungalow for next season, and we 'll postpone Cyclone Cliff for just one year. Then the war will be over and we can have our frolic with clear consciences.

"I had quite an auto ride to-day with Mr. Thomas, who is good company even if his machine is shabby to look upon. He said nice things about you, dear; but you de-

serve them, so it 's all right. Everybody is proud of you, and I 'm so puffed up over being your sister that I 'm positively unbearable.

"Let me hear as soon as you can—how I envy you your trip! To think you are to see Paris in the flesh, as it were! Lucky! I 'll write often—you 'll probably get my letters in bunches, like bananas, but you may take them in broken doses.

"Somebody is coming up our stairway so I 'll close. Oceans of love, good wishes, and congrat lations for my blessed brother,

"From your envious stay-at-home,

"Amy."

"Not much whine about that letter, eh, matey?" Almost there were tears in Leonard's eyes. "She does n't know what she 's done for me."

"She 's a soldier all right! No slacker spirit in that sister of yours, Preston." The young man's tone was sincere, but Leonard hardly heard it. He was reading his letter over again.

In her tiny apartment Amy hobbled from desk to waste-basket with several scribbled sheets of paper in her hand. "I used up some stationery yesterday before I got the thing to suit me," she said ruefully. "And the letter was n't in the least what I felt like writing, after all. Still, I told the truth and nothing but the truth, even if not the whole truth. I 'm pretty sure it saved Leonard a heartache, and it certainly has n't done me any harm. So, on the whole, I 've made up my mind that Mr. Thomas was right and that my missive was what he said it ought to be—justifiable camouflage."



"'NOT MUCH WHINE ABOUT THAT LETTER, EH, MATEY?'"



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR AND A NEW ERA

THIS is the first January in which the world has been at peace since that of 1914. Four New-Year's days have dawned over a war-torn earth. Such a thing ought to be impossible at this stage of the world's history. Perhaps the time will never come when it will be impossible; but we go on hoping for it,—and fighting for it!—and we thought we had made some substantial progress toward it, when suddenly, Germany, poisoned by materialism and committed to the false and harmful belief that might is right, deliberately set the world afire with the torch of war. The only sense in which it can be said that Germany did not "deliberately" bring upon mankind these four and a half years of destruction depends upon acceptance as a fact of the supposition that she fully believed that the unpreparedness of the free nations would make them a swift and easy prey for her huge and ready armies and an early victim of her treacherous attack. But, even so, it must still be said that Germany did deliberately launch the war.

Well, it took fifty-two months for the friends of justice to defeat the powers of wickedness. It cost uncounted treasure in life and money value, and the endurance of immeasurable suffering and sacrifice; but now it is finished; and with this new year, a new age of human history begins. Germany, diabolical in victory, has shown herself contemptible in defeat, and does not deserve the sympathy that generous people give to a defeated enemy. She owes the world a debt that it will take many long years to pay; and we hope that in the end she will return to an honorable place among the nations. But pay she must, and in full. Her future is hard, indeed, but it is of her own making. May she soon recognize the truth that in the situation brought about by her own fault lies her own great opportunity!

The new age that is just beginning is the Age of Reconstruction. There has been enormous loss of property, and the task of restoring and rebuilding is huge. For four years the ordinary productive labor of men has been halted, and all energies have been concentrated upon those industries which are "essential" in time of war. Some of the safeguards, too, of the common welfare, institutions in which we trusted, have been found inadequate. New provision must be made. Political reconstruction has already begun in the establishment of free government for the smaller nations as one of the war aims of the Allies.

America has learned what were her weaknesses, and how great is her strength. In some ways we were neglecting to provide for a happy future. Now, having done our part to make the world safe for democracy, we must do our best to keep democracy safe for the world—to maintain the high ideal of fair play for all.

The young men and women, the boys and girls, of this day hold in their hands the fate of the world in the days next to come.

THE ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION ARE CONQUERED!

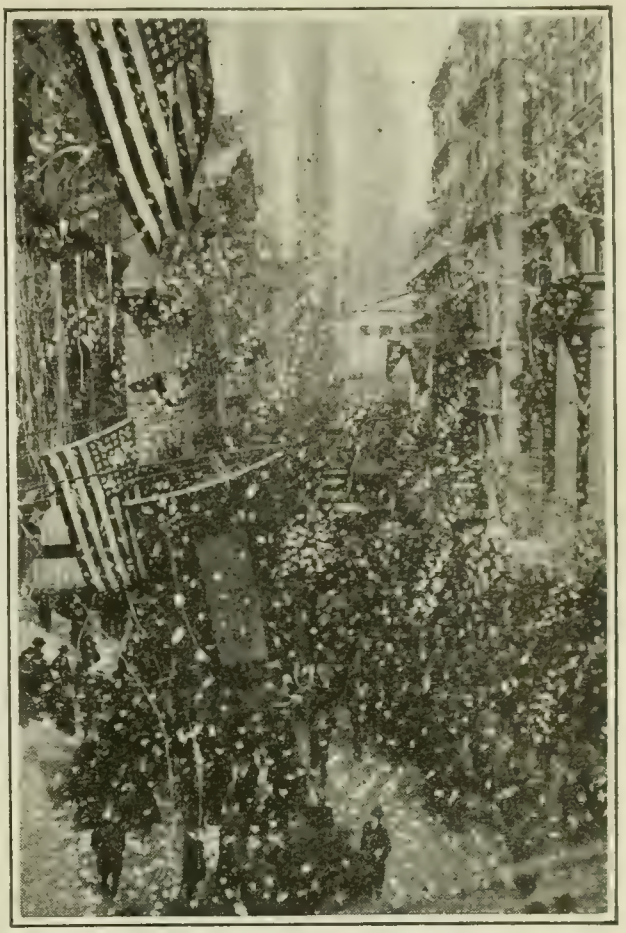
BULGARIA went out in October. On the first day of November the news came that Turkey had followed her. The Bosphorus was opened, giving the Allies access to the Black Sea and reëstablishing the connection between Russia and Europe.

On the fourth day of the month, the Austrian armistice went into effect. This meant the surrender and disarmament of the Austrian army and navy, the evacuation of invaded territories, and the right of free movement by the Allies over all Austrian and Hungarian roads.

Meanwhile, the proud armies of Germany were in retreat, their morale broken, and the Allies were storming on. In some of the hottest fighting of the whole war, the American armies smashed the eastern hinge on which the whole German line turned.

On November 7 the signing of the German armistice was reported in this country, and there was a wild celebration. The report proved to have been premature, but not by much, for on November 11 the true report came, and the celebration was repeated. Such news deserved to be celebrated at least twice.

Germany began the evacuation of France and Belgium, to be followed by demobilization of her armies, the surrender of military supplies, ships, submarines, and aircraft, and the removal of her troops on the east to positions within German territory.



International Film Service
NEW YORK CELEBRATES THE ARMISTICE BY SHOWERING THE CITY WITH MILLIONS OF "SCRAPS OF PAPER"

The armies of the Allies began to move



© Committee on Public Information
ONE OF THE LAST CHARGES MADE BY THE VICTORIOUS AMERICAN TROOPS

forward on one of the greatest marches in all history: the advance of the conquerors into the homeland of the defeated Hun, where the plot against the world's peace had been hatched.

By the end of the month, the forces of



THE WESTERN FRONT, WHEN THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED

Broken line indicates the battle-front; heavy lines, boundaries; dotted areas, portions of France and Belgium held by the enemy; dotted line beyond the Rhine, the eastern boundary of the Allied occupation

occupation were about to take over the Rhine forts, which they were to hold until the peace treaty had been signed.

The Kaiser removed himself and his royal heir to as safe and comfortable a place as he could find, in Holland. Berlin reported the proclamation of a republic. There was mutiny in the navy and rioting in the cities. Bolshevik anarchy got ready for its dance of death. Kings and princes in Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg climbed down from their thrones and doffed their crowns.

Preparations began to be made for the peace conference, to be held in January, and some excitement was caused in America by the announcement of the President's decision to go to Europe for the preliminary conferences in which the Governments of the Allies would settle upon the terms which should be imposed upon the defeated foes of the peace of the nations.

November brought the end of the war, for it was inconceivable that with the terms of the armistice in force the Germans could renew the offensive,—after all the lessons they had had in Hohenzollern treachery, carried out by the German people, it would have been impossible for the Allies to permit them the slightest opportunity to falsify their signed promises,—and it brought the beginning of a new era in the history of the world.

IS GERMANY CURED?

Not quite! She still has a lot to learn. It is to be hoped that she will learn it for herself, and become in time a self-respecting and respected member of the family of nations. Perhaps by the time this article is read, she will have begun to show more signs of willingness to learn than were apparent when it was written.

Naturally, in the bitterness of defeat, there would be some signs of unhappiness —and with these we do not concern ourselves. But there have been some things that simply cannot be passed over; they carry too much threat for the future. When Bulgaria declared that she had not really been beaten, but had surrendered to spite Germany, we only laughed. When Prince Maximilian declared that Germany had been too quick to acknowledge defeat, and might have secured better terms by pretending to be less near the brink of the precipice than she really was, he was as amusing as a small child that is not quite ready to own up to the wrong-doing of which abundant proofs are visible.

But when German soldiers on their way home are reported indulging in their old habits of destroying and pillaging, and when soldiers of the Allies who have been prisoners of war are turned loose in a hostile country, half starved, weakened by the cruel treatment to which they have been subjected by brutal captors, and left to get back as best they can to their friends —then it is time for the decent peoples to consider whether Germany is to be treated

like an honorable defeated foe, or forced to imitate, even if she cannot honestly acquire, the virtues of civilized peoples.



Belgian Official Photograph

"CHURCH OF PASSCHENDAELE". A SIGN-POST IRONICALLY ERECTED BY THE GERMANS ON THE SITE OF THE CHURCH THEY HAD DESTROYED

The whining and pleading for mercy that came from Germany in November were only contemptible, but her acts were a warning to the successful Defenders of Civilization. They were in defiance of the very principles for which the Allies had expended untold treasures of money and of life. Even in defeat, Austria tried to cause dissension among her conquerors by handing her navy over to the South Slav National Council, hoping thus to arouse Italian hostility against the new Jugo-Slav nation. If that spirit were to survive among the conquered Teutons, it was clear, they would have to be kept under rigid discipline until they had learned the lesson of honorable dealing.

Almost before the echo of the last shot had died away, it was announced that German plans for a trade war were ready to be set afoot. By "dumping" her manufactures on the South American market,—that is, selling them there at less than the actual cost of production and transportation,—Germany meant to undersell her competitors.

Many an American must have prayed, in that wonderful month of November, that wisdom would be given to those who were to formulate the terms upon which the rest of the world would permit Germany and her partners in crime to resume relations with the free nations.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

HAS the war brought forth anything new under the sun? One reason to say yes seems to be afforded by the proposal—whether it is to be adopted or not—that a free international highway be established, from the Baltic to the Adriatic. As sug-



Courtesy of "New York Times"

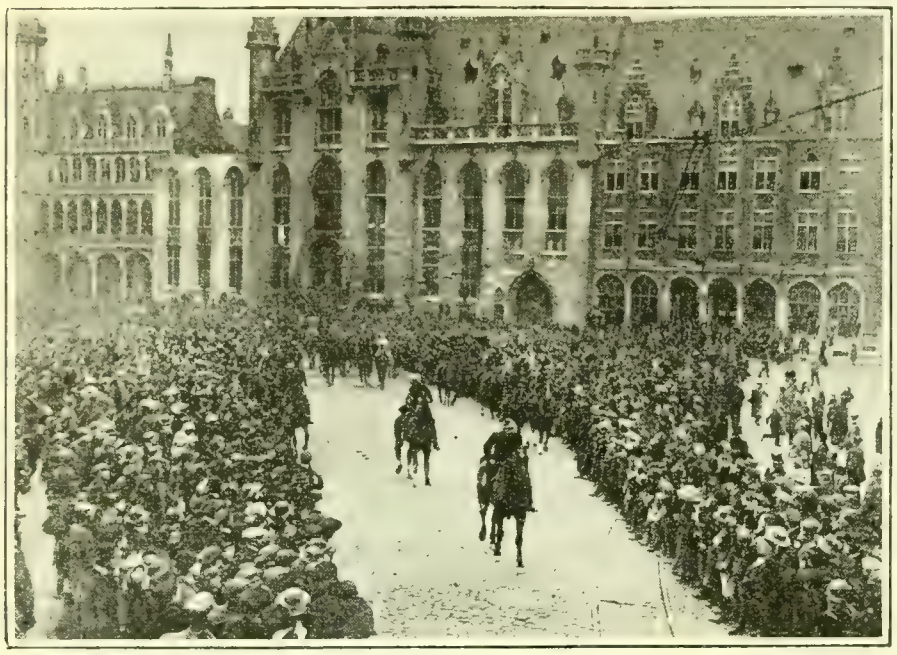
ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL HIGHWAY

gested at the American-Slavic Conference in November, this highway would be ten miles wide, with a railroad and roads for power-trucks, and about 1500 miles long. It would give the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, and Magyars on the east, and Germany on the west, access to a seaport on the Mediterranean, and, through that sea, to the ocean. Its possibilities for usefulness are shown very clearly on the above map.

BELGIUM will demand full freedom instead of the "guaranteed neutrality" which

Germany ruthlessly violated. Do you know of any nation that has more reason for self-respect than gallant little Belgium?

Two imperishable utterances by leaders of the Allies in response to dishonorable Teuton demands: "Belgium is a nation not a road."—King Albert, replying to the



Times Photo Service

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM INTO BRUGES

Hun's demand for an unopposed passage through Belgium, in violation of her "guaranteed neutrality." "You offer me, in return for betraying my country's honor, a part of the corpse of that which I am to kill."—Prime Minister Venizelos, of Greece, in reply to the German representative's plea for the betrayal of Serbia.

After centuries of costly struggle, the free nations had established a system of government in which the rights of individuals and communities were safeguarded better than ever before in the world's history. The War in Defense of Civilization was fought to preserve those safeguards from overthrow by German autocracy. The victory of the Allies promises protection, and improvement, of those safeguards. The wretched state of Russia to-day is proof of the hopelessness of achieving progress by throwing away all the gains of civilization and returning to the lawless conditions of primitive man: "every man for himself." Poverty, hunger, crime—these have been its fruits.

As long as it endures on paper, the story of the march of the Allies into beaten Germany, with advance guards testing the water in the wells *for poison,* will preserve in the memory of free men the barbaric practices of modern Germany.

Most Americans were more disgusted than surprised when Germany appealed to the United States to feed her. Most Americans were pleased when Mr. Hoover declared that America would help Germany in this way only so much as might be done without requiring sacrifice on the part of the American people —and that this would be done not from any sympathy with the nation that had sinned against all the nations, but simply because hunger among the masses of Germany's population would cause unrest and disturbances that would threaten the peace of the world again. And then we began to hear that Germany was not suffering for food at all. That made us feel that it was high time for the Government of the United States to refuse to entertain any further appeals from the treacherous German nation. It looked entirely too much as if Germany were still counting on being able to "use" us *"blödsinnige"* (weak-minded) Yankees.

In November we began to wonder if some of the nations could manage to get through the interval between the armistice and the final signing of the peace treaty without starting a few new wars.

For the first time in four years, we can say—as we do say—A *happy* New Year to you all!

THE GIRAFFE'S COUSIN—THE OKAPI

In the African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, are many rare and strange animals, but there has lately been placed there upon exhibition a specimen of one of the rarest and most remarkable beasts in the world. Although a large animal, it was so little known that until sixteen years ago even scientists were unaware of its existence.

No circus, no menagerie, no zoölogical garden, the world over, has ever owned a living specimen, and no natural history museum has ever before possessed a stuffed one. This animal is called the okapi, and its story is exceedingly interesting.

When, a short time since, the Lang-Chapin exploring expedition returned to New York from the wilds of the Congo, where for six years they had carried on extensive explorations for the American Museum of Natural History, they brought back the finest collections of natural history specimens ever brought out of Central Africa. The material gathered includes elephants, rhinosceroses, giant elands, buffaloes, lions, and leopards; but the prize of the collection and center of interest is the unique series of skins and skeletons of the famous okapi, a giraffe-like animal which, until 1902, had utterly escaped discovery by explorers searching for the strange and curious in the animal world in remote parts of the globe.

There are good reasons, however, why this large animal, standing more than five feet at the shoulder, so long remained a mystery; for while it is true that exploration and civilization have advanced so rapidly in Africa that the term "dark continent" became practically obsolete during the last decade of the nineteenth century, the okapi, in true hermit fashion, had secured the only retreat the white man would respect—the western half of equatorial Africa.

The very few daring white men who had ever penetrated there were, so to speak, "on the wing," and wings beat doubly fast across these inhospitable regions. The numerous sportsmen who have visited nearly all parts of Africa have found no attraction in these forests, and the pale, haggard faces of those who return at all, after penetrating the region, bear witness to the evil effects of the climate. It means the taking of his life in his own hands for civilized man to venture into this region, and few are willing to take the dangerous chance.

The immensity of the wilderness is appalling—for over 1800 miles it stretches without a break, extending more than half way across the continent. In spite of a magnificent tropical luxuriance, it is reported by those who have visited it to be one of the most dismal and forbidding spots on the face of the globe, for the torrid sun burns above miles of leafy expanse, and the unflagging heat, day and night, quickly renders the moist atmosphere almost unbearable. Over the whole area storms of tropical violence thunder and rage almost daily. The natives, because of the sheer viciousness of the climate, are among the lowest and most brutal of the human race.

It is far within this dismal region, where death stalks behind the adventurer, that the home of the okapi lies—a narrow strip, some 500 miles long, hardly 180 miles wide, and hundreds of miles from either coast, or in other words, from the nearest civilization.

The animal, as has been stated, stands five feet at the withers, and the short, heavy neck carries a delicately modeled, deer-like head. The long muzzle is well adapted for feeding on the low forest underwood and swamp vegetation, and the short horns are probably also an adaptation to life in the forest. The glossy brown and purplish black of the body are set off by the conspicuous white stripes and bands

of the limbs, and the zebra-like pattern above the hind legs. This strange jungle beast has, it is said, a highly developed sense of hearing and is most timid, consequently it is extremely hard to stalk.

It was only after risking life and health by camping for several years in the deadly and dismal country which it inhabits, and after countless difficulties and many fruitless hunts, that the museum party finally succeeded in capturing specimens of the rare animal. One of the main objects of the expedition was to obtain for the museum a habitat group of the okapi before the progress of civilization should make it impossible to procure the necessary specimens, and at the same time to clear away the mystery that so long surrounded the origin and nature of this most interesting of ruminants. This the American party at last accomplished, obtaining full and authentic observations on the life history of the animal and a remarkable set of photographic studies.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

OUR NEW ACQUAINTANCE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

In a vague way, Stanley, the great African explorer, first referred to it, telling of "a donkey-like animal feeding on leaves, living in these swampy forests." But Stanley never saw a specimen of it and even doubted its existence, his information coming from native hunters, who have been found to be not always reliable.

In 1901 some London scientists finally secured a few straps of the striped portion of the hide, and, impressed by them, announced the discovery of a new species of forest zebra.

A little later, through the determined efforts of Sir Harry Johnston, the gifted explorer and colonial administrator, the British Museum obtained the first coveted remains of an okapi. It was now found that the animal had cloven hoofs. Other salient characters of the skeleton, and especially the skull, proved conclusively that it belonged to neither the donkey nor the zebra family, but was an undoubted survivor of the curious giraffe group which flourished in southern Asia and Europe in prehistoric ages, some two million years ago. Some of these ancestors differed vitally from each other in size and form; and the okapi has virtually no external resemblance to the living giraffe, the two stumpy, skin-covered horns on the top of the head and the tuft of long bristles tipping the tail being the only external features common to both animals.

JAMES ANDERSON.

"DADDY PAT'S" LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO HIS LITTLE SON

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANK E. EVANS,
Of The 6th Marines

Somewhere in France,
December 15, 1917.

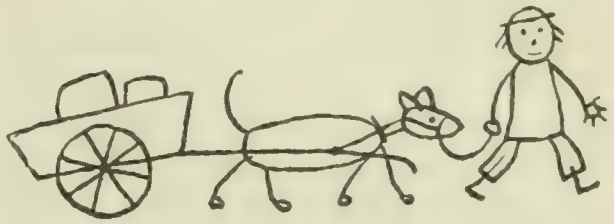
Dear Sonny:

Hello, Townie! How is your old straw hat? We love our France, but oh, you Chevy Chase! You would like the French boys and girls; they are very polite and pretty, and wear wooden shoes in the country, as they are cheap and easy to clean and keep the mud out of the houses. The country is beautiful, with big trees all along the roads and lots of roses. There are hundreds of little farms where the boys, women, and old men work, so that the soldiers can go to war. In camp and on the roads there are lots of German and Austrian prisoners with big letters printed on their uniforms like this: P. G., which is the French for prisoner of war. French soldiers in light blue, with great big bayonets on their guns, guard them. Lots of French, Canadian, and Serbian soldiers come to town on leave and wear gay uniforms. Some have caps like yours, and some red caps and red breeches. Lots have medals for bravery, and all, except the poor soldiers who have crutches and bandages, look happy and fine. The French love their soldiers. In the town are big stone buildings, with no grass in front, and every thing looks very old. Ladies drive the street-cars and take up the tickets. There are lots of carts pulled by dogs, and bigger ones pulled by little horses. They only sell candy and cakes three days each week, but they are awful good. Out in the country the houses are little stone ones, with straw roofs. They are very clean and neat, but cold, because wood and coal are hard to get.



THIS IS A LITTLE FRENCHER WITH WOODEN SHOES

On Thanksgiving Day lots of French people came out to see us play football and



THIS IS A DOG CART

laughed a lot. The Marines had a tug-of-war. When they finished, all the boys and girls got the rope, and all the Marines got around, and the children had a tug-of-war. Then the Marines got a fat pink pig and covered him with grease and had a pig chase. They could not hold him until the grease wore off, and a big Marine with



THIS IS THE MARINE FALLING ON THE PIG

red hair fell on him as you fall on a football. So Casey's company has the pig in a little house full of straw, and when he 's fat enough they 'll eat him; and they call him Casey, because all pigs are Irish. And remember, Sonny, that you must take good care of your pretty mother while Daddy is in France, and that a soldier is no good who does not take care of his mother. With a ton of love.

Daddy.

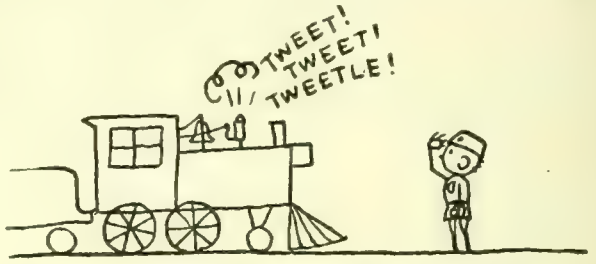
FRANCE, JANUARY 25, 1918

DEAR SONNY:

Comment ce va, mon brave garcon? That 's real French, and means, "How goes it with my brave little scout?" And when I say it to the kids here, they salute the French way, with the inside of their hand turned out and sometimes a dirty little thumb stuck out like this——and they smile and say, "Très bien, Monsieur le Commandant," which means, "Very well, Mr. the Major." I 'll tell you all about the kids and their funny little town and the cows and the ducks and the doggies the next time I write, but I promised to write you about the funny choo-choo that brought the Marines all the way from near the sea clear up to the mountains, where once in a while Daddy can hear the big French guns banging away.

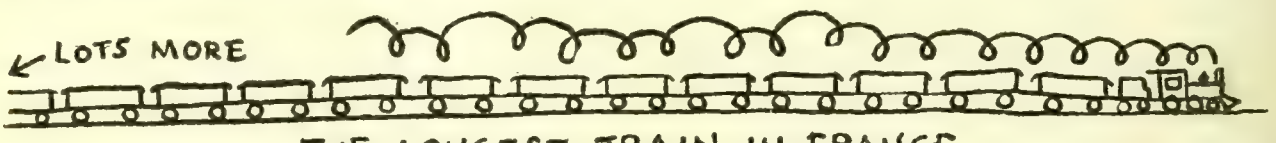


We got up before the sun and packed all up, and it took 50 big trucks to get it all to a nice little station called *Carbon Blanc,* which means "white coal." And then Daddy yelled, "Fall in! Squads right! March!" And away we went behind the band playing, "Oh Boy! Oh Joy! Where Do We Go from Here?" And I could hear the old General Duck and all the little ducks quacking in French, and I think they were saying, "Good-by and good luck"; and if the old general could have got his little red cap with the gold oak leaves off, I think he would have waved it, because the Marines were very kind to him; but it was tied on tight behind his ears, so he could n't. Then we marched away with the rifles and packs, all keeping step down a beautiful road with French trees, and over a stone bridge, and through the village with red roofs, to the station. And they had a train with 64 cars—the longest train in France. Then we loaded on, and each company put a stove in a baggage-car, with the smoke-pipe sticking out the side door, and it looked funny. But while the men were working, the cooks got busy, and we all drank hot coffee out of the tin cups, and ate French stew, out of the mess-tins, and hardtack. Then the men got in the funny cars. We thought they 'd put us in box-cars that carry 40 men and eight horses, but no, boy; they had nice cars all divided into three or four parts, with seats, and curtains for the windows, and it was very nice. Then the little whistle went *"Tweet! Tweet! Tweetle!* And



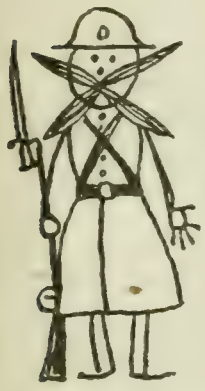
THIS IS DADDY LOOKING FOR THE BIRD

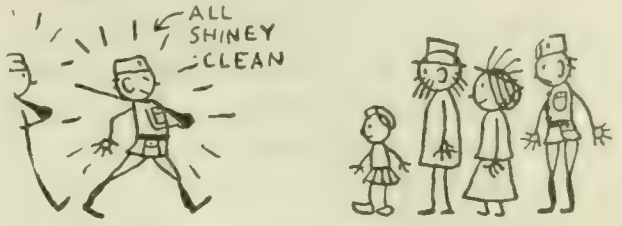
at first Daddy thought it was a little red bird up on the engine; so he looked, and there was a French soldier sitting in the cab window pulling the bell-rope. And the bugler sergeant sounded "Fall in!" And off we went, but we didn't sing "Oh Boy!" because we were off to the war and very serious. And when we woke up the next day, the ground was covered with snow. And there were seven other officers in Daddy's part of the car and an oil-stove. One of the officers was big as Uncle Buck, and took up an awful lot of room and snored, but we all curled up some way and did n't care. Every once in a while the train stopped and the Marines got off to exercise; and twice every day we stopped for an hour, and French soldiers brought hot coffee in canvas buckets. And it was fine weather, and we stopped at a little French town called Argent, which means "silver," and on one side was a brown river with willow-trees all silver with the snow. And



THE LONGEST TRAIN IN FRANCE

on the other side, right above the train, was a big high bluff like a little hill, and a lot of big French girls up there threw snow-balls down at the Marines, and they threw back; till by and by the little whistle went *"Tweet! Tweet! Tweetle!"* and the bugle went *"Tarum-Tarum-Tarum!"* And then we went by little towns with no front yards and all clean as new pins, and people waved and cheered, and we waved back and sailed hardtack out of the windows to the kids. And we passed a train full of French soldiers with tin hats, all happy coming back from the trenches to see their pretty wives. And a Marine traded his old campaign hat for a tin hat to a French soldier, who had big yellow whiskers and a big yellow moustache and looked like a starfish, like this. And then what do you think went by? A big locomotive with *American soldiers* in the cab running it! And everybody cheered. Then we put a can of red tomatoes on the oil-stove and cooked it, and bought a cold chicken and a loaf of war bread, almost as tall as you, and had a fine time. And all the time the little old choo-choo train and the 64 cars were getting closer to the war; but it was going up hill, and the *Tweet!-Tweet!-Tweetle!* whistle almost died, because it had no steam to blow it, and it sounded like a little sick pussy-cat. So we got another engine and had two whistles, then, and so away we went and everybody cheered. And then we saw two airplanes flying, and cars with big guns all painted gray and green and yellow going up too to fight the old Germans. And it got so steep that the Marines could hop off and run and keep up and get good exercise. And we saw a lot of stone barracks that were there before the war, and a lot more of wooden barracks that were new. And we have coffee in a town called Jamais, which means "never" in France; and there were lots of American soldiers. And then the next time we stopped, Daddy made the men heat water on the stoves in the car to shave, and sweep out all the cars, so everybody would look nice when we got out, and people would say, "Oh, they are the 6th Marines!" And soon there were not so many towns, only little villages, half as

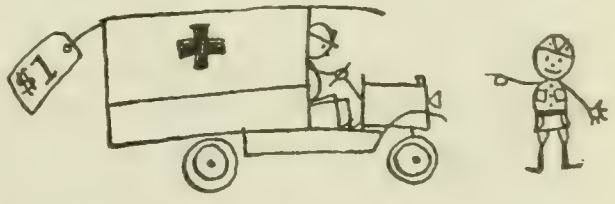




OH THEY ARE THE 6TH MARINES!

big as Chevy Chase, and old gray houses, and some castles almost as big as the villages. And late one night we got to where Brigadier General Doven lives, and stayed on board all night; and that made 2 days and 3 nights, and the big officer kept right on snoring all 3 nights. And the next morning was beautiful and no snow, and we made our own hot coffee and ate up all the beans and hardtack.

And then we began to unload the cars. And what do you think was one thing we unloaded? The little old Ford ambulance that a nice rich lady gave to Daddy in New York, and Daddy gave to your pretty



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

lady-peach Mother, and Mother sold to the Marine Corps for a dollar if they 'd cross their heart to send it over to France with the Sixth Regiment. And the color sergeants got the two beautiful flags, and away we went with the band playing "Oh Boy"; and when we went past the general they played *"Semper Fidelis."* And the general had a silver star on each shoulder and a real gold hat-cord, and everybody saluted, and he saluted, and I guess he thought the old 6th Regiment looked fine. And then we left the town, and I can 't write the name because most of it sounds like a swear-word. And next we marched

about two miles, and here we are; and I 'll tell you all about it in a few days, and it 's very nice, but not as nice as Chevy Chase, and there 's not much snow, and the kids have no sleds. And your pretty mother says you 're a fine brave boy, and kind to doggies and birdies, and know how to play football; and Daddy is very happy about it. And she says sometimes she just can't help it and cries, because she misses Daddy so, and then you put your arms around her and kiss her and comfort her, and Daddy loves you for that and thinks you 're just as fine as little *Wee Willie Winkie,* who chased the bad mans away from the Lady Peach. So good night, Townie boy, and a big kiss and a love to give to your pretty mother.

DADDY PAT.

And I bet that 's nearly 2000 words, because my hand is awful tired, but it 's fun.

A LITTLE TOWN IN FRANCE,
FEBRUARY 26, 1918.

DEAR TOWNIE:

I told you I would write you so you could know about the kids in this funny little town, but Daddy has been terribly busy and could not write sooner. There are only 350 people here and more cows and horses than people, great big fat cows, that look like ferry-boats, and the horses have long hair like camels. Every night when Daddy comes down the hill at five o'clock, just when you and pretty Mother and old Fat Joe and Aunt Estelle and Captain Buck are having lunch at home, the street is full of cows going to water in a big stone trough just across from the doctor's office. And the girls drive them down with sticks, and the old cows run away, and then the town is full of noise. The girls wear wooden shoes, so they have a time catching the cows; and they yell at them in French, because the cows only know French. Some of the girls are not much bigger than you, and there is one built just like Bluey, who played center at Princeton with Hobey Baker; she gets awful mad and whacks the cows with a big stick; and then the Marines cheer, and she goes flying through the mud, and whacks the poor old cows all the harder. But the funniest are our mules. We have 230 to haul the wagons and the machine-guns, and most of them are in this town. Some of them are pretty small, and the other day a little one saw a broom in a doorway. He was hungry, so he started for it, and the French lady picked it up to scare him away and waved it at him; but the little mule came right along because he thought it was straw; and he chased her through the door,



AND THIS IS THE LITTLE MULE CHASING THE FRENCH LADY WITH THE BROOM.

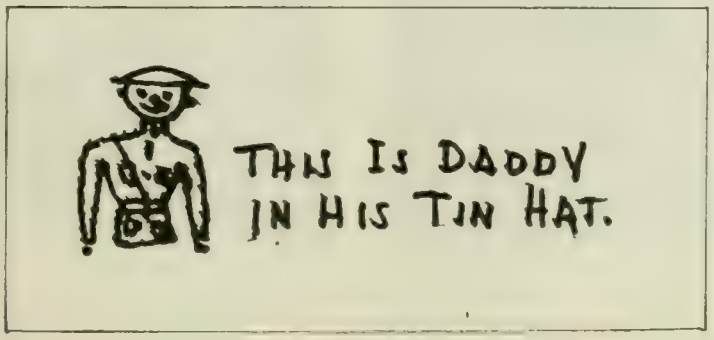
and got into the dining-room and chased her around the table, and she dropped the broom and ran out in the street yelling a lot of things in French. So the Marines had to take the broom away from the little mule and take him back to his stable. And the other day, Daddy saw two little mules coming down the street dragging a big door behind them. They had been tied to the door of a stable; and when the driver went away and left them they got thirsty, so they pulled away until they pulled the old door off its hinges, and away they went for the water-trough. And there 's one mule that is blue, and he 's the best. And you never saw so many ducks and geese waddling about. There 's one little kid dressed in gray like a sergeant, and he always gets mad because I call him "Corporal." He loves to get two or three kids and try to catch a big fat old goose, but he can't; so I told him to get some salt, and he said he would. But the salt over here is very coarse, and perhaps it won't stay on the old goose's tail long enough for the boy to catch him. Nearly all the kids wear soldier-clothes, because their daddies are at the war, and they all wear wooden shoes; and the little girls are fat and cute,

and have the rosiest cheeks you ever saw. They are very polite, but the nicest one is named Marie. She 's almost six and a half, and lives in a little stone house only one story high with her grandmother. Daddy goes in there sometimes to see Colford and Perin, who are our interpreters. And the door is like a gate, and inside is a big room with a stone floor and low ceiling and a great big fireplace. And I say, *"Bon jour, Grandmère,"* and they say, *"Bon jour, M'sieu";* and I say, *"Hello, petite!"* and Marie looks up out of the corner of her eye and smiles. And she has a big dimple and black eyes and black curls and a very soft voice, and she is always sitting by the fire with her hands folded in her lap. When Grandma was a big girl the bad Germans came here; and she heard they were coming, so she got all her Daddy's horses and jumped on one and rode them out into the woods and hid them there till the Germans went away. I don't think the kids have as much fun as you do, but they like to get little carts and haul stones and play in the gutters after the rain. They all have fine barns to play in, because a house here is half house and half barn—right alongside of each other. But over in a little town near here, where the machine-gun company is,—and it 's the best company in France,—they have two funny pets. They are fat pink little pigs, and the biggest is "La La" and the littlest is "Oui Oui," because that means "Yes Yes" in English and sounds like "wee wee." And don't you remember the white dog the machine-gun company had at Quantico, that came from Haiti and only knows French talk? His name is Ouanaminthe, from a town in Haiti where Mase Gulick used to live, and he ran away the other day; and when he came back they tried him by court martial and took his meat away for a whole day. Each town has lots of dogs, but the nicest here is a fat, woolly little fellow that belongs to the supply company. He has a little harness with bells on, and plays all day, and comes up to the office to see me; though I don't see how he ever gets up, because the stairs are awful steep and his legs are so short. And Billy Moore, who played half-back at Princeton and can beat Johnny Overton in a short race, has the best dog of all. He 's a big police-dog, and cost $1000, and his name is Graf. He only likes one person at a time, and he was lost for a whole week when his battalion landed. But I think the little mules are the most comical; they have such long ears and look so good. and all the time they are thinking of something funny to do. And they can kick right through a big board.

Pretty soon I 'll write and tell you how we go marching, even if it 's raining little puppy-dogs, so that when the old Germans start to run back to Berlin we can catch them and put them all in jail where they belong. And Mother says you 're kind and gentle to her and love her and talk to her about Daddy and all the good times we had, and say funny things to make her laugh. That 's fine, Sonny! and keep it up, and you 'll be a man before fat Aunt Louise is. Good night, dear little son. It 's just half past nine here, and only half past four at Chevy Chase, so I know you 're getting hungry. Give pretty Mother a big love and a kiss from Daddy and another for yourself.

DADDY PAT.

(To be continued)



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY HELEN DUKES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE prose and verse of this opening month carry over into the New Year echoes of the titanic struggle which had not ended when these youthful stories, essays, and poems were penned, and when such subjects as "A Young Hero (or Heroine)" and "Across the Sea" naturally called to mind, first of all, some phase or incident of the vast conflict upon which the thoughts of all the world were focussed. Worthy chronicles they are, too—these ardent compositions of young Americans fully awake to the meaning of the mighty issues involved and to the self-sacrificing heroism of the defenders of liberty. And interspersed among these are tales of other days or rhymes on gentler themes, set forth with such grace and charm that they win an equal meed of praise.

Nor is there more than a hint of war in the pictorial exhibit that brightens our pages this month with many a happy scene and character caught by the camera, and with delightfully clever drawings from which we have drafted two to adorn this Introduction, and to wish you all a



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY MARCIA VAN DER VEER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 227.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Maude Albright** (age 15), Kansas; **Silvia Wunderlich** (age 15), Ohio. Silver badges, **Charles Bartlett** (age 13), Illinois; **Margaret A. Buell** (age 14), Ohio; **Ruth Moore** (age 15), Iowa; **D. Appleton Packard, Jr.** (age 14), New York; **Ruth Thorp** (age 10), Ohio; **Virginia Parker** (age 14), Massachusetts.

VERSE. Siver badges, **Celia V. White** (age 15), New York; **Mildred Prewett** (age 14), Tennessee; **Elizabeth E. Warner** (age 12), Vermont.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Helen Dukes** (age 15), California; **Marcia Van der Veer** (age 12), Arizona; **Margaret Mitchell** (age 15), Illinois; **Elizabeth Smith** (age 15), Virginia; **Josephine W. Glidden** (age 15), Ohio; **Marion Rombauer** (age 15), Missouri.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Kathryn Haubold** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Wentworth Brown** (age 13), New Hampshire; **Alice M. Brockway** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Catharine L. Penniman** (age 14), Missouri; **Lillian W. Conn** (age 16), Maryland; **Helen Harney** (age 13), Ohio; **Charlotte Hamblen** (age 14), Washington; **Bertha Hitchcock** (age 12), Ohio; **Sylvia Dow** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, **Philip Tapperman** (age 13), Michigan; **Marguerite A. Harris** (age 15), Virginia. Silver badge, **Miriam J. Stewart** (age 14), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Ruth Collins** (age 14), Vermont. Silver badge, **Ethel L. Wilson** (age 15), Canada.



BY WENTWORTH BROWN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALICE M. BROCKWAY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A GOOD FRIEND"

A YOUNG HEROINE

BY MAUDE ALBRIGHT (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September*, 1918)

LITTLE BABETTE lived with her grandmother and her baby brother, Jean, in a war-swept village of France. Despite the fact that Babette was only eleven, she was bravely trying to take the place of mother and father to little Jean, and struggled to keep the small home together. Their mother was doing her part in a munition plant, and the father had been killed in battle.

With the coming of the Americans to the village, Babette found friends. Often a basket of food, a bag of candy or a toy was given her by the kind soldiers. But soon they left for the front, and oh, how Babette missed them!

One evening an old man asked for shelter, and kind little Babette gave him food and drink and led him to a room, where he was soon fast asleep. A gust of wind blew the door open, and through it some papers he had placed under the bed. To Babette's horror she saw they were drawings of trenches and forts, with notes written in German! "A German spy!" flashed through her mind. He was planning destruction to her dear soldiers and to France!

Scarcely breathing, she snatched up the plans and fled into the black night toward the American lines. Babette knew if she did not get help back to the little home before the spy awakened her grandmother and little Jean might be killed!

"Halt! Who goes there?" called the sentry.

"It is I—Babette!" she sobbed, in broken English. "A German spy is in our house! Here—are—his—maps!" And she fell exhausted.

BABETTE was the heroine of the whole regiment. The proudest day in all her life came when she was decorated by a great French general!

A YOUNG HERO

BY CHARLES BARTLETT (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

GUNS roared. Shells illuminated the bleak darkness. And while Hun and Ally were exchanging greetings with the deadly fumes of gas and huge destructive shells, "Blondy" Bourne, a young Australian, crawled across that black, shell-torn space called No Man's Land.

The reason for his crawling was that a camouflaged battery had been blocking the progress of Blondy's division, and the Anzac colonel had called for volunteers to discover it. Now, Blondy was only an overgrown boy of sixteen, who passed as eighteen in the army because of his height and weight. But he had plead with such fervor to be allowed to discover the battery that the colonel at length consented.

He was armed with a revolver, and with a colored searchlight which he was to flash if he discovered "it" (meaning the battery).

About fifty yards in front of the trench a shell exploded near Blondy and an avalanche of dirt nearly buried him. When he managed to crawl from this, the first thing he saw was a spurt of fire issuing from a screen of trees. "That must be the battery," he thought, and, turning, flashed the light. Just then he felt two sharp, stinging pains in his head and arm, and then—blackness, the result of a German sniper's bullets.

At this moment a veritable inferno ensued, for the colonel had seen Blondy's signal and wired to the artillery, which soon got the battery's range and blew it to atoms. The Allies' barrage lifted and the Anzacs went "over the top," cheering like maniacs, and captured the Hun first-line trench.

With the coming of the dawn, they discovered Blondy, and very tenderly conveyed him to the base hospital.

The next day three Allied officers paid him a visit and conferred upon him the Distinguished Service Cross and a corporal's commission. This, however, was only one of the heroic acts which constantly occurred "over there."

But Blondy was a young hero, indeed.



BY CATHARINE L. PENNIMAN, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE.) "A GOOD FRIEND"



BY LILLIAN W. CONN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

ACROSS THE SEA

BY MARY CANDACE PANGBORN (AGE 11)

(*Honor Member*)

OVER the Hudson River
The mantle of night shuts down
On the silent ships in the harbor
And the tall spires of the town.
But over the white-capped ocean
The sun is beginning to rise,
Sending the light from the eastlands
Till it colors the somber skies.

And the ships in the harbor waken,
And they sail to join the strife,
While the city they leave behind them
Is astir with the morning life.
They will cross and recross the ocean
Till the work of the war is done,
And over the sea to Europe
They sail toward the rising sun.

A YOUNG HERO

BY MARGARET A. BUELL (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE barracks was in an uproar! The colonel's small daughter had vanished, and it was but a scant mile to the border. The gray-haired, anxious colonel, pacing up and down in the mess-room, realized this fact, as did "Mustang," the Mexican half-caste, who sat disconsolate. Mustang—so dubbed by the regiment—was but thirteen, an imp of mischief, a fearless rider, and a

devoted slave to his dear "Señorita," who had but now vanished so completely.

And therefore he sat thinking of his lost playfellow, and anxiously trying to solve the problem of her disappearance. He had been forbidden to help in the search; but suddenly a thought seized him, and rising, he made off for the horse-pickets on a run.

Two minutes more and he was galloping southward over the plains. A mile gone—he bent over his pony's mane and swept over the border unchallenged, then pulled off sharply to the left.

"Down, Pedro!" he whispered, as the pony hesitated on the edge of a ravine; "here is where the Señorita and I used to play—ah, careful!—slowly!—so! She is found!" he almost shouted. But the little heap on the ground lay still—very still. "She is hurt!" Mustang alighted and by great effort pulled her onto the pony and, jumping up behind, urged his mount up the slope and ducked low under the Mexican sentry's shots, which whistled over Pedro's mane as his rider spurred him over the border.

Fastening the reins to his wrist, and heading the pony home by a kick. Mustang dropped his head—and rode.

NEXT day, seated on Pedro by the colonel's side, Mustang reviewed the regiment, and later held a place of honor at mess when the colonel rose with the toast: "To the regiment's hero!"

FROM ACROSS THE SEA

BY VIRGINIA E. FOLLIN (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

OVER the sea from France he came,—
Gallant and brave and true,—
But not for riches, or power, or fame,
Did he struggle and fight for you!

For power he had in the court of France,
And wealth did his rights command;
But he left them all with a scornful glance,
To fight for our bleeding land.

A goodly sum did he give, to back
Our land in her hour of need—
That food and clothing
she should not lack.
For he was a friend
indeed.

The final battle at Yorktown won
A peace for the U. S. A.
Our freedom was gained and his work was done.
So our patriot sailed away,

Over the seas from whence he came,
Bearing his sword and lance,
To fight for Liberty's glorious name
In his native land of France.

A lasting debt to his land we owe,
Which we and our children shall ne'er forget,
Because of his services long ago—
A debt to the Marquis de Lafayette!

A YOUNG HERO

BY RACHEL L. CARSON (AGE 11)

OVER in France, away out in No Man's Land, an American soldier crouched in a listening-post in a shell crater. It was a dark night, and a screen of clouds hung over the moon. There were occasional flashes of lightning from behind a low-lying, dark cloud. He crouched breathlessly in the shell crater. Yes, he heard it again—a faint sound of hushed footsteps. There was a faint glare of lightning. He saw a dim line of figures, and he easily made them out to be Germans by the spiked helmets. One, two, three—twenty Germans—and one American! Well, they wouldn't get past him while he was alive, at any rate. He quietly reached for his rifle and aimed carefully, fired, and a Hun fell—dead. The others halted and fired into the shell crater, for a flash of lightning had exposed the soldier to them. He found shelter behind a small rock and returned the fire. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his arm; he had been shot! But he could still use his revolver with his left hand. He wounded and killed several more Germans, when he was shot again in the left shoulder, and he could do nothing more. But the American soldiers in the trenches had heard the shots, and had come up behind them. There was a burst of rifle-fire, and the remaining Germans were killed. The Americans carried their comrade back to the trenches. "I did the best I could," he murmured to one of his friends a few moments later. "Sure, old chap," his friend answered, "and you stopped them, too!"



BY MARGARET M. MITCHELL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

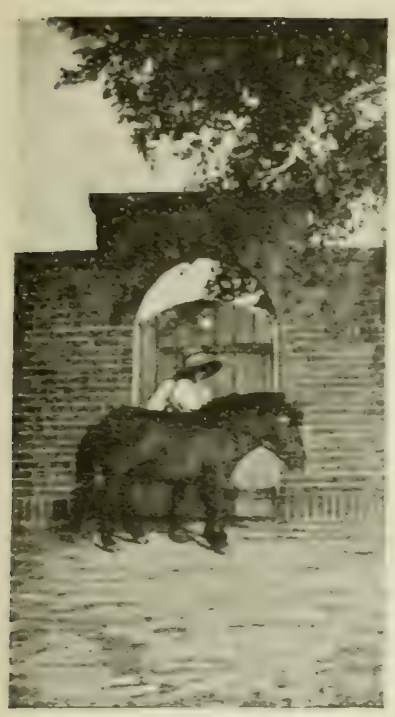


BY ELIZABETH SMITH AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY JOSEPHINE W. GLIDDEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

"READING THE NEWS"



BY BERTHA HITCHCOCK, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE)



BY HELEN HARNEY, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE)



BY KATHARINE E. HOFFMAN, AGE 16



BY SYLVIA DOW, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY NANCY PATTEN, AGE 13



BY DOROTHY WARREN, AGE 13



BY DOROTHY WHITE, AGE 12



BY ANTOINETTE S. DREIER, AGE 15

"A GOOD FRIEND"



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY MILDRED LULL, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)

ACROSS THE SEA

The Song of Tanabala-tsumé

BY CELIA V. WHITE (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN Japanese mythology, Hikoloshi and Tanabala-tsumé were lovers that were envied by the gods, who changed them into stars, one on each side of the Milky Way. Once a year a flock of birds make a bridge, over which the lovers cross and spend one day together.

Across the Sea of Stars my heart has flown,
And I am left here, sad and all alone!
O love, could we together always stay
My gladsome heart would sing, no more to moan.

Ah, why did the immortals hate us so,
And make between us that great sea to flow,—
That ever present bar between us two,—
And fill my over-burdened soul with woe?

Fear not, my love. My heart will shield you, should
The gods intend you anything but good.
And if I were a mortal and could die,
You know how willingly for you I would.

And when, across the Sea of Stars, we meet,
We thank the very birds beneath our feet,
That make for us a bridge across the sea,
Where once a year our happiness we greet.

So very long the year is, and the day
So very short, that I can scarcely say
The myriad things that swarm upon my lips—
Ah, would I need not so soon haste away!

How many ages will be spent ere we
Shall once again be happy and be free,
And, roving through the plains of heaven fair,
No more shall fear that dread, dividing sea!

A YOUNG HERO

BY RUTH MOORE (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

EXTRACT from a German soldier's diary: "A traitor just shot, a French lad. The poor little fellow wished to be a hero. Refused information about enemy . . . infatuated boy! It was a pity to see such wasted courage."

Jean Paul was a French lad, fourteen years old. From inherent instinct, from love and admiration of his soldier father, he held, with the old Romans, that one's country is first—before "life, limb, or family." When a long, gray column of Germans came upon him one afternoon, a few rods from a heavily wooded grove, and asked him if he knew anything concerning the whereabouts of the French, a little inward shiver—exultant, a little terrifying—went through him; but his face was impassive.

"I have no information to give, sirs," he answered, stiffly. The commanding officer looked at him curiously, searchingly. His eyes narrowed, plainly threatening, but he let the line pass. Fifty yards farther on, heavy fire was opened upon them under cover of the woods, and the officer turned slowly on Jean Paul, something sinister gleaming in his eyes.

"You knew the enemy was there?" he rapped out.

Jean Paul turned a trifle pale, but did not speak.

"Firing-squad!" ordered the man, curtly.

They led him to a telephone-pole and stood at attention. It was late afternoon. There was a green vineyard behind him.

The firing-party raised their guns. Jean Paul threw back his head and "received their volley with a proud smile upon his face."

"Wasted courage?" Ah, perhaps! But it is that very courage, kindled in Belgium, kept burning in France and England, flaming high now in our own dear America, which is driving gross selfishness, and the bitter misery born of it, from all the earth.



"READING THE NEWS." BY MARION ROMBAUER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

A YOUNG HEROINE

BY SILVIA WUNDERLICH (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November,* 1917)

JOAN OF ARC! The name, alone, brings a rush of feeling—of reverence, of love. She belongs to France, and yet she belongs to the world, for her memory is sacred in every land.

But what did she do to command such admiration? The story is as wonderful as a fairy-tale. I remember, when I first read it, I thought it *was* a fairy-tale; but when I learned that it was true, it became more wonderful than ever.

Joan was a peasant girl. She was simple and true. She had great religious faith, and at the age of thirteen she had her first vision. At that time, France was in great trouble; so when Joan received her message from heaven, she lost no



"A GOOD FRIEND."
BY JOSEPH E. MAYER, AGE 14



"A GOOD FRIEND."
BY GENEVIEVE C. JACKSON, AGE 12



"A GOOD FRIEND." BY CHARLOTTE HAMBLEN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

time in carrying it out. Did she want to do this thing more than anything else? No, but that did not stop her. She was told to lead the armies of France, and she obeyed. It was hard work to gain permission to do this, but she never faltered, and finally her wish was granted.

The next chapter of her life was one of success and triumph. It was during this period that Charles VII was crowned king.

Now comes the tragic ending. Joan, against her will (for she wanted to return home) still led the French forces, and was finally captured. After an unjust trial, she was condemned to die at the stake. She was burned at Rouen when she was only twenty years old.

And so we have the bare facts of her story. Was she not a true "young heroine"? Yes, and so great was she that she can never die, but will continue to live in the hearts of the people, the world over, forever!

ACROSS THE SEA

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

THERE is a country that I love,
Far, far across the sea;
And life and hope and laughter
Are waiting there for me.
Its hills stretch green beneath the sun;
Their loveliness is rare.
Its merry brooklets swish and toss,
While bees hum everywhere.

And I wander through a garden
Of the dear, old-fashioned days;
Its hollyhocks and pansies sweet—
Its rambling, winding ways.
The verdant meadow with its flowers,
The trees, birds, butterflies!
"Some call it, 'fair New England';
I call it Paradise!"

And out here on the prairies bare,
It calls across the sea.
Across a *sea of loneliness*
My country calls to me.

A YOUNG HERO

BY A. APPLETON PACKARD, JR. (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN his babyhood he had been run over, which maimed him for life—fourteen-year-old Jeremiah Baker, who could still follow his father's trade of blacksmith. He could n't fight and knew it, which made it harder to bear. His father kept a tavern, with a blacksmith shop attached to it, in the village of Monmouth, New Jersey.

On the morning of June 28, 1778, young Jeremiah was vigorously shoeing the impatient horse of an officer of the Continental line. He knew that a battle between the British and Americans was imminent, and this fact lent quickness to his hands. As he was working, happening to glance up, a cry of dismay escaped his lips. The officer also looked up with an exclamation and the simultaneous thought came to the minds of both: "The Americans are retreating!"



"A GOOD FRIEND."
BY KATHRYN HAUBOLD, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1917)

Hardly had the officer dashed away when who should gallop madly up but General Washington himself! "Quickly, my lad! Fix this shoe and you will be doing a great service to your country!" he cried, pointing at a loose shoe on Blueskin's foot.

Jerry afterward declared that he never worked so fast as then. And well he might, for if General Washington had n't arrived at that moment, the battle of Monmouth would have been lost.

Giving Jerry a Spanish coin for his work, he dashed away. Jeremiah Baker never saw the great man after that, but he treasured the coin and the parting words of Washington, who said that he was "a young hero!"

ACROSS THE SEA

BY MILDRED PREWETT (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE gray mists rising from the sea
Hold in their arms the mystery
Of the Beyond; and silently, as if by chance,
They drift apart—and there lies France,
Across the sea.

The sun is rising over France,
On battle-field and field of grain.
A lark has started the refrain
Of singing birds; and 'neath a tree
Where shadows dance,
There gleams a cross. "He died for France."
Across the sea!

THE YOUNG HEROES

(*A True Story*)

BY RUTH THORP (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN Cincinnati, Ohio, September 13, 1918, something happened which greatly excited the inhabitants of that city.

The entire police force asked for higher pay; and being refused, went on a strike. By evening the city was without defense. The Home Guards were, of course, called out for the night. Another force went on in the morning; but as they were not enough, the Boy Scouts of the city were summoned. It was very interesting to watch the Scouts proudly whistle and motion for the cars and autos to stop and go. Not one of them would have missed the experience.

Each Scout performed his duty with dignity and ability, and they were obeyed and respected by all.

Every one looks upon them as Cincinnati's Young Heroes.

A YOUNG HEROINE

BY VIRGINIA PARKER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

STAR was only a young Scotch collie—a Red Cross dog used in searching for wounded *poilus*. Her young owner was a French lad, who had won the *croix de guerre*—a stretcher-bearer, also, for the Red Cross.

As she stood there, every muscle strained and tense, the boy bent and laid his lips on her forehead. "Dear old girl!" he said. Her ears were lowered for a moment and she looked intent: Then the call came. He slipped her leash with a parting word, and she was off over No Man's Land.

No sign of wounded until very near the enemy. Then she saw an outstretched arm. She went toward it. A young French officer, with a ghastly wound in his shoulder, and an ugly slash across one cheek, lay there unconscious. The collie started back with a strip of his torn, bloody shirt. Just then she heard a sound, and turning, saw a huge German crawling toward the Frenchman. But Star was there before him, her teeth flashing. He fired—a shooting pain went through her chest, but she sprang at the German's throat. They fought for full five minutes and then he fell. Star fell also. She crawled a few steps, and then succumbed. In a few minutes all was over.

IN one corner of a little cemetery near Cholet, France, under an ancient apple-tree, there is a little mound surmounted by a tiny cross. A French lad knelt at the foot of the cross, his face stained with tears.

A bird sang in the apple-tree, a yellow butterfly hovered on a daisy, and a faint breeze swung gently a little medal hanging from the cross.



"READING THE NEWS." BY FRANCES ANDREWS, AGE 13

ACROSS THE SEA

BY ELIZABETH ERSKINE WARNER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

A ROAR and a rattle of muskets,
A crash, and a thundering cheer—
And the blue of the heavens vibrated,
The wonderful sound to hear.
Over the tops of the trenches,
Poured scores of our best fighting men,
Waving aloft "Old Glory,"
And cheering again and again.

A flash of crimson and blue there;
The pure white, stainless bars;
The flag, borne aloft by a khaki-clad boy—
While our men, with their eyes on its stars,
Raised their hearts to the God of their fathers,
In earnest and silent prayer.
And again they cheered, as the bugle's notes
Rang out on the clear, cold air.

"On, boys! For your homes and your country!"
Rang the call; and with hearts beating high,
They followed their flag over No Man's Land,
Ready to do or to die.
Wherever the Yankees are fighting,
Wherever they 're facing the foe,
They 'll follow, till death leaves them silent,
Wherever "Old Glory" may go!

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Katherine Sitterly
Ellen H. Lindenmeyer
Katherine B. Wells
Mildred M. Walker
Naomi D. Furnas
Alice Winchester
Meribel Covert
Margaret Crawford
Lily Goodman

VERSE

Janet Scott
Bessie H. Simpson
Ruth Collins
Anna W. Barker, 3rd
Ruth E. Campbell
Jesse F. Childers
Thos. H. Davidson

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

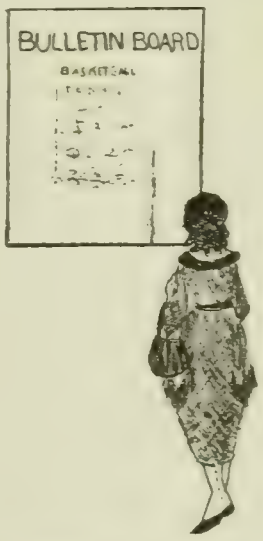
Katherine Wolff
Jeanne Offner
Annette Klein
Katherine Leonard
Charles Land
Junior Orgibet
Mildred Augustine
Virginia Weyerhaeuser
Helen Covert
Dorothy De Witt
Bessie Gordievsky
Pamela Cunningham
Eleanor Best
Helen McIlvaine
Sylvia R. Hague
Mignon Rittenhouse
Laurence Babcock
Helen M. Rushton
Berneice Porterfield
Ellen Hallowell
Gertrude Goodman
Dorothy Rowland
Alice L. Dent
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Frances Blake
Dorothy B. Crabtree
Virginia Powell
Eaton Burden

VERSE

Katharine E. Sheldon
Ruth Nicoud
H. Catherine Smith
Daisy Rawyler
C. Rosalind Holmes
E. Fairfax Whittle
Muriel Cavanaugh
Beatrice H. Lowenthal
Louisa Butler
Katharine H. Chichester
Katharine Brooks
Virginia H. Clinger
Helen L. MacLeod
Ruth P. Fuller
Anne M. Causey
Margaret Machprang
Jack Sleiss
Katharyn A. Lyon
Lauretta Mertz
Mary E. Minde
Jean Harper
Dorothy Weeks
Aline Fruhauf
Francis Dawson
Jean Sproule
Evelyn Bloomgarden
Elizabeth Rhodes
Gwenfread E. Allen
Constance R. Harvey
Chiyo Hirose
Eleanor Slater
Kate Steichen
Elizabeth Sutphin
Anita E. Cross
Maude F. Jones
Elsa Herzog
Esther Weeks
Marian Wilkinson

DRAWINGS

Dorothy P. K. Deahy
Julia Dietsch
Frances M. Bolles
Mildred Mac Cutcheon
Helen Hartinger
Celeste Lauve
Adelaide B. Stewart
Mary La V. Russell
Helen Mabie
Eleanor D. Noble
Catherine L. Spencer



"READING THE NEWS."
BY MARJORIE PETERSON,
AGE 14

Grace M. Kolby
Isabella Hopkinson
Julia Sabine
Elease Weinss
Laetitia Bolton
James G. Taylor
Margaret D. Embick
Dorothy G. Rand
Katherine Klenke
Gratia V. Kendall
Alice Smith
Ruth C. Clement
Theodore Yung
Winifred A. Murfin
Lelia G. Crouch
Dorothy Doane
Elizabeth Hawes
William A. Lacock
Mary R. Evans
Delphine Caron
Selma Moskowitz
Ruth Dewberry
Margaret Wegener
Mary Steichen
Hildegarde G. Ingalls
Anna E. Willis
Louise Blaine
Jane A. McKay
Emma C. Kelly
Alice E. Kelly
June Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHS

Harriet Dow
Joseph B. Hartwell
Beatrice Hills
Frances H. Bramhall
Theone H. Loscarn
Mary L. Jack
Susan E. Lyman
Mildred Jenne
Carolyn Olmsted
Katherine Phillips
Muriel B. Prichard
Anna M. Jayne
Barbara S. Thayer
Mary H. Wilson
Miriam Loring
Emily S. Haigh
Robert G. Webster
Helen Morrill
Amy L. Lamborn
Mildred Donaldson
Helen Barrett
Marie L. Peck
Caroline F. Gucker
Sterling Dow
J. Vincent Money
Mary Merrill
Mary M. Ward
David Paine
Marjorie C. Howie
Philip S. Russell
Lisbeth H. Parrott
Louise W. Palmer
Norman Kastler
Roma Kauffman
Sewall Emerson
M. Louise Moore
J. D. Abernathy, Jr.
Rebecca Bryant
Alice Scott
Eleanor Wood
Alice McK. Voss
Margaret Olmsted
Helen G. Davie
Marcia L. Stevens
Alma McKenzie
Nancy Rhodes
Sara R. Cooley
J. S. Bancroft, Jr.
Francis M. Palmer
Janet MacKay

PUZZLES, I

Mary Catherine Hamilton
Helen Frances Eddy
Buell Carey
Virginia Sargent
Lydia A. Cutler
Mona Morgan
Helen deG. McLellan
Dorothy Bowen
Kermit E. Girdner
Blanche De Costa
Elizabeth H. Sherman
Emily Pendleton
Marion B. Zabriskie
Katherine Kridel
Henry Hill Collins, 3d
Mildred Williams
Anna F. Jolie
Barbara Alexander
Edna S. Kelley
Elizabeth Toy
Betty Sargent
Leonora Greenlees
Elizabeth Litchfield
Mabel D. R. Gow
Helen Spellman

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 231

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 231 will close **January 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **January 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in St. Nicholas for **May.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Lights of Home."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Wonderful Time."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Welcome Sight."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Pull!" or a Heading for **May.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas. Must be addressed to The Riddle-Box.

RULES

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competition" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

London, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have been taking you for more than four years and I love you so! It makes me so unhappy that I cannot get you over here.

I thought it might interest you to hear how our troops marched through London.

I show you to our friends over here and they think you are ever so good.

Your loving reader,

Pamela Burr (age 12).

THE FIRST U. S. TROOPS IN LONDON

It was a very beautiful day when the United States troops marched through London. The sun shone brightly, the many British and American flags gleaming in the light and gently fluttering in the breeze. There was a bank of people on either side of the streets, waving handkerchiefs and flags. The American Embassy was greatly decorated, and in front of it was a guard of honor for the United States Ambassador, who stood, with Admiral Sims at his right, waiting to inspect the troops as they passed by. It was a very gay, but moving, sight to behold the people laughing and chatting and waiting with warm hearts to welcome their sister country. In the bright warm sunlight and with the clear blue sky overhead, dear London looked its best, decked out with flags, flags, flags.

At last a dull roar, like the waves of the mighty ocean, grew louder and louder, until the crowd broke out into a cheer, and the first regiment of troops, headed by a band and marching to "John Brown's Body," passed sternly by. They were preceded by two officers on jet-black, prancing horses; then came battalion after battalion, and with each new one the crowd set up a cheer. The men looked very stern; they had not been training very long and were just over, but they marched very well. Then came "Old Glory."

File after file of marching men went by with bands, and, as they passed Mr. Page, they saluted him—marching feet, bands playing, the flashing of bayonets in the sunlight, battalion after battalion of the same stern, grim men. It was a very great moment in my life, and I felt very proud of the men who were willing to lay down their lives for their country and very grateful to the English who gave them so warm a welcome.

"For side by side and in accord
The sister nations draw the sword."

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: Last summer we went down in the Southwest. We saw the cliff dwellings. They were very interesting. Their rooms are about half as big as our smallest ones. In the back there is a cave, a great big one, where they stored their corn and things to eat. Their kivas, or ceremonial rooms, are round holes dug in the ground. They are generally ten feet in circumference. There is a little fireplace on one side, and in front of that is a stone, rounded at the top, which was used for a screen. At the middle is an opening about two feet wide and one foot deep. If the under-world spirits wanted to come up, they were supposed to come through that opening. All the houses have a spring near them. Balcony House is so called because there is a little porch going along one of the upper floors. It has a spring in the cave in the back. At another house there is a tower five floors high. A lady found a little spindle which they used to make their clothes on. But they would not let her keep it.

I can't tell you what you mean to me, but I *can* say that I should die without you.

Your interested reader,

Winifred West (age 10).

Hilo, Hawaii.

Dear St. Nicholas: Everything seems to have been affected by the war. Even our Kilauea has been splashing away with redoubled energy. If one could see it now for the first time since a year ago June or July, he would hardly recognize it, so changed is it.

This last summer there was a moving-picture man came and took pictures of it and of the guide Alec.

One evening we were sitting watching it. Alec was down in the pit getting lava. I don't see how he dares go so near that boiling lava. He tells every one that Madame Pele is his grandmother and will not harm him. But on this night he was getting lava for making specimens. He had long sticks, which he stuck into the boiling lava. It was a wonderful sight, watching him, with all that fiery red lava all around him.

Later, after he had left, luckily, a great mass of lava from the side of the pit fell into the boiling mass below, causing an immense wave, like that of the ocean, only of red, boiling lava.

I wonder if there is another thing in this world as beautiful, terrible, and awe-inspiring as Kilauea. I doubt it. And you would think so too, if you could see it.

Your sincere reader,

Charlotte Hapai.

Milton, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have thought sometimes that I never could get on without you. I adore about all your stories. All of my best friends take you, and they all love you as much as I do.

I have a cousin who was in the war, and he got the D. S. O., a medal which was given to him on account of his bravery. He went to London and the king pinned it on his coat.

Your interested reader,

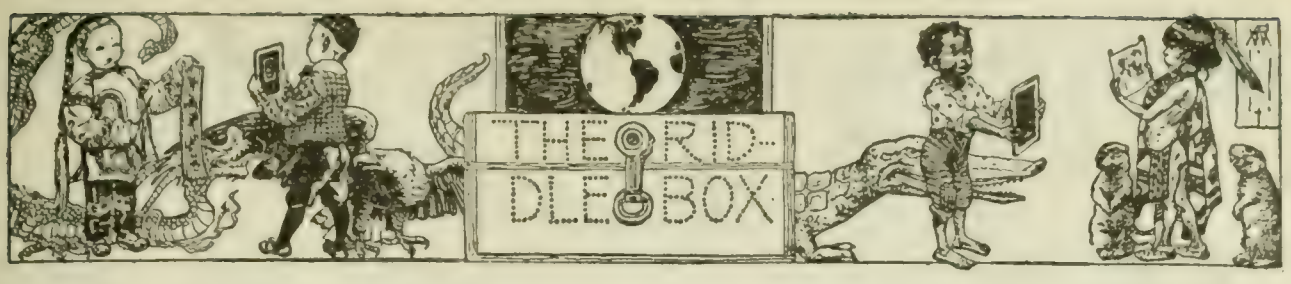
Mary Lord (age 13).

GUESS!

A little ball of snow-white fur,
It does n't bark, and does n't purr.
Its ears are very, very long;
I 've never heard it sing a song.

It 's fond of vegetables, I know;
The dog is its very worst foe;
Of burrowing it has a habit.
Now can you guess? A baby rabbit!

Anna Moreland (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Marne. Cross-words: 1. Milan. 2. Paris. 3. Perth. 4. Berne. 5. Havre.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Sixth row, Syriac. Cross-words: 1. Poetaster. 2. Clepsydra. 3. Democracy. 4. Enunciate. 5. Euphrates. 6. Periscope.

A LOCK AND KEY PUZZLE. 1. Locker, Turkey. 2. Lockjaw, donkey. 3. Lockup, monkey. 4. Lockout, turnkey. 5. Lockage, risky. 6. Locksmith, jerky.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "A happy peace to you, and all good men.". *Pericles, I.* 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Liberty Bonds; finals, Thrift Stamps. Cross-words: 1. Last. 2. Inch. 3. Bear. 4. Equi. 5. Reef. 6. Tart. 7. Yews. 8. Beet. 9. Okra. 10. Norm. 11. Damp. 12. Sags.

CHARADE. Dew bee us, dubious.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Error. 2. Oriel. 3. Elder. 4. Erase. 5. Serge. 6. Genre. 7. Refer.

ZIGZAG. "Heart of Midlothian." Cross-words: 1. Hotel. 2. Heath. 3. Plait. 4. Heart. 5. Might. 6. Throb. 7. Wafer. 8. Smite. 9. Indus. 10. Edict. 11. Salem. 12. Genoa. 13. Flint. 14. Light. 15. Seine. 16. Marne. 17. Naiad.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Bawl. 2. Area. 3. Weed. 4. Lads.

MILITARY KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Soldiers, 18—23—24—17—22—15—8—1. Sailors, 2—7—13—19—14—9—3. Ambulances, 4—11—6—12—5—10—16—21—28—33. Ships, 27—34—29—36—30. Hospitals, 35—41—42—48—47—40—45—50—43. Guns, 49—44—37—38. Nurses, 31—25—20—26—32—39. Money, 46—51—52—53—54.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, within the time limit, from Ruth Collins—Ethel L. Wilson—Florence English—Mildred F. Gardiner—Margaret Trautwein—Florence L. Carter—Florence Noble—Helen H. McIver—Helen A. Moulton—"Mapi and Mano."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, within the time limit, from Alice Poulin, 10—Marian W. Collins, 10—Ruth A. Henney, 10—Clark Simmons, 10—John M. Pope, 10—Louise E. Alden, 9—Phoebe M. Furnas, 9—Arthur H. Woodworth, 9—Elizabeth Sherley, 9—Mary C. Hamilton, 9—Louise Keener, 9—Henry Hill Collins, 3d, 9—Finette Kelty, 8—Charlotte A. Nelson, 8—Gwenfread Allen, 8—Anna L. Campion, 8—Clara Councell, 8—Helen B. Gilman, 8—Kathryn J. Rauh, 8—Katharine Kimball, 7—Margaret H. Sims, 7—Frances E. Cummings, 7—Loretta Shore, 6—C. G. Gilbert, 6—Pierre Guyot Cameron, 6—Jane Robinson, 4—Elizabeth Stackpole, 3—Margaret B. Lee, 3—Marilynne V. Allardyce, 3—Mary J. Burton, 3—V. Siegman, 2—C. Hamblen, 2—E. Tedford, 2—K. Matthies, 2—C. B. Hussey, 2—R. Wagenknight, 2—H. E. McGibbon, 2—S. Swan, 2. One puzzle, G. I. Yates—R. Davis—M. Allison—R. D. Swartz—M. Kraeger—P. Riddile—K. Kridel—J. Streich—A. D. Corson—C. Reynolds—E. Sanders—M. A. Mount—M. J. Simms—L. Gidding—A. Coonley—J. C. Mathewson—V. L. Edwards—K. Thorn—B. Harrison—A. E. Cross—D. Hayes—T. V. Stanley—E. A. Levi—E. Flynn—L. H. Littell—F. Ingram—J. Thompson—V. Madden—L. Gunn—B. MacGahan—M. McCready—D. Borncamp.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A RECESS. 2. A lazy fellow. 3. A feminine name. 4. Tends, as cattle. 5. To expunge.

ALEXANDER LORINGER (age 13),
League Member.

TRANSPOSITIONS

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April,* 1917)

EXAMPLE: Transpose to direct, and make to set again. ANSWER: steer, reset.

1. Transpose to babble, and make a little candle.

2. Transpose washes, and make a serf.

3. Transpose sacred images, and make compact.

4. Transpose a common autumn fruit, and make a lance.

5. Transpose furious, and make to interlace.

6. Transpose thin, and make removes the outer skin.

7. Transpose regulates as to duration, and make to strike.

8. Transpose a range of mountains, and make a portable chair.

9. Transpose a certain small fruit, and make a certain large fruit.

10. Transpose languishes, and make a thorn.

11. Transpose informal letters, and make sounds.

12. Transpose the plural of this, and make a piece of paper.

13. Transpose an article of furniture, and make a lamb's cry.

14. Transpose to screen, and make the nether world ruled over by Pluto.

15. Transpose to prevent, and make driven up a tree.

16. Transpose a Scotch cake, and make the fruit of the pine.

When the foregoing transformations have been rightly made, the middle letters of the sixteen new words, in the order in which they are given, will form a four-letter word-square.

PHILIP TAPPERMAN (age 13).

SINGLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a celebrated man whose memory is everywhere honored.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A singing bird. 2. A recluse. 3. To become reanimated. 4. A shy animal. 5. Pertaining to a dog. 6. A blue dyestuff. 7. To select. 8. A garland. 9. One who owes money. 10. An intimate associate. 11. A pocketbook.

WILHELMINA TAYLOR (age 13), *League Member.*



ALL of the thirteen pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous American who was born in January, 1782.

DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will name a holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Conferred the rights of a citizen on. 2. Carelessly. 3. Dejected. 4. Inhabitants of Polynesia. 5. A plant whose red and yellow berries are sought in the fall. 6. In a foolhardy manner. 7. Without feathers. 8. Regained. 9. Of the nature of a metalloid. 10. Pertaining to a category. 11. In an admirable manner.

MIRIAM J. STEWART (age 14).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in brass, but not in gold;
My *second* in gold, but not in silver;
My *third* is in silver, but not in copper;
My *fourth* is in copper, but not in iron.
My *whole* is a flower.

JOHN D. GORDON, JR. (age 9),
League Member.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July*, 1916)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail a thin fabric, and leave a metal. ANSWER: satin-et.

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail ardent, and leave a number.

2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to acquire from an ancestor, and leave a pronoun.

3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail integrity, and leave a Japanese sash.

4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a calendar, and leave a human being.

5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a horizontal bar used by gymnasts, and leave to mimic.

6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail tasteless, and leave to drink in small quantities.

7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail places, and leave a feline.

8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a fourth part, and leave skill.

9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail ridicules, and leave to free from.

10. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to mitigate, and leave a falsehood.

11. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a war weapon, and leave at a distance but within view.

12. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to set free, and leave a meadow.

13. Doubly behead and doubly curtail pertaining to stars, and leave a measure of length.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initials of the thirteen three-letter words will spell the name of a famous Scotch author.

MARGUERITE A. HARRIS (age 15).

OCTAGON

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. To strike with a slight blow. 2. A large, pig-like animal. 3. A common fruit. 4. Heaped up. 5. A color.

JOHN J. WINTERS (age 11),
League Member.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters and form a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 9—4—34 is a plaything. My 38—36—15 is a deer. My 23—29—31—26—17 is to deprive of sight. My 19—1—13—8—6 is to sew loosely. My 21—35—24—20—11 is a hard substance. My 18—33—30—2—27 is popular but unauthorized words. My 3—10—28—14—12—32 is to occur. My 37—25—7—22—16—5 is to give heed.

THOMAS L. ADAMS (age 14), *League Member.*

CUBE

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    1 . . . 2
    . .   . .
5 . . . 6   .
.   .   .   .
.   3 . . . 4
. .     . .
7 . . . 8
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FROM 1 to 2, location; from 1 to 3, a Scottish garment; from 2 to 4, the Muse of lyric poetry; from 3 to 4, likewise; from 5 to 6, to undergo military drill; from 5 to 7, retinue; from 6 to 8, observed; from 7 to 8, a wanderer; from 1 to 5, to tap; from 2 to 6, an age; from 4 to 8, singular; from 3 to 7, uproar.

JESSICA MC DONALD (age 11),
League Member.

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NEW YORK





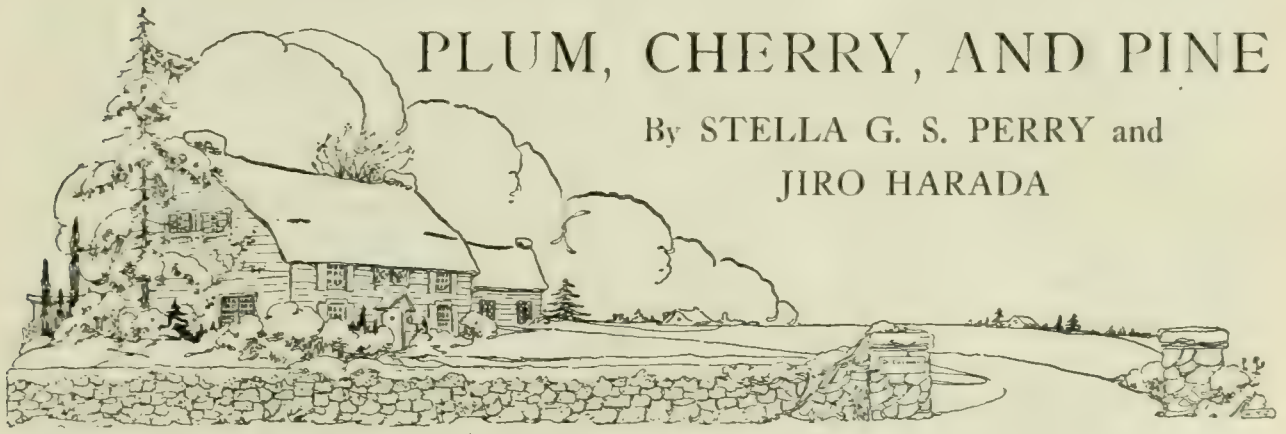
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 4

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PLUM, CHERRY, AND PINE

By STELLA G. S. PERRY and JIRO HARADA

"OH! Botheration! It is snowing harder and harder!" And Elizabeth Caldwell tossed her head angrily until the curls whipped her cheek. "Now Uncle Arthur will not come until *next* Saturday. And that 's years and years!"

"Maybe he 'll come to-day, Sis. Don't give up the ship," said her brother Harry, looking up from the rug before the fire, where he lay sprawled over a big volume of sea stories, apparently quite content in spite of the weather.

"No; he won't. He said distinctly, 'If it stops snowing.' I got the telephone message myself. And my heart is just set on the matinée. I 'd just like to take the old snow and roll it up into a bundle and throw it somewhere."

"Where would you throw it?" Harry laughed. "It seems to be everywhere now. It is too bad, sisterkin; but if Uncle Arthur does n't come to take us to the matinée this week, he will next. So it is only a pleasure de-lingered, as Misao used to say."

"You and Misao are just alike," Elizabeth answered, between a smile and a pout. "You take everything so calmly. I think you are a Japanese yourself, Hal."

"He is a very golden one, then," said a sweet voice from the doorway. "And yet —blonde as he is—he *was* born in Japan —a little flower of the iris, just at the season of their bloom!" And Misao, in her pretty gray silk kimono, glided into the room and sat on the rug beside Harry.

He was the pride of her heart, the little boy whom she had nursed when he came into the world in her own far-away country. It was for love of him that she had consented to accompany the good doctor and Mrs. Caldwell across the sea to distant America. Misao loved Elizabeth, too, and Baby Frank, upstairs, but Elizabeth always declared teasingly that Harry was her favorite.

It rather embarrassed Harry sometimes to be called "Iris flower" and to have Misao look at him with such open adoration, but he loved her as dearly as she

loved him and there was a close bond between them.

"What wind is jangling all your bells this morning, Elizabeth?" Misao asked.

"It is n't the wind that does it. It is the snow," said Harry.

And Elizabeth explained in an aggrieved tone: "Uncle Arthur 'phoned early this morning and said, if it stopped snowing, he 'd come for luncheon and take us to the matinée. And if it did not stop, we 'd have to wait until next week. He is n't supposed to go out in bad weather. And it began right then to close up all the little blue spaces in the sky and shut out the sun and get grayer and grayer. And now just look at it!"

Harry smiled sympathetically and turned again to his book, while Misao sucked in her breath consolingly and, taking a bit of saffron silk from the depths of her kimono sleeve, began to embroider upon it. Elizabeth came over to the rug and sat beside her.

"Were n't you just crazy about the theater when you were little? Or did n't they have any in Japan? And was it ever as good as 'The Blue Bird' and 'Peter Pan?' "

Elizabeth had a habit of asking "three or four questions in a bundle," as Harry said. But Misao was accustomed to her quick-thinking, eager little charge and answered the whole bundle of questions very calmly.

"The plays I saw were very different. Yes; I think they were as beautiful,—some of them,—but there was not the—" she hesitated for a word, and then, looking at the bit of silk in her hand, said smilingly, "the embroidery."

"You mean all the scenery and lights and everything?"

"Yes. The *No* were very simple. But the stories were good and true."

"The *what* were very simple, Misao?"

"The *No*. That is the name of little plays for the people. They must be good, because they have been played for years and years and still the people love to hear them."

"Yes. I like to see plays over and over, too—the ones I love. I saw 'Little Women' three times. But you said, 'to hear them'. And I said, 'to see them'. Is n't that funny? I suppose you say 'hear' because there is n't the—embroidery in yours."

"And also because the *No* are chanted, not spoken."

"Chanted? As in church?"

"More like little operas, I guess," said Harry, who was listening between chapters of his book.

"Yes; on a little platform, with a little backboard very simply decorated. And the stories are simple, too. But the actors are so clever that they do not need scenery. They make you see everything without it. They can even make you know that it is snowing, Elizabeth."

"I don't want to know that," she pouted, reminded of her grievance.

"And yet there is one about the snow that I loved best when I was your age. And I love it still, very much."

Misao looked off dreamily, lost in some old memories of her home.

Elizabeth peered closely into Misao's eyes, and quickly put her arms about her, because she thought she saw a mist there.

Misao smiled tenderly upon her.

"Please tell us about the *No*—the snowy one," Elizabeth begged, and Harry laid down his book and urged: "Say *yes*, Misao. Please!"

"If she says *yes*, she has to say *No*," laughed Elizabeth.

Misao put her work away and began: "There was a little hut in a snowy plain. It was early evening and cold, bitter cold. The snow had fallen like the light feathers of the goose, as a poet has said. The sky was dark gray, and so low and heavy it seemed as if one could touch it. And the chill wind was blowing, so that a man must huddle in his clothes like a crane in his feathers.

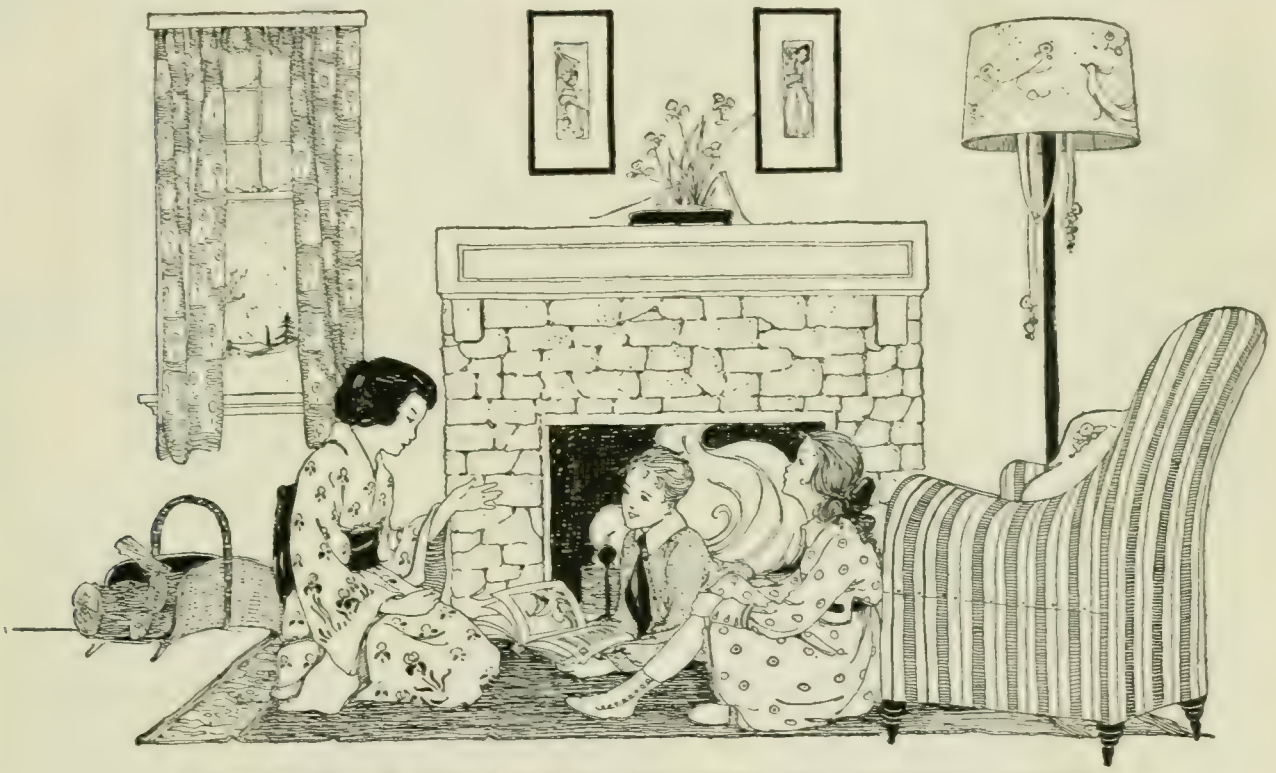
"Even the smoke of the volcano Asama-yama, at the edge of the plain, looked cloudy and cold and gloomy.

"In the little hut there was no fire, and the icy wind penetrated the sliding, paper doors."

"*Uh-h-h!*" Elizabeth shivered and looked gratefully at the glowing fire.

"Why was there no fire?" asked Harry.

"Because the man and his wife who lived there were so poor. The woman had used the last few sticks to boil a little *awa,* which was still smoking in the pot. You would know they were poorer than snowbirds, because they had only *awa* to eat. *Awa* is millet, and even those with not enough money to buy rice eat *awa* mixed with barley. But this was *awa* alone. It is not very palatable—not nearly as good as the porridge you do not wish to eat for breakfast, Elizabeth. It did not tempt the woman, hungry as she was.



"'PLEASE TELL US ABOUT THE *NO*—THE SNOWY ONE.' ELIZABETH BEGGED"

"She allowed herself a few tears, since her husband was not in the hut and she could weep without increasing his sorrow.

"He had gone to the little stall behind the hut to tend the worn and miserable old horse who stood there.

"On his way back, he saw, in the shelter of his hut, three potted trees."

"Dwarf trees. I know," said Harry.

"Yes. Three little dwarf trees in pots. They were very fine specimens, all that were left from a great collection that this poor man had owned once long before. His eyes, too, filled with tears when he gazed upon them. And he said, as he brushed the snow from them with tender hands, 'O evergreen pine! always green and faithful throughout the seasons' changes, much pleasure have you given me in better days! And your good cheer comforts me now. O plum-tree, fragrance of the year, whose brave buds bloom early in the spring while yet there is snow, you give me courage. And you, O cherry, spirit of Japan, whose delicate masses of bloom throw perfume wild and free in the first rays of the rising sun, which you resemble, you give me hope of a better dawn. Perhaps when you bloom again in the springtime, my fortunes may bloom too.'

"And then the man went away into the snowy fields to see if he could find and cut a few dry faggots.

"Meanwhile, from the other direction, a pilgrim priest was advancing wearily, plowing his dragging feet through the deep, wet snow.

"He scaled the Oi-yama, a high mountain where the wind whistled, and crossed the river Usui, hoping that the plain would be more protected from the cold. But the valley was a floor for the blasts.

"The sight of the little hut, small and

bare and poor as it appeared, was welcome to his eyes. For it might mean food and shelter and warmth. A bird seeks even the bare thicket in a storm.

"There came a rap at the door, as he stood under the eaves of the hut, and the woman opened it, sliding back the *shoji*—the paper screen.

" 'Who is there?' she asked in timid surprise.

" 'A pilgrim,' responded the stranger. 'And he asks for a night's lodging.'

" 'Alas! I fear we have nothing to offer. And my husband is not at home.'

"The pilgrim bowed politely. 'Then I will wait here under the eaves until he returns,' he said.

" 'As you wish,' said the poor woman, not very encouragingly. 'And I will go to inform my husband.'

"She followed her husband's footprints until she overtook him.

"He had not succeeded in finding any wood fit for burning and shook his head sadly at the landscape, thinking how he had enjoyed the snow in the days when he was warmly clad and luxuriously housed. Then it had seemed gentle and beautiful; to-day it was ugly and cruel. He turned as his wife approached, calling to him.

" 'What brought you hither in this great snow?' he asked.

" 'A *shugyo-ja*'—that is, a pilgrim priest—'asks for a night's lodging. Knowing the bareness and emptiness of our home, I hoped he would depart when I told him you were absent. But he said he would await your return.'

"The man looked deeply troubled.

" 'To be too poor to afford hospitality—that is the depth of wretchedness,' he said sadly. 'Where is the *shugyo-ja?*'

" 'There he stands, under the eaves.'

"The two went back to the hut to greet the tired pilgrim.

" 'The sun is still in the sky,' said he, after polite salutations were exchanged; 'but the clouds and the earth are so heavy with snow that I can scarce travel farther. I request a lodging for the night.'

" 'My wish is to grant it. But my cottage is not fit to shelter a guest.'

" 'I am sure that it is well enough for me. I hope that you will receive me,' pleaded the stranger.

"The poor man did indeed yearn to take the pilgrim in, but he thought of the tasteless bowl of *awa* and the fireless hearth; and pride made him close heart and door.

" 'Alas! I regret it is impossible for us,' he said. 'We ourselves can scarcely manage to live here to-night. But there is a little village under the mountain, about eighteen *cho* from here, where you can find a comfortable inn. Before the sun sets, you had best hasten thither.' "

"Oh, dear! The poor pilgrim!" Elizabeth interrupted.

And Harry asked, "How far is eighteen *cho?*"

"About a mile and a quarter," Misao replied; and continued, "it did not seem a very long way to the man, you see. But the pilgrim asked once more, 'Then you cannot take me in?'

" 'No—to our deep regret.'

" 'And I regret, too, that I waited and pleaded in vain,' said the *shugyo-ja,* politely, and turned away with these words and began plodding through the snow.

"The man and wife stood in silence a long time, looking after him.

" 'A pity that we have come to this!' said the woman at last. 'But perhaps it is because we have failed in good deeds in some past life that we suffer now. And perhaps, by doing such acts of hospitality as we can in this existence, we may be rewarded in the next world. I wish we had asked him in, after all.'

" 'I am not thinking of reward, here or afterward,' said her husband. 'But, as I see his bent and weary figure struggling against the drifts, and his head bowed as if he were blinded by the snow and lost, I am ashamed that pride made me send him away. I will recall him.'

"So he made a horn of his hands and called out: 'O traveler! Return! Come and stay with us to-night.'

"But the wind's horn was so much larger than the man's hands, and the wind's voice so much louder than his, too,

that he could not attract the stranger's attention.

" 'He does not hear, through the wind and heavy snow,' the poor man muttered. 'Lo, how he stands forlorn! How sorry is the sight! I think he has lost his way. Now he is shaking the snow off of his sleeves and shoulders like little avalanches from the hillsides. I will go to him and lead him back.'

"So saying, he hurried after the traveler and soon overtook his flagging steps.

" 'I beg you to return with me,' he said, 'and accept what poor shelter we can offer. Our house is unsightly and wants comforts, but it may be better than to lose your way in the snow.'

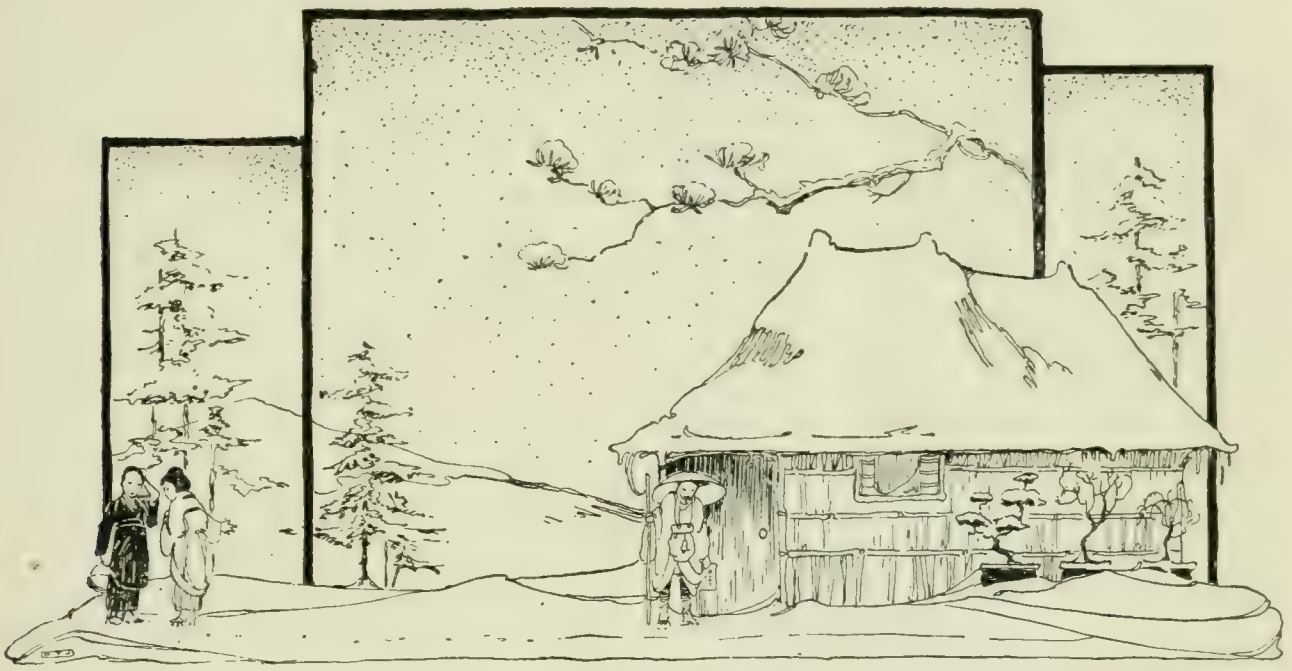
" 'The traveler gave earnest thanks to his host, and they walked slowly back to the house.

"As they walked, they felt as friends; and that was very right," Misao earnestly explained; "for if two find shelter together in the journey of life, even if for a moment,—even if they but happen to sit under the same tree to escape a passing shower, or drink from the same wayside stream,—the sages teach us that some Great Cause has brought them there and they belong to each other, brothers in the spirit, for that moment at the least. We say that there is *en* between them.

"Well, they silently entered the cottage.

" 'It is cold and empty,' said the owner, 'but well enough to give a respite from the snow and a temporary rest. But I fear that frost, rather than a dream, will enter your sleep.'

" 'Whatever I share with you becomes attractive to me,' said the guest, courteously.



" 'TO BE TOO POOR TO AFFORD HOSPITALITY THAT IS THE DEPTH OF WRETCHEDNESS,' HE SAID SADLY"

" 'We have nothing to offer you but some boiled *awa,* and you must be hungry from the long day's tramp.'

" 'Boiled *awa* will be most welcome. Please let me have some.'

"The woman placed the *awa* before him and he ate.

" 'When I was more fortunate in life,' said the host, 'I read of *awa* in song and story, but never saw it. And now it is our subsistence.' Then, changing the subject quickly, that he might not sadden his guest's repast by pity: 'The cold wind whistles outside. I hope you will be able to sleep without fire; for we have not a faggot.'

"The pilgrim tried to assure him that he would do well, but was taken with a violent tremor from the cold, which was, indeed, almost as piercing within the hut as without.

"Seeing this, the poor man, with a noble hospitality and a smile of determined sac-

rifice upon his face, took the ax and went toward the back of the hut, the place where the three little potted trees were standing.

" 'What will you do?" the guest asked him.

" 'I will cut the potted trees for firewood.'.

" 'The potted trees?'

" 'Yes, three,—cherry, pine, and plum,—all that I have left from a once cherished and valuable collection. They are beautiful. But they will also give warmth.'

" 'No! You must not. Such a thing is unthinkable. I thank you for the willingness; but you must keep them until better days shall come.' The guest, though nearly freezing, tried to save the trees.

" 'No. I myself am a fallen tree buried by the snow,' said the host, sorrowfully, 'and for me the blossoming spring will not be here again. With the flakes of snow upon them, the little trees remind me of the faggots that Buddha gathered for the hermit he served upon Snow Mountain. He performed hard service for discipline. Why should I grudge a small sacrifice for hospitality?'

"When the poor man reached his beloved little trees, the tears blinded him. But he tossed them from his eyes.

"He considered the potted trees for a moment, lost in admiration of their beauty and grace.

" 'First I will cut the plum,' he said to himself; 'for the plum blooms first in the spring. How many hearts leap joyfully every year to see the first plum-blossoms above the bamboo fence! And this, *my* little plum-tree,—how often I have sighed at seeing its perfect petals fall when their time was over! Who could have expected its fate at my hands within the flame?'

"He raised the ax and cut down the plum-tree.

" 'Lovely cherry,' he said, looking upon it pitifully, 'how often, when your bloom was late, I nursed and tended you, a living thing that I loved, into health and lustiness. Now *you* are thriving, but *I* am in so lamentable a state that I must feed you to the fire.'

"And the cherry fell beside the plum.

"He remembered, as he turned to the pine-tree, the care with which he had shaped and pruned and trained its beautiful branches and guided the very needles that they might hang with fullest grace.

" 'But the blue of the pine resembles the blue of the smoke,' he said, trying to make peace with himself. 'And its wood will make fragrant the gift of heat. So there is fitness in my giving it to the hearth-fire.'

"He swung the ax, and the pine fell to the ground.

"He brought the three fallen trees to the hearth, and soon kindled a cheery blaze and bade the guest come near.

" 'The warmth of your sacrifice has made me forget all discomfort,' said the *shugyo-ja.*

" 'And because you are here, we too have warmed ourselves, and are better for it,' the poor man answered.

" 'We sit about the same hearth-fire and have eaten the same fare—tell me your name, my host.'

" 'I am a nameless fellow,' he answered humbly, 'for my name means nothing to any one.'

" 'I am sure that your manner bespeaks no common birth. Tell me your name, I pray. You can have no reason to withhold it. For I ask for no purpose that is ill or idle,' the guest insisted.

" 'Well, I shall not conceal it from you. This is all that is left of Tsuneyo, who once ruled twenty villages of Sano.'

" 'How then have you come to this poverty?'

" 'By the envy and injustice of others.'

" 'Why do you not go to Kamakura, the capital city, and appeal to the shogun for justice?' demanded the guest.

" 'My master, the shogun, has been told ill of me, whom he does not know. But he is still my master. And though I am reduced to bitter want, I hold myself still his knight, his warrior. I have still a suit of armor, a spear, and a horse yonder. Should danger threaten Kamakura, that armor, though battered, shall be thrown upon me; I shall spring to that spear,

though rusty, and mount that horse, though he is old and thin. The distressed knight Tsuneyo shall be among the first to arrive at the threatened capital. If war breaks out, I shall prove my devotion, the first of all the shogun's knights to dash into the battle unto death. Death? That would be glorious; but to die like this, of starvation—that is indeed a bitter fate!'

" 'Do not lament, my host and friend,' the stranger tried to console him. 'Have faith. The time of bitterness is near an end. I feel that the good days will come to you while I am close at hand.'

"Then the pilgrim priest spoke words of wisdom and hope to him all through the night, so that the poor man met the next day with renewed courage.

"At daybreak the poor man and his wife bade the pilgrim farewell with regret. There were tears in their eyes as he left them, and they urged him to stay another day and rest.

" 'I may not, though I wish to,' the *shugyo-ja* replied. 'Farewell. Fare you well, Tsuneyo!'

" 'Since it must be, fare you well!'

"And the stranger went away through the snow, now glimmering wanly in the first light of a pale winter sun.

"Tsuneyo and his wife managed to exist through the winter. When the spring came, the poor knight sadly missed his little trees. Sometimes he would forget that he had burned them, and, on awaking in the morning, would think happily, 'Today the plum should be in flower'; or, 'Now it is time for the cherry to deck herself'; or, 'This warmer sunshine will enrich the fragrance of the pine.' Then his heart would contract with sudden pain. But he never regretted the sacrifice to the *shugyo-ja,* who had left him thoughts even more inspiring than the beauty of the trees.

"Suddenly, one day, a messenger appeared, riding through the plain, and drew rein at the little hut of Tsuneyo.

"He announced that all the knights who were vassals of the shogun were summoned by their master to gather at Kamakura. The great knights of vast domain and influence, and the humblest and most unknown—all were called by their loyalty and duty to appear on a certain day at Kamakura, beside their shogun and at his service.

"The poor knight did not know whether he was summoned to war or to a council; but he left without delay, knowing that the journey would take him longer upon his pitiful, bony horse than it would the more fortunate warriors upon their dashing steeds. And he wished to be there among the first, to prove his devotion and fealty.

" 'It may be I am called to battle and to die,' he told his wife, as he bade her a sad farewell. 'But that is not the real test of my bravery. For it takes more courage to appear among the splendid knights of the shogunate,—with their retainers and rich apparel,—mounted upon this sorry nag, dressed in this dilapidated armor, and bearing this rusty spear, than it would take to plunge into a hopeless battle.'

"Though Tsuneyo's loyalty and courage were strong and quick, his horse was weak and slow. There was no value in whip or spur, because the underfed and aged creature could not move quickly if it would. Impatient at the slow pace, Tsuneyo often dismounted and coaxed and pulled the tired horse along the road.

"The people whom he met or passed looked wonderingly at the strange, shabby knight who proceeded to the brilliant meeting at Kamakura.

"For it was a glorious sight, this gathering of the warriors. There were knights of eight provinces of the east, brilliantly equipped, in armor of glittering silver and strong cords, with swords and spears decorated with silver and gold, mounted on horses swift and bright as comets, followed by trains of relay horses as noble, and suites of gorgeously clad attendants and grooms.

"It was no wonder that eyes filled with such dazzling spectacles looked in amazement at poor Tsuneyo.

"And the knights themselves glanced with condescension or amusement upon so ignoble looking a colleague."

"Mean old things!" said Elizabeth.

"It must have been a great sight," said Harry.

"It made the shogun, Hojo-Tokiyori, very proud of his knights when, on the appointed day, they had all assembled and awaited his commands.

" 'Are all the provinces represented?' he asked an attendant.

" 'Yes, my lord. They are all here.'

" 'Send some one to find among the warriors a knight in battered armor, with time-worn horse and rusty spear—the poorest of my knights. Bring him to me.'

"It was not difficult to find Tsuneyo by that description, for he stood out among the brilliant warriors like a toad among the water-lilies.

" 'You are to appear before the shogun. He orders it,' the messenger said to him.

" 'What, I?' Tsuneyo was surprised. 'But surely you are mistaken? It is some one else whom you seek.'

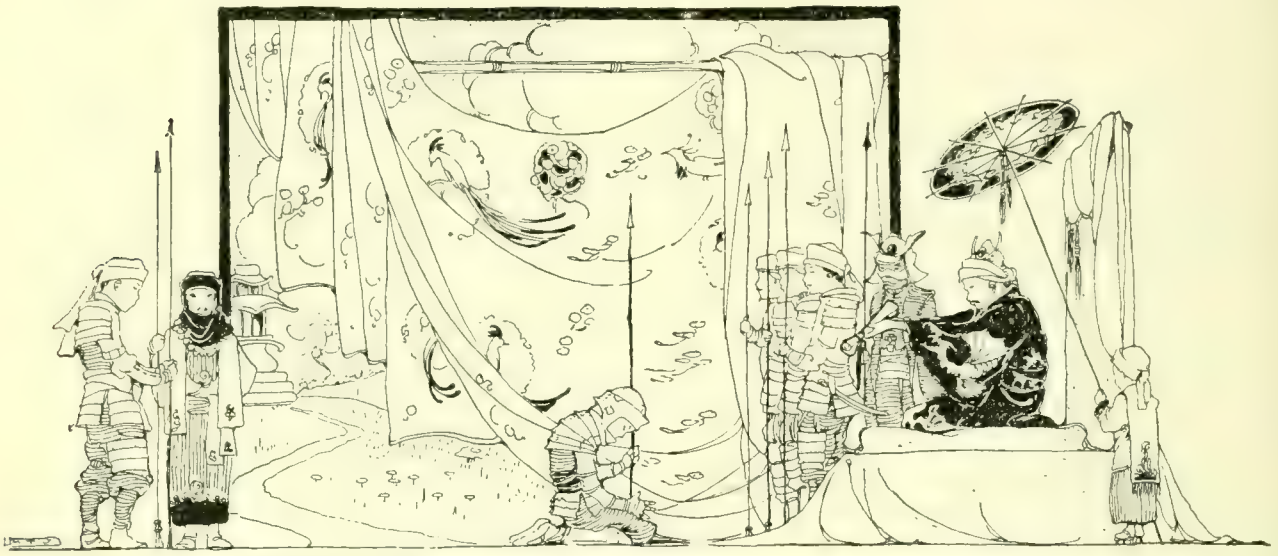
" 'No, no, I am not mistaken. I was ordered to find the most miserable-looking horseman.'

" 'Then indeed you have found the man you sought.'

" 'Make haste, then, and present yourself to the shogun.'

" 'The order shall be obeyed,' said Tsuneyo, but with a somewhat troubled countenance. For he feared that his old enemies had again been working against him, and that some evil-minded person had falsely charged him with treason. But he was brave in the consciousness of innocence, and walked with firm step into the spacious chamber where the shogun sat.

"On the way, he passed many groups of warriors in glistening armor, assembled like the sparkling stars of the night. Lined on both sides of the shogun were his generals. They looked at Tsuneyo and smiled at one another. Tsuneyo felt their ridicule and wondered what was before him.



" 'I NOW GIVE TO YOU POSSESSION OF THREE RICH MANORS!' SAID THE SHOGUN"

"But with no sign of timidity, he passed them in stately dignity, as became a knight, his rusty spear held at his side.

"He knelt before the shogun.

" 'Are you not Tsuneyo of Sano?' the shogun asked the kneeling warrior.

" 'I am he, my Lord.'

" 'Have you forgotten me, Tsuneyo?'

" 'I remember always my loyal devotion to your lordship.'

" 'Yes. But look into my face, Tsuneyo. Do you not recognize me now?'

"Tsuneyo looked at his master, his eyes wide with wonder and incredulity.

" 'It seems—I dare not—'

" 'Yes. I am the *shugyo-ja* whom you sheltered from the snowy storm that overtook me in the midst of my pilgrimage. You have kept your word, Tsuneyo, and come among the first of the knights, on your shabby horse, with your rusty spear, to obey your shogun's call. You have done exactly as you said you would do; and that is ever praiseworthy. I have assembled my knights here to-day to see their

shogun render justice. And my first act shall be to restore to you, O Tsuneyo, my host and my friend, the twenty villages of Sano which are rightfully your own.

" 'And further, I have remembered with a burning heart, my knight, the noble spirit through which you destroyed your precious potted trees, all that were left to you of departed loveliness—burned them to warm a stranger, the guest of a night.

" 'The trees you sacrificed for me were plum and cherry and pine. In return for them, O Tsuneyo, I now give to you possession of three rich manors: Umeda (The Plum Field) of Kaga, Sakurai (The Cherry Well) of Echizen, and Matsuida (The Pine-well Field) of Kozuke. Keep them, my host, and hand them down to your posterity forever. Rise and accept the gift.'

"Tsuneyo received the document in both hands, and raised it to his forehead three times in token of gratitude. But he had little need for either sign or word of thanks; he looked into the shogun's eyes, and each understood the heart of the other. For they were friends.

"As Tsuneyo retired from his chieftain's presence, those who had laughed at him when he entered now envied him or rejoiced in his good fortune, according to their natures. But Tsuneyo had no eyes for them or thought for their opinions. His eyes, brimming with happiness, were eager for the sight of his faithful wife's face when he should bring her the news of their fortune; when he should lead her into the full inheritance of the old beloved possessions in Sano which he had now regained; when he should share with her the beautiful new estates, the gifts of the Plum, the Cherry, and the Pine."

Misao paused.

"Oh, it was lovely!" said Elizabeth.

"Fine! Thank you," Harry agreed.

"How *could* they show all that without lots of scenery? And a great big stage?" Elizabeth wondered.

"Just by the acting," said Misao. "The actors make you feel it all. For instance, when Tsuneyo calls the pilgrim across the snow, he is really very near him on the platform; but, by the way he calls, you can hear the distance and even feel the heavy, snowy air."

"I think it is by the imagination, too," said Harry, wisely. "You can always imagine better when you have n't too many things to play with."

"That is so," Elizabeth agreed. "And for that matter, *we* have imagined it all, Harry, just by hearing Misao tell it."

"You have imagined the story so well that you did not even notice it had stopped snowing," said Misao.

"Has it? Oh, goody! goody!" Elizabeth ran to the window. "Is it too late for Uncle Arthur to come, do you think?"

"No, for there he comes!" said Harry.

"Joy! We shall go to the theater twice to-day!" cried Elizabeth; "once in America and once in Japan."

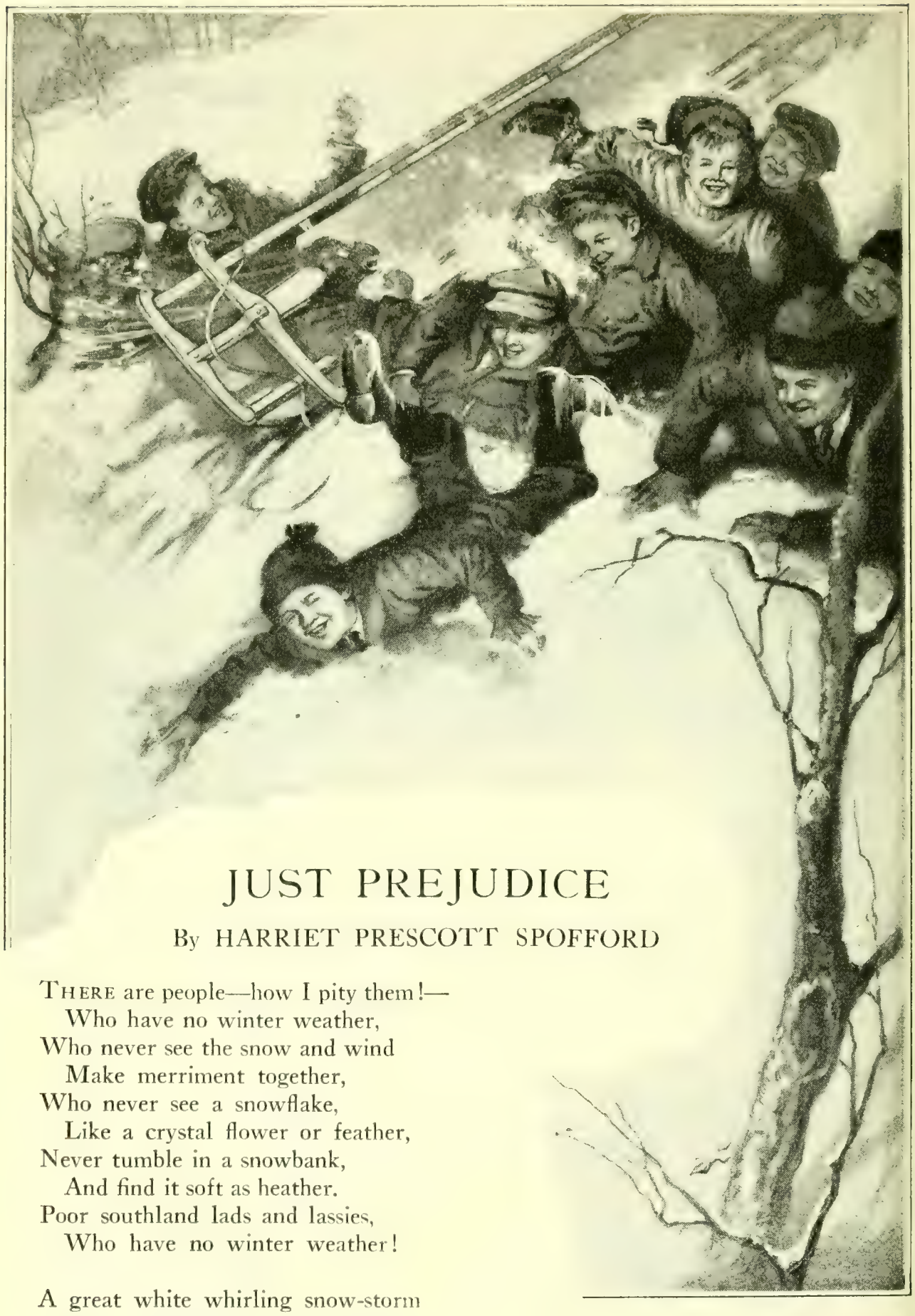
TWO LITTLE LAUGHS

By PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

Two little laughs met Polly May,
As she went on an outing;
One set her dimples all at play;
The other left her pouting!

One sent her in a hurry call,
For merry little twinkles;
The other made the tear-drops fall,
And marred her face with wrinkles.

If you 're amazed by what I say,
I will explain the matter:
The *first* one laughed *with* Polly May,
The second one laughed *at* her!



JUST PREJUDICE

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THERE are people—how I pity them!—
  Who have no winter weather,
Who never see the snow and wind
  Make merriment together,
Who never see a snowflake,
  Like a crystal flower or feather,
Never tumble in a snowbank,
  And find it soft as heather.
Poor southland lads and lassies,
  Who have no winter weather!

A great white whirling snow-storm
  Never gives them boundless leisure,
They feel no double-runner
  Taking a comet's measure;
A snowball and a snow-shoe
  Give them no sort of pleasure;
A leaping ski, a sweeping skate,
  Is not at all a treasure—
How in the world do children there
  Have any sort of pleasure!

THE "LOST PROVINCES" REGAINED

By ARIADNE GILBERT

Author of "More Than Conquerors"

ALSACE and Lorraine, those familiar names, found almost every day in almost every paper; those two oblong strips of country between France and Germany—how little some of us know about them, after all! The ex-crown prince, in order to prove the ignorance of our fighting men, reported an American prisoner as saying that Alsace was a large lake. Perhaps he did, this soldier of ours—and perhaps there was a twinkle in his eye and a laugh in his heart when he said it; for our boys packed a lot of humor in their kits.

When we come down to it, however, we Americans—yes, and our English, even our French brothers—might well have known more of these two "lost provinces." We had the chance. But in our crowded lives many books are left unread; and so it is that those Alsatian stories, translated from the French of two authors who wrote under their combined names of Erckmann-Chatrian, were little known except to college students. Even then, the prophecy which these books contain went unheeded—a warning so plain, so certain, so convincing, that as we read it now in the light of what Germany has done these last four years, we wonder it was not trumpeted to us in every street. In their book "The Plebiscite," Erckmann-Chatrian gave us not only the tragic story of what happened to Alsace and Lorraine in 1870 and 1871, but warnings of the German designs on the rest of the world. Before most of us dreamed of this present awful war, they told the story of forty-eight years ago, and in the telling pointed a certain finger to the future. Only a year after the Franco-Prussian War ended, after picturing freshly remembered German brutalities, they said: "Those who shall come after will see worse things than this; since men are wolves, foxes, hawks, owls, *all this must come round again.* . . . These Germans are the most perfect spies in the world; they come into the world to spy, as birds do to thieve: it is part of their nature. *Let the Americans and all the people who are kind enough to receive them think of this. Their imprudence may some day cost them dearly. I am not inventing. I am not saying a word too much. We are an example. Let the world profit by it.*" That was our warning almost half a century ago.

And so, since the story of Alsace and Lorraine holds so much of revelation, let us know it better, though the knowledge comes too late to save the world from four terrible years of war.

We do not want to spend too much time on the early and confusing history of these disputed provinces, generally spoken of as "Alsace-Lorraine." It is enough to say that their history goes back years before Julius Caesar, and that, largely on the ground of natural boundary, France and Germany have both claimed them for centuries. A glance at Alsace shows it lying between the Vosges Mountains and France on the west and the river Rhine and Germany on the east. The claim of France has been that a river is a more definite boundary than a mountain-chain, and hence Alsace is hers; the claim of Germany, that the Rhine is a German river and *not* a boundary, and that Germany extends west to the Vosges Mountains. But if we look into the hearts of the people, we find they want to be French and, furthermore, that they lived contentedly under France for two hundred years preceding that unhappy 1871 when conquering Germany drove the hard bargain that compelled their surrender by France. "The will of the governed" was absolutely ignored. And though, since 1871, the marvelously systematic German Government has taken every step to strengthen its claims and its power over these bartered peoples, it has won from them neither

affection nor allegiance. As recently as last September the papers reported that so many Alastians had deserted from the German army, in which they had been forced to fight, that the soldiers from the province were ordered to the interior of Germany, and were on no account to be trusted in the front battle-line.

Fourteen years before the Franco-Prussian War, the king of Würtemberg, (a state that entered the German Empire in 1871) wrote to Bismarck, "Strasburg is necessary to us." To win Strasburg, the capital of Alsace, meant, of course, to win the whole province. Four years later, Europe was flooded with books asserting the old claim of Germany to Alsace-Lorraine. The actual war, for which Germany was not yet ready, did not come for ten years. But when it broke, it was a "lightning campaign," lasting only eight months.

The coming of the Prussians almost half a century ago was a forecast of their coming in 1914. They made at least two visits: one in 1867, in friendly guise, but as spies; the other in 1870, puffed with martial power, as would-be conquerors. On their first visit, even while they praised the grape clusters weighing down the vines and the autumn hills all russet in the sun, even while they kissed the sweet Alsatian children, their covetous eyes went everywhere. In secret they made maps, locating springs, roads, and fords, and lists of how much wheat, oats, and wine, how many horses and oxen, could be requisitioned in each village. They wanted more land in which to spread out. They wanted Lorraine with its salt-, coal-, and iron-mines. They wanted Alsace with its streams, rich farm-lands, and forest trees groomed like horses. And what easier way to get what you want than to take it? So reasoned the German mind.

Old men still remember the feverish activity of their little world in fear of the on-coming Prussians. Under cover of the night, the miller drained off the ditch below the mill-dam, stealthily sank an iron box filled with coins, covered it with mud, and then turned on the mill-stream to roar on its way above his secret. On all sides leaped the whispers: "Hide everything you have! In a few days the enemy will be in Alsace!" "Where are Marie's ear-rings and Jeanette's locket?" "Did you bring the basket of livres from the cupboard?"

The peasants, clattering about in their wooden shoes, drove sheep, cattle, and pigs into the woods. Frightened hens scuttled along through dead leaves. While women watched from the hilltops, men staggered into the forest laden with canvas bags, spades, and pickaxes. And, then, one awful day, down the road came the cry: *"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!"*

What arms had peaceful Alsatians with which to face the cruel enemy? Besides their dauntless hearts, the unready farmers had only hoes and pitchforks. Against them marched an armed foe with fifty years of preparation. The brain-stunning news swept on that the Germans had put "more than a million men into the field in fifteen days."

When the Germans took possession, it was to declare that Alsace had always been a German province; that France, which had been her loving mother for the last two hundred years, had robbed Germany of her rights, and that the king of Prussia was merely taking his own.

Meantime, the German soldiers stole whatever they chose. The mayors of the villages of Alsace-Lorraine had to post requisition lists on the doors of the churches and of their offices. It was for the unhappy people to give what the Germans demanded or to see their houses burned to the ground. Too well the inhabitants knew what that meant. They knew that their conquerors would pile the furniture from their houses into the street, with straw above and below, start a blaze, set the houses on fire, and then stand by and laugh till what had once been a market-place was one suffocating, roaring flame, what had once been home was ashes.

And so the mole-catcher gave his goats, the priest his ox, the miller watched the round backs of his five pigs go huddling down the road at the point of a Prussian

bayonet, and the forest guard, with a "Poor Bellotte! Poor Blanchette! I shall never see you again!" saw his two cows dragged off by the horns. "Think of the worth of a cow to a peasant!" he sighed; "with a cow in the stable, one has butter, milk, cheese, all the necessaries of life; to possess a cow is to be in easy circumstances; two are almost wealth." So we read in Erckmann-Chatrain.

Before long the disputed provinces swarmed with Germans. Where they had not brought fire and ruin, they brought their greedy selves. Having ruthlessly cut down thriving orchards planted forty years before, they stretched themselves in grandmothers' chairs before fires built of fresh-killed apple- and pear-trees. Over long porcelain pipes filled with French tobacco, their yellow mustaches curled triumphantly; and over wine pressed from French grapes, they drank to the *"Vaterland"* and sang *"Die Wacht am Rhein."*

"Is that onion soup almost done!" stooping over a steaming pot and sniffing mightily. "What fine pink potatoes you raise on these mountains! My children would love this clotted cream!"

While they talked, they crammed food into their mouths. More than this, what they could not devour on the spot, they carried off: turnips, cabbages, loaves of fresh-baked bread, fine old hams. One man tramped off with strings of dried onions hanging out of his pockets; another snatched a candle from a candlestick and rammed it into his boot.



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STRASBURG, THE CAPITAL OF ALSACE-LORRAINE

Press Illustrating Service

SUNDAY MORNING IN AN ALSATIAN TOWN—COMING OUT OF CHURCH

Those tender, home-loving Germans! Their insolence was galling. Meantime, with the fall of each important city, the poor provincials realized more and more that this seizure was lasting, this home-grabbing permanent. At last that mighty stronghold, Strasburg, yielded. A month later, on October 27, Metz, the capital of Lorraine, that wonderfully fortified city, was surrounded and taken, and with it Bazaine's army of 173,000 Frenchmen.

Then the fall of Paris ended all! What booty should the robbers claim? Of course the two disputed provinces. To save France, Alsace and part of Lorraine

were ceded to Germany. But in the years that followed, the statue of Strasburg in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, was always draped in black, and hung with wreaths of flowers.

Though, in all these years, the lost provinces have never been reconciled to the bargain made in the Treaty of Frankfort, they have never blamed France for making it. They saw that she had to make it to save her own life. "After the capitulation of Paris, the sacrifice of an arm was needful to save the body."

Previous to any negotiations for peace, however, two weeks before the Treaty of Bordeaux and three months before the Treaty of Frankfort, the deputies representing Alsace and Lorraine declared to the National Assembly, "in the clearest and most emphatic language, their will and their right to remain Frenchmen."

"In taking leave of this chamber, in which it would be a lowering of our dignity to sit longer, and in spite of the bitterness of our sorrow, our last impulse is one of gratitude for the men who for six months have never ceased to defend us; and we are filled with a deep and unalterable love for our mother-country, from which we are violently torn.

"We will ever follow you with our prayers; and with unshaken confidence we await the future day when regenerated France shall resume the course of her high destiny.

"Your brothers of Alsace and Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, away from their home, will ever cherish a filial affection for their beloved France, until the day when she shall come to reclaim her place among us."

This was their farewell. When they were asked if they knew any other way of saving France, they said nothing. There was no other way!

But from that day they have lived on in the hope and faith that they would be restored to the Motherland, sustaining themselves through all their sufferings by steadily repeating the words: "Stand fast! The day will come!"

The German captors allowed the provincials fifteen months in which to decide between leaving Alsace and Lorraine altogether, or remaining there as subjects of the German empire. Each man thought out his own answer. Some chose to stay, in order to keep alive in the lost provinces, even while they showed outward obedience to Germany, the spirit of fidelity to France. Others, with a "No, I will not enter the service of the king of Prussia!" decided to leave. The few who, either for business or politics, actually became Germanized, hardly deserve mention. Their old neighbors shut them forever from their hearts with one scornful thought: "He has sold his conscience to the Prussians for a piece of black bread."

When the books tell us that within fifteen months 60,000 people, mainly peasants, left Alsace and Lorraine for France, into these cold numbers we read indignation, sacrifice, and loyalty, and in them we see moving masses of young men and women, old men and children, resolutely turning their backs on home and fireside, orchards and vineyards, barns and hayfields, and their faces toward the snow-capped Vosges.

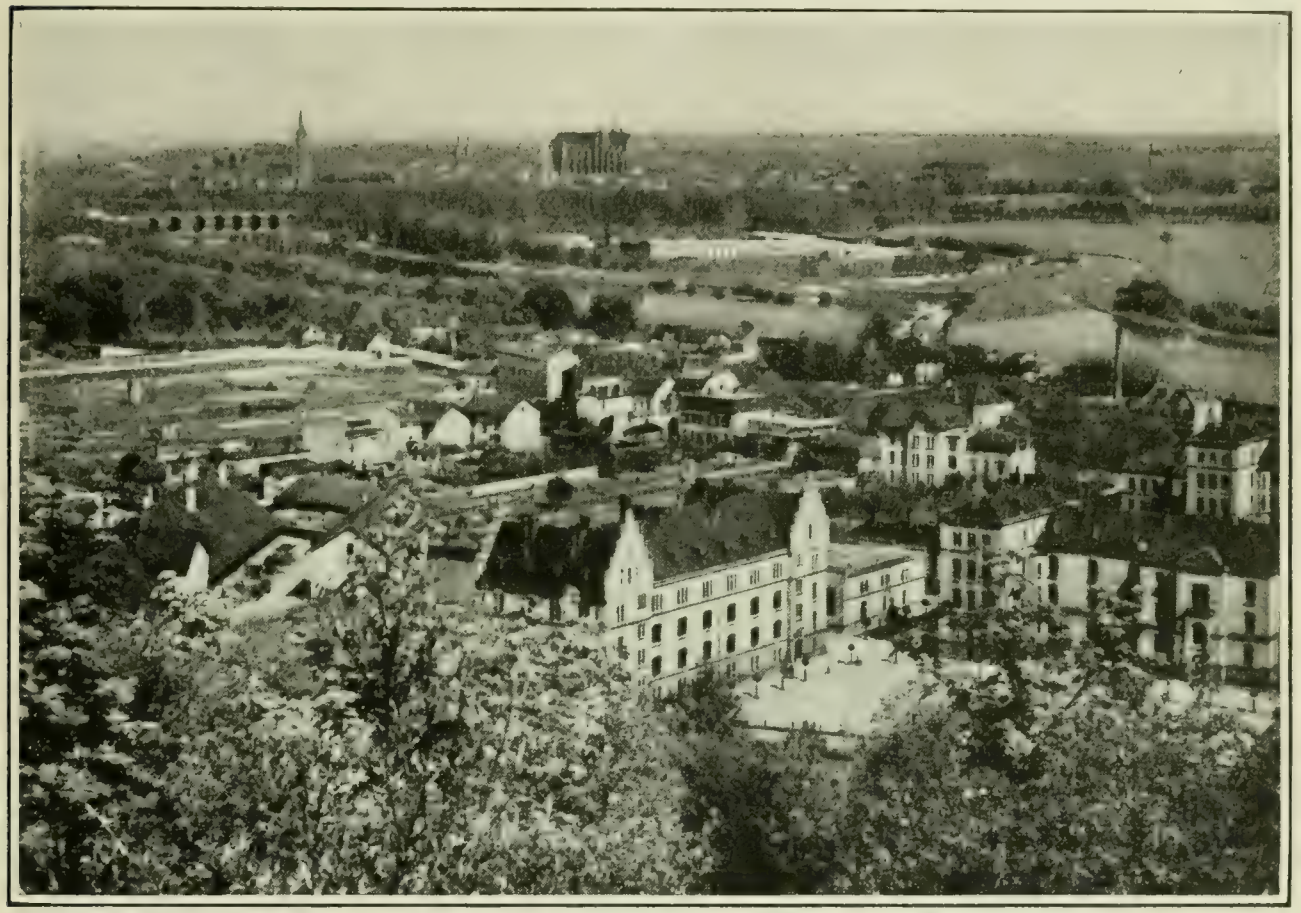
Many a young man, his bundle hanging from a stick over his shoulder, set out alone, except for his faithful dog. But he was not allowed to *feel* alone, for from the doorways, as he plodded on, women with babies in their arms or with children peeping from behind their skirts called out, "God guide you!" Many a sick grandmother was carried on her bed to the cart where tables and chairs, frying-pans and frightened children, were crowded together for the unknown journey. They left in small companies: in autumn, when the dark firs of the Vosges were splashed with the yellow of neighbor beeches; in winter, through blinding, stinging snow; in spring, when singing birds among white blossoms tugged hardest on the love of home.

It was better so. Droves of Germans, in covered wagons like prairie-schooners, soon bore down on the captive land.

"What rich meadows!" they exclaimed.

"See that blue water flowing from the hills. These are all fine farms. What a pond, Karl, where our children can play with those fat ducks!"

About a year after the Franco-Prussian



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METZ, THE GREAT FORTRESS-CITY OF LORRAINE

War, Germany, knowing how to repress, but never how to win, a people, decided to forbid the use of French in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. No history can give the effect of that command half so well as Daudet gave it in his perfect short story, "The Last Class."

Though little Franz was late to school, he was not scolded. On the contrary, Master Hamel directed him to his seat with unusual gentleness, and then, "My children," he said, "this is the last day that I shall keep school. The order has come from Berlin that nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine." Then he spoke to them all, as never before, of the beauty and clearness of the French language, which they must cherish among themselves and never, never forget, "for when a nation falls into bondage, just so long as it clings to its language, it holds the key of its prison."

There was a new writing lesson that day. The neat copies on slips of paper, waving all over the room like little flags, bore the words, France, Alsace, France, Alsace. How hard the children worked to write those dear words well! In the back of the room sat a row of visitors, and they, too, tried to learn — old Father Hauser holding his spelling-book with both hands and painfully spelling out the letters through his great spectacles.

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve. At that moment under the school-room windows sounded the trumpets of the Prussians returning from drill. The last class was ended.

"My friends," began Master Hamel, grown suddenly very white, "my friends, —I—I—" But he could not go on. Then, turning to the blackboard, he seized a piece of chalk, and bearing down heavily, wrote in largest letters of gleaming white, "Vive La France!"

This story shows how even a child felt

the effect of German repression. Another story shows the effect on a man of military age. Réné Bazin's romance, *"Les Oberlé"* might well be history. With all his training in German universities, *Jean Oberlé,* a thorough Alsatian, was thoroughly French. Many a time, as a boy, he had climbed a hill from which, through a notch in the mountains, he could look on French soil. Years later, enrolled in the Germany military corps, he determined to take his training in France. His desertion and escape, helped by his *Uncle Ulrich,* are as exciting as the story of Pat O'Brien. With no chance to change the scarlet uniform of the Ninth Hussars, *Jean* and his uncle rode in a coach to the forest edge. Then on foot, under black fir-trees, they fled, certain, from the hurry of police and customs officers in the quiet valley, that the alarm had been given. They were tracked from covert to covert, over brambles, stones, and hills. They climbed a stack of wood, dropped, and hid in the opening between two stacks. It was a cloudy night with fog.

"Beyond that thicket the grass is French!" whispered *Jean's* uncle.

An owl flew out. Without daring to breathe, they listened.

"Halt!"—a voice in the hedge.

"Don't stir!" from *Uncle Ulrich.* "I will lure them toward the meadows." As a wild duck hides her flock in the marsh grass, leading the hunter toward herself, *Uncle Ulrich* turned in the opposite direction, and *Jean,* dodging, skulking, crawling, through night and tempest, reached safety and French grass.

These Alsatian stories, written and unwritten, thousands of them, for there is one for every heart, are all more stirring than sad. Even were this terrible war still thundering, they would rouse us to fervor, not tears. What courage, what endurance, what tenacity of faith!

November 11, 1918,—at last comes that sacred day,—and the cities of Alsace-Lorraine make ready their festival. It is the daybreak of their hopes; they are freed; and war's shadows flee away. From the great heart of Paris fly a thousand carrier pigeons to bear the news of the deliverance "to every corner of France." Metz and Strasburg open their gates to welcome home their children. From numberless hiding-places, trembling hands unfold waiting flags. Tricolors are everywhere, large and small, bright and faded—everywhere; but no banner despises another for being small. From every unruined belfry ring out bells of joy—bells that, through all these years have never spoken any words but French. *"Vive la France! Vive la France!"* they ring. To the grandparents the dear French tongue comes back easily. In their homes they have never used any other. But the German-taught children, dancing in the streets, in their black velvet bodices and gay-colored skirts, try the sweet words with a kind of half fear that some swift punishment may overtake them.

In the place whither she has gone does Jeanne d'Arc, the child of Lorraine, know of this great redemption? Does he who wrote "The Marseillaise" in Strasburg hear his grand old anthem once again? Are those twenty-eight Alsatian generals, whose names shine on the *Arc de Triomphe,* and that Alsatian sculptor whose genius created our famous Statue of Liberty, sharing somewhere, far off, in this rejoicing? We do not know. But we know that Premier Clemenceau, who, so many years ago, protested against the sacrifice of these provinces, has lived to see this day; and that General Pershing, of Alsatian blood, has had his well-earned share in its joy.

How should we Americans feel at this glorious moment had we not helped win this release? Ours was the privilege to help make this moment possible. And so it was that all along the line of triumph our boys saw, fluttering with the tricolor, crude little home-made American flags, scarcely one, to be sure, with the right number of stars and stripes. Hundreds of people must have thought out this touching sign of gratitude, each for himself! Thank God we did not fail to answer the cry for men! We could not share the rapture of redemption had we not shared its sacrifice.


ALSACE-LORRAINE

FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island."

CHAPTER VII

THE SUBMARINE BASE

JERRY shook his head in perplexity, nor could they gather much from the charm itself. It was an inexpensive little object, worth no more than about a dollar when it was new.

"It can't have been lying here more than a week or two at most, judging by its appearance," Ben observed. "Somebody must have landed from a passing vessel and dropped it."

"But why should they land in a place like this, Ben? You know perfectly well that ships don't stop just to let the crew stretch their legs when they pass by an uninhabited island. It might have been a party off a yacht, of course; but this is n't exactly the time of year for a yachting cruise."

"I give it up!" said Ben. "Let 's look round to see if there are any footprints. I 'm afraid, though, that the sand will have blown over them."

Jerry, his interest now thoroughly aroused, searched along the edge of the cliff, with Bumps going round in circles and sniffing at the ground. At last Jerry gave a whoop that brought Ben to his side with a run.

Down a slope from the top of the cliff were heel-marks, deeply embedded, where a man had descended to the rocks below. Not being composed wholly of sand at that place, the ground had retained the impressions clearly.

Ben, Jerry, and the dog followed the trail, which, however, disappeared as soon as the rocky stretch beneath was reached.

"I wonder if there 's somebody else living on the island besides us—somebody who arrived before we did," Jerry said.

They were standing on a broad ledge, which was broken here and there by more caves, similar to those they had already examined. The ledge jutted far out to sea, forming a sort of natural breakwater, which, for a stretch of a hundred yards or more, was always dry except when the wildest waves surged over the top. Further out, the ledge dwindled away into a reef of rocks.

"Nature has built an almost perfect pier there," Ben commented; "and there 's water enough at each side to float a vessel bigger than the old *Endeavor*. There would be fine shelter——" He broke off suddenly. "Why what on earth is that?"

They had walked a little way out on the ledge, and Ben's glance was riveted on something in which nature had taken no part. He hurried forward.

"For the love of Mike!" he muttered in a queer voice.

Let into the solid rock on the top of the ledge were several iron stanchions, held firmly in place by cement. Looking down over the edge, Ben saw other iron bars let into the side, so as to form a ladder up from the sea.

"Why, somebody must have lived on the island at some time," he commented, his brows contracted in a puzzled frown. "This makes a regular landing-stage. And see, there 's the same arrangement also at the other side of the ledge, so that people can get ashore here whether the wind is from the north or the south, or from the west either, as a matter of fact, because the island itself shelters the landing-place in a westerly wind."

Jerry's face also wore a puzzled look, but it was not the presence of the landing fittings so much as their color that perplexed him.

"That iron has been painted just about the same color as the rocks," he said. "That 's funny! You 'd think it might be white, so that they could see it, or, more likely, black with tar, to preserve it. But we never noticed the things till we got

fairly close up. Ben, do you know," the boy went on, rubbing his chin reflectively, "I've got an idea."

Ben nodded. "And I don't believe you 're far wrong," he said. "You mean——"

"I mean that the captain of that destroyer said there was a nest of submarines somewhere around here."

"Exactly," Ben agreed. "And here 's the nest!"

"That accounts for the watch-chain charm," observed Jerry.

"And also it accounts for that officious German being so dreadfully particular that we should make for the island fifteen miles away, instead of heading for this place."

"I had my doubts about kindness being at the bottom of that," replied Jerry. "But, I say, Ben, what did the destroyer officer mean, exactly, by a 'nest'? I don't see any U-boats about."

"What he meant was that they must have a secret base somewhere in this locality. A U-boat has to sneak back into a German port every month or so for repairs and provisions and all that sort of thing, but she can stay out at sea longer if there 's some place where she can fill up her oil-tanks. A ship can come out loaded with petroleum and dump it on some such place as this, and the U-boats operating around here can come and refill their tanks. Sometimes it 's a 'neutral' ship that does the dirty work, they say."

"*I 've* got it!" Jerry cried out. "The caves, Ben! I 'll eat my hat if they have n't got the stuff hidden away in one of them. Nobody could find a better place anywhere!"

"Yes, that 's where it will be, sure enough!" the other agreed. "Come on; we'll do a little exploring. Though I don't mind telling you that if a German U-boat bobs up while we are monkeying with their war arrangements, it 's good-by! We should know too much for their peace of mind."

Hastily retracing their footsteps to the side of the cliff, they turned their attention to the caves. There were three or four near the end of the natural pier. The first appeared promising until they penetrated twenty yards into its interior, but there a blank wall of rock faced them. The second seemed to run far into the cliff, but it was partially blocked up by a heavy fall of rock near the entrance, and so they explored the third, but without success.

"If they 've got a store here at all," Ben said disappointedly, "I 'm afraid it looks as if it must be in the place where the roof has fallen in."

"It would take a gang of men a week to clear the entrance," Jerry commented. "If *we* can't get in, *they* can't, though."

"They 'd have to dynamite the rocks," said Ben.

"Gee, I 'm sorry!" the boy declared. "What 's the use of a trap without any bait in it?"

"Trap?"

"Of course," Jerry went on. "Don't you see? The commander of an American or a British war-ship would give his ears to know that the U-boats are using this place for a base. It is safe enough for the Germans so long as nobody suspects it; but when we know they come here for supplies, it 's a beautiful trap, and the stores are the bait. What is Bumps sniffing at there? Good dog! Find 'em!"

The spaniel was near the entrance to the cave that had been blocked up. And he was greatly interested, judging by the way his tail-stump wagged, in the scent at the side of the great rock which had crashed down from above. It had the appearance of lying close to the cliff; but when Jerry now examined the place more carefully, he found there remained a narrow passage leading into still another cave.

"Why, Bumps, you 're a clever dog!" said Jerry, enthusiastically. "Ben, I believe he 's found the spot! Come on."

Together they passed through the cavity, and, striking a match, for it was fairly dark inside, advanced cautiously. The place was a great cavern, the light here being almost entirely shut off by a bend in the passage. It was eery work,

and more than once, at some faint sound, the boys stopped to peer doubtfully around in the dim twilight.

Then suddenly Jerry, slightly in advance of his companion, stopped short. "Look Ben—barrels!" he exclaimed.

The match in Ben's fingers fluttered and went out.

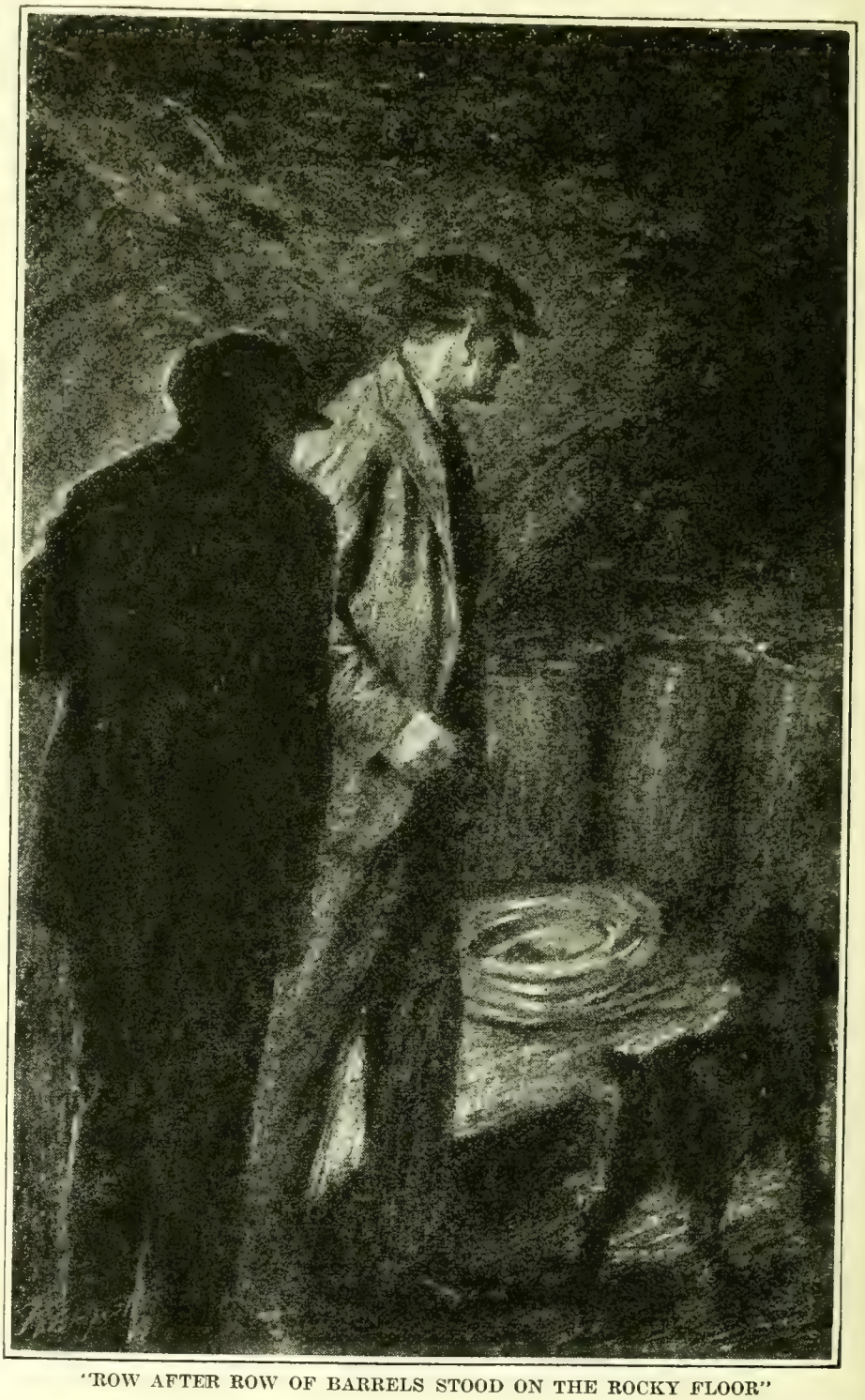
"Where?" he asked excitedly, fumbling with awkward fingers in the box for another match.

"Hurry up!" Jerry urged.

At last another light was produced, and the flickering rays illuminated a strange sight. Not a shred of doubt remained but that they had stumbled upon an oil-supply base for U-boats operating in the Azores. Row after row of barrels stood on the rocky floor, and, neatly coiled up in front of them, lay a pipe, more than two hundred feet in length, which was evidently used for pumping the oil into the submarines.

"Well, I 'll be shot!" exclaimed Ben.

"You would be, mighty quickly, if a German came in here just now," said Jerry. "But I say, have n't they been cunning in hiding it all? You 'd never notice those bars on the ledge unless you almost fell over them, and we should n't have found the entrance to this cave but for old Bumps. By the way, the scent would n't have stayed on the ground very long, so it can't be more than a day or so since they were here."



"ROW AFTER ROW OF BARRELS STOOD ON THE ROCKY FLOOR"

"I should n't be a bit surprised," Ben put in, "if the U-boat that made such a mess of our voyage was just going away from here when we were fired on. Now; if we can put one of the allied warships wise to this supply base, there 's no telling what the result might be. I 'd give a year's pay to have three words with the commander of an American destroyer. We *must* get away from this island!"

"Maybe some ship will pick us up today," Jerry said. "The fog is lifting, so our signal must be seen soon."

"Yes, if we 're not too far off the track of ships."

"Ben, don't whisper a word of this to the others, except Todd."

"No—o; all right. As a matter of fact, I don't see what harm they could do; but I think you 're right, all the same."

"Nor do I see what harm they could do, but they might. Remember, we are n't out of the woods yet, by a long chalk. So long as Dragon and his crowd don't know anything, they can't talk. But how do you know that the Germans won't come back to the island any minute? And they 're not blind. They could see the schooner some distance off. And as soon as the U-boat people spot her, the fat *will* be in the fire. They 'll search all over the place to see whether we 're hanging around; and unless I 'm very much mistaken, they 'd polish us all off without turning a hair if they thought we even suspected their base was here."

"Jerry," the other replied, with a whimsical expression, "I don't know that you and I are leading a particularly healthy life just at present, what with one thing and another. There was quite enough trouble for us to deal with when our skipper and his friends went back on us; and they are dangerous yet, because they know they are going to get what they deserve as soon as the law gets hold of them. Then, just to put us in a worse fix than ever, the United States must go and declare war on Germany!"

"I 'm not sorry. That had to come."

"True, but it does n't help *us* any. I 'm keen enough for a fight if there 's going to be one; and I know both you and Todd would stand by me through thick and thin, as you have done already. But what I 'm getting at is this—the three of us can't butt up against a German war-ship and hope to come off best. We 've just got to use strategy, whatever that is."

They were walking back in the direction of the *Endeavor,* and, on the way, climbed to the summit of Signal Hill. From there, no sign of a ship was visible, although the fog had cleared off almost entirely. Only a faint haze hung in the offing.

"Can't see any island away to the west yet," said Ben, impatiently. "Even if we could, it would n't be much use, except for us to locate this dump on the chart. Jerry, risk or no risk, I 'd beat it away from here even in a ten-foot skiff, if I thought there was any chance of getting somewhere, so that we could let some of our navy boys know about this submarine base."

"What about the schooner?" Jerry asked.

"There is n't the faintest hope of that. She 's fairly stuck. Not once in a thousand tides could we have run her as far up ashore as we did. And every tide, now, the water is lower. No, the old schooner is a back number till she 's hauled off, even supposing she does n't get battered to pieces before then. It would be all I 'd care about to sail her in the condition she is now. She can't sink, because she is chock-full of lumber, but that is all you can say for her. That wood in her hold will be sodden, and a lot of sand and stuff must have silted in through the hole."

"Then—then she 's little better than a complete wreck, I suppose," said Jerry.

"Not much, I 'm afraid. We 'll get the insurance money all right, but otherwise our castles have come tumbling to the ground, Jerry. This is where our voyage in the old *Endeavor* stops."

The boy's expression was eloquent.

"It 's no use being miserable about it, Jerry," said Ben. "We did our best, and we should have won through all right, in spite of all our difficulties, if it had n't been for that submarine piling a shot into us. Anyway, the insurance will cover our losses."

"I know," replied Jerry; "but what I 'm so sick about is that we have n't been able to finish what we started out to do. If only we had landed our cargo at Bordeaux, where it would have been useful in the war, and then been sunk on the way back, it would n't have been so bad. Of course, it 's a mighty good job for us that we *were* insured, but that is n't everything. What is the satisfaction in having brought a ship-load of spruce to a

forsaken place like this, where it 's no more use than if we 'd taken it to the top of the Rockies? You know as well as I do that neither you nor I would ever have started out on the trip if we had known that all we should be able to do was to lose both ship and cargo and draw the insurance money."

Ben laughed, in spite of their plight.

"Let 's wait till we see what 's going to happen next before we pull such long faces," he said. "Don't forget, we 're a tidy way from Anncove at this minute, and there 's no telling what may crop up before we land back there—if we ever do. We 've got the satisfaction of having done our best so far, and I sha' n't care a rap about our voyage having come to nothing if we can manage to put the Navy wise and trap a U-boat."

CHAPTER VIII

A VISIT FROM THE HUNS

As they descended the hill, John Todd came to meet them.

"Any sign of a ship?" he asked.

"No; at least, not the kind of ship you mean, John," Ben replied. "But we have found something important."

Todd nodded expectantly.

"Something about Dragon and his crowd?" he asked. "I 've been expecting——"

"No," Ben cut in. "You 're on the wrong track, John. This island you 're standing on is being used by the Germans as a secret base for submarines!"

Todd's eyes indicated his surprise.

"What—*this* island?" he asked, in a curious voice, looking round as though half expecting to see U-boat officers prowling about.

"Sure as you 're a foot high!" said Ben. "We have found their landing-place, and the cave where they keep their store of oil, too."

"Are they there now?" Todd asked, prepared to hear anything at that stage.

"No. Not a sign of 'em. But listen, John; whatever happens, we must n't let the others know this. We have let you into the most important secret you 've ever heard, and we 've told you because we know you can be trusted, and because we may need your help pretty badly before we are through with this thing."

"But—but," Todd began doubtfully, "we 've only a couple o' guns among us. I 'm in with you, understand, but it ain't no use us three——"

He stopped, seeing the others were laughing at him.

"You 've got hold of the wrong end of the stick," Jerry explained. "We don't propose tackling the submarines that way. Our job is to let the war-ships know; they can do it rather better than we could, with their big guns and things. Now, we 're in a hole. The question is, how can we get away from here?"

Todd looked perplexed for a moment.

"Ain't there some sort of an island away to the west'ard?" he asked at length.

"So that U-boat commander said, but we only have his word for it. If he was telling the truth, we ought to be able to see the place as soon as that horizon clears off."

"Well," said John Todd, reflectively, "it 's a long distance to swim, but I don't know as I ain't willing to try."

John Todd was not beautiful, but there was something magnificent about him as he stood there, with closely set lips and serious face, awaiting their approval of his calm proposal. It was more than a gamble with death that he had suggested—it was almost suicidal. Todd was like an otter in the water. He needed no one to tell him that he was the only one of the party who had the stamina for a fifteen-mile swim, but he knew, also, that the water would be terribly cold at that time of the year for such a feat, and that there must be tides and currents to negotiate which would render the swim extremely hazardous.

"Good old John!" said Ben. "I don't doubt that you 'd try even that, if we 'd let you."

"Sure I would," Todd replied, in matter-of-fact tones.

"But you 'd never get there," Ben went

on. "I doubt if any man breathing could manage it, therefore you would only be throwing your life away, and we need you. No, John, you deserve a whole car-load of iron crosses for even offering such a thing, but there must be some other way. We 've got to use our brains, if we have any. They have pitted *their* brains against ours, so now it 's up to us."

"Well, I dunno," said John, slowly, pushing back his cap and gravely scratching his head, as though that assisted the process of thinking. "That dog-gone feller Gill took the only boat we had."

"It did n't do him any good," Ben announced. "He 's drowned, John. We found the boat, all smashed up, on the shore. Old Neptune would n't stand for his game."

"Huh!" was Todd's only comment. Then, "It can't be more 'n a day or so afore we 're picked up," he added.

"We can leave it till to-morrow, at any rate," Ben said. "If nothing turns up by then, I have an idea; but I 'm not so sure whether it will be practicable."

"Well, what is it?" Jerry asked eagerly.

"Oh, it is n't much of a notion, but I was thinking that rather than hang around here much longer than a day or so more, we might build some sort of a raft out of the lumber."

"We might," Todd agreed, casting a glance over the ocean, which was then much calmer. "A raft ain't a partic'lar navigable sort o' craft, at best, but I 'm not saying we might n't make a go of it. We 'd have a whole lot o' trouble with the others, though."

"I have thought of that," Ben agreed. "The raft would have to be big enough to carry us three; the others would have to stop where they are for the present."

"That 's just it," commented Todd. "Somehow, I can't see 'em doing it. There 's going to be a rumpus afore they sit tight and allow us to sail off alone. They 've got some game on, as it is. Dragon and Hook are as thick as two thieves again. I 've seen 'em putting their heads together all day; and as soon as I walked up, they stopped talking. I 've a notion what their scheme is, but I give you my word, it ain't a pleasant one, so far as we 're concerned. The pair of 'em were on the little raft out where the schooner is lying, this morning, evidently trying to see whether she could be floated again; but they might have saved themselves the trouble."

Again the shipwrecked party spent the night on the *Endeavor,* neither Dragon nor any of his fellow-conspirators being invited to share the task of keeping watch. Most of their meals were eaten on board, for the galley was the most suitable place at their disposal for cooking. Each man had taken ashore his own kit-box, containing his personal possessions, and these were all stored away under a sheltering rock, lest a strong southerly wind should come up and break the steamer to pieces. For the present, however, there was no indication of any such thing happening.

Dawn came with a perfect sky, blue from horizon to horizon, and Jerry, who was on Signal Hill at the time, hurried down to fetch his companions from the schooner.

"There *is* land, away to the west," he announced triumphantly. "Hurry up! You can see it distinctly!"

There, Ben found, an island undoubtedly lay, and apparently of greater size than that on which they were stranded.

"Aye, a good fifteen miles—more like twenty, I reckon," Todd pronounced.

There was a chilly tang in the early morning air.

"Too far to swim, anyway, eh, John?" said Ben, with a smile.

"Oh, I dunno," Todd replied in noncommittal fashion.

"But, seriously," Ben went on, "we might manage to make it on a raft."

"I ain't saying we could n't," observed Todd, without great enthusiasm. "Ticklish sort o' job, though. It might take six hours, or six weeks, 'cording to wind and tide."

"Well, why not rig up a couple of oars?" Ben protested. "Rowing would be slow work, I know, but we ought to make a couple of miles an hour, at any rate."

"I had n't thought o' rowing across," Todd agreed. "We could do that, o' course."

"How are we going to fix the others?" Ben asked.

"We 've got to fool 'em somehow, that 's all."

"Ye—es," agreed Ben, who, however, did not quite see how it was to be done. "Meanwhile, we 'll give to-day a chance. It is the first time there has been no haze, and we might happen to be lucky and be seen by a passing vessel."

Dragon, who usually slept with one figurative eye open, and had followed the others ashore, appeared at that moment, climbing up the hill.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he called out, with elaborate geniality. "The early bird gets the—Ho! ho!" His eyes had fallen on the loom of the land in the distance. "Then our friend the German was n't deceiving us."

"You may call him *your* friend, if you like," Jerry protested with some heat.

"Well, well, the German skipper, anyway," Dragon said. "Now, yon must be the island of San Ferrera, or my name ain't Jenkins Dragon. Almost due west, you see—just a mite to the south'ard. There are n't any other two islands within a hundred miles of here that distance apart and pretty nigh due east an' west of one another."

This was what Ben had assumed must be their position, judging by the chart, but until the rising mist had cleared off the horizon and left the other land visible, he had hardly been able to believe that the schooner could have run so far south.

"It 's some years since I was in these waters, gentlemen," Dragon went on, "because I 've been trading in the Pacific a good long time; but as far as I remember, there is n't likely to be anything but an occasional stray boat pass our way here. Might I be so bold as to ask you, as owner," he went on, addressing Jerry, "what plans you 've got in mind."

Ben and the boy exchanged a quick glance. "We can't do anything for the present except wait," Jerry replied.

"No-o," said Dragon. "Don't know as we can do a whole lot. Say, I 'm not the sort of feller to bear malice, and we 're all in the same fix together. By the Blue Peter, nobody knows what 's going to happen to the lot of us before we stand on the mainland again. Can't you three let bygones be bygones? Mariners in distress, that 's what we are, and if it 's all the same to you, we might just as well be friendly about it, so 's to help one another, instead of being enemies, as you might say."

"Look here, Dragon," Ben retorted, "if you 're offering the sort of friendly help that you 've given us so far, we don't want it. Probably we should never have got so far off our course as this and been stranded if you had n't plotted against us. There 's food and water enough here to keep everybody alive for a full month; and it 's a million to one we shall be picked up in much less time than that. If you like to try some other way of saving your life, go to it. I shan't attempt to stop you. But don't expect us to worry about you, see?"

Dragon toyed with his beard impatiently. He had hoped to find them in a more conciliatory frame of mind, in view of the circumstances.

"I don't mind telling you that some of the others," he said, nodding in the direction of the cove where the *Endeavor* lay, "are feeling a bit sore at the way you 've treated them. But it 's different with me. I know it was all a mistake your thinking the crew were up to some game—"

"Was it a mistake that made Gill do me in with a belaying-pin?" Ben asked tartly.

"If he did, it must have been," Dragon replied in a smooth done. "But don't blame me for what—"

Dragon never completed his sentence. As he spoke, his eyes had caught the low, dark shape of a half-submerged U-boat running at a fair pace round the point of the island. It was standing well off the shore, where there was deep water free from rocks, but there was a curve in its course which would in another ten minutes

or so bring it somewhere near the schooner. The expression of alarm in Dragon's eyes caused the others to turn.

"It 's the Germans again!" exclaimed Jerry.

"If we 'd only cut the schooner's masts off!" Dragon fumed. "And that Dutchman told us what he 'd do if we did n't obey orders, did n't he? Now he 'll cut the throat of every mother's son of us."

When within half a mile or so of the schooner it stopped, and a small collapsible boat was lowered over the side. This operation Jerry and Ben watched by peering through the long scrub that grew around the base of the rock.

"It 's the schooner that 's attracted them, all right," said Ben, in a low voice. "Wiggin, had you lit the galley fire?"

The cook, whose teeth were chattering



"THEY HAD BARELY TIME TO HIDE BEFORE THE U-BOAT CAME INTO VIEW"

"Don't get into any panic," Ben urged calmly. "They have n't seen us standing here, on account of those bushes. What we 've got to do is to hide. Was there anybody left on board the schooner when you came off, Dragon?"

"Sure! All in their bunks, asleep."

They hurried down to the cove, where Todd jumped on to the little raft and drew himself off to the stranded vessel. In a few moments he was over the side, shaking the sleeping sailors and warning them of the danger. Immediately the men began a wild scramble for the shore. Nor did they reach there any too soon to avoid being observed, for they barely had time to hide behind a great rock on the side of the cliff before the U-boat came into view.

with fright, shook his head. "No, I had n't—I was asleep when Todd called me," he replied.

"It was the luckiest bit of sleep you ever had in your life," Ben said grimly. "It 's just possible—though goodness knows I 'm none too sure of it—that they may think we 've left the island. There would n't have been much doubt where we were if that fire had been going."

The submarine's boat was drawing close to the schooner, and some one aboard began to call out, though what was said could not be heard from behind the rock.

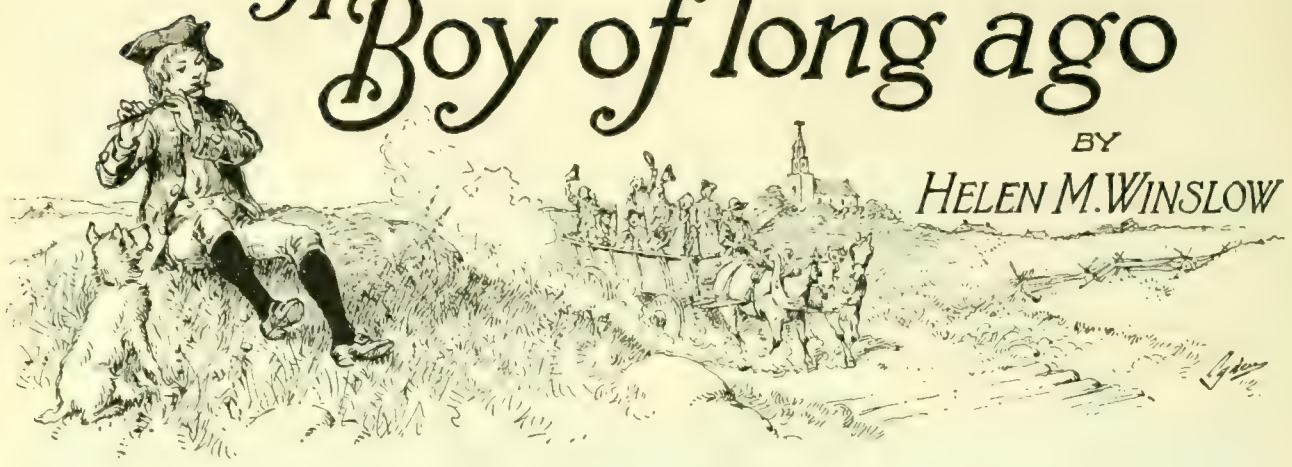
Receiving no reply, the Germans hailed again, after which the little boat's oars were plied regularly, and she drew close to the *Endeavor*.

(To be continued)

A Boy of long ago

BY

HELEN M. WINSLOW



On a hill-farm in Shirley, a few miles from where, at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, thousands of our fine brave lads trained for war, once dwelt a boy named John Holden. There are still plenty of Holdens in Shirley, and one of them is doing his duty in France. The father of John was Jonas Holden, an honest, hard-working farmer, who brought up his children in the good old-fashioned way. And this meant a great deal of steady, if not hard, work, with few pleasures or outings. The children of that day were not accustomed to many toys or even to books of their own; and so, when Jonas Holden came home from the village one evening, when little John was ten years old, and placed in his hands a long slim package, saying, "Here, my boy, see what I 've brought you for a birthday present," a more surprised youth never lived.

It was the first time he had ever received a present. He made haste to open it, and found a beautiful fife of some dark wood with silver trimmings. Jonas Holden had recognized a certain musical ability in his little son, and had done his best to help cultivate it. The boy could scarcely believe his own eyes nor express his delight in the unusual and unexpected gift. He carried the fife with him everywhere, and lost no time in studying out the way to play it. By practising every spare moment, it was not many months before he was able to astonish the townsfolk and to give his neighbors a great deal of pleasure with his stirring music. In fact, he and his fife soon became a welcome addition to any company in the little town.

About that time the Revolutionary War broke out. The whole country was in a state of ferment, and the oppression of the colonies was the topic of conversation in every home. The men all expected to go to war, and most of them did; indeed, there is a boulder to-day in the old cemetery at Shirley commemorating the names of eighty-three men who mustered on the common for the Concord and Lexington fight, within a stone's throw of where the monument now stands.

Of course, little John Holden heard this talk, and his boyish heart was deeply stirred with patriotic feeling. How he wished he were a man, so that he might join the "rebellious colonists!" And while no one dreamed of what was going on in his mind, he had already begun to plan a way by which he could "get to the front," as we now call it.

One day he received a compliment that was the determining factor in his career. A stranger from Boston was visiting the neighborhood, and calling at the Holden homestead he heard the boy play his fife. "Upon my word," he said to the boy's father, "that boy has the very soul of music in him. He will be ready for the British bulls and lions as soon as it is necessary."

John treasured the remark in his heart of hearts; and before he went to bed that night he asked Mr. Holden, "Father, if the British bulls and lions *do* come, shall I go to war with my fife?"

"Of course you will," replied the father, little thinking what his words might come to mean. "They could n't get along without you."

It was some time after this that one morning the boy took his beloved fife and his equally loved dog, Zip, off to a favorite hill to practise. He often did this, and no one observed his absence until night, when the dog came home alone and, going straight to the boy's chamber, began to moan and cry, lying on the boy's bed, refusing all food and resisting every effort to console him.

But John was not to be found. The family was greatly alarmed, and they began to search for him. The town was soon in commotion as the news spread that little John Holden was lost. Bands of men scoured the woods and fields, but no trace of the missing boy was discovered.

His disappearance was a mystery. Had he been carried off by Indians? It might be so—it was known that some had been seen in the town not long before. Or had he fallen a prey to some wild animal? No one could guess, for although notices of the lost boy were posted in all the towns about, the weeks lengthened into months and not the faintest clew came to sight.

Everybody believed young John Holden to be dead, or else a prisoner among the cruel Indians. Even his father gave him up; his mother, alone, clung to her faith that he was alive and safe somewhere.

"He is in God's hands," she would say. "In good time, John will come back, and explain everything. I know he is safe!"

Nothing moved her from this faith while two years slipped by without further news.

In the meantime the war was in full swing, and Shirley had sent her quota of nearly a hundred men. At last, through one of these, a rumor reached Mr. Holden that a boy of twelve was acting as fifer in General Washington's army. The anxious father gleaned all the information he could and became so impressed with the idea that this was his boy that he decided to go and see him. He told his wife about what he had heard, and she felt sure that this was their son. So it was decided that Mr. Holden should go to where General Washington and his army were stationed not far from New York City, which was then occupied by the British.



"THE BOY PLAYED HIS MOST STIRRING MARCH." (SEE PAGE 320)

Remember, there were no telephones or telegraphs, no swift-running motors, not even such a thing as a railroad train. There was no way for Mr. Holden to reach his destination but by stage-coach or on horseback. He chose the latter means of travel, his ride from Shirley to the army taking seven days.

When he finally reached headquarters, he asked to see General Knox, who was with General Washington at that time; for he did not dare to ask for the commander-in-chief. But General Knox received the Massachusetts farmer so kindly that he placed him at his ease immediately. Mr. Holden at once stated his errand.

"There is your boy, sir," replied the general, pointing to a youth in uniform who was playing on a fife. "He is drilling some raw recruits. That boy is a sort of captain-general of us all, sir. I have never known him to whimper or flinch or to say 'I can't,' although he is the youngest soldier in the army."

Of course, this made the father's heart swell with pride. The young fifer was sent for, and he stopped his drilling to comply with the order. As he drew near, he saluted and said, "Did you send for me, sir?"

Just then his glance fell on his father sitting in a corner of the tent. With one leap the boy was in his father's arms and sobbing like a baby. The father's tears mingled with his son's, and even the redoubtable Knox had to turn away to hide his own emotion; but he left them alone, and soon the two were able to command themselves sufficiently to talk things over.

"When did you come?" asked John. "And how did you find me?"

"Our old horse 'Captain' brought me," answered the father, "and he can take us both home again."

The boy's face fell a little at this, but he only said:

"And how is Mother? Oh, Father! not a single night have I camped down for sleep that I have not thought of her; and whenever I did the tears came. I feared she might die before I could get back home, and I should never see her again. Is she well?"

"Yes, she is well," said Mr. Holden, "and of us all she is the only one that has believed right along that you were safe and would be found. She always insisted that you were well and happy and would finally be restored to us."

"Yes, Father, I shall go back—sometime," said the boy. "But I want the war ended first. Now tell me about all the family—and Zip; how is my good old dog?"

"Poor old Zip!" was the reply. "He mourned himself to death before you had been gone many days. He never touched another mouthful of food and would only lie on your bed and moan."

The boy wiped his eyes at this, and just then General Knox returned. He brought with him orders from the commander-in-chief to conduct the boy and his father to his headquarters.

General Washington received Mr. Holden very kindly, and smiled as he said: "I hear a story that sounds like a romance in the midst of war. Tell me, my lad, how you came to leave your parents without their knowledge and to join my army at such a tender age?"

John was somewhat abashed by this notice from the distinguished officer, but was heartened again when the general added kindly:

"You have the name of being one of my bravest boys. Tell me how it happened? You did not run away, did you?"

"No, sir, never," answered John, with some spirit. "It was this way. I was on Sorrel Hill playing with my dog Zip and my fife. A big wagon came along full of men; and when they saw me, they stopped and called out: 'Hallo, little fifer! We are looking for you. Jump in. You are needed.' I asked them if the British bulls and lions had come, and they said, 'Yes; hurry up!' And so I got in, and they drove away very fast, and we went straight down to Boston. There we joined the troops. And that was the way it happened."

And then, for the first time, Mr. Holden recalled what he had said when, long ago, John had asked him if he would be needed when the British bulls and lions appeared. At once he saw it all, and knew that his boy had gone away in good faith, believing he was doing his duty. It should be remembered that in those days people did not write letters very much, and it had



"THEY ARE ALL COMING THIS WAY!' HE CRIED AS HE SALUTED." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

not occurred to the little lad that he could in that way notify his parents where he was. Indeed, so full of the war was he, that, except after he had lain down to sleep at night, he seldom thought of his home.

John's story amused the great general, and he greeted it with an unusual burst of laughter. Patting the boy's cheek, he said, "Well, after this, my lad, you will have to give us some music."

You can imagine the zest with which the boy played his most stirring march before the greatest man of his day.

"Well, Mr. Holden," said the general, after a little, "I don't see how we can part with this brave boy of yours; but of course, parents have the first claim."

At that moment John was ordered to go and dismiss the men whom he had been drilling, and he departed with a martial salute to his superiors that thrilled his father's heart. "I will be back in five minutes," he said, as he went away.

While he was gone, Mr. Holden told the story of the mother's deep faith and added, "John seems to be in his element here."

"Yes," answered Washington. "It is such boys as he that are the hope of the army. Let me tell you of the occasion when I first noticed your boy. I was approaching Monmouth Court-house with a number of my suite when we met him. 'They are all coming this way!' he cried out to me as he saluted. 'Who are coming this way?' I asked him. 'Why, our boys, your honor! Our boys! And the British are right after them!' 'Impossible!' I said, but, spurring my horse I found the boy's news only too true."

"He is a good boy," added General Knox, "a very good boy, and invaluable in training raw recruits. He talks with the homesick ones and cheers them up wonderfully, while he takes more pains to explain what they have to do than older men will. His ardent patriotism seems to be catching."

John came back at that moment, and General Knox asked, "Well, what did your men say when you told them you were going home?"

"I could not tell them that," replied the boy, blushing. "Father, please let me stay another year. Then I shall be thirteen and will be old enough to help you more on the farm. Now that I know Mother is well, I want to stay. The war will soon be over, and then I 'll go home."

What Revolutionary father, after seeing that the boy had made a place for himself in the army, could resist such an appeal?

Jonas Holden gave his consent "for the duration of the war," and, after a kindly farewell from the great general and a loving one from the young fifer, he rode away quite content, saying to himself: "My boy could not hold a more honored position. His mother will be proud. I leave him safe in the hands of General Washington."

WHEN, after seven more days of riding, Jonas Holden arrived at his home in Shirley, his sister met him at the door.

"Disappointed again!" she said sadly. "So it was n't our John after all. I tell you, we shall never see that boy again."

But Mr. Holden held out his hand to the boy's mother.

"My dear," he said, "John is the happiest boy in the Continental army. I left him with General Washington himself."

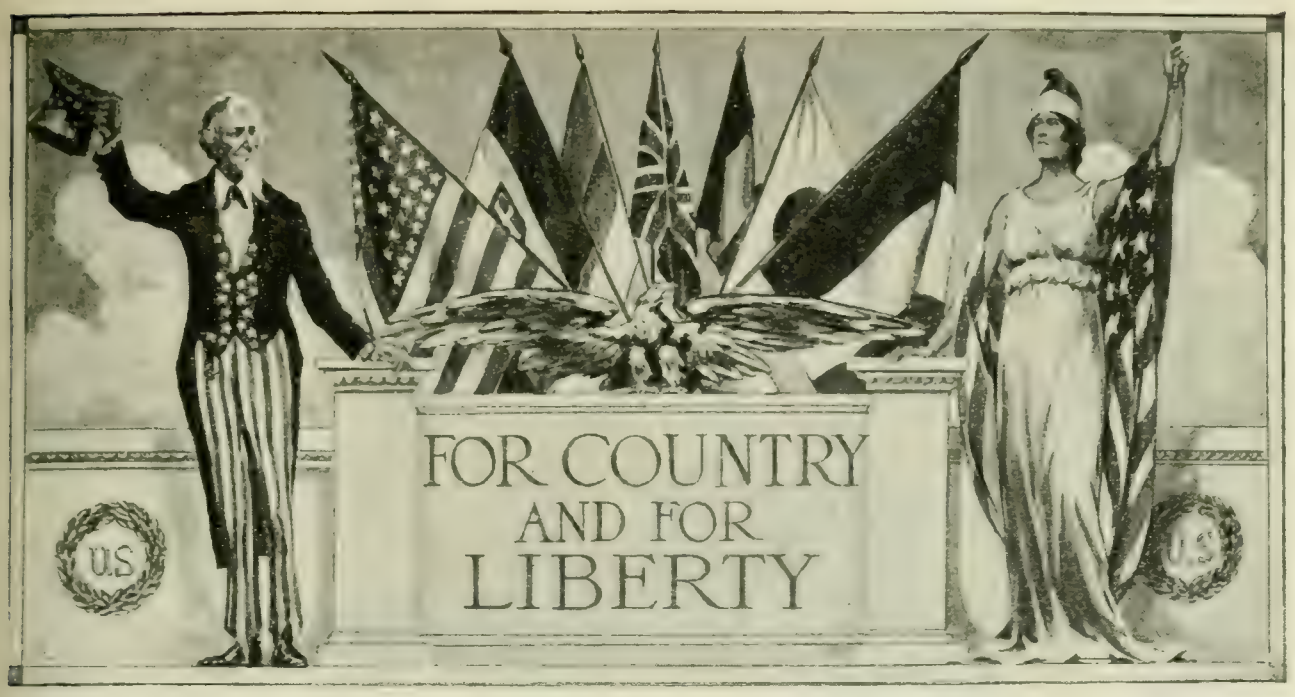
It took a long time to tell the story of his journey—of his reception at Washington's headquarters; of finding his boy and of the youth's popularity and growth; of his upright conduct and strict adherence to the good principles they had tried to instil into his mind; and of the great commander's praise of their son.

When he had finished, the father said: "Have I done right in leaving him with the army?"

"Exactly right!" answered the mother. "You could not do otherwise."

John Holden lived to go back home, a tall, courageous youth. Indeed, he lived to a good old age. He went to Northern Vermont after he had grown into manhood, and lived and died not far from St. Albans. But his name is in the city of Washington on the list of Revolutionary soldiers, and for many years he received a pension from the Government.

And this is the true story of a soldier of the Revolution. I wonder if his spirit looked from above on the great camp, within a few miles of his birthplace, where thousands of our splendid boys were trained to help establish, not the democracy of our own colonies, but of the world!



MUSIC IN THE LIFE OF THE COMMUNITY

THE War Camp Community Service soon realized the importance of Community "Sings" in the nation's life in the conduct of the great war, and developed them under capable song-leaders in more than two hundred cities. "A singing army is a fighting army," was the slogan which the War and Navy Departments' Commissions on Training-Camp Activities adopted in setting all the soldiers and sailors singing. And because song was found to be an essential aid in the upbuilding of morale, the War and Navy Departments also requested that the W. C. C. S.—its organization working in cities and towns—should foster community singing. Not only were the mind and spirits of the people at home in need of just this medium of expression for their sympathies and patriotism, but there were the weary and uninspired whom it reached when other means failed.

Perhaps community sings did more than any other phase of the W. C. C. S. work to bring about the close, friendly relationship between camp and town, and the report of the musical committee from Augusta, Georgia, was a fair example of the way the spirit grows. A year ago, when



NEIGHBORHOOD SINGING UNDER THE TREES, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA



COMMUNITY SINGING AT JEFFERSON MEMORIAL BUILDING, FOREST PARK, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

the first sing was held, it went slowly. The first number fell so flat that the leaders were tempted to quit and go home, but by the end of the program the whole audience was joining in faintly and went away whistling and humming. The following week, however, the theater was packed by opening time, and several hundred people had to be turned away. The idea of entertaining the people by interspersing numbers by the bands from Camp Hancock, organized camp talent, and occasional professional musicians, added attractiveness to the sings, and it was not long before a system of admission became necessary. The civilians were coming early and virtually filling the house before the soldiers could arrive. The entire lower floor of the theater had to be held for uniformed men and their guests and the active members of the Community chorus, and the other floors given over to the public. Since a stereopticon was used to project the words of the song on the screen, the 10,000 leaflets originally designed for use at these Sunday afternoons have been given to the organizations working within the camps. During Christmas week of 1917 there was a community sing every night, from Christmas eve to New Year, around the big Christmas-tree, and an even larger celebration was being planned for last Christmas. During the entire summer the concerts were held out of doors.

In Portsmouth, Virginia, the community singing began with a nucleus of enlisted men formed as a chorus to lead the singing around the Christmas-tree of 1917 in the court-house yard. Several hundred soldiers and twice as many civilians took part with so much enthusiasm that their numbers steadily increased. The head physician at the Naval Hospital was consulted about the possibilities of holding the sings on the hospital grounds for the benefit of convalescents, and he was so enthusiastic that seating facilities for a thousand people were provided, and a motor-truck as a stand for song-leader and piano.

The songs of a nation express the life and soul of a nation. But for the war, another half century might have elapsed before we should have found voice as we have done during the past year, or have sung with the same spirit those songs that are part and lot of American life. "Weeks of song" were put on by the W. C. C. S. in different cities in connection with the Liberty Loan Drives. During the last one, lantern slides, containing the words of

fourteen songs, were furnished by the W. C. C. S. at Oakland, California, to a hundred picture-theaters, and audiences in the largest movie-houses in the country joined in ten minutes of song nightly throughout the week. Thirty-five or forty churches began the week on Sunday evening with a program of patriotic songs, and during the week, in every public or semi-public meeting, the singing was made a feature.

A similar celebration but on an even larger scale was held in San Francisco, beginning with a big sing at which 10,000 people were present. The sings represent the beginning of a new epoch of community life and a new consciousness of national life. If heretofore we have loved our flag and our national anthem, and the things they stand for, thoughtlessly and as children love, we have learned all together, as we have sung, to love them with the reverence that we feel only for those things for which we live and fight and die!

"THE LITTLE RED HEN"

By GEORGE MERRICK MULLETT



Betsy rushed to the front door as the postman rang. "Oh, Mr. Cook! have n't you my St. Nicholas? Lucille got her December number yesterday," she said, her face clouding as he handed her only some letters. The carrier smiled and jerked his head expressively, and over his shoulder Betsy saw, coming up the walk, a triumphantly grinning Jack with the much desired magazine in his hands. It was the climax to a disappointing, dreary Saturday, and Betsy glowered at him accusingly:

"Of all the meanies—to wait outside in the drizzle just to get ahead of me!" she complained.

"You misjudge me, beauchous maiden; 't were not that I loved thee less, but I wanted the St. Nick more," he said, with mock reproach.

"Muddy dear, won't you make Jack hurry and read it? He 'll take just as long as he possibly can—he 'll read all the advertisements, even, before he gives it to me!"

"I 'm afraid you are in a bit of a temper, daughter," returned Mrs. Lane, quietly.

"Well, it 's as much mine as it is his, and I 've been waiting for it *the longest* time! There 's something I p'ticularly want to see about the Junior Red Cross—"

"Oh, yes, you invented that little club of a million or more, did n't you?" Jack wagged his head with sympathetic understanding. "All right; I 'll hurry."

Betsy tossed her red curls with disdainful hauteur Jackward and turned to her mother. "I wanted to see if I could n't get a n' idea for making money for the Junior drive. Lucille says it tells about what some school-children in Los Angeles did, and I wanted to see, so I could get started.

"Oh, yes, here it is;" announced Jack, and Betsy rushed over to perch herself

on the arm of his chair and look over his shoulder.

"I might have known it!" she broke out finally, in an aggrieved tone. "It 's just about things boys can do with their old saws and hammers. Girls can't do anything; they are n't a bit of use!"

"Just exactly what I 've been trying to impress on you these many moons," said Jack, quickly.

"Now you 're talking about Muddy dear just as much as you are about me, Mister Jack," accusingly.

"My, but you have a lovely grouch!" grinned Jack. "Now toddle along and leave brother dear to his intellectual pursuits."

Betsy flounced away and seated herself stiffly on the extreme edge of her chair, a picture of martyred "watchful waiting." "Muddy dear!" she wailed out in a moment; "make Jack stop!"

Mrs. Lane looked up and glanced inquiringly at her son.

"Did n't do a thing, Muz, but look up and smile at her very sweetly and pleasantly. Trying to pour oil on the troubled waters and all that sort of thing," declared Jack, his smile rivaling that of a Jack-o'-lantern.

"Well, suppose you confine your attention to your book, Jacky," advised his mother; "there are times when even a pleasant smile is out of place. Now, Betsy, suppose you try to do something to amuse yourself. It will make the time pass much more quickly."

"There is n't anything to do. I do want to make Christmas presents and things to sell for the Junior Red Cross, but there is n't anything to make them out of! There are n't any silk scraps, even, nothing but old socks and stockings in the rag-bag!"

Mrs. Lane looked up in shocked surprise at such a speech coming from the usually joyous Betsy. "Why, Betsy! I thought *you* were the very fortunate little girl who was always having wonderful things happen to her."

"They did use to," acknowledged Betsy, a bit shamefaced, "but they don't any more. If I could read, I could forget it; but old Jack—" Jack's extreme age occurring to her, her grievance strengthened;—"Jack 's too old for the St. Nicholas, anyway!"

"Perish the thought!" exclaimed the ancient, with horror. "Let me confide in you, sister! I expect to beat my *little* grandchildren to this *little* book just as I did *little* Betsy to-day. And," he continued gravely, "if the aforementioned grandchildren act as *little* Betsy is doing, I shall be obliged to administer corporal punishment."

"Oh, you horrid tease!" flashed Betsy, and a torrent of tears followed the lightning.

"Now, daughter, go to your room and think over what you have said. At present you are n't pleasant to be with," said Mrs. Lane, severely, and Betsy swept away from the room like a very black and thunderous little cloud.

Upstairs, after a most satisfying shower of tears, face down upon her small white bed, with Josephine-Annabelle clutched close beside her, she lifted a quavery voice in the most funereal hymns she could call to mind, while meditating upon her early demise. Finally, she succeeded in conjuring up such a vivid picture of bereaved and remorseful relatives about her youthful bier that her voice became completely engulfed in self-pitying sobs and she was obliged to turn dumbly, as have many sorrowing souls before her, to the solace of poesy:

How sad to walk through life misunderstood;—
Your only fault because you are *too* good!
How sad, when, all too late, your brother finds—

At this point Betsy could think of no word with which to finish her next line but "blinds," and while she was cudgeling her brain for some idea more in keeping with the dignity of her sentiment than window-shades, her sorrow completely evaporated, and she was obliged to find a new outlet for the restless energy within her.

A half-hour or so later she emerged from

the attic with a miscellaneous and most unpromising assortment of odds and ends, among which was everything from her old baby-basket, with its dingy and faded drapings of dotted swiss and pink cambric, to a coiled length of insulated copper wire. The basket had been her particular property for some time, and it had just occurred to her that, by undressing it and giving it a coat of stain, it would be the very thing for the darning-basket Muddy dear was needing. As to the wire, she had no plans; but it bent so beautifully that it seemed promising, and she felt sure, like *Sentimental Tommy,* that she would eventually "ken a wye."

The problem fascinated her, and she dragged her spoils into the living-room, seeking inspiration. "I 'm most terribly sorry I acted like such a Goop," she said contritely, rubbing her soft cheek against her mother's. "Look what I 've found! May I have it?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," said Mrs. Lane, looking at the coil of wire dubiously. "What do you want to do with it?"

"I don't know yet," returned Betsy with a pucker of puzzlement, "What would *you* use it for?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," laughed Mrs. Lane. "I 'm afraid I would n't use it for anything, unless I were going to install a telephone."

"Could n't you cover it and use it for handles on a knitting-bag or something."

"Well, as I have n't anything with which to make a knitting-bag and no one to make one for, I 'm afraid not," said Mrs. Lane, with twinkling eyes.

"Could n't you make something out of it, Jacky?"

Jack, from the depths of the absorbing story into which he was plunged, came to the surface with a dazed look in his eyes.

"Make what out of what?" he queried absently.

"Something out of this." She displayed the black coil before him with an inviting smile.

"Have a heart, Bets! I 'm no wizard."

"It looks as though it ought to make something. Muddy could n't think of anything to do with it, and I thought maybe you could."

Jack took his book in his hand, and, standing up, began to drone in a flat little second-reader-pupil voice:

" 'A little red hen once found a grain of wheat.' " And then, "Who will make this wheat into a loaf of bread?" The cat said, "I won't," the rat said, "I won't"—' "

Betsy interrupted him with a giggle, " 'And the little red hen said, "Oh, very well then, *I* will!' "

And gathering up her plunder in her arms, she made for the more inspiring environment of The Ark.

"I 'll bet she does, too!" said Jack to Muddy dear, with the amused pride he always felt in his resourceful young sister.

That evening, as Betsy browsed through the pages of her beloved periodical, which she had won in a spirited encounter with Jack after dinner, her eyes fell on the announcement of a new Brownie book. Smiling over the quaint, long-legged elves, she suddenly gave an excited squeal, and, dropping the magazine, darted from the room.

Jack shook his head gravely. "I always thought that brilliant intellect would slip its trolley some day; still, it 's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he declared, pouncing on the discarded bone of contention.

At half past nine a much flushed little maid, with tumbled red curls and paint-daubed, but sparkling, face burst into the living-room with:

" 'And the little red hen said, "Very well, then *I* will," *and she did!*' " She whirled gaily around the room, brandishing a queer little figure in one hand.

"Whoa, hossy!" soothed Jack, catching at her flying skirts. "Well, by the beard of the long-horned goat!" he ejaculated. "Let me see." With a delighted chuckle, he held up the partner to Betsy's opening dance. Surely one of Palmer Cox's *Brownies* had slipped from a printed page and materialized into a very lifelike, brown-clad figure, long, spindly legs, fat little body, saucy cap, and all.

"See how his legs and arms bend; he

can hang on to anything!" said Betsy, proudly.

Jack immediately proceeded to bend the arms, and there, swinging from the electric-light bracket, hung the brownie, pop-eyed and grinning. "Behold the despised wire!"

"The cotton for his fat little tummy came from the bottom of my old baby-basket, and his clothes are made from an old tan sock," explained Betsy. "I made the ribbed part cover his little body, and it looks just like a sweater; and it took such a narrow strip for the legs I could cut around the darns. But my! it was hard to turn the legs right side out after I had them sewed up. The head is made out of one of Daddy's old white socks; and don't you think I got his sassy little face pretty well? I always did like to make brownie faces—they are about the only faces I can make."

"It is the cutest thing I ever saw!" declared Jack, in his enthusiasm forgetting his customary caution in voicing his sister's praises.

"It 's wonderfully well done," beamed Muddy dear; "and it took a lot of patience, I know."

"Is n't he a duck?" cooed Betsy, squeezing her creation. "I made his tassel cap out of that old knitted tie of Roger's. I 've been trying to think of something to give cousin Patty for her birthday, and here it is; so that 's one thing fixed that has been worrying me. If I put it in a box, will you take it to the office and have it weighed and tied up for me, Daddy? If you mail it Monday, it will get there just in time."

"WHERE 's the little red hen?" called Mr. Lane, when he returned from the office Monday evening.

Something between a cackle and a giggle sounded behind him, and a small figure flew into his arms.

"Guess what, Betsy!" he began, employing a favorite phrase of his daughter's.

"What, please?" she queried breathlessly, scenting a surprise.

"Before I wrapped up Mr. Brownie I showed him to Mrs. Styles, and he took her heart by storm. She made me promise to have you make two for her—she has twin nephews, whom she has always called 'brownies', that she wants them for. She said she would be glad to pay a dollar apiece for them."

"A dollar apiece!" gasped Betsy, delighted. "Oh, I 'll start making them right away."

"Hold on please, Whirlwind!" laughed Daddy. "She was so pleased with your ingenuity that she took it over in Mr. Cramp's division, and—what do you think?" he mimicked Betsy again, teasingly.

"Oh, I 'm too excited to think—tell me, Daddy dear," coaxed Betsy.

"Four more orders to be delivered at your earliest convenience."

"Oh, oh, *oh!*" Betsy whirled around like a very mad dervish. "The most wonderful things are always happening to me, and I was a Goop to say they did n't. Why, if I can make these, I 'll have some money of my very own for the Junior Red Cross!"

"I thought girls could n't do anything!" jeered Jack.

"It just goes to show, does n't it, little temperamental Betsy, that we can always find a way if we have the desire and are on the alert?"

Betsy nodded a delighted assent and danced toward the stairs. Jack made a wild dive to get ahead of her.

"What 's the matter?" called Mrs. Lane, in surprise.

"Just taking the precaution to lock the drawer in which my few socks are at present unsuspiciously reposing. I know Reds, if it comes to a question of the family wearing socks or her gathering up money for the J. R. C. Come on, Dad! A word to the wise, you know."

Betsy raced upstairs after him, caroling as she ran:

"And the little red hen said, '*I* will then!' and she *did!*"

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Author of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XI

THE SPY

As is their way, the German officer pushed past Julie as if the house belonged to him, and I went hastily into the hall.

"I demand to see Major von Protzig at once," he announced, in harsh French.

What we had feared seemed at hand. A denial that the major was in the house would but precipitate the inevitable search. That I was confused by his demand was evident to him, for he eyed me sharply.

"Well, well—why don't you answer?" he growled impatiently.

"Monsieur," I faltered, "it is impossible for you—"

He let me get no farther, but broke in with a sneering, mirthless laugh.

"You French are beyond comprehension!" he exclaimed. "Why must you forever beat about the bush? Do you think to deceive us Germans? I knew that the major had been ordered away, but I hoped it might be possible to catch him before he left. And now, instead of telling me straightforwardly that he has gone, you must shilly-shally, and take five minutes to say what could be said in a minute. It is the naturally deceptive nature of the French, but we mean to change all that."

He turned on his heel and stamped out of the house, leaving me in a state of amazed joy. Here was good news indeed. I did not know, of course, for how long a time the major was expected to be absent, but I was sure it would give us the opportunity we needed to remove him to some other place. Later on, I should have gone at once to Grandpère for advice; but as yet I was not used to the change in him, and it did not occur to me then to do so. Instead, I followed my first impulse and went directly to the cellars, seeking the orderly.

I had taken pains to see that he was placed at a good distance from the major, so that I might talk to him without being overheard. It was by no means a cheerful spot where the young man lay, but it was at least dry, and a grated window let in a little light.

I took off his gag and in a low tone told him what had happened.

"We 're playing in the best of luck, Mademoiselle," he said, after a moment's thought. "There will be no need to move your prisoners. It is quite evident now that the major has received orders to go immediately to the front. Your sandal of Jeanne d'Arc has done that for him."

The orderly had been a witness of all that had occurred when the prince had taken my precious relic; but I had hardly noticed him, and was therefore surprised at his mentioning it.

"Oh, my precious sandal!" I cried, remembering it with a pang of deep regret.

"Do not despair of seeing it again, Mademoiselle," the young man remarked encouragingly.

"Can you get it for me?" I asked breathlessly.

"I 've done what I could already," he answered. "There are others of us with the *Boches,* Mademoiselle. I have spoken to one of them about it."

"Thank you," I returned gratefully. "I should be so glad to have it back again. But I can't see how it could have affected the major."

"*Monsieur le Prince* has returned a favor," the orderly explained. "My major is not popular in the army. He has been very much put out because they have kept him in Rheims. It is rather like being placed on the shelf. Well, the prince took a hand in the matter, and now the major has had his way. But you may be sure, Mademoiselle, no one will be at any great pains to search for him."

This assurance brought me great comfort, and was confirmed later by the low spirits of the major himself, who did not appear to be very hopeful of being rescued, especially after I had mentioned casually that his orderly was a prisoner also.

"You 've taken Leo?" he said, his shifty eyes widening in amazement.

"Yes, Monsieur," I answered calmly; and from that time on he became a very meek and gentle German. We placed him in a grated bin, removed his bonds, and made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Grandpère, armed with a loaded pistol, took no little pleasure thereafter in walking our prisoners about the extensive cellars for daily exercise at separate hours, chuckling to himself at the major's dejected aspect.

During these days I talked several times with the young man and grew to like him very much. He told me his own story at the first opportunity, and any lingering doubts I might have had regarding his honesty were swept away.

"My name is Léon Guyot, Mademoiselle, and we are of an old Lorraine family. That I am a private soldier in the German army and a spy for France, is the doing of my good father, who planned it before I was born."

Thus he began, and I was soon to learn how deep was the love for France of those who were torn from the country in 1870.

"My father," Léon continued, "pretended to be glad that Lorraine was surrendered to the Germans; but he believed that another war would come and prepared to play his part in it. From the day of my birth, Mademoiselle, he began to train me as a spy. In public we were the most loyal of Germans. In private he taught me to love France, while he instructed me in her language and history. It was a passion with him, Mademoiselle, and he lacked not cunning to fool the *Boches*. And now, finding me too stupid to shoot straight, they have made me a servant. I am a good servant, in great demand by the higher officers, and—you have well understood, Mademoiselle?—I do not have to shoot at my brothers. Beside you, there are only five who know: myself, my father, and three others of us in the German army. In Paris there is a number. That number stands for *me;* but no one, even in the French army, has any knowledge of Léon Guyot. It is necessary to be very secret, Mademoiselle."

He told me much of his life, how it all had been directed to this end; and I thought many times of that father who for years had been hiding his hatred of the *Boches* and waiting patiently for the fulfilment of his plans.

"And I am not the only one, Mademoiselle," Léon assured me. "The people of Alsace-Lorraine have suffered like slaves under the Germans; but they have not forgotten France, not for one moment. Their day has come. Not a second time will France give up her provinces."

When I appreciated the splendid courage of this young man who, at his father's bidding, had taken up a life of peril for a country he had never known, it is no wonder that I grew to like him and ceased to have any doubt that he was all he represented himself to be.

But these days were so full of anxiety that I had little opportunity to consider my own feelings. Every time the doorbell rang, my heart gave a jump and I expected to find a German officer on the threshold with some new demand.

In Grandpère I found an unexpected source of strength and comfort. I explained to him what I could of the happenings in the world since the day when his memory had failed him. I had expected that it would be necessary to teach him as if he were a child; but herein I was mistaken. Since his mind had become active again, it seemed as if in all the blank years the passing events had made an impression upon him after all; but the ability to express this knowledge, or even to realize it, had been held in abeyance until the blow he received had, so to speak, started a certain part of the machinery of his brain to moving once more.

Then, too, this renewing of his mind brought also a recovery of his strength. Not that he became a young man in any

sense, but it seemed as if he had saved the wear and tear upon his body in his long period of quiescence and that he was now to live the years of middle age that he had missed.

Meanwhile, he understood perfectly in what danger he stood and put away his uniform, playing the part of the feeble old man he had been before the *Boche* officer had struck him down; but there was a new light of intelligence in his eyes which he could not hide from me, at least; and if I had loved him before, I loved him doubly now.

We knew little of the progress of the war, though the reverberation of the cannons to the south told us that the battle was not far distant. Day and night the rumble of it was in our ears, sometimes very distant, at others seemingly not far away, depending greatly upon the direction of the wind; but how the battles fared, we could not even guess. The *Boches* proclaimed victory after victory. They spread reports that the French army was in retreat everywhere and that any hour might bring the word that Paris had fallen.

We of Rheims told ourselves that these were German lies; but we had need of great faith, and once or twice I went to the Cathedral to pray. In the holy calm of the great building, my spirit was renewed, and while I was there, I had no doubt that, in the end, France would conquer.

One day I met the abbé beside the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc and spoke to him of how sure I was that we should win.

"And sometimes, Monsieur l'Abbé," I said, "it seems as if Sainte Jeanne whispered it to me."

"And so she does, my daughter," he answered. "She is whispering in the heart of every one who loves France; and it is because we need her that we hear. No matter where it is,—in the cathedral, in the hospital, on the battle-line,—Jeanne d'Arc is there. She loved her country better than her life, and for that love she made the supreme sacrifice. So, to-day, all French men and all French women are ready to do the same, for they have the spirit of the saint in their hearts. Jeanne d'Arc is leading the armies of France and all the people of France as well."

By such words and through our faith we gained the courage to endure those ten days of bitter humiliation which, I think, were worse than the destruction that followed. The bullet from a German rifle is easier to bear than the presence of the *Boche* who fires it. I, like all the people of Rheims, had grown to loathe our enemies; and when, one morning, I looked out of the window and saw a long gray column of them marching rapidly to the north, my whole being was filled with wild joy. I hurried into my clothes; but ere I was fully dressed, Eugénie burst into my room.

"Mademoiselle Jeannette!" she cried, her old voice cracking into a piercing scream, "the *Boche* are running away! Paris is saved! *Vive la France! Vive la France!*"

CHAPTER XII

VISITORS

Not until they were on the march out of the city did we realize the depth of our abhorrence of the invaders. The prospect of being delivered from the Germans filled us with a sort of delirious gladness. It was not only that we were to be relieved of the fear for our lives, but that we were to be rid of their dreadful presence.

As soon as an opportunity offered, I went to Léon.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he whispered, "this is good news you have brought! I tell you I was beginning to be anxious for Paris. You are quite sure they are going?"

"There are many men marching north," I explained, "and Julie says it is known that a number of huge cannon went through the city last night in the same direction, and we can hear the roar of battle coming nearer."

"If the big guns are on the move, the *Boches* are going back," Léon said, with conviction; "and I, too, must be on the move. Loosen the cords, Mademoiselle, if you please, so that I can slip out when the time comes."

"I wish you did n't have to go with them," I murmured, as I untied the knots.

"So do I, Mademoiselle," he agreed heartily. "I had rather be shooting them; but that is not my work. I can do more for France in a gray uniform than in a blue one."

"But they are such wicked people!"

"Mademoiselle," he went on, with a sad note in his voice, "you can have no idea how wicked they are. Rheims has been well treated as compared with some places they have occupied. You should see what they have done to *les braves petites Belges.* I dare not tell you the horrors I have witnessed. When I think of the crimes the Germans have committed in Belgium, I can find no name for them. To call them dogs is to pay them a compliment. Dogs are faithful."

By this time he was quite free to move, but he lay quiet, thinking it best to pretend to be bound until the moment came for his departure.

"I shall not forget your sandal, Mademoiselle," he said at the end. "I make no promises, but I hope to restore it to you."

"I shall be very grateful, Monsieur," I answered. *"Adieu et bonne chance."*

"A thousand thanks, Mademoiselle," he replied; "and, if you do not forget, say a little prayer for Léon Guyot."

"I shall not forget."

"Adieu et au revoir, Mademoiselle."

"Adieu et au revoir."

I left him, saddened to think that a young man of such fine spirit should have to return to so perilous a task. He had to face not only the bullets of those he worked to save, but I felt sure that there was never a moment when he could relax his vigilance against the discovery of his real purpose. His life was forfeited the instant his enemies even suspected him. They were not the kind to wait for positive proof of guilt. I did not see him again for many a long day, but I remembered his brave smile. Nor did I forget to say more than one prayer for his safety.

Some time that afternoon he disappeared. How he slipped away without any one seeing him, I could not guess; but in the evening Grandpère discovered he had gone and seemed a little chagrined.

"We still have a major," he comforted himself with a smile, "and he is worth many orderlies."

"Oh, let us forget the orderly!" I cried. "I am so glad that the *Boches* have left Rheims that I don't know what to do!"

"It is the saving of Paris that is the important matter, my dear," Grandpère remarked thoughtfully. "The victory which we must have won to have brought about this retreat will, I feel sure, be reckoned among the greatest in history. It has not only saved France, but I believe that it has saved the world from the Germans."

I did not then fully appreciate all that Grandpère meant, for this was said even before we had named our victory "The Battle of the Marne," and as yet we had no idea how great a success it was; but Grandpère estimated it correctly; and I repeat his words to prove how completely he had recovered his mind and how quick he had been to grasp the full significance of the event.

As the Germans disappeared, the people of Rheims swarmed into the streets, Grandpère and I among them; and to fill our cup of happiness to overflowing, a troop of French infantry came through the city in pursuit of the retreating foe.

The sight of them set us cheering wildly, *"Vive la France!"*

The cry went up from a thousand throats in one mighty roar of triumph, *"Vive la France!"*

We shouted till we were hoarse, while our soldiers pressed on to the north, hoping to overtake the Germans in the vine-covered hills outside the town. We were half delirious with relief. Strangers shook each other by the hand, exchanging incoherent words of congratulation and delight. Men, women, and children danced about the streets, singing and laughing as if it were a great holiday. We were not only in an ecstasy of gladness over our victory, but we were sure the end of the war was in sight. We prophesied with deep conviction that the enemy would be

driven across the Rhine within the next few days.

"Vive Alsace-Lorraine!"

So had some one near us voiced the desire that, next to the saving of France itself, was dearest to our hearts. Those in the immediate vicinity took it up, and its echoes were soon carried far and wide throughout the city in a mighty chorus. Alsace-Lorraine should be French once more. That was a matter not to be argued. We had seen the Germans running. We must never let them stop until the Lost Provinces were given back to us.



"A FILE OF FRENCH SOLDIERS TOOK HIM AWAY"

My diary shows that these things happened on Tuesday, the fifteenth of September, and on the next day there is but one entry:

"Papa is in Rheims. He is well and looks very handsome."

I remember how astonished and delighted he was at the change that had taken place in Grandpère. They discussed the war and the best means of finding a command in the army for Grandpère, who was impatient to be serving his country. I think Papa did not encourage this idea, for reasons which will be plain enough.

Then, too, we had a laugh over the capture of our German major; and the next day my father sent a file of French soldiers, who took him away. We were very glad indeed to be rid of him, though he had grown quite humble during his imprisonment.

Papa was much concerned about Madame Barton, and we tried to hit upon a plan to relieve her anxiety about Jacques. He commended my suggestion of writing to the mayor of Orléans, and undertook himself to communicate with Captain Barton.

So many things were happening in these days that I have said little of Jacques; but we loved him and did all we could to make him happy. We learned from Papa that this separation of children from their parents was one of the saddest trials this cruel war had brought to us of France and Belgium. He said that there

were thousands of just such cases; but of course, that fact made it no easier for Madame Barton, who, during this time, could not know what had become of her dear son.

It was on this visit of Papa's that the subject of our leaving Rheims was again talked of. He was not so certain, as were some others, that the Germans would be driven out of their intrenchments beyond the city; if they held them, we should be forced to leave. But there were so many other things to talk about that this matter was only touched on.

Father promised to return whenever the chance offered, and we kissed him good-by when he left us, very much cheered by having had him with us even for so short a time.

Another event occurred that evening, but I did not enter it in my diary until the following day.

As we were finishing dinner the bell rang rather violently, and, had the Germans still been in Rheims, I should have expected a visit from one of their ill-mannered officers; but knowing that this was impossible, I jumped to the conclusion that it was Papa come back again and hurried to the door, not having the patience to wait for Julie. I opened it to Captain Barton.

The cry of welcome from my lips was silenced by the haggard white face that confronted me, and I stepped back as he stumbled into the house.

"Jeannette!" he cried, in a voice choked with pain, "where are they? Where are they?"

Before I had time to answer, little Jacques, who had heard his father's voice, came running along the hall shouting, "Papa! Papa!"

The lines of suffering in Captain Barton's face smoothed out as if by magic, and the next moment the boy was in his arms.

"Oh, Jeannette!" Monsieur Barton exclaimed as he clasped his son, "you cannot know what a relief I feel. I have not had a word from my wife since I left her, and when to-night I hurried home, thinking of the joy I should have at seeing them all again, I found the house deserted. Ah, my child, I thought I should go mad!"

It was plain that he believed his whole family was with us, for taking Jacques by the hand, he walked quickly into the dining-room. I followed, knowing that what I had to tell him would wrench his heart anew and trying to find words to ease the unexpected blow.

He entered the room with a buoyant step; but stopped, seeing only Grandpère, and turned a disappointed face to me.

"Where are my wife and Heloise?" he asked.

"They started for Orléans, Monsieur Barton," I replied, wishing to relieve his anxiety at once; "they must be there by this time."

"But why did they leave Jacques?"

"He was lost on the road and found his way back to us."

Captain Barton stared at me a moment, then looked down at the boy, and I saw tears gather in his eyes.

"Ah, the poor maman! how she will be heart-sick!" he murmured.

"I would have sent her word, Monsieur," I went on, "but the Germans came —and I did not know her address in Orléans.

"I will go and try to telephone her sister in Orléans," Monsieur Barton exclaimed, starting toward the door; "that is where she would have gone?"

"Yes, Monsieur, so she said," I replied; and he hurried away, promising to return again at once.

I went back to the dining-room after seeing the captain out, to find Grandpère puzzling his head about our visitor.

"He is, of course, the father of Jacques," Grandpère said at once; "that was plain. But I have never seen him before, have I?"

"Why yes, Grandpère, often and often," I explained. "He is Papa's best friend. He and Monsieur Paul Barton were boys—"

"Now I know!" cried Grandpère, "Paul Barton, of course! What a funny thing my poor brain is. When you said 'Paul,' it was as if a curtain had been snatched away, letting in the light."

We talked further about this, until Grandpère's recollections became quite clear about all the Bartons. It was in this way that his memory of past events returned to him.

Monsieur Barton did not come back until after more than an hour had passed, and when I looked at him I knew that he brought no good news.

"Madame's sister has heard nothing of them," he said at once. "I had great difficulty in getting a connection, and then only to find that Madame and Heloise are not in Orléans. What can have happened?"

He sat down heavily in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"I am sure they are all right, Papa," came the voice of little Jacques. "I dreamed of Maman last night, and she spoke to me and promised that I should see her soon. Heloise was with her, and —and—it was a very nice dream, but I cannot remember all that happened. Still, I am sure it will be all right."

It was bravely said, and the captain took his son in his arms, smiling for the first time since his disappointment.

"Paul," Grandpère remarked, with calm assurance, "I think you need not worry unduly about them. They are far from the Germans, and among the French they are safe."

It was plain that Monsieur Barton was greatly surprised at the way in which Grandpère had spoken, and this diversion made him forget, for a time, his own anxieties; but out of politeness, he tried not to appear to notice any change.

"You are right, Monsieur," he answered. "I am confident they are safe somewhere. I was not quite myself for a moment. I have been looking forward with such pleasure to seeing them—and then when I found them gone, and knew that the *Boches* had been in Rheims! Ah, Monsieur, it was a shock! These Germans are not human."

"I remember them in 1870," Grandpère answered gravely, with the intention of diverting Monsieur Barton for the moment.

"To-day they are a thousand times worse!" the captain burst out passionately. "Nothing can compare with the things they have done in this war. I myself have seen unbelievable cruelties. After all, I have no personal cause to complain; my wife and daughter are there," and he pointed to the south.

"But," he continued, "think what must be the feelings of the Frenchmen whose homes are in the north, where the *sales Boches* have set their feet. Ah, *mon Colonel,* it is not hard to die for France; but to live, knowing that those we love are at the mercy of the Germans—that is a pain more bitter than death."

The talk continued, and at last, with growing wonder at the change in Grandpère, Monsieur Barton could no longer conceal his astonishment.

"But, Colonel de Martigny," he said, "you will pardon me, I know, if I ask what has happened since last I saw you?"

"I have waked from a long sleep, Paul," Grandpère answered with a smile.

"It is wonderful!" the captain exclaimed. "It is like coming back after a long absence."

"Yes, and finding everything much the same," replied Grandpère.

"Are there not many changes in forty years?"

"Not in the things that count most in the world, Paul." Grandpère spoke with a serious note in his voice. "I cannot help thinking, sometimes, that I have been very fortunate. My reason left me when France was bowed in deep humiliation; it returns to me on the eve of her triumph. Of the years that have intervened, I can see no cause to regret that they are blank to me; for although many things of which I am ignorant have changed in the world, I find the spirit of France unchanged. In that I am greatly rejoiced. France lives —will live. *Vive la France!*"

We shouted the words after him, the voice of little Jacques being the loudest in the room; and there came into all our hearts a renewed resolution to face what was before us in the same steadfast spirit in which Grandpère had spoken.

It had grown late, and Captain Barton was forced to leave us; but he wore a smile when he went away.

I did not see him again for a long time. His regiment was ordered out of Rheims that night, but he sent a letter thanking us for the care we had given his little son and for putting hope into his heart.

CHAPTER XIII

September 19, 1914

It was evident, next morning, that the enemy were making a determined stand on the outskirts of Rheims. The action raged all night, and when daylight came it seemed to redouble in violence. Now and then a great shell would explode somewhere in the town, and this would be a signal for clanging bells, as the fire apparatus drove madly to the scene.

I stayed quietly at home all day. It was just possible that Papa might find an opportunity to come in, if only for a moment, and I did not wish to run the risk of missing him; but Grandpère went out early, intent upon finding a place for himself in the army as quickly as possible, for the raging conflict fired his patriotism and he longed to be in the thick of it. He returned for *déjeuner* but left again almost immediately after, saying that he hoped to be received by an officer in high command early in the afternoon.

That night Papa had dinner with us, and again there was talk of our leaving Rheims.

"No man can tell what the Germans may do," my father said. "I doubt very much if we can drive them back for some time to come; and so long as the city is under their guns, you are all in danger."

"And there you are right, Monsieur Louis," Eugénie agreed, stopping in front of him as she pottered about the dining-room. "Had they followed my advice, they would have gone long ago."

"Nothing has happened to us yet," I protested.

"That was all the *bonne fortune,*" Eugénie retorted. "The *Boches* are biding their time. They will yet do all the injury in their power. For one thing, they know that we love the cathedral as a mother loves her child; therefore they will kill it if they can."

"Trust you to believe the worst of them, Eugénie," Papa laughed.

"I have seen the best and worst of them, Monsieur Louis," she snapped back, "and there is little to choose between. Think of the most evil thing that could happen, Monsieur, then count upon the *Boches* to do that thing—and more! Mademoiselle and little Jacques should not stay another day in Rheims."

"I agree with Eugénie," Grandpère said slowly. "We must all leave here. I am convinced that I shall have to go to Paris in order to find employment in the army. The officers here will give me no duty. They tell me, politely, that I am old and out of date."

"You have done your share for France, *mon père,*" said Father, consolingly.

"One's share for one's country is his life, *mon fils.* I am still alive." Grandpère nodded his head solemnly. "Somewhere there must be a place for me, and I shall seek till I find it. Let me see," he went on, as if he had come to a definite decision, "this is Thursday evening. We shall all go to Paris together as soon as possible. Can you be ready by Monday morning, Eugénie?"

"Mademoiselle will be ready, Monsieur," she answered evasively.

"And you?" Grandpère questioned.

The old nurse took a step nearer and fronted Grandpère with her hands upon her hips. She knew, and we guessed, that a struggle of wills was at hand.

"*Monsieur le Colonel,*" she began, "do you figure to yourself that I shall run away? I shall stay in Rheims until the *Boches* are driven from Alsace; and I shall live to see it. Whether it will be to-day or to-morrow I cannot tell, but I shall stay here until that time."

It would be useless to write of the efforts we all made to persuade her to alter her mind. We coaxed, begged, commanded. She turned a deaf ear to all our pleadings—and she stayed in Rheims.

But the matter of our departure was settled. Knowing that Papa would be greatly relieved to have us farther away from the battle-front, I was ready enough to go, and next morning set to work to close up the greater part of the house. Julie promised to stay with Eugénie as long as she had the courage.

"She can go to her family in Epernay whenever she wants," Eugénie said, indifferently, seeming quite ready to remain entirely alone if the need arose.

The whole of Friday I spent indoors, putting things away, covering furniture, packing linen and doing a hundred other things. By nightfall I was so tired that I dropped off to sleep almost as quickly as my head touched the pillow.

But the next morning, when I awoke, the grim noises of the battle, which had been raging continuously, seemed more intense, and I listened for a time, sick at heart. The threat against the cathedral was always in my mind, and I was relieved to note that the explosions were not in that direction. Perhaps, after all, even the *Boches* would spare it.

Grandpère went out that day as usual. I accompanied him to the front door to say good-by, and we stood a moment in silence. The artillery of both sides was more constant than I had ever heard it, and there seemed a breathlessness in the air like that which often precedes a thunder-storm. I noted that Grandpère was preoccupied; and, as I kissed him, he kept an arm about me for a moment.

"I shall feel easier when thou art out of Rheims, my dear," he remarked, then with a smile, hurried off.

That was all he said, but it left me with a sense of oncoming danger. Again there was a tightening of my heart-strings, and I thought of my papa and of all the brave men of France, many of whom must be dying amid this storm of bursting shells.

But these things we did not permit our minds to dwell upon. To do so would have sapped our courage, and we had need of every bit we possessed. I busied myself to the utmost; but try as I would to keep my attention upon what I was doing, I would catch myself listening to the dreadful noises that seemed, this day, to surpass anything that I had experienced theretofore. Nor could I rid myself of the feeling that something appalling was about to happen.

The morning passed very slowly. Grandpère came in to *déjeuner* more silent than usual, and went away again immediately after. I continued with my tasks, striving to free my mind from this unexplainable anxiety, but with little success. Eugénie went about her work with tight lips, talking of nothing but the packing or scolding poor Julie.

As the afternoon wore on, the crashing explosions came nearer, and I no longer tried to convince myself that the Germans were confining their fire to the battle-line.

"I believe they are shelling the city, Eugénie!" I cried out at last.

"Maybe," she muttered. "We cannot help it, Mademoiselle."

This was true, of course; but her answer was not consoling nor did it encourage conversation, and for a time I was silent.

Then, in the midst of a very hurricane of explosions, Madame Garnier came in, pale with terror.

"They are blowing up the cathedral!" she cried, tears running down her cheeks. "They are raining shell after shell upon it. To-morrow there will be no Cathedral de Notre Dame in Rheims."

What I had been dreading all day had come to pass. The bitter things that Eugénie had said of the *Boches* were proving true. Nothing was sacred to them. They spared neither the peasant's hut nor the most beautiful building in the world. With a pang of sorrow, I remembered the carven figure of my dear Sainte Jeanne. Would I never kneel before it again? A sudden hot anger filled me and, without a word to any one of my purpose, I hastened down the stairs, vowing to myself that, come what might, the image I so loved should be saved. A moment later I was in the street running toward the great cathedral.

(To be continued)



Photograph by Peter A. Juley

"CHARLOTTE," PAINTED BY F. E. CHURCH

BLUE MAGIC

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

CHAPTER VII

"PASTURES NEW"

WHEN Fen first awoke he was puzzled by a dominant throbbing sound. Then he realized that it was the engine, and saw the pale river-banks slipping past the port-hole. And his first thought was not one of excitement, that he should be once more outward bound, but of desolation, that he should not see Siddereticus again.

The impression of the evening before was still very strong, and he longed to be able to stop Larry's ceaseless babble about the picnic. At breakfast, Jackson, the colored steward, approached Fen, holding a small package rather gingerly.

"For you, Massa Fen," said the man. "Dis mawnin' early come a black man—black man wid a black *mus*-tash, and one ob dem fezzies on. He said, 'Gib dis to young Fen Effendi,—he know.' I say, '*I* ain't offended nobuddy.' But I tuk dis yer little passel, though I done distrus' sech a lookin' man. I thought mebbe—"

"That 's quite enough, Jackson," said Mrs. Norvell, from behind the coffee-urn.

"'Scuse me, missis, 'scuse me!" muttered Jackson, withdrawing, "Jest 'splainin'—"

Fen tucked the package beside him, whither the eyes of his cousins followed it.

"Is it from your Djinn? Are n't you going to even look at it?" they demanded in chorus.

"I know perfitly well what 's in it," said Fen, imperturbably.

The first moment he was alone, however, he opened the parcel, which contained, sure enough, the little black box with the blue figure in it—quite whole again. There was also a little slip of thin paper, on which was printed in round black letters, quite easy to read:

"HIS NAME IS THOTH. AMONG OTHER THINGS, HE IS GOD OF MAGIC."

Meanwhile, the engines churned on steadily, and the monotonous Nile banks slipped as steadily astern.

The amulet certainly fulfilled its mission during the days which followed, since Sally and Larry were present almost all the time.

But sometimes Fen grew very tired, watching their boundless energy and listening to their far from inspiring conversation with each other. Very often he longed to be alone with Siddereticus; and often, when Larry was asleep, he talked to Thoth, whom he had installed on a little shelf beside his bed.

When at last the yacht left the Nile, and, having touched at Alexandria for supplies, breasted out once more into the Mediterranean, Fen gave up all hope of seeing again his dear Djinn, whom he somehow thought of as being inseparable from Egypt. The bracing sting of the sea wind and the sight of the high, blue waves running past was very welcome after the sluggish Nile and the heat of the Egyptian sun. Fen grew a little stronger, and a faint color tinged his cheeks.

The weather was unusually fair, and day followed blue day as the yacht passed Crete, skirted up the Grecian coast, and went through the Strait of Otranto into the Adriatic, bound for Venice. There was the usual monotonous routine of a sea voyage. Sally and Larry played hop-scotch on the deck and climbed into places where they were n't allowed to climb; while Mrs. Norvell read or sewed under the awning beside Fen. They did not talk a great deal.

"He always seems to be so perfectly contented with his own thoughts that I rather hate to intrude on them," she told her husband. "He sits for hours looking out to sea without moving a muscle, and then suddenly turns around and looks right through me, and asks some extraordinary question."

She was often puzzled by her son, and because she had never learned to touch the responsive chords in him, she really understood him very little.

"He 's such an un-get-*at*-able person, somehow," she complained to his father.

Then one evening, just at sunset, they entered the Porto di Lido, threading among the outer islands, and came to anchor in the great lagoon. Far off, outlined against the saffron sky, lay Venice, with its tumbled silhouette of domes and campaniles. Lights were coming out in clusters along the water-front, and glancing here and there across the shimmering lagoon.

Fen begged so hard to sit up a little later than usual that he was allowed to stay on deck until the sunset glow had faded and the sky had paled and then deepened to dusk.

"It 's a much beautifuller place to look at than Egypt," he thought as he fell asleep. "Oh, if Siddereticus were only here to tell me things—he makes everything be diff'rent, somehow."

It was the next afternoon that Sally dropped breathless into a chair beside Fen.

"Tell me about it, tell me *all* about everything—oh, please!" he begged.

"Oh, I *can't!*" said Sally. "Oh, it was *wonderful*—you can't even imagine it, Fen! Most all the streets are water, and we went around in one of those boat-things — what 's-their-names?—gondolas; and Larry wants to live there always, so 's he can fish out of the windows."

Larry, appearing over the side just then, spoke for himself.

"Really, you could, you know, Fen. Just hang a line out of the window and catch fishes. An' you 'd have to stand on the door-step an' call a boat, 'stead of a taxi. Would n't it be fun, though?"

"But tell me *all* about it," pleaded their cousin, "*every*thing you saw."

"I *can't,*" insisted Sally; "there was such a lot,—lots of old palaces and churches and things,—simply heaps of 'em!"

"Siddereticus could tell me," thought Fen, wistfully.

There followed a week fraught with exciting expeditions ashore for the active members of the party, and with fruitless questioning for Fen, who was forced to content himself with the sight of the lagoon, busy with plying barges and gondolas and bright with orange-painted sails. And just too far away to distinguish anything clearly, Venice lay like the opalescent mirage of a fairy city.

Late one afternoon a big yawl, her shining sails spread like wings to the fresh breeze, stooped into the lagoon and anchored at some distance from the yacht. Norvell's attention was momentarily drawn to her, as she was unlike the other sailing-craft in the harbor.

"Looks like an American boat," he said, marine-glass in hand. "Wonder how she got here?" He did not waste much time or thought over the problem, however, and the yawl was quickly forgotten, almost lost to sight among the shipping of which the lagoon was full.

"You really *must* go to bed, my dear," said Fen's mother, "Here 's Father now —he 'll carry you down."

"Please," begged Fen, "Just a few minutes more! I—I feel as if it was sort of special, to-night. The lights are so nice—an' please, if you *don't* mind, I 'd rather be all alone."

"Well," said his mother, "five minutes —but not more than that. Is n't it queer, Hal?" she added, as she walked toward the bow with her husband. "I never heard of *children* wanting to be alone to watch things, the way he does."

A dark figure slipped quietly into a chair beside Fen, and a low voice remarked:

"I came to kiss you good-night, *mio caro.*"

"Oh, *oh!*" whispered Fen. "I did n't think it would really work! The lights were so lovely, an' everything was so still, an' I just held the amulet an' said, 'Come, *dear* Siddereticus' over an' over—an' you *did* come! I wanted you so awfully," he said, with just the shadow of a break in his voice.

"Of course I came!" said Siddereticus, blithely, "You never can tell what amulets

will do. But I think your five minutes are nearly gone."

"How did you know about a five minutes?" said Fen. "You are n't *going,* are you? Oh, I want you so to tell me all about Venice things."

"Not to-night. I could n't *tell* you, anyway. You *have* to see it."

Fen's lip quivered a little.

"But I could n't," he faltered, "Oh I *did* think *you* could tell me!"

"I came to carry you to bed," said Siddereticus, as he gathered Fen into his arms, "not to talk about Venice."

"It seems, now, as if you had n't ever been away," murmured the little boy, his head against the Djinn's broad shoulder.

Fen's chair was empty when his mother and father returned to it, and for a moment they were dumfounded.

"I suppose Mammy took him," said Norvell; and then, all at once, "Upon my word, Thornton, is it you?"

"Even I — Siddereticus," said a tall figure that loomed toward them out of the dusk.



"'WH—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?' BREATHED FEN." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"THEN I have your consent, Mrs. Norvell?" Thornton asked, as he stood ready to take his leave, some little time later.

"Well—yes," she replied, "I really don't see how it could do any harm, as you speak of it, though I never should have thought of it as possible; and it 's really too kind of you, Mr.—er—Siddereticus."

CHAPTER VIII

THE MIRACLE

ALL the next morning Fen waited and watched for Siddereticus. Every sound put him on the alert, thinking it might be some manifestation of the Djinn, but lunch-time came with no sign of him, and Fen was disconsolate. It was immediately after luncheon, and four bells had just struck, when there was some little commotion at the yacht's side. The next instant Siddereticus stood on the deck, clad in white, with a red sash and striped Neapolitan cap. He swept Fen a low bow, and said: *"Ho l'onore d'augurarle il buon giorno. Come sta da ieri in qua?"* At which Sally and Larry, who were standing in awe at some distance, opened their eyes very wide indeed.

"Please don't," said Fen; "I like real talking better."

"I was just wishing you a good day and inquiring after your health," said Siddereticus, "The *signor* looks very nice to-day," he added, regarding the russet smock and the pathetically unworn tan shoes.

The color flew to Fen's cheeks for an instant.

"I don't believe you ever saw me with proper clothes on, before," he said shyly, "I 'm lots better now."

"Well enough to go with me across the waters to Venezia?" asked Siddereticus, with a sweep of his arm toward the clustered city.

"Wh—what do you mean?" breathed Fen.

"What I say. If you think it won't make you too tired, I 'll invoke a gondola here and now, and we 'll go and lose ourselves in far canals."

The look in Fen's eyes was answer enough.

The Djinn faced toward the lagoon and stretched forth his arms. He clapped his hands slowly three times, and then drew three circles in the air with his finger, while his lips moved in some sort of silent incantation. Then turning, he said: "There ought to be a gondola there now. Sally, go thou and look over the rail and see. I think that was the proper invocation."

Sally did as he bade her, and returned wide-eyed.

"There *is* a gondola there," she said solemnly, "a sure-enough one with a gondolier and all."

"Go, then, Sally,—may the birds of the air lend thee wings,—and fetch me the hat and coat of the *signor illustrissimo.*"

Sally, much impressed at being addressed thus, fled to the cabin and shortly returned with the coat and hat. Siddereticus gathered Fen up, and turned to incline his head gravely to the children.

"Addio, signor e signorina," said he, as he disappeared over the side.

In the midst of his own overwhelming joy, Fen whispered suddenly to the Djinn, "Do you s'pose—do you think they mind awfully, not going?"

Siddereticus smothered an exclamation and said: "Sally and Larry have been several times before, and are probably going again. This is our private expedition, and—I 'm *your* private Djinn."

So Fen, conscience-clear, gave himself up to the unbelievable joy of it all. The gondola, with Fen comfortably settled among the cushions, and Siddereticus beside him, slid away from the yacht and was soon threading its way among the craft in the lagoon. There was a soft warm breeze, and the moving, glittering water was spangled with golden sunflecks. The gondola neared the waterfront, and drifted slowly past the Piazzetta, whose marble steps were washed by the ever-present sea. There a whole flotilla of gondolas was moored, while others flashed about the bay and disappeared into the openings of countless canals.

Fen did not know on which side to look. Following the sweep of Siddereticus' arm, he saw the Ducal Palace, with its serried rows of beautiful arches, and before it the winged Lion of St. Mark's, looking down from his towering pedestal upon the crowded Piazzetta. Behind, there was a glimpse of San Marco itself —a bewildering ecstasy of carven porches and gleaming pillars, with statued saints and sculptured figures, while above its portals pranced the four great bronze horses in immortal splendor.

But on every side loveliness sprang from the water. The clustered domes of San Giorgio Maggiore, and its tower, rose on another island, while farther on lay Santa Maria della Salute, crowned with ruddy light. The boat was now in the full sweep of the Grand Canal, weaving among the myriad other gondolas and barcas. On every hand stood rosy and white palaces, their doorways enriched with precious porphyry and serpentine, with mosaic and gold, all grayed and mottled by time. Their multitude of delicate columns and trefoiled windows rose against a sky unutterably soft and tender, and the water which washed their feet reflected in wavering lines and masses the sunlit marble and the glorious blue.

"See here," said Siddereticus, as he laid his hand over Fen's, which was trembling, "this won't do at all. If you 're going to get so much excited, we 'll have to go back to the yacht this instant."

"Oh, *please!*" cried Fen, "I won't get excited—I 'm *not* excited,—but it—it 's *too* wonderful!"

"Yes," agreed Siddereticus, "it is too wonderful. We 'll seek a dark and remote canal, where it 's not so full of light and color and splendor."

He gave an order to the gondolier, who, with a mellow assent, swept the gondola into one of the quieter water-streets which joined the busy Grand Canal.

Here all was dim and quiet. The dark, leaning houses shadowed the water, their carved balconies hung over it, and it washed their slippery green steps without a sound. Here and there, over a high, crumbling wall, flowering vines festooned themselves, reaching their bright blossoms toward the dark waters.

All the afternoon the gondola glided almost noiselessly through the tortuous windings of obscure canals, under silent bridges, and between forgotten palaces that had long ago outlived their glory.

Fen lay very still, his hand in that of Siddereticus. He said little, but now and then he looked up for an instant into the face above him, and they understood each other, without words.

The sunset light began to reach through every opening in the canal and laid ruddy fingers here and there upon the waters. The gondola had reached a spot where the canal widened a little and a tall mooring-post rose slanting from the water. At a word from Siddereticus the gondolier brought his boat up beside the post and made it fast. Fen looked rather perplexed as Siddereticus reached back into the gondola and brought out a portly basket.

"I thought this would be rather a good place for supper," said he.

"*Supper!*" gasped Fen, "Are you—are we—"

"We most certainly are," said the Djinn, as he set up the spirit-lamp and lighted it.

The sunset glow could hardly penetrate the depths of the little canal, and the lamp in the gondola made a strange, flickering light. All about, the dusky water lapped almost inaudibly; the dim houses seemed to tower gigantically in the gloom. Everything was very still. Once or twice a shadowy gondola passed, swinging its way down the canal, but there was no other sound, no other movement. Who could tell what was hidden within those somber houses, what was happening behind those blank, arched windows?

The supper was eaten in silence, and the strange setting seemed to give it a mystic air of unreality. The bread and butter and cambric tea were changed to magic food. Fen held his breath and dared not believe, even yet, that it was all true, and not some sort of very wonderful dream.

When tea was over, and the gondolier had politely refused the sandwiches Siddereticus had offered him at Fen's suggestion, the gondola buried itself once more in the dim lanes. Now and then a single street-lamp, high above the water, threw a trembling reflection into the black depths. There was not a sound, except the ripple of the oar through the water, and the weird, melancholy *"Giaé! Giaé!"* of the gondolier as he rounded the sharp turns. In and out the boat wove through a bewildering labyrinth of narrow ways, under ancient walls and high, grated windows, into the velvet shadow of a bridge, then out again to slip beside the water-worn steps of some palace invisible in the gloom. Then suddenly it swung into open water, and there, swimming with light, was the Piazzetta, the water before it molten gold with reflections, the air vibrant with distant music and the clatter of the happy crowd.

The gondola left the sheltered water and headed into the wide darkness, where a myriad distant lights danced on the anchored vessels. Farther and farther away gleamed Venice, like a great luminous procession of tapers across the water; fainter and more faint grew the snatches of music from the Piazza.

Fen was almost asleep when the gondola slid up beside the yacht; but as Siddereticus lifted him, he whispered:

"How do you say 'thank you' to him and tell him how much you liked it?"

Siddereticus whispered in turn, and

Fen, looking down at the gondolier from the height of the young man's arms, smiled adorably and said:

"Grazie! Grazie!" at which the delighted boatman clasped his hands and poured forth a torrent of ecstatic jargon until Fen and Siddereticus reached the deck.

"Well you *are* late!" said Sally. "Larry 's in bed. How 'd you like it?"

"Hold thy peace!" said Siddereticus, with a black scowl.

He laid the little boy gently on his bed, but Fen's arms stayed about his neck.

"I—I can't say anything—" Fen whispered. "I—could you understand? I—"

"I understand perfectly, *carissimo,*" said Siddereticus, as he kissed him.

CHAPTER IX

UP ANCHOR

The Norvells, with the exception of Fen, went ashore the next morning to wander for the last time in the Piazza, as they were to sail on the following day. Fen could tell them nothing of his expedition.

"I see now perfitly well why you could n't tell me about it," he said to Sally.

He sat following in imagination the somber windings of a canal, when a soft *"Buono giorno, caro mio,"* at his side, made him open his eyes instantly.

"You 're to sit quietly and not talk much," said Siddereticus; "because you 're tired after so much gondola-ing. What 's that box on your lap?"

"What box?" asked Fen, looking down, "Where did it come from? It 's not mine."

"It must be—it was in your lap. Come, don't tell me that you don't know your own boxes. What 's inside?"

"I don't know," said Fen. "Really, I never saw it before. Do you think I 'd better open it?"

"Of course," said Siddereticus; and Fen undid the little plaited grass string which fastened the box, and lifted the lid.

Within, on soft cotton, lay two tiny glass vases. They seemed like soap-bubbles, they were so thin, so opalescent, faintly penciled with yellowish lines.

"Are they real?" whispered Fen; "could you touch them?"

Siddereticus took one out by its thread-like handle, and against the light it seemed almost to disappear, a filmy opal bubble.

"Where did the lovely, lovely things *come* from?" asked Fen. "Whose are they?"

"Yours, apparently. It 's very queer that you should n't remember your own things, I must say. Let 's put them here, where the light makes such pretty colors in them. Now," he said, having arranged them satisfactorily, "tell me when you leave Venezia."

"We sail to-morrow afternoon," said Fen, with his eyes on the iridescent bubbles. "We 're going around to Capri to pick up my Aunt Cynthia, and then we 're going to stay at Naples for a while."

"What 's your Aunt Cynthia like?" asked Siddereticus.

"I don't know," said Fen. "I only saw her when I was very little, before she went abroad, an' I don't remember. She 's quite old, though," he added.

Siddereticus, to whose mind the name of Cynthia had called a charming picture, immediately visualized, instead, an elder sister of Norvell, a middle-aged maiden lady, with eye-glasses and a determined air.

"An' there 's something," Fen went on hastily and rather shyly, "that I did want to ask you about, because I think you 'd know. My aunt saw me ever so long ago, when I was quite little, you know; she—never saw me after I was—like this; an' I don't know whether she knows, or not. Do you—suppose she could like me, just the same?"

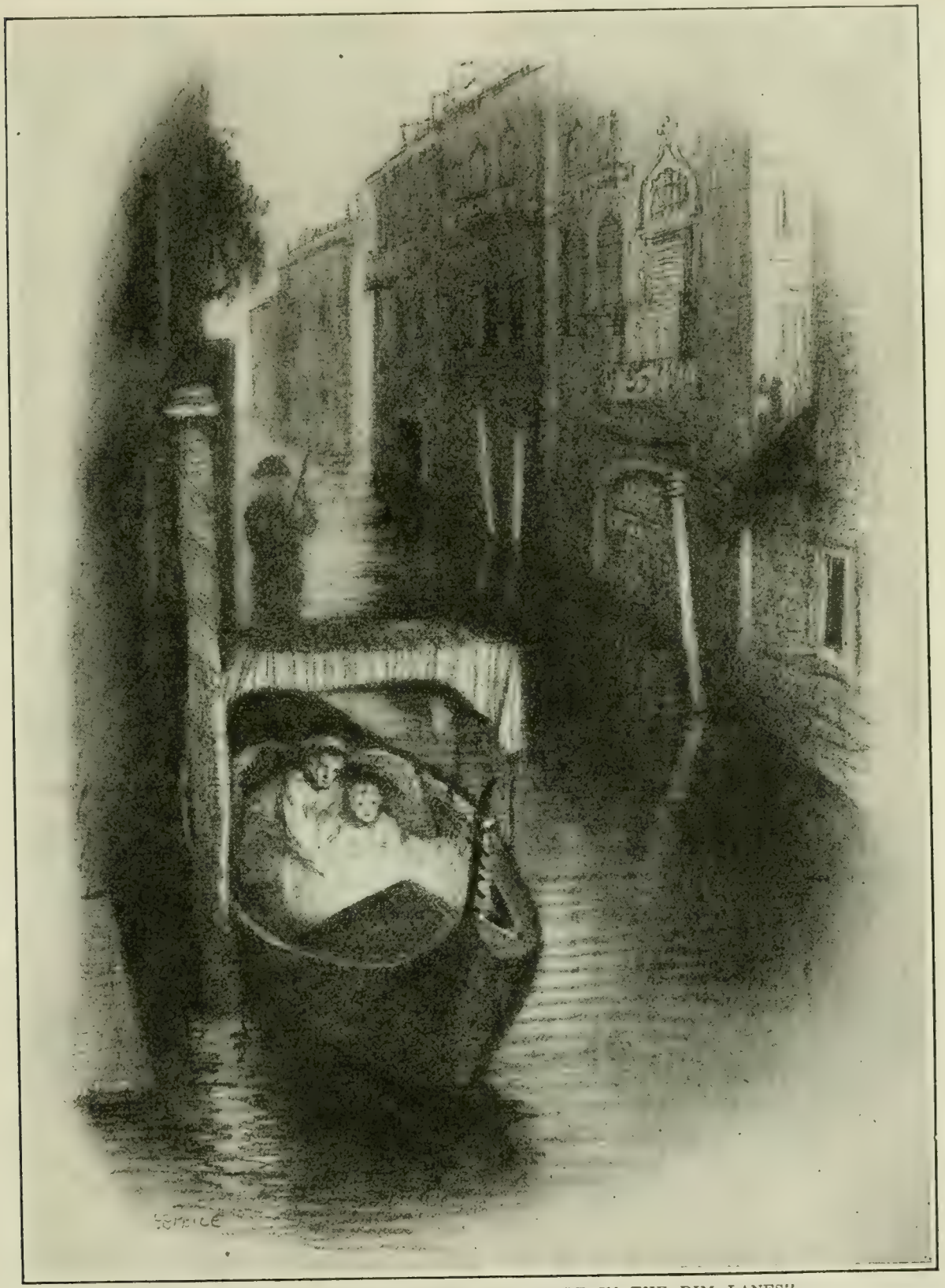
He stopped, with his cheeks flaming, and Siddereticus patted his hand.

"You need n't worry yourself about that, my Fen," he said; "if she 's the right sort of an aunty, it won't make one bit of difference—in fact, she 'll love you all the more."

Early that afternoon a big yawl spread her sails, swinging out of the lagoon with a favorable wind, and the next day, at three o'clock, the yacht steamed out

through the Porto di Malamocco into the Adriatic, and down the coast.

The weather continued fair, and the yacht encountered no storms as she passed again through the Strait of Otranto and rounded Cape Santa Maria di Leuca. Fen had carefully put the Venetian glasses on either side of Thoth, the three together making for him a sort of shrine. The voyage was uneventful, with the exception of some passing commotion caused by Larry's hurling himself against the corner of a berth one day during a slight blow and cutting a gash in his forehead. But the excitement quickly subsided, and life again followed the usual routine, though Larry's unconcealed pride in the bandage above his eye became tiresome.



"THE GONDOLA BURIED ITSELF ONCE MORE IN THE DIM LANES"

CHAPTER X

THE FAR HILL

THERE were many long, idle hours when Fen lay in the deck-chair looking out across the Mediterranean and living over and over again all the wonderful days when Siddereticus had been with him. He had not forgotten the smallest incident in any one of the Djinn's visits—they were precious things that nothing, no one, could take away from him. Somehow their parting at Venice did not seem final. Fen felt none of the despair which had filled him when the yacht left the Nile—and Siddereticus—behind. He was confident that he would see him again this time; that whatever his magic way of travel was, it would bring him again, somehow. This confidence was so strong that it wrapped him in as comforting a security as though Siddereticus's arms were around him, holding him, keeping him sheltered and unafraid.

Fen smiled dreamily, gazing half unseeing at the far blue coast-line. Every day that horizon changed. At Venice it had been low and widespread, with great stretches of marsh and sandy flats, over which tiny iridescent waves tiptoed endlessly. But all this had vanished; the coast was high now, and ragged, with cliffs dropping sheer into the sea, and the greater shadows of dim blue peaks rising behind.

Since he had known Siddereticus and seen Venice, Fen found it easier to imagine almost anything. So that now, though Sally, who was re-stringing a broken chain of beads near by, certainly saw him lying there in his chair, he was really climbing one of those distant hills. Siddereticus, of course, was with him, and they were hand in hand. Curiously enough, the long, soft grass which brushed their feet with cool dew as they walked was not green, but blue—just the trembling blue of those far hills of the coast; and the ethereal summit toward which they climbed was like an amethyst. Perhaps it was an amethyst—a great single jewel, clear as water, and as fragrant as violets. Strange flowers grew on the mountain-side—pale, translucent flowers, whose centers glowed like the heart of a fire-opal. In the deep, pearly cup of each lay a little pool of dew which tasted like the most wonderful honey, but it was really melted starlight. They picked some of the flowers and made wreaths of them, and they ran and laughed. For Fen could run very fast—even up the mountain—even faster than Siddereticus. Their feet hardly touched the blue grass, and the transparent flowers sprang up again where they had passed.

Over the clear, amethyst rocks they climbed to the utmost summit. There they sat down, and a great wind out of the emptiness blew in their faces and sang in their ears. Below, a faint, moving mist hid the world; but Siddereticus stretched out his hand, and the great wind blew the mist aside. Through it shot up wide, golden rays of light, and little by little they could see—infinitely far below, but quite clear—cities and seas and rivers and forests. As they watched, the light faded, the golden rays spread and swam in a glorious afterglow, and twilight began to gather, green and penetrating. Stars came one by one out of hiding, like timid fireflies. All down the darkly purple side of the mountain mysterious lights began to glow and to clothe the whole cliff with a luminous carpet. It was the star-dew of the flowers beginning to shine in the dusk. The air was filled then with a tremulous music that was hardly music at all, it was so faint and threadlike—the silver twinkling of the stars.

Fen sat with his head against Siddereticus's knee, and he would have sat there always; but Siddereticus rose, and he was very tall on the mountain-top. The blue robe he wore shimmered against space, and his eyes glowed like the opal dew of the hill flowers. He gazed at Fen very gravely and kissed him. Then he said:

"I must leave you, my Fen," and, turning, looked down the mountain.

And Fen looked, too. The great amethyst cliffs were jagged and cruel now, and the star-shine of the dew flickered

and paled. And Fen knew then that he would not be able to run down the mountain as he had run up—that he would not even be able to walk down—alone—so far, so far, to the world. He caught desperately at Siddereticus's robe; but it melted out of his hand, and he was left in utter darkness—alone.

There was a sort of crash, and, bewildered, he found Sally's arms around him. She was holding him rather tight, and her face was quite red.

"Fen! What *is* it! What *is* the matter!" she was gasping. The beads she had been stringing were rolling about the deck.

"I don't know," said Fen; "nothing. What did I do? You look awfully queer."

"*You* looked awfully queer!" said Sally. "Goodness, you frightened me, Fen! You 'd been asleep for ever so long, when all of a sudden you cried out, 'Oh, if you leave me here—alone—I—shall die!' and you nearly stood right up. I thought you were going to."

"I 'm sorry I frightened you," said Fen. "I was dreaming, I think. Sally! Your eyes are all wet!"

"They 're *not!*" replied Sally, hotly. "Here, lean back, now; is that pillow right? Gracious! Look at all my beads —all *over* the deck!"

But Fen was looking out to sea. Far-removed and tranquil lay the blue hills of the coast—unchanged, unchanging. Only the cobweb veil of distance lay between Fen and those mountain-sides where the gleaming flowers were now closed, each holding in its heart an opalescent drop of starlight.

He looked away again. Sally was gathering the scattered beads, and her cheeks were still flushed.

"I 'm awfully sorry I bothered you so, Sally," said Fen. "I wish I could help you pick them up."

And, to his infinite surprise, Sally jumped to her feet and kissed his cheek suddenly.

(To be continued)



"STORMBOUND!"

THE BOY VIGILANTES OF BELGIUM

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

CHAPTER V

UNDER LOCK AND KEY

"HALT!" a sharp voice commanded.

There was no need to give this order, for the boys were already prisoners in the cordon of soldiers that had surrounded them. A smart lieutenant came up and peered at them.

"Ach! Boys!" he sniffed in disgust; then, grinning, he added, "but big boys—all over fifteen!"

Bob faced him defiantly, and said:

"No, thirteen."

"That is for the commandant to say," was the sneering reply. "I shall put you down as fourteen. What is your name?"

He whipped out a note book, and under the nearest lamp began writing a description of Bob.

"Your name?" he snapped out again, when the boy hesitated. Torn between a desire to give a fictitious name and an inclination to escape by running away while the officer was off his guard, Bob hesitated another second. Then, realizing the futility of trying to conceal his identity, he replied boldly:

"Robert Lane!"

"Lane! Lane! Is it a German name? Was one of your parents German?"

"No!" exclaimed Bob, sullenly. "There 's no German blood in me. My mother was a Belgian, and my father an American."

"American!" The word came out viciously. "American!" he repeated, growing very red in the face. "They 're worse than the French or English. They are Yankee pigs. They think they can fight, but they 're bluffers—money-makers—little traders!"

"They can fight, you 'll find," interrupted Bob. "They 'll give the German troops a run for their money."

"Ach! Fight!" scornfully. "They 'll run the first time they hear our guns."

"How about Château-Thierry!" Bob interrupted boldly. "Did n't they fight and lick the Germans there?"

"Eh! What 's that? Château-Thierry?"

"And Belleau Woods!" continued Bob, defiantly, his anger up. "Did n't they drive your best troops out there?"

The surprise and anger of the officer threatened to bring on an attack of apoplexy. His veins swelled up and his face grew nearly purple with rage. But his prisoner was a boy, and he would treat him disdainfully.

"I know nothing about the places you speak of," he replied loftily, shrugging his shoulders. "There are no such places; and if the Yankee pigs are there, it must be far behind the lines, where German bullets can't reach them."

Bob laughed good-naturedly, for now that he had betrayed so much of the knowledge that had filtered in to him through his Vigilantes, he was boastful enough to want to go farther.

"Château-Thierry is right in the thickest part of the fighting," he replied, "and the Germans had to get out of it in a hurry when the Americans attacked them. Thousands of them were killed and wounded or captured."

"Americans, you mean!"

"No, Germans, and some of your best troops."

In his enthusiasm Bob had forgotten that he was talking to a German officer, and his knowledge of such intimate progress on the West Front suddenly aroused the other's suspicion. He leaned forward and glared at Bob. Then, with a heavy hand on his collar, he jerked him forward.

"A spy!" he hissed. "A young American spy! *Ach!* The brave American can repeat this to the commandant, and then—"

He waved his hands over his head, imitated the action of a firing-squad, and ended with the one word, *"Pouff!"*

Holding Bob by the collar, he turned to Egmont and Guy: "I shall not want you

to-night. The American spy is the one I was after. Go!"

Guy and Egmont remained stock-still, for it was not their nature to run when one of their companions was in trouble. Seeing their hesitation, the officer grumbled a word of command to the guard, who raised his bayonet and made as if to prod them with it. The boys stepped back a few paces, but did not run.

"Go on home, Egmont and Guy," Bob said. "I 'm in no danger. It 's all bluff."

"We don't want to leave you, Bob," replied Egmont.

"You can't do any good by staying. You 'll only get yourself into trouble. I don't mind spending a night in the guardhouse. In the morning they 'll release me."

Guy and Egmont reluctantly drew away, and finally disappeared in the shadows of a side street. Bob was led off by his captors and placed under lock and key for the night.

Events had followed one another so fast that his mind was too excited for sleep. He reviewed the day's work in the abandoned sewer, and exulted at the thought that the wires connected with the underground mines had been cut. If the Huns were ever forced to evacuate Brussels, they would attempt to blow up the square with the mines planted under the houses, but what would be their surprise when they refused to go off? Bob smiled to himself as he pictured their consternation.

Toward morning he finally fell asleep, and did not awaken until some time past daybreak. He was finally aroused by a guard, and, after a breakfast of the coarse prison fare, he was ordered to follow him. Curious and a little anxious as to his fate, he accompanied the guard through a long, dark corridor, and came out into a small room where an officer, with many decorations pinned to his breast, was awaiting him. The moment Bob appeared, the young Prussian who had arrested him came in by another door.

"Is this the American spy you arrested, Lieutenant?" the superior officer asked, turning to the other.

"Yes, he is the Yankee pig. He boasted of his knowledge, and—"

"He 's nothing but a youth—a mere boy," murmured the elderly officer.

"He 's old enough to work, and therefore old enough to be a dangerous enemy."

"All right. We 'll see what he knows."

Bob knew he was in for a quiz such as he had never been subjected to before. He recalled what he had heard of the third degree that the police used to give to prisoners back home. Would they resort to physical force, or depend chiefly on browbeating and threats?

The examination began in a leisurely way, and without any show of force or threats. Indeed, the superior officer assumed the attitude of one interested in him, smiling in a benevolent manner occasionally; but he took Bob's whole pedigree, an aide writing down the questions and answers with scrupulous care. When this preliminary had been finished, the officer turned to him and said:

"Now tell me what you said to Lieutenant Bohn last night."

Bob related all he could recall, repeating the conversation word for word. The officer made no comment until he was through. Then, twiddling stubby thumbs over his chest, he added:

"Now tell me how you knew all this. But be careful that you don't tell me a lie. I want nothing but the truth."

"Why, sir," Bob replied truthfully, and with an innocent expression in his blue eyes, "it 's common talk. Everybody knows it in Brussels."

"Everybody!"

"Nearly everybody—even the boys and girls."

The man scowled and twisted one end of his mustache into his mouth and began chewing it. He was both annoyed and troubled. Bob, fearing to be pressed too closely, suddenly thought of a way to divert suspicion from himself.

"Why, even *'La Libre Belgique'* says so," he added.

The effect of these words was instantaneous. The fatherly, benevolent expression on the officer's face disappeared, and

a look of rage succeeded it. He became red, and then purple. He rose from his seat and smashed his hand down so heavily upon the table that his aide, busily engaged in writing, jumped back in fright. Turning to the lieutenant, he thundered:

"That 's your spy—that paper! How many times have I ordered you to suppress it! Go and find it, and bring the owner of it to me! I have said so! Obey!"

His rage was fully justified, and in his heart Bob was laughing. *"La Libre Belgique"* was a Belgian newspaper that had been published secretly in Brussels ever since the invasion. A reward of five thousand, then ten, and finally fifteen, thousand dollars, had been offered to any one whose information would lead to the discovery of the editor and printer of it.

But the search had been in vain. Order after order had been issued to suppress it, but the sheet continued to appear more or less regularly, and was secretly distributed among the Belgians. The utmost effort of the German intelligence bureau had failed to unearth it.

In intimating that *"La Libre Belgique"* was the source of his information, Bob had effectually diverted suspicion from himself. A few minutes later he was dismissed and released; but as he left the prison and made his way outside, he was conscious of peering eyes following him. Were his footsteps shadowed by a spy for the purpose of locating what was more important to the German commandant—the discovery of the secret printing-place of the defiant newspaper? Bob smiled at the thought, and continued on his way to his cousin's home.

CHAPTER VI

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHATEAU

Egmont greeted Bob's coming with demonstrations of joy, for, all night long, not once had he closed his eyes in sleep.

"How did you escape, Bob?" he demanded.

"They let me go," was the laughing reply, "just as I expected. That young prig of a lieutenant had nothing on me."

"But tell me what happened," asked Egmont eagerly.

In a few words Bob related the incidents of the examination before the commandant, and then added: "That is n't the first time *'La Libre Belgique'* has helped our people in trouble. I wonder who publishes it, and how they manage to do it. Every German officer and private is on the lookout for the editor."

"Whoever he is, he 's a great patriot!" replied Egmont, enthusiastically. "I 'd like to congratulate him."

"Perhaps it 's just as well we don't know him," mused Bob. "I have reasons to believe that I 'm being shadowed, Egmont. They think I know the editor and where the paper is published. That 's why they let me off so easily. It was a ruse to make a bigger capture."

"Then we'd better keep away from our meeting-place for a few days. They might trace us to the abandoned sewer."

"Yes, we'll keep out of it for the present. Pass the word around to the boys that we 're being watched. We might make a trip outside the city, just to throw them off the trail. Let 's see—can't we visit that ruined château near Laeken? I 've always wanted to see it. There 's no German guard there now. It will be a sort of vacation in the country."

"Yes, but the Germans are at Laeken itself, at the king's summer palace. We don't want to go near that."

"I 'll keep away from them. I 've had enough of their company to last me for some time."

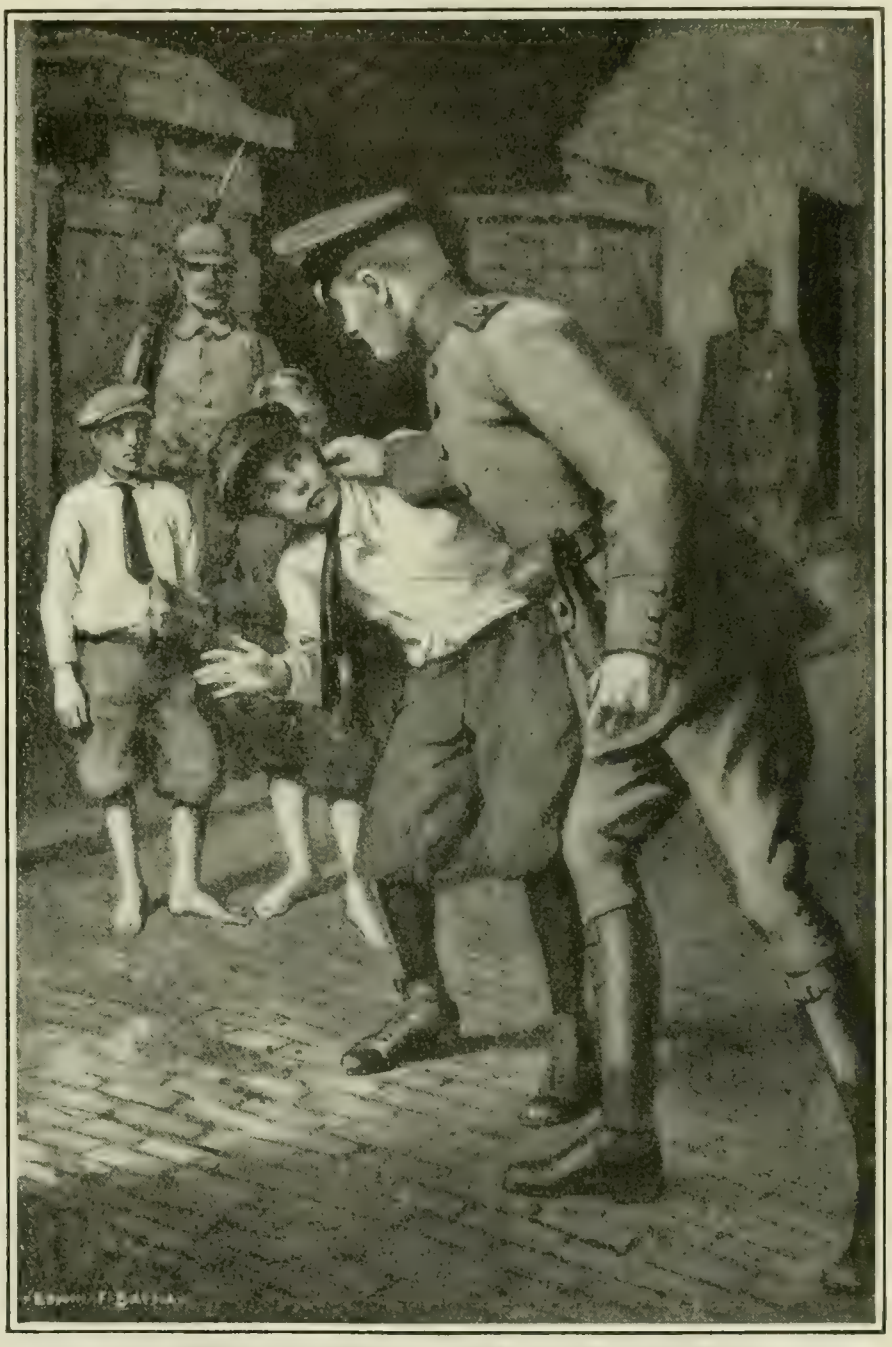
Laeken was a short distance from the suburbs of Brussels, and was noted chiefly as being the seat of King Albert's summer palace, perched on a hill overlooking the city. It was an imposing building of gray stone in the Renaissance style. The greenhouses surrounding it were erected by King Leopold, and before the war they were considered the largest and finest in Europe. One could stroll for miles through glass-covered walks.

The German high command had taken possession of the summer palace, and many of the greenhouses had been dismantled or

completely destroyed; but it was still an imposing and wonderful place. Beyond the splendid park of Laeken stretched a series of beautiful châteaus. One of these dated back several centuries, and its ruins were frequently visited by travelers.

Bob and Egmont, having decided to make a day of it in the country, they invited Guy to accompany them, and set out on their expedition early the following morning.

Once more they were care-free, rollicking boys, with no more serious thought on their minds than that of having a good time. They carried fish-lines and hooks in their pockets, although fishing was *"streng verbotten"*—strictly forbidden—in any of the streams or lakes by order of the German high command. But there was always the chance of slyly dropping a line in some obscure pool or hole and hauling out a good fish. The very fact that it was forbidden by the enemy of their country added zest and temptation to the sport.



"'A SPY!' HE HISSED. 'A YOUNG AMERICAN SPY!'"

The old ruins of the château were several miles beyond the king's summer palace, and outside of the park that inclosed it. Egmont knew a short cut across the fields and through the woods, which enabled them to reach it without encountering any sentries. Once among the trees they felt reasonably safe from prying eyes and soon reached the château.

After making a thorough investigation of the once turreted walls, and the moat surrounding them, now filled in with debris, they made their way into what had been the main hall of the château. Here an old pair of stone steps, in a better state of preservation than the walls, led downward, and the boys, bent on exploration, descended them, carefully picking their way. At the bottom they came to a cellarlike room, with sagging walls and half-demolished ceiling. They made their way gingerly across this to an arched passageway that seemed to lead still farther into the heart of the château.

"Where does this go?" asked Bob, peering into the dimness.

"There was an old dungeon down here," replied Egmont, "where they used

to keep prisoners. Nearly all of the old châteaux had dungeons underneath them. Later, they were turned into wine-cellars."

"Let 's see it," said Bob. "I was never in one before."

"Better not," his cousin warned. "The walls may fall in and bury you alive."

"Oh, if they 've stood all these years, I guess they won't cave in to-day," Bob retorted, entering the archway.

Egmont and Guy followed, for Bob's exploring curiosity was shared by them, and they were not going to stay behind on account of some fancied danger.

The archway opened into a long tunnel, whose walls were damp and musty. They had stumbled along this for some distance when they came to another short flight of stairs.

"I would n't go any farther," Egmont cautioned again. But Bob was already descending the stone steps, and at the bottom he called back: "Here 's another tunnel. Where does that go?"

"I don't know; but we 'd better go back."

"No, I 'm going on."

Then Bob stopped suddenly and cocked his head to one side. "Listen!" he whispered. " I thought I heard a noise."

"No, it was Guy's foot kicking a stone," replied his cousin.

Bob nodded, but remained listening. Then he found it was not so much a noise that had attracted his attention as a vibration of the floor on which they stood. It was so distant and muffled that it was scarcely perceptible, but when they remained perfectly still they could hear—or feel—it distinctly.

It was a series of jarring vibrations like the distant pounding of horses' hoofs on the earth.

"It comes from above us," Guy whispered, after a long pause.

"Yes, horsemen," replied Bob. "Do you suppose they have followed us, after all?"

They applied their ears to the walls and listened in silence for some time. The uncanny pounding continued, but strangely enough, seemed to come no nearer. Coupled with the darkness and the strangeness of their position, it would have racked the strongest nerves.

"Let 's go back," murmured Egmont.

"No," was Bob's stubborn answer, "I 'm going to find out what makes that noise. Come on."

Egmont grumbled, but followed, and Guy, with even more reluctance, brought up the rear. Creeping stealthily along, using the right wall as a guide, Bob led the way in the darkness. To their great surprise, the muffled noises and vibrations increased as they proceeded, until finally Guy and Egmont were as eager as their leader to explore the mystery. There was something strange and uncanny about it that piqued their curiosity, even while it frightened them.

Bob stumbled along blindly, for the floor in many places was littered with sharp stones and fallen mortar. The tunnel curved to the right, and, instead of rounding it, he struck against one side.

"Look out!" he whispered. "It turns here."

The moment they turned the curve, the muffled vibrations became so clear and distinct that the boys stopped in tense surprise. Whatever it was, they were close upon the solution of the mystery. Their hearts beat rapidly while they listened.

"It 's just ahead!" Bob whispered.

He started forward so eagerly that he tripped upon something in his pathway. The next moment he went plunging forward on hands and knees, landing with considerable force on the hard floor. With a grunt of pain and dismay, he lay there a moment, a little stunned by the fall.

"Are you hurt, Bob?" Egmont asked softly.

"No, not much. But listen! Where 's the noise? Do you hear it?"

All three remained absolutely quiet and motionless, their ears vainly trying to catch the sound that had led them onward like a will-o'-wisp. But it was deathly quiet in the tunnel, and the vibration had absolutely ceased. The silence was so startling that they dared scarcely breathe for fear of breaking it.

CHAPTER VII

PRISONERS

THE puzzling quiet that followed Bob's mishap was further accentuated by a queer sensation that somebody else was with them in the narrow passage, and that they were being watched by eyes that could see them through the darkness. Or, if eyes could not penetrate the intense gloom, at least ears could hear.

The pounding noises that had drawn them onward, and had now mysteriously ceased, were undoubtedly of human origin. Not one of the boys attributed anything supernatural to them, though the idea that they were caused by the pounding of hoofs on the earth above had long since been dismissed. They felt sure the sounds had come from somewhere in the underground passageway through which they had been crawling.

They waited a tense ten minutes, but nothing happened—not the slightest sound indicated the presence of any one in the tunnel. Finally, Bob could bear it no longer.

"I 'm going to strike a match," he announced. "There 's nothing to fear. Suppose it 's a German spy; he can't do any more than capture us, and we 've done nothing. Our presence here is n't a crime."

"No, but—" began his cousin, hesitatingly, and then stopped for lack of any good reason for objecting.

Bob accepted this as approval of his intention, and taking a match from his pocket, he struck it on the cover of the box. There was a brilliant flare which illumined the tunnel ahead; but it disclosed nothing but the moisture-dripping walls. When the wood of the match caught fire the light was dimmer, but steadier. Bob held it over his head to look around.

"There 's nothing here," he murmured. "I 'll go a little farther, and then strike another match."

But at this moment there came a sudden flash of light ahead that cut through the darkness like a searchlight, temporarily blinding and paralyzing them. Several dark forms shot forward, and before any of the boys could raise a hand to defend himself, they were borne to the earth and securely pinioned by powerful arms.

"Have you got all of them?" came a growling voice in front. "Be quite sure! Search the tunnel."

A series of lights flashed all around them, as dark figures leaped over the prostrate prisoners and began a hurried search of the passageway back of them. The lights and the figures gave a strange, uncanny aspect to the scene. In spite of their courage the boys trembled. They had no idea who the men were or their purpose there.

Their captors had trussed them up quickly, and put gags in their mouths so they could not speak. The lights disappeared around the curve in the tunnel, and for some time the darkness was as intense as before.

Five minutes later the men with the electric torches returned. "No one else," the first man reported.

"Then bring them in," replied the one who had spoken first.

In perfect silence their captors picked up the boys and carried them through the tunnel and into an underground chamber, which, as Egmont immediately recognized, and Bob suspected, had been the dungeon of the old château, and had been used later as a wine-cellar. It was a broad, moderately high chamber, hewn out of the solid rock, the only entrance to it being that through which the boys had been carried. The iron door that had once guarded the passageway had long since rusted off its hinges, but a new one, made of timber and braced with rough-hewn logs, had replaced it.

When this door was closed, and a thick beam placed in front of it, a huge kerosene lamp, suspended from the middle of the roof, was lighted and several smaller ones along the walls. It was not a brilliant illumination, but enough for the prisoners to inspect their surroundings.

At first they were more interested in the men about them. If they were Ger-

man spies, their dress did not indicate it. They were in civilian clothes—rough, stained jackets, trousers, and aprons; they had bearded faces and small, burning eyes, which constantly shifted from one of the prisoners to another.

The chamber was furnished in the strangest way. In fact, it might be said that it was n't furnished at all, for boxes were the only seats visible, and huddles of straw and blankets in the corners were the only signs of beds. There was a long table down the center, but it was littered with books and papers rather than with dishes and things to eat. A queer-looking machine stood in one corner, and rows of flat, shallow boxes were arranged near it. Not even Bob could make a guess as to their meaning.

The man who seemed to be the leader finally took a torch from one of his men and flashed it in the faces of the boys, studying their features under conditions more favorable to him than to his prisoners. He continued this for some time, frowning all the while.

"Boys!" he mumbled finally in disgust, "they 're not spies."

"Don't be too sure of that," murmured another bearded companion. "Spies are spies, whether boys or men."

The leader again stared searchingly at them. Now that his captives were boys, and not full-grown men, a good deal of the fierceness left his face, and his eyes twinkled. "Who are you?" he asked, nodding at Bob.

"Robert Lane," was the prompt reply. "And that 's my cousin Egmont d'Anethan," he added, speaking for them all. "And the other 's Guy d'Assches."

"Count d'Anethan's grandson?" queried the leader, indicating Egmont.

"Yes. If you 've lived in Belgium, you ought to know him—everybody does; and I 'm his American cousin."

The man's face changed slowly. The old fear and suspicion was succeeded by a look of friendliness. "Yes," he nodded; "I know Count d'Anethan quite well, and I 've heard of his two grandchildren."

He began stroking his shaggy beard in meditation. Then he asked, with a little return of his former suspicion: "What were you doing down here? What were you after in the tunnel?"

"Nothing, except to explore it," replied Bob, promptly. "Egmont said it led to the old dungeon of the ruined château, and I wanted to see it."

"Well, you see it now," was the smiling reply. He paused, and then continued: "It 's unfortunate that you stumbled in here. It puts us in a very difficult position. We don't want to hurt you or cause you discomfort, but for the sake of Belgium we have to do many things that we would not do at any other time. We have to consider the greater question of our country's welfare. Now, if we should release you, you would talk of what you had seen here, and—"

"Not if it 's for the cause of Belgium!" interrupted Bob. "We can keep a secret as well as any one."

The man shook his head sagely. "It would be dangerous to let you go. A German spy might overhear you talking of it, and then—" he waved his hand expressively over his head—"that would be the end of all our work."

Bob glanced around the rock-hewn chamber and recalled the muffled pounding and vibration that had drawn them on in their explorations. His eyes rested on the machine at one side of the chamber, and the shallow boxes standing near it. There was something familiar in both, and for a few moments his mind was busy trying to piece together disjointed facts. Suddenly his face cleared. He looked up triumphantly.

"I know now what you 're doing down here!" he exclaimed, not realizing the effect the words would have on his captors.

"What!" demanded the leader in a voice that suddenly lost all its friendliness.

"That 's a printing-press, is n't it?" Bob asked, "and those shallow boxes are type-cases. I was in a printing-office once, and—"

"Well, what of that?" asked the man, trying to appear indifferent.

"Nothing, except—except—"

"What?" snarled the other.

Bob hesitated to speak what was on his mind, but his suspicion had become almost a certainty, and it was impossible to hold it back.

"Don't you print *'La Libre Belgique'* down here?" he asked. "Yes," he added triumphantly, "and you must be the editor of it. The Huns have set a big price on your head. They 're looking everywhere for you. When I told the commandant I 'd read in your paper about the American soldiers coming in big numbers, he nearly had a fit. He said to the lieutenant that your paper was the spy, and not I. That 's how I got off."

"What are you talking about?" cut in the man, frowning.

Bob, realizing that his disjointed remarks were not very enlightening, quickly related the series of events that had led up to his arrest, confident that the editor of the only paper published in Brussels of Belgian origin would not betray him.

"Where did you get all your information about the Americans coming over, in such numbers? Was it just guesswork, or have you seen some of the English papers?"

"No, it was n't guesswork," replied Bob, slowly. "It came to me straight enough, and I know it 's true."

"Who told you?"

Bob hesitated a second, and then replied, smiling, "The Vigilantes!"

"Vigilantes! Who are they? I never heard of them." Then, scowling, the man added: "Is this some boyish fooling? If so, this is no place for it. Whether you know it or not, you 've got yourself into a serious predicament. We can't let you go now. The fate of too many good men depends upon it. We must hold you prisoners until we can move to another hiding-place."

(To be continued)



WHEN GREAT-GRANDMOTHER BOUGHT A VALENTINE.

BILLY OF THE "NEWS-HERALD"

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

"B-z-z-z-z-z!" That meant that the editor of the "News-Herald," the great New York newspaper, finger on buzzer, was calling Billy, the office-boy.

"Copy boy! Hurry up!" That was Pitts, the youngest reporter on the paper, to whom Billy was only hands and feet, calling him to rush the precious stuff Pitts had written.

"Hey, you! Bring me a ham sandwich! *Move!* You 're as slow as they make 'em!" That was Kelly, head of the "News-Herald" office-boys, addressing Billy.

As the three calls came at the same moment, there was no doubt in any one's mind as to where Billy was headed. But a fourth call reached him as he was hurrying by the elevator cage.

"Please, do you suppose the editor would see me just for a moment or two?"

Billy saw a timid young man with longish hair and dressed in a shabby suit. He had the air of expecting momentarily to be hustled to the street. Billy's heart went out to him. He knew just how the young man felt. Six months before, when Billy came to work as office-boy on the "News-Herald," he felt exactly the same way. Every one but the editor barked at him, and the editor's push-button buzzed at him like an angry hornet. If Billy's father had not died; if Billy's mother did not need his small earnings to keep their home together; if Billy himself had not set his heart on becoming some day a reporter, he would have fled the first day he came to the "News-Herald." But he stayed on. Fortunately, he soon found that the bark of most of the men in the office was worse than their bite; indeed, the only reason they barked at him was that they were always in a hurry. Every one in a big newspaper office is in a hurry. The only people who made Billy's work uncomfortable were Pitts, the "cub" reporter, who liked having some one he could order about, and Kelly, the head office-boy.

So Billy turned to the timid young man.

"What would you like to see the editor about?" Billy asked kindly.

"I have an invention with which you can speak from a moving object to some one hundreds of miles away without the use of wires," the young man said eagerly. "My name is Phineas Wetherby."

"All right, I 'll ask if the editor can see you," Billy said hastily.

He felt still more sorry for the young man now that he knew he must be one of those poor, queer "cranks" who haunt newspaper offices, but whom the editors never "see" because they are only cranks.

"Billy, take this paper to the city editor," the great man at the head of the paper said when Billy appeared.

"Yes, sir!" Billy said. "Please, will you see a poor young fellow who is outside and wants to talk to you?" Billy ventured. "He says he has an invention."

The editor did not even look up. "Tell Pitts to see him!"

With that the great man completely forgot Billy's young man.

Billy delivered the paper to the city editor, then went to Pitts.

"Mr. Morgan would like you to talk to a young man outside who wants to see him," Billy said.

Pitts knew if the editor referred a visitor to the youngest "cub" on the staff, the matter could not be of any importance. So Pitts called Kelly.

"See what that guy outside is like, and find out what he wants!" he said, with a bored air.

Kelly nodded and went out. Billy followed.

"Well?" said Kelly, surveying the young man, from his longish hair to his worn shoes.

The young man tried to explain. But Kelly's unfriendly look made it hard for him. Kelly went back to Pitts.

"He 's a 'nut'!" He tapped his forehead. "Says he 's got some sort of a machine that 'll talk a million miles away

without wires or anythin'. Wants to see the editor an' get money or somethin'."

"Tell him the editor is busy!" Pitts said, and Kelly strolled out to where the young man was waiting dispiritedly.

"Nothin' doin'!" Kelly said, dismissing him. "Hey, you!"—this was to Billy,—"Hurry up with the ham san'wich fer me! An' remember, lots of mustard! *Move!*"

Billy went down in the same cage with the young man. He could not help saying to him, when he saw the discouraged look on the other's face, "It 's a shame!"

"Oh, well, that 's the way everybody is!" The young man shrugged his shoulders. "If you have n't any money, you can't get any one even to listen to you."

Billy did not know what else to say but, "Have n't you any money?"

Phineas Wetherby smiled weakly. "I have n't even enough to hire a five-dollar-a-week assistant!" he said.

They were in the street now.

"I suppose that assistant has got to know a lot," Billy ventured, trying to bring the conversation to a close.

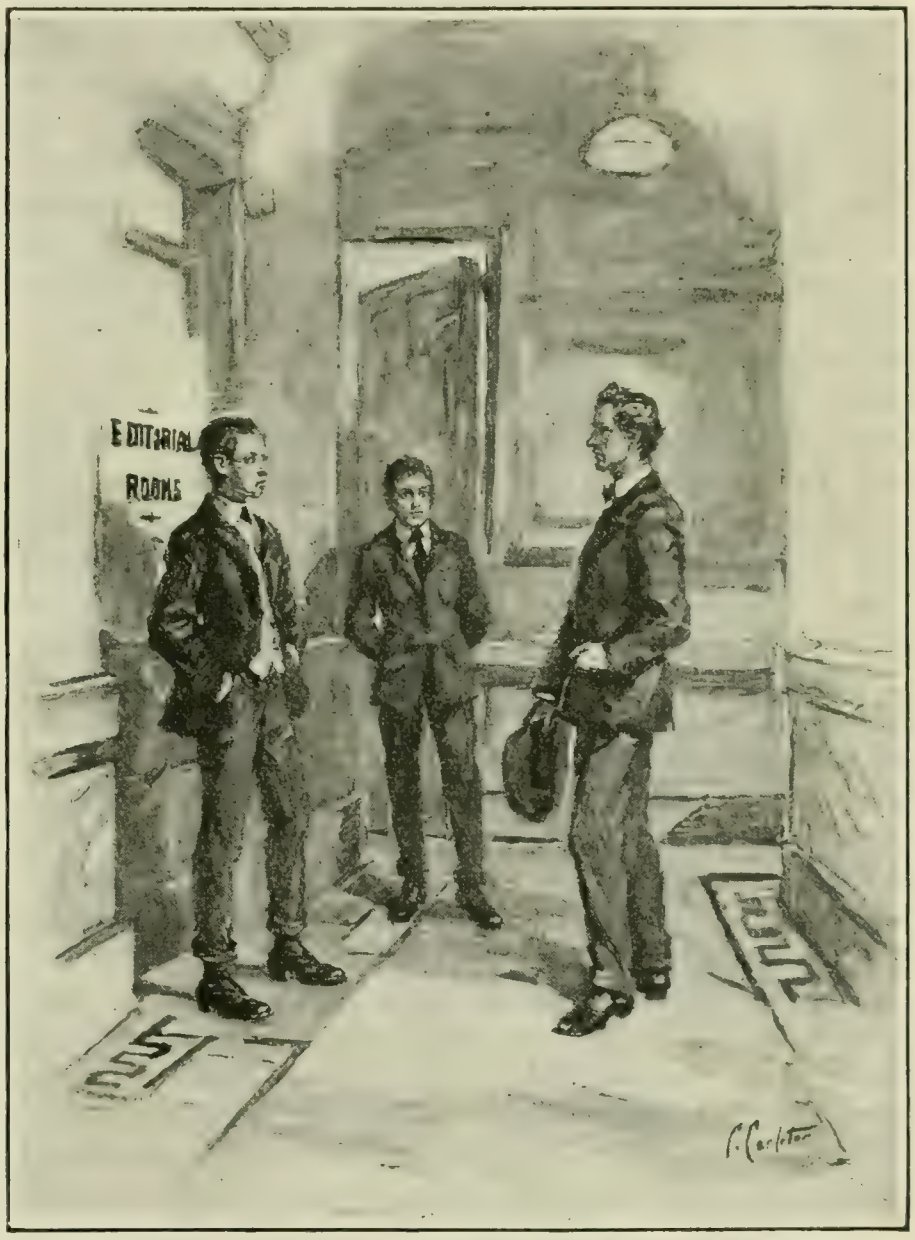
"I should say not!" Wetherby exclaimed. "A boy could operate one end of it! I 'd like to prove it to you. It would n't take you more than a month to master it."

"I 'd like to see it," Billy said, and instantly felt sorry he had spoken, for the young man's face lit up eagerly.

"I 'll show it to you!" he cried.

It was too late for Billy to back out.

The result was that Billy found himself, the following Sunday morning, in the garret of a tumble-down old house in the suburbs. Before him, at one end of the room, was a bewildering arrangement of wires, batteries, switches, knobs, and levers, all in one movable case to which a telephone receiver was attached. At the other end of the room was a similar box, but much smaller. So small it was that Billy could hold it in his lap.



"'WELL?' SAID KELLY, SURVEYING THE YOUNG MAN"

"Now, suppose you want to talk to me!" the young man explained. "You strap this receiver to your ear and this mouthpiece about your head. Then you do this,—" snapping a lever in the smaller box, "then that—and this—then this—!"

"Oh, please, I could n't remember all that!" Billy cried.

The young man sighed and put down the instrument.

"Of course you could n't," he said, his enthusiasm gone. "But you could learn in a month or so. But then, what 's the use of indulging in dreams! I could n't hire you for a day, to say nothing of a month. Every cent I 've ever had has gone into this!"

Billy could have cried, he felt so sorry for him.

"My mother said I was to bring you to the house for dinner to-day!" he said, to change the subject.

Billy had a hard time inducing Wetherby to come, but finally succeeded. Billy's mother adopted the young man at once. He looked so thin and underfed that her heart, like Billy's, was touched. Thereafter, Phineas Wetherby visited Billy and his mother often. He was without friends or relatives in the world, and responded to a little sympathy like a cold and hungry cat to a hearth-fire. He soon told them his story.

He had had a little money. But it was quickly spent on his experiments with the wireless telephone he was perfecting. He was sure he had it in perfect working shape now. But no one would listen to him. "Poor fellow, it 's no wonder!" Billy thought. "He looks so queer!" If only he could get an assistant to learn to operate the movable end of the wireless telephone, Phineas declared, then he could prove to the world that his invention really worked.

"But who wants to put in a month's time learning to work the telephone, when I can't even pay a week's wages!" Phineas sighed.

Billy's mother looked up. "If only Billy could help you!" she said.

Billy jumped up.

"I could, Mother! I could try Sundays and evenings to learn to work it. Could I learn, do you suppose, Mr. Wetherby?"

All he wanted to do was to help his mother put a little hope into the inventor.

"I *know* you could!" Wetherby said eagerly. "But I could n't pay you—" .

"Yes, you could," Billy laughed, "when you 've sold the invention!"

Despite Wetherby's protests,—he felt already too deeply indebted to the boy and his mother,—Billy spent all his spare time thereafter in Wetherby's garret, learning to operate the smaller box.

It was hard work. There were a certain number of little switches and buttons and levers to operate if one thing happened; and other buttons and levers and switches to work if something else took place. Then, too, something or other was always happening to the box which Billy held on his lap or to the big apparatus at which Wetherby was "receiving," as he called it. At any rate, not once did the whole apparatus work.

Billy helped Wetherby only because he felt sorry for him, and because Wetherby himself had so much faith in the apparatus.

Then, one Sunday afternoon, when Billy for the thousandth time had called "Hello!" into his mouthpiece, he heard Wetherby utter a shout.

"Great heavens! It 's working! Billy! *Billy!* Speak again!"

Billy repeated the word, working buttons and switches as he spoke. Again Wetherby cried out with great excitement.

"Billy! It 's working!" he cried. "Now take your box into the yard and talk from there. Switch on the condenser, the wave-regulator, shut off the control, and listen to me—if you can hear me!"

Billy did as he was told. He too, felt excited; but only because he saw Wetherby was himself so excited. As yet he had not heard anything come over to his end of the wireless telephone. He took the portable box into the yard, set it up on his lap, adjusted things and, following Wetherby's directions, listened.

"Hello, hello, Billy! can you hear me?" came a queer, thin voice in his ear.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Billy cried. "Go on! I hear you! Hooray!"

He almost dropped the box in his excitement. In fact, he did forget one of the many things he had to attend to at the same time. Instantly Wetherby's voice was cut off. But Billy remembered and

once more, doing all he had to do, he heard:

"—the matter? Why don't you speak to me? Billy!"

"It 's all right, Mr. Wetherby! I forgot the vibrator for a moment! Oh, it 's working! It 's working!"

That night there was great excitement in Billy Lee's home.

For the next three Sundays Wetherby and Billy experimented with the wireless telephone, Billy taking his box each time a greater distance away from Wetherby. With practice, he learned to speak to him even at a distance of miles.

"And poor as my model is, it has a range of five hundred miles and more!" Wetherby exulted.

Billy thought of a plan which he told Wetherby. The much-tried inventor met it with eagerness.

The next day Billy came to work at the "News-Herald" earlier than usual. With him, he had a queer-looking bundle about the size of a large hat-box. He smuggled it up to the roof of the "News-Herald" building and hid it behind some boards.

Then he went down to the office to wait for the arrival of the editor.

To his amazement, he found the editor and the whole staff already there, an hour ahead of time, all tremendously excited—for newspaper men. Some very important news had come in. Billy had seen "big stories" agitating the "News-Herald" before; but he had never seen such excitement as this. Then, from some headlines which he was rushing to the composing-room, he learned what was happening.

A great hospital-ship, full of wounded American soldiers, on its way back to the United States, was on fire six hundred miles off Sandy Hook. In response to the vessel's wireless for help, ships were rushing to it from every direction. Would they get there in time? The first bulletins of the impending disaster were already on the street. Frantic crowds of relatives and friends of those on board were storming newspaper and government offices for tidings. Panic was on the wing among them.

The editor's buzzer was calling Billy. When he answered it he found Mr. Morgan in excited consultation with the department heads.

"Stimson's hydroplane can carry three," the editor was saying; "four with squeezing. That means Stimson at the wheel, Moore to observe and report,"—Moore was the star reporter,—"one photographer. But the 'World-Transcript' is sending a machine too. We won't be any better off then they. Neither machine can get back before night. They have n't any wireless on board, either of them. So they could n't send back the story or even bulletins. And the 'World-Transcript' machine is faster than ours. That means a half-hour to an hour lost to us. We can't afford it! We 've got to get the story on the streets at least as quickly as the 'World-Transcript'—"

Then the men were startled. A shrill, excited voice behind them cried out: "Mr. Morgan! Mr. Morgan! We can beat 'em! We can telephone the story from the aëroplane!"

Wallace, the city editor, thinking Billy had lost his senses, seized him by the shoulders and was about to push him out of the room. But Mr. Morgan stopped him.

"What is it, son? Talk quick! What do you mean?"

"Come up to the roof and I 'll prove it to you!" Billy cried, his voice trembling with excitement. "Come up to the roof. The inventor—the wireless telephone—I can work it—you can send me in the hydroplane—Mr. Moore can tell me what to say and I can talk to Wetherby—he can telephone you—"

Mr. Morgan motioned Mr. Wallace to go with Billy.

Five minutes later Mr. Wallace was back in Mr. Morgan's office, his eyes almost popping out of his head. In almost no time Mr. Morgan was on the roof listening to Billy, as, with the box on his lap, he spoke with Wetherby, twenty miles away in his garret in the suburbs.

Then Mr. Morgan acted.

"Tell him I 'm sending a big auto to bring him and his receiver to the 'News-

Herald!' " he snapped. "Mr. Wallace order another auto to take Billy to Governor's Island. He is to go out in the hydroplane with Stimson and Moore. Mr. Chester, help the boy with this box—it goes with him. Mr. Calhoun, 'phone Governor's Island the boy is coming. Hurry, Billy!"

The next twenty-four hours were like a wild, thrilling dream to Billy. It was whirl, whirl, whirl! Down the plunging elevator, into a great car that whirled him down Broadway to the Battery, into a swift-racing launch over to Governor's Island, where men crowded about him and dressed him in queer leather clothing that was much too big for him. Then out to a level field where a powerful flying-machine, like a giant dragon-fly, was waiting, ready for them. Into the hydroplane Billy was hoisted with his box. Mr. Moore, the star reporter, climbed in with him. Then the pilot.

There was a terrific roar from the engine. The earth leaped backward. Then it fell down, down, down. Below him, Billy saw islands rushing by. Steamships looked small as toys. Then the ocean. On, on, on they flew, the engines roaring, the wind pushing as hard as though it were a powerful hand. But Mr. Moore, who sat by Billy's side, put up a strong glass shield, and the wind no longer bent Billy's head back.

For over an hour they flew, Mr. Moore peering through a squat-looking spy-glass.

Suddenly he stiffened with excitement.

"Billy, get your machine going!" he yelled in his ear.

Billy did not have time to look ahead. He leaned forward, adjusted his ear-piece and speaking-tube, clicked and pulled switches and buttons and lever. Then he called close into the speaking-tube:

"Hello, hello, Mr. Wetherby!" he called. "Do you hear me? Do you hear me?"

"*B-r-r-r-r*—*z-z-z-z*—waiting—*b-r-r-r-r*—*z-z-z-z*—hear you!" came through the receivers.

"Is he on?" Mr. Moore shouted to Billy, his lips an inch away from Billy's ear. Then, as Billy nodded he asked, "Where is he?"

And Billy put the question.

"*B-z-z-z-z* — *r-r-r-r* — 'News-Herald' roof—hear you. Hold mouthpiece closer —shut out the sound of the engine—go on. Good!" came Wetherby's voice.

Billy yelled this answer to his neighbor.

"Hooray!" cried Mr. Moore, intent on what he saw through his glass. "Ready?"

The boy nodded.

"Then, here goes!" Mr. Moore shouted a few words at a time. "Troopship *Lucania* lashed alongside of hospital-ship *Sanitas,* which is burning at the bow. Sea is calm. A gang-plank bridge connects *Lucania* and the *Sanitas,* the hospital-ship. Soldiers from the *Lucania* are transporting the wounded to their ship in good order—"

Word for word, sentence for sentence, Billy repeated Mr. Moore's report into the telephone.

"Not the slightest panic on board," continued Mr. Moore. "We 're flying directly above the *Sanitas.* Thick smoke pouring from forward hold—"

Billy dared not look down, or think of anything but his keys and lever and switches. If one of them went wrong or if he made a mistake, that little vibrator in his box would stop. If it did, it meant that Phineas Wetherby on the "News-Herald" roof no longer heard him, and therefore could not repeat to the reporters by his side the words Billy was relaying.

But the little vibrator kept at work. So the boy steadied his nerves and went on repeating after Mr. Moore:

"Fire-fighting companies from three destroyers have landed on the *Sanitas* with apparatus. . . . Smoke grows lighter. . . . Captain of hospital-ship has stopped transporting the wounded. . . . The fire is under control. Cheers from the *Sanitas* crew. Fire is out. No one injured—"

"Hooray! shrilled a metallic voice in Billy's receiver. It was Phineas Wetherby's.

"Hooray!" cried Mr. Morgan and the dozen about the inventor, as Phineas re-



"BILLY CLIMBED OUT OF THE AUTOMOBILE IN FRONT OF THE 'NEWS-HERALD' BUILDING"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

peated Billy's latest message. The reporters by Phineas's side were rattling away at type-writers. Copy-boys were rushing written stuff sheet by sheet into the composing-room. Presses were roaring. Edition after edition was pouring out on the street. In front of the "News-Herald" bulletin-board a dense crowd was cheering. The "News-Herald" was giving to the world the first glad news of what had

threatened, for a time, to be the most heart-rending catastrophe of the war.

That evening, when Billy climbed stiffly out of the automobile in front of the "News-Herald" building, he saw familiar faces awaiting him. Among them was his mother, Phineas Wetherby, and Mr. Morgan. They were radiant. Billy's mother hugged and kissed him. But Mr. Morgan's greeting was a hearty hand-shake. The party went up to the "News-Herald" office. Mr. Morgan was rattling out orders as he went:

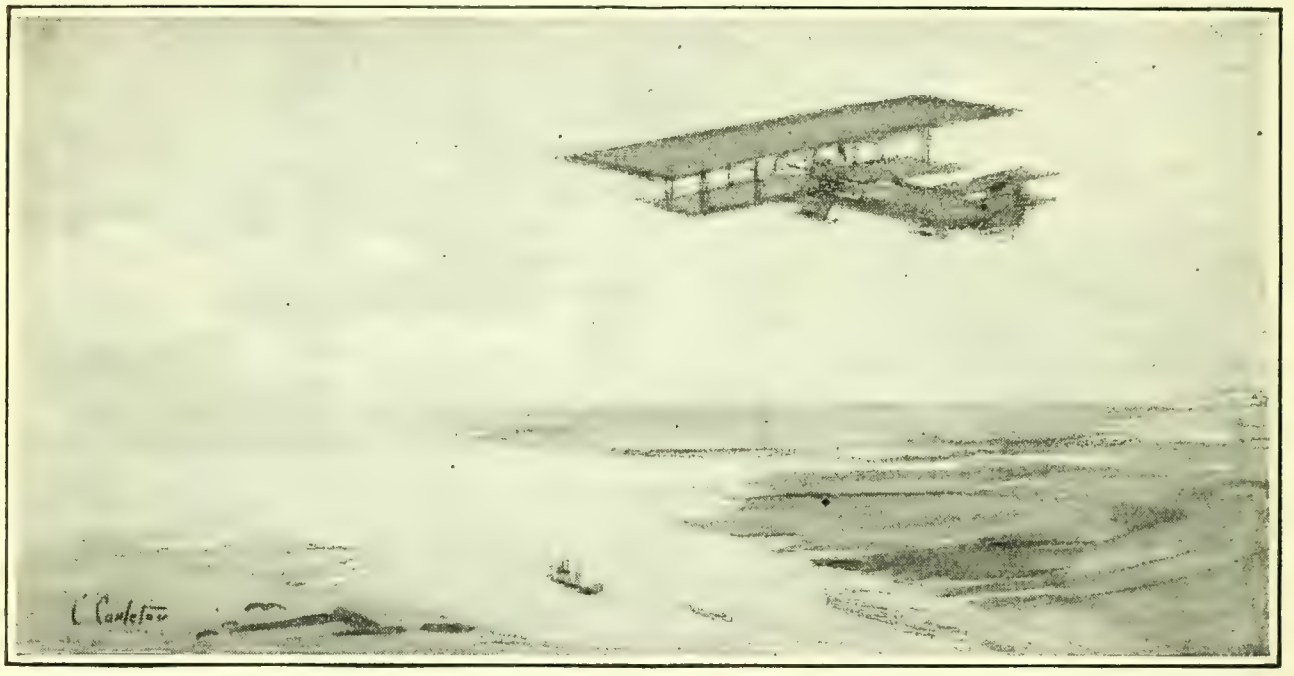
"Kelly, bring a chair for Billy! Mr. Pitts, write a careful account of Mr. Wetherby's invention. Goodness knows, it is costing us enough money! The 'News-Herald' has bought it. Mr. Moore, a good story, please, on Billy's behavior in the hydroplane. Now, Billy, my boy, you can have anything you wish in the way of a career. What will it be,—college, mechanics, travel, a medical education,—what?"

"If you please, Mr. Morgan, I 'd like to go to bed first," Billy pleaded. "Then I want to stay on at the 'News-Herald' and become a reporter!"

Mr. Morgan looked triumphantly at Billy's mother.

"I told you so!" he exclaimed.

Billy's mother nodded happily.

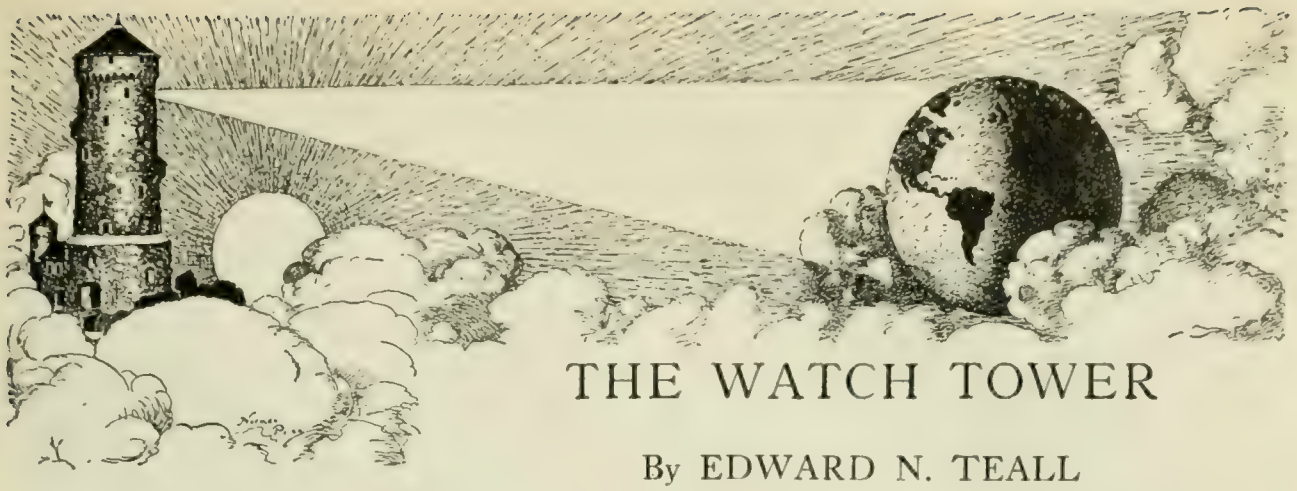


THE CHILDREN'S MITE

By CATHERINE PARMENTER

THE pennies, little children, which you so gladly gave,
The nickels and the quarters which you have helped to save,
They sent our valiant soldiers far, far across the sea—
Our gallant, fearless laddies, who fought for Liberty.

And now the war is over, what will that money do
For our soldier-boys in khaki, and our sailor-boys in blue?
It will help them to return to us, tall, straight, and dauntless men.
You have helped to send them over, and to *bring them back again!*



THE WATCH TOWER

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: AMERICAN

OCTOBER 27, 1858—JANUARY 6, 1919

EARLY in the morning of January 6, Theodore Roosevelt was "mustered out." In the words of a favorite quotation of his own, he had "fought the good fight," and was ready for "the crown of glory."

The facts of Theodore Roosevelt's career need not be recited here; and to present in detail its lesson would be needless. Every boy and girl in America knows them both.

Theodore Roosevelt had armies of friends, and regiments of political enemies. Reluctant to begin a fight, he never shrank from one when it became his duty to fight for right and justice. And he never did less than his honest best.

As an officer of city, State, and nation, Theodore Roosevelt — the "Teddy" of millions of Americans— had always one ideal: he strove always to be the best and most useful American that Theodore Roosevelt could possibly be.

That was the secret of his power, the explanation of his success. His readiness to serve, together with his ability and his tireless energy, made him a leader of men. Hating insincerity and cowardice, he set for all men, in his own conduct, an example of honesty and courage.

Theodore Roosevelt—soldier, servant, and leader, good citizen and fearless President of the greatest of nations, the world respected and admired him, but America—loved him. Beside the names of Washington and Lincoln on the American roll of honor must be placed in letters of glowing gold the name of Theodore Roosevelt—American.

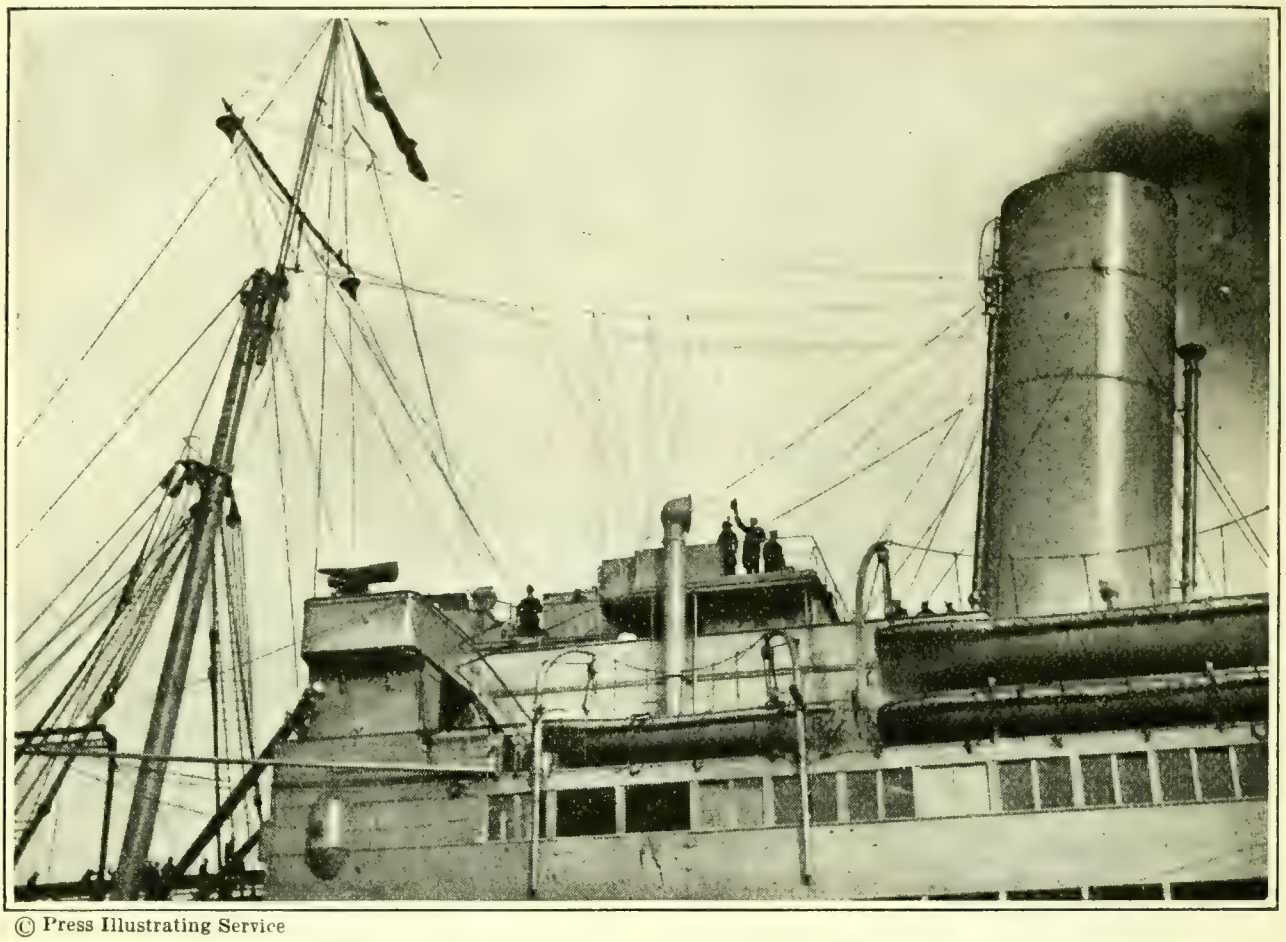
Of those who pay the last tribute of respect to the strong man who departed from this life on the sixth day of this year, none can do him greater honor than it is in the power of young Americans to pay to his memory by studying the story of his life and endeavoring to prove in their own lives the worth and beauty of the lesson he gave us all—the lesson of true Americanism.

PRESIDENT WILSON IN EUROPE

THE train that left Washington at midnight of December 3, 1918, did something that no train had ever done before. It carried the President of the United States over the first stage of a journey to Europe, and on December 5, the President's ship, the *George Washington,* a former German liner, dropped down New York bay and put out to sea on this historic voyage.

What a sight it made! The great steamer, decked with flags, was preceded by Vice-Admiral Mayo's flagship,—the battle-ship *Pennsylvania,* which kept that position all the way across, a position of honor and some danger, because of the possibility of contact with floating mines,—and convoyed by a fleet of destroyers.

As the *George Washington* moved down the bay and through the opened anti-submarine net at the Narrows, guns boomed, whistles shrieked, airplanes flashed over the water, and from the shores came cheer after cheer as the people bade the nation's head God-speed. A transport, coming in with a load of returning soldiers, was passed, and the men stood stiffly at attention on the decks. But as soon as the requirements of military etiquette had been fulfilled, they broke ranks and waved and cheered with true American fervor. It was a splendid farewell.



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PRESIDENT WILSON ABOUT TO SAIL ON BOARD THE *GEORGE WASHINGTON*

On the voyage the President was kept in close touch with Washington by wireless, and was also supplied by radio service with up-to-the-minute news from Europe. Day after day he worked, preparing speeches for European audiences, and putting the finishing touches on his peace program. But, busy as he was, he found time to attend, unexpectedly, a "sing" held by the crew of the ship.

On December 7 the fleet encountered a severe storm, and on December 10 it passed the Azores. Off the coast of France it was met by a squadron of war-ships, and on December 13 the President landed at Brest. Here, by the way, another precedent had been broken by the establishment of an American port on foreign soil.

On his arrival in Paris, the President

was greeted by throngs which outdid, in numbers and enthusiasm, even the joyous outburst of "Armistice Day." It was the greeting of the French Republic to the United States of America.

The program included conferences with Prime Ministers Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando; Christmas with the troops; a visit to London as the King's and the nation's guest; a tour of the war-torn parts of France; a visit to Rome; and return to Paris for the opening of the Peace Conference on January 10 or 11.

The boys and girls who read the story of the President's visit, from day to day, have surely seen history in the making!

AS TO GERMANY

THE only thing in Germany that stood still long enough, in December, to be studied satisfactorily through the TELESCOPE was the army of occupation. On reaching their stations in the Rhine Valley, the French, British, Belgian, and American soldiers settled into position with pleasing steadfastness. But beyond the neutral zone all was confusion.

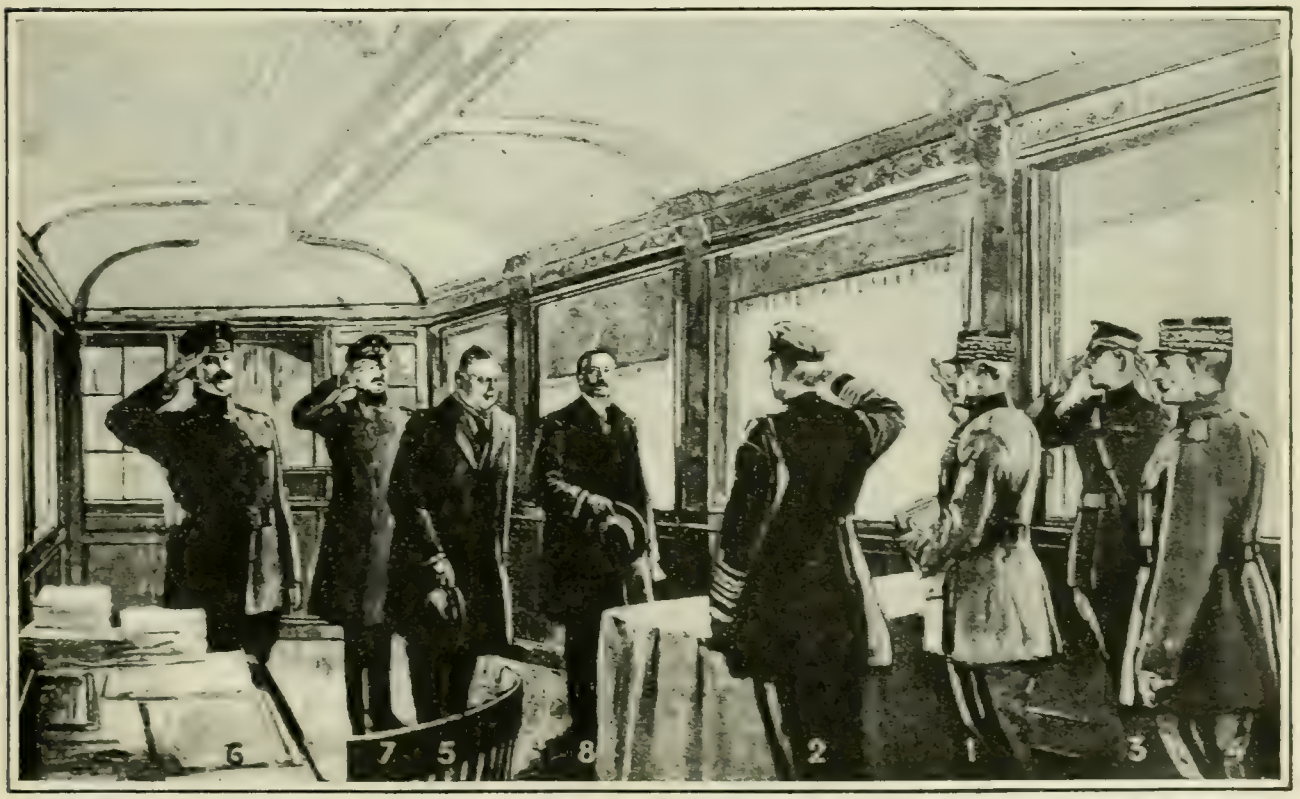
Premier Ebert, of the Berlin Government, and Premier Eisner, of Bavaria, were in opposition from the start. The leaning of Bavaria was toward separatism —that is, toward a breaking up of the empire into disunited states. Ebert represented the more wholesome tendency to strive for preservation of unity and the reorganization of the empire, or rather conversion of it into a republican form of government.

In Berlin the danger of Bolshevism was strongest. Karl Liebknecht, representing the extreme of radicalism, organized a counter-revolution—an opposition to the revolution which had overthrown the Imperial Government. There were riots in Berlin, and Liebknecht's forces, called the Spartacus party, showed alarming strength.

On December 7, according to the news reports, Ebert was hailed as the first president of a new German republic, and a national assembly was called for.

On December 11 Foreign Minister Solf resigned. He had held that office before the armistice, and had been continued in it by the Ebert Government.

The more reasonably inclined elements in Germany regarded Solf with some dis-



© Underwood & Underwood Photographed from a drawing

THE GERMAN ARMISTICE COMMISSIONERS IN MARSHAL FOCH'S CAR

1. Marshal Foch; 2. Admiral Wemyss; 3. an American delegate; 4. General Weygand; 5. Matthias Erzberger; 6. General von Gundoll; 7. General von Winterfeldt; 8. Count Obendorff

trust because of his connection with the Imperial Government that had plunged the country into ruinous war. When they seem to be winning, the Germans are arrogant and boastful; defeated, they turn with suspicion upon those who have led them.

The Prussian Guards pledged support to the Ebert Government until a National Assembly should have been convened and should have legislated a new form of government for the country.

On December 18 a congress of German Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils transferred such power as they had to the People's Commissioners (the Ebert Government), pending the organization of a National Assembly to be convoked, it was reported, December 29 for the election of a president of the German Republic.

This is the story of December's developments in the history of the German people, as far as it can be dug out of a mass of cloudy and conflicting news reports. We do not guarantee either its accuracy or the correctness of the conclusion, which seemed to be that Germany was going to follow the course pointed out by self-interest and that the menace of Bolshevism might be passed.

UNCLE SAM'S TREASURY

In December Mr. McAdoo rendered his last annual report as secretary of the treasury. The next report will carry the signature of Mr. Carter Glass, appointed by the President after Mr. McAdoo resigned. (Mr. Glass proved his merit as a doctor of finance, and his mettle as a man, when the Federal Reserve Act was being made and passed.)

In fifteen months, from April, 1917, to the end of June, 1918, the war had cost us $13,222,000,000. A large part—nearly half—of the money was used for purposes of permanent value, such as the building of ships and shipyards, the enlargement of the Navy, and the construction of army camps and buildings. Many millions of it, borrowed by the Allies, will return to us with interest.

Here are some of the facts embodied in the report: On June 30, 1918, the national debt was about twelve billion dollars, and this was increased, by the Fourth Liberty Loan, to about nineteen billions; the Government lent the farmers, in the year ending September 30, $118,528,000; the sale of War Savings Stamps, up to November 1, had brought into the Treasury 834,000,000 dollars, and the secretary hoped the sale of stamps would be continued in peace times, to encourage thrift and give the people a more direct share in the operation of the Government.



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SURRENDERED GERMAN SUBMARINES AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR AT HARWICH, ENGLAND

More than eight billion dollars had been lent to the Allies; more than three and one-half billions had been collected in taxes, and the nation had raised in Liberty Bonds—well, a number of billions of dollars that any member of our class in American patriotism can name.

Every one who owns stamps or bonds—and there are mighty few of us who have not invested in Uncle Sam's future!—will read, or re-read, with pleasure this paragraph from the report: "The payment into the Treasury of vast sums in war taxes and from bond sales and the transformation of our varied and complex economic life to the supreme task of winning

the war have been accomplished without shock or financial disturbance. The credit and business structure of the nation remain sound and strong. The results of the four Liberty Loans are a tribute to the patriotism of the American people and to the economic strength of the nation."

A day or two after submitting his report the secretary urged the people to keep right on buying war stamps. "The Government's requirements," he said, "were never greater nor more pressing than they are to-day."

We do not need to sit in idleness, in 1919, wishing for "something to do"!

THE WATCH TOWER has called attention to a number of sayings brought out by the war; but now that it is all over, it seems that none of them has surpassed in simplicity and completeness General Pershing's words as he stood before the statue of the great Frenchman who fought in our Revolutionary War: "Lafayette, we are here." Certainly it will be long before those words cease to echo in French hearts.



© Brown Brothers

THE RETURN OF THE FLEET—OUR WAR-VESSELS AT ANCHOR IN THE HUDSON RIVER

ONE thing that was made clear enough, in December, for a wooden Indian to understand, was that Great Britain had no intention whatever of letting her power on the salt water be taken from her.

"BRITAIN DAY," December 7, 1918, ought to have convinced the last obstinate anti-Englander that the War of the Revolution is really over. John Bull and Uncle Sam cannot be expected always to agree on every subject, the best of friends cannot be sure of doing that, but there is n't enough imagination in THE WATCH TOWER to get up a mental picture of them ever facing each other again in battle.



GROVE OF COCOANUT-PALMS BORDERING A LAGOON ON THE ISLAND OF OAHU

A BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL TREE

More than four hundred years ago, the Portuguese, adventuring on unknown seas, discovered a group of islands in the Indian Ocean lying some six hundred miles northeast of the northernmost tip of Madagascar. They were mountainous and beautiful, covered with luxuriant vegetation. Here and there were groups of strange palm-trees, some growing to a height of a hundred feet and each with a crown of gigantic leaves. On these trees were growing the largest and most curious fruit the sailors had ever seen, great double cocoanuts, each weighing forty or fifty pounds and containing inside its thick shell four great nuts half a yard in length.

But few people heard of this discovery, and for a century longer, when such of these nuts as had fallen into the sea were driven by wind and currents to distant shores, all sorts of stories were told about them,—one being that they grew on submarine palm-trees,—and they were called by French navigators, who found the empty shells floating in the Indian Ocean, *coco-de-mer,* or sea-cocoanut. But the French finally re-discovered the islands where the Portuguese had landed long before, and then the mystery of years was solved, for they found the ground strewn with the huge nuts, which, they learned later, take ten years to ripen.

Since the French occupancy, in 1756, the group of islands have been known as the Seychelles Archipelago; hence the botanical name given the palm is *Lodoicea sechellarum.*

While we know the original home of this particular cocoanut,—the *coco-de-mer,* —it is impossible to tell where the ordinary variety (*Cocos nucifera*) first grew, for it is found flourishing in most tropical regions, especially on islands or near the sea. Many of the nuts drop into the water that

surrounds their island homes, and, protected by their leathery skin and thick, fibrous husks, float away and in time are washed ashore, perhaps hundreds of miles distant from the parent tree. There they take root, and a little-palm tree begins to thrust itself up to the light, finding its home to be, perhaps, a lonely coral island, too small to be set down on the charts.

The height of these trees averages from fifty to ninety feet; their trunks are from one to two feet in diameter and bear no branches, but their tops are crowned with sixteen to twenty graceful leaves, turning downward, each about fifteen feet long. Mark Twain aptly describes them as "feather-dusters, high in air." Often the trunks are blown by the winds to more or less of an angle, but the roots are so well stayed that the trees do not fall.

One leaf is produced each year, and thus the age of a tree may easily be determined by counting the scars left on the trunk where the leaves have dropped. The nuts, each protected by a thick three-cornered husk, grow beneath the leaves in clusters of ten to twenty, a thrifty tree (beginning at its fourth to its seventh year) producing from eighty to one hundred nuts annually, and bearing for seventy or eighty years.



A COCOANUT CLUSTER

A grove of these trees is not a safe place for a walk, when the fruit is maturing, as to be struck by a falling nut might easily prove fatal.

Besides producing cocoanuts for food, this palm has many other uses. The terminal buds of the stems are considered a great delicacy and are known as "palm cabbages." The leaves are used for hats, baskets, mats, fans, and as a thatch for roofs. The split trunk of a full-grown tree is used for the siding of houses. Hollowed out, it becomes a gutter that lasts for years. This wood is hard and susceptible of a high polish, being exported, under the name of porcupine wood, for cabinet work. The nut meat, dried in the sun, is known as copra, and forms a valuable and staple article of commerce, a thousand nuts making five hundred pounds of copra, which in turn produce twenty-five gallons of cocoanut oil. From the fiber is made a material for cordage, cables, and mats, called "coir."



NATIVE CLIMBING A COCOANUT-PALM AT OAHU

So you can see that a cocoanut grove may be a valuable possession; indeed, in Ceylon, where there are 20,000,000 of these trees, a man's wealth is reckoned by the number that he owns.

CLARA SPALDING ELLIS.

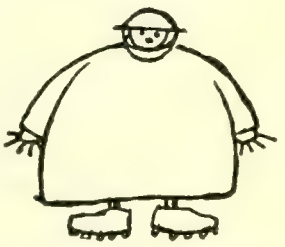
"DADDY PAT'S" LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO HIS LITTLE SON

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANK E. EVANS.
Of The 6th Marines

France, March 12, 1918.

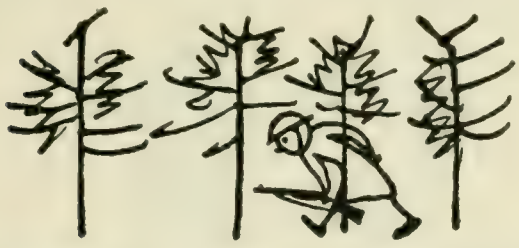
Dear Townie:

We 're nearly all packed up, and the next letter Daddy writes will tell you all about aëroplane fights, and the big guns, and French soldiers, and French towns that the bad Germans had early in the war before the Frenchers and the Foreign Legion drove them out; so they won't be pretty little towns like this, but like the pictures Mother can show you in the Sunday papers. But I promised to tell you all about the Marines on long hikes and how we learn to lick the old Germans with their square heads. Nearly every day we 'd start out about six or seven o'clock and not get back till almost dark. And it did n't make any difference if it was raining all day or snow on the ground or sunny. And most of the time there was n't enough sun to warm a pussy-cat's tail, but the wind was cold and blowing, and snow on the hills, and the roads full of mud. So poor old Daddy would get up when it was still dark, and shave by the light of a little lamp, and have a fire and then some war bread and a pot of chocolate or coffee, and put on two sweaters and heavy socks, and things on his wrists, and big shoes with nails all over the bottom, and then a web belt, with straps over the shoulders, and hang on a canteen and a pistol and glasses, and then a pretty light-blue French gas-mask over the right shoulder, and a big brown British one over the left shoulder. And then he 'd put on one of Mother's wool helmets over his head and ears, and take his funny tin hat off the hook and put the strap under his chin. And if you don't wear something under the tin hat, it tickles awful and you want to take it off all the time and scratch. Then he 'd put on his slicker, or poncho, to keep the rain and wind out, and his spurs; and the orderly would bring his horse up, and Daddy had so much clothes on and so many things hung on him that he felt like a Christmas-tree, and could hardly get on his horse. You ought to see the pretty French horse Daddy has, just the color of a light horse-chestnut. First I had an old buckskin called Buck, but he was too fat and made as much noise, when he galloped, as 20 horses. So I got the new horse and called him Legion; but he likes to dance and cut up, and I got to saying, "Oh, Boy," all the time; so now I call him "Oh Boy." Sometimes we 'd start from this town, and sometimes from another town. And all the Marines would march from the other little towns and halt on the roads just at the edge of the town. Then the majors would gallop up to the colonel and salute; and he 'd give orders, and away we would start. There 'd be one big battalion and then the machine-guns and then the other two and the doctor's ambulances and then the funny rolling kitchens, one for each company, to make hot coffee and hot stew; but the Marines would always call it hot slum. And you ought to see the funny little mules dragging the machine-guns, with the drivers walking alongside. The mules are fine, and the men are very kind to them because they 're comical and always doing funny things. And they 're ten times as plucky as horses. They 'd only have two little mules on the rolling kitchens that weighed a ton; and sometimes they 'd get stuck going up hill, but keep right on pulling as if they were going straight on to eat up the old Kaiser. So the



THIS IS HOW DADDY FELT WITH ALL HIS THINGS ON

Marines would grab the wheels and yell, "Let 's go, mules!" and up they 'd go. And then the scouts would come back through the woods where they 'd seen the "enemy," and the colonel would send the mounted orderlies galloping off with orders, and



THIS IS A SCOUT COMING THROUGH THE WOODS

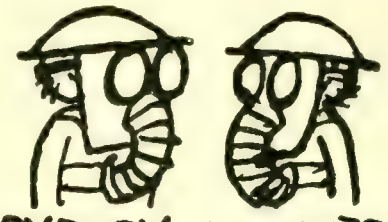
then the Marines would spread out in lines, and the battle would begin. But the "enemy" was always other Marines, so there was no real shooting; and Daddy would gallop up to the machine-guns with orders, and the little mules would gallop with the guns, and the men would whip and help too, and then train the guns on the enemy so the battalions could rush ahead and drive them back. Then, after it was all over and we had licked the others, the men would get their meat-cans and canteen cups out and line up, and Daddy would get two sandwiches and a hard-boiled egg, out of his saddle-bags, and a cup of hot coffee. And then the colonel would tell the majors how all the battle went, and if they did n't do quite right; and then he 'd say, "March your outfits home!" And they 'd salute and say, "Aye, aye, sir!" just the way the Marines do aboard ship, and away they 'd go. One company had all the Marines who could play mouth-organs marching at the head, and all the other companies would whistle the tune. And they 'd get home with their shoes all wet and muddy; and awful tired because sometimes they 'd march 20 miles. So the officers would make them get their shoes and socks off and put on dry ones, and then how they would eat! And they 'd make fun of any Marine who dropped out and could n't keep up. And one terribly nasty day all the Marines in France and all the mules and machine-guns and wagons and rolling kitchens and the general at the head went out, because we pretended the Germans were near and trying to blow up the railroad. So we had about 8000 Marines and about 500 mules, and it was better than any parade you ever saw. You could see it for miles. And all the time it was so cold and rainy that Daddy's feet got like ice, and he had to get off Oh Boy and walk. Then, after the 5th Scouts found the enemy sneaking up a hill just past a big woods, we had to wait for the old 5th; and the men ran up and down and some played tag in the fields to keep warm. And they played a funny game where a lot of them would stand in a circle and all face in to each other. Then one Marine would stand outside with a leather belt and yell, "Stand by!" Then they 'd stoop over, as you do in leap-frog, but have one hand stuck out back. And the Marine outside would run around and tap one; and then that Marine would fall out, and the one with the belt would chase him all around the ring; and if he could n't run fast enough, the one with the belt would beat him until he got back to his place. Then *he 'd* take the belt, and run around and tap some one else and chase *him;* and the other men would yell



THIS IS THE MARINES PLAYING THE BELT GAME

and laugh, because they never knew who would be next. Then away we went and up a road through the woods and chased the enemy, and then had chow. Then the general said we had won and started us home, and we marched right past the others. And Daddy saw Wagner and Boller and lots of men and officers he had n't seen for a long time; and we kidded the others, and they kidded us, and everybody was jolly and laughing; and one Marine was singing, "Oh, for the life of a fireman!" So nobody made any fuss about the cold and

the rain. Then sometimes we marched about ten miles to some trenches the French soldiers in a French town had dug. We 'd come along a beautiful road up a hill, about a mile in back of the trenches, and everybody was quiet as a mouse, with gas-masks all ready to put on. And there were pretty little paths running through the woods, and, in back of the road, little fields and orchards and more woods. So we 'd hide the mules and kitchens and our horses back by the woods, where an airship could n't see them, and put one battalion back in the woods. Then one battalion would file in the little paths, Indian file, without a word. And when they were all in, the other would follow. And the first would walk through the woods under pine-trees, and you 'd never dream there were any trenches in a thousand miles. And the woods were pretty with dead leaves all over the paths and birds singing. And then you 'd pass a dugout that was half cave and half cabin, with the floor and sides lined with branches and sand-bags on top. And then all the little paths had signs on them, like street crossings, so you could n't get lost. Then you 'd come out downhill by a little brook to a big field that looked just like a pasture; and there the trenches began, and ran over a hill; and the trenches ran up and down and zigzag and across, and you could just see the tin hats winding around the trenches until they all got in; and as fast as they got in, the French soldiers came out back to the woods; and then the other battalion came up and hid away in the woods. Then Daddy and the colonel would stand by a telephone strapped around a big tree, back on the road, and send orders. We 'd tell them to send up a rocket with stars, and it would go bang! and burst up in the sky; and everybody would grab his mask and slip it on; and everybody looked like goblins. Then we 'd pass the word "Gas over." Then we 'd pretend it was time to go to Berlin, and we 'd make another signal, and away we 'd go. And the Marines in all the woods would come out into the trenches and finish off hundreds of the old Germans. And some days we 'd go out ahead to another place with a lot of white tape, and mark out make-believe trenches, and put up little paper signs like, "Kaiser Trench," and "Fort Sausage," and all German names. And then everybody would learn all the names, and we 'd march out and



EVERYBODY LOOKED LIKE GOBLINS

say, "Now we 'll take those trenches away from the Germans at just 2 minutes after 10 o'clock. And everybody would start and pretend the big guns were firing thousands of shells over our heads at the trenches. So we 'd just walk along behind the shells in long lines and columns until we came to the trenches; and then everybody threw bombs or fired their guns or used their bayonets, and it looked like hundreds of ants running here and there, because you could see every one. And now it 's all over, and we 're glad; because it was awful hard work every day and no movies or anything to see at night. And everybody was cold and wet and tired, but the Marines can stand an awful lot and have fun too. So nobody got cross or cried or said he wanted to go home, because they all wanted to learn a lot of ways to get at the kaiser. And now it 's just like spring again, and the hills are blue and the fields are green and the sky is a soft light blue, like the uniforms the Frenchers wear; and there are lots of big bumblebees flying round, and little buds are coming out on the bushes and trees. I bet those wild ducks back in the pond, where Daddy was Christmas-time, are happy now. And it must be like spring back in Chevy Chase, and Daddy loves to think of you and pretty Mother and Aunt Tella and Joe out under the trees at the club or on the porch at home. And pretty soon he 'll be back, because the kaiser will say to all the square-head soldiers, "Let 's beat it. Here comes

the Marines and the Foreign Legion!" Good night, Sonny, and keep on being a little man; and don't let pretty Mother worry, because Daddy's fat now and strong; and just put your arms around Mother and love her, and then you 'll both be happy, and Daddy will be happy when he knows you are. So you give my love to Mother and a big kiss and a hug, but don't hurt her, and lots of love to Aunt Tella and Joe.

Your Fat Daddy,

PAT.

FRANCE, MAY 11, 1918.

DEAR TOWNIE:

How is your old straw hat? If you could wish it over the big blue ocean and away up over the hills to Daddy, he could hang it up in his dugout, where the rats could not get it, and have a nice little cuckoo-clock, like the one at Uncle Price's. Because the woods are full of cuckoos, and Daddy could catch one and make a nest out of the old straw hat. Nearly the first day we moved here from the last place we left, the cuckoos moved in, and everybody but Daddy thought the dugouts had cuckoo-clocks in them. But when Daddy was six years old he lived in Wales for a year, and he was always very fond of the funny little yellow cuckoos that go, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" all day long; and he remembered, and he was happy to hear them again after 35 years. But Colonel Lee has a funny orderly named Nick, an old Marine who was born in Italy. So Nick came in, and the colonel said, "Nick, somebody has a cuckoo-clock in his dugout." And then a lot of cuckoos began to cry, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" So the colonel said: "Nick, hear that? They 've all got cuckoo-clocks but me. Now you get me one, quick!" So Nick saluted and looked in all the dugouts, but could n't find any cuckoo-clocks, although he could hear them. But on the way back he heard, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" up in a tree. So he saluted and said, "Colonel, it 's a bird and not a cuckoo, and the woods are full of them." So the colonel saluted back, and said, "Nick, go out in the woods and bring me back a bird, and I 'll teach it how to count, and then we 'll have a cuckoo-clock in our nice little dugout." And Nick said, "Colonel, I heard the cuckoo-birds, but I could n't see them. What does a cuckoo-bird look like?" And the colonel said, "Nick, a cuckoo-bird is yellow, just like the kaiser. But it has fur instead of feathers, and it flies backwards." And Nick said, "Colonel, that 's a funny bird. Why does it fly backwards?" And the colonel said, "To keep the dust out of its eyes." So Nick saluted and went; but he could n't catch a cuckoo-bird, because it had rained for three weeks and there was no dust; so the cuckoo-birds would n't fly, but stayed up in the high trees. And you 'd love these big woods. They 're full of birds and squirrels, just like the Hollow-tree Family, and full of moss and ferns and violets and little pink-and-white flowers and wild strawberries. But then you 'd see a lot of funny holes, as big as a bath-tub, in the ground where the enemy shells hit and bury and then explode. And when the shells are full of poison gas, they poison all the pretty flowers; and if you picked them and put your hands on your face, or put that little shoe-button of a nose into a violet, the gas would burn your hands and face very badly. And all through the woods and the big deer-ravines are camps for soldiers, funny little dugouts, with a lot of big rocks on top to keep the shells out, and old sheds and barracks. And the Germans fly over in their 'planes and take pictures, and then fly back to their guns; and then away off, maybe five miles, a big German gun fires, and you hear a low *"Boom!"* And then, a few seconds later, you hear something whistle and hiss like a snake. And it gets louder and louder, until it sounds just like an express-train coming through the air. And then it hits! And the noise is awful, enough to scare the big-



THIS IS OLD NICK LOOKING FOR A CUCKOO CLOCK

gest lion in Africa; and you see the air full of dirt and branches, and lots of soldiers are hurt. But one day they fired 3600 shells in four hours at us, and only one man got hit by a little splinter of the shell. And sometimes you just hear a funny little *"Plop!"* as though some one had dropped a big watermelon and it had broken. And if it 's near, some one yells, "Gas!" and the sentry runs out and turns a crank on a big automobile horn! and everybody puts on a gas-mask quicker than you can put on your hat, because, if they did n't, they get gassed and have to go to the hospital for weeks.



THIS IS A MARINE GIVING A GAS ALARM

And then sometimes you are sitting in your dugout, and wondering what Mother and you are doing in Chevy Chase, and you think somebody is shooting fire-crackers; and you run out to see if it is the Fourth of July, because you forget what time of the month and year it is; and way up in the blue sky you see something come and spread out all white against the blue, like a white flower; and then a lot more, some black and some white, all puffs of smoke. And out from the pretty puffs come dozens and hundreds of shrapnel bullets from the white one, and pieces of steel, all rough and splintery, from the black ones. And then you know the fire-crackers are the anti-aircraft guns, and they go *"Crack! crack!"* every second. And the pretty sky-flowers get caught by the old wind, way up there two or three miles in the sky, and they get all raggedy and twisty. And then, after you look hard and don't pay any attention to the raggedy ones and only watch the new ones, you see something like a big dragon-fly; and then you know it 's an aëroplane, and all the pretty sky-flowers are shooting bullets and steel splinters at the dragon-fly; and you can watch it for ever so long and not get tired. And it 's too high up to see if it has a pretty red-white-and-blue circle on the wings of the dragon-fly or an old black cross like this.



But all you have to do is to listen. And if it sounds nice and smooth, like a sewing-machine, you know it 's a Frencher; but if it sounds mad and short, like an old bumblebee going *"Brrum! Brrum! Brrum!"* you know it 's a *Boche;* and you just stand there and pray for a pretty puff to send a bullet right through the sinful black cross, so you can watch the old dragon-fly come tumbling and spinning and diving down to a great big bump on a nice rock two miles down. cause all the American and French guns how would you like to hear them go without a stop for an hour and a quarter, about midnight? One night Daddy woke up because all the American and French guns were firing like mad; and then he could hear the German guns; and for ten miles all the guns on both sides were firing like mad. And Daddy knew then that out there in the dark, in front of us, that a lot of Germans were hiding, and that they had guns and sharp knives and poison and bombs, just waiting a chance to sneak in and kill and take prisoners. But he could n't tell whether they were out there in front of the Marines or the French, because sometimes they fire a lot at a lot of places and then attack only one place. And so we just waited; but we were very anxious, because we had one little town way out in front, nearly a mile away from all the rest of the Marines. And we knew that the Germans were firing big shells right smack into our poor little town, and all in back of it, so we could n't send Marines in to help; and there were only a second lieutenant and fifty Marines out there. And so we just waited for an hour and a quarter; and all that time our guns were firing on the other side of the little town, so the Germans there could n't get back and no others could come in. And here is what happened all the time we were waiting and listening to the wonderful guns and looking over to where the Germans were, where you could see the sky

all lighted up and rockets up in the air: out in the trenches around the little town, a Marine heard somebody out in the wires; and he whispered to somebody else, and so all along the line. And they heard more noises, and all the Marines came out of the cellars of the poor ruined houses in the little town. And then the German guns 'way back made a solid wall of shells back of the little town. But, you see, it was black as an old cat, and the Germans could n't see just where the Marines were, and they were hoping that the Marines would fire; but the Marines just waited. So the Germans threw some lights where they thought the Marines were, and then the Marines opened up with rifles and bombs and everything they had, and they got a lot of Germans and drove all the rest back. But one Marine, a corporal, got hit in sixteen places; and Daddy saw his tin hat, and it was full of dents. But the corporal kept right on fighting. And another Marine, who can run almost as fast as Billy Moore and faster than Johnny Overton, ran up to the second lieutenant and saluted, and said he 'd take back a message for the colonel. And away he went, and ran so fast, over an old road where the German shells were bursting thick, that he got through. And then a little Marine did the same, to be sure the message would get through; and he got there, too, even if he could n't run so fast. So Papa Joffre sent all of them a fine medal, with a red-and-green campaign-ribbon, and another French general pinned them on and kissed the brave Marines. So we get quite used to the guns, and half the old German shells don't explode, anyway, and they call them "duds." And one day the Germans shot up our sick-bay, back in a quarry, and knocked all the rocks off the top of one of the doctor's dugouts. And the doctor got mad, and told Daddy he did n't mind their old shells, but he hated to have to throw all the rocks back on top of his dugout. And the other day Nick heard them shooting at an aëroplane, so he went to the colonel's dugout and saluted and said, "Colonel, you 'd better come out. They 're shooting at a German U-Plane." Now this is a big long letter for a little boy to read, so I 'll have to write you another one about the rats, and what No Man's Land looks like, and the dugouts, and the trenches, and the Marines, and French soldiers. Daddy has been busier than a one-armed paperhanger, and it has been awful hard to find time to write. But before long, in a couple of days, Daddy will get in the big ambulance, that Mother and you and Daddy rode in from Quantico to Washington one night with Colonel Catlin and Major Roosevelt, and sail away to a little town for a little rest. And then he 'll see some nice kids, for he has n't seen any for two whole months, and it will be fine. But he won't see any kid half so nice as you, or any girl half so beautiful as your little Mother, because they don't have them—not even in France. And when you get this, maybe you 'll have been in New York and seen Grandma and Aunt Jean and gone up to Buffalo. And you 'll have a fine time with Uncle Bob and Aunt Grace and the two kids. And if you see a Marine, you just give him a snappy salute and tell him your Daddy is in France and you hope he 'll get over soon, too. And don't fall in the lake and get all dusty, and don't go to Sunday-school more than once a week, and pick out a pretty teacher when you go. So good-by, little soul, and take awful good care of Mother; and when you hug her tight, think of all the millions Daddy would give to be there; and don't hurt when you hug. And keep on hoping for the Old Boy to get the kaiser; and when you see all those pretty little girls in Buffalo, watch your step!



THIS IS A FRENCH GENERAL KISSING A BRAVE MARINE

With whole battles of love to you and Pretty Mother, DADDY PAT.

(To be continued)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

What delightful contributions the League boys and girls do send to our good St. Nicholas! The little poems here printed are only a few from the scores equally deserving of our appreciation. And who could ask for a more finished and spirited handling of the subject assigned than this really admirable little lyric sent in by one of our Honor Members?

COMING HOME

BY ELEANOR SLATER (AGE 15)
(*Honor Member*)

Swiftly, *how swiftly, she speeds on her way,*
Over a pathway of foam;
Laden with heroes who fought a fine fight,
Bearing them silently home!

Swifter, far swifter, than any ship could,
Traveled the thoughts of a "boy,"
Gazing ahead to where lay, beyond sight,
The home of his love and his joy.

When every wild wave as it tumbled and tossed
Held dreams of his home and his land,
Pictured the little brown house on the hill—
What mattered the loss of a hand?

When every gay sunbeam a-dance on the deep
The smile of his bonny bride showed.
Wonder you, then, that the eyes of the lad
Brightly and happily glowed?

Duty discharged and his happiness earned,
He smiled at the thundering sea,
Waiting a sight of the first streak of land—
Home of the brave and the free.

Swiftly, how swiftly, she speeds on her way
Over a pathway of foam;
Laden with heroes who fought a fine fight,
Bearing them silently home.

The happiness of our army lads, as they near their native shores, so well portrayed in these stirring verses, recalls the exclamation of a soldier boy from an inland State, as his ship steamed into New York Harbor and he caught sight of the Statue of Liberty: "Well, dear old Mis' Lib', if *you* want to see *me* again, you'll *have to turn round!* Now that the big job is over, home is good enough for me!"

The prose this month is not a whit behind the verse in timeliness and merit, and includes a clever little letter in French which will appeal to students of that beautiful language. And our young artists and photographers have earned our thanks and blessing by the fine array of enlivening pictures that decorate our League pages this month.

PRIZE-WINNERS COMPETITION NO. 228

PROSE. Gold badge, **Rachel L. Carson** (age 11), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, **Mary R. Evans** (age 15), Indiana; **Catharine L. Moss** (age 14), New Jersey; **Winifred A. Smith** (age 16), Indiana.

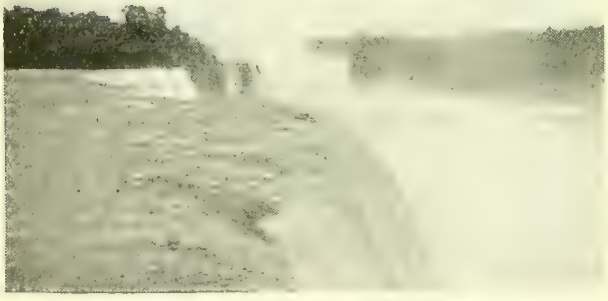
VERSE. Gold badge, **Louise N. Sanford** (age 15), New York. Silver badge, **Laurence B. Goodrich** (age 16), Washington; **Kathryn Annette Lyon** (age 15), New Jersey.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge. **Ruth Dewberry** (age 14), Alabama. Silver badges, **Mary Steinberger** (age 14), Ohio; **Howard Simon** (age 16), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Charlotte Hamblen** (age 14), Washington; **Nicholas F. Palmer, 3rd** (age 13), New York. Silver badges, **Miriam Benner** (age 14), Nebraska; **Elizabeth C. Munsell** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Louise J. Miller** (age 12), Ohio; **Mary F. Johnson** (age 14), New York; **Joseph Regan** (age 15), New York; **Caroline Gucker** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Carolyn Broughton** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Eleanor L. Royal** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Dorothy Freese** (age 15), Maine.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Virginia Mason** (age 13), New Jersey.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Margaret Noyes** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Phyllis D. Allyn** (age 15), Massachusetts.



BY MIRIAM BENNER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY CHARLOTTE HAMBLEN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1918)

"MOVING ALONG"

COMIN' HAME

BY KATHRYN ANNETTE LYON (AGE 15)

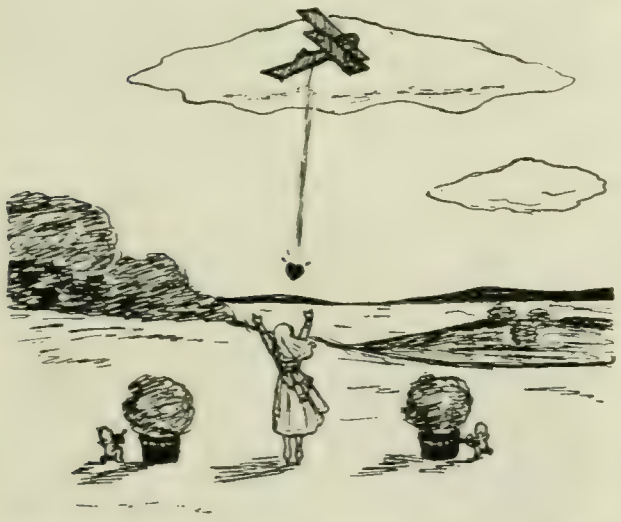
(*Silver Badge*)

Oh, the leaves are dancin' merrily o 'er the fields o' golden grain,
And the whole world seems tae sing and shout his name;
To-day there is nae sorrow, to-day there is nae pain,
For my laddie's comin' hame, comin' hame!

Oh, the sun is shinin' happiness, the sun is glad wi' me,
And the wind 's been whisp'ring gladness sin' it came—
The note that made the day sae bright and set my heart saę free,
The note that said my laddie 's comin' hame!

Oh, the flowers nod their bonnie heads and smile as I pass by;
And tho' the world must gae its course the same,
For me the day is brighter and the sky 's a cloudless sky
For my laddie 's comin' hame, comin' hame!

Oh, the heather 't is a-bloomin' 't is a-bloomin' on the dune,
And the day 's sae fu' o' gladness that 't is a' most lak a drame,
And the glorious time, the glorious hour is comin' very soon,
When my laddie 's comin' hame, comin' hame!



"A VALENTINE." BY RUTH DEWBERRY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1918.)

A MESSAGE TO THE FRONT

BY RACHEL L. CARSON (AGE 11)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September*, 1918)

Down deep in a dugout several French officers were sitting. There had been hard fighting for some time, and the officers were having an important meeting to discuss the next attack.

It was a dark night, and a light rain was falling. The shells were bursting everywhere, and the cannon were firing incessantly.

Suddenly a messenger appeared at the door. He was breathless from running. He was covered with mud and bleeding from wounds. "A message, sir," he said, halting in the doorway and saluting. He handed the officer a paper.

The officer took it and read it without a word. Then he rose and said, "Gentlemen, America has drawn her sword." That was all, but, oh, how much those few words meant to France! A short time later, marching through the streets of Paris, were men in khaki—American soldiers. A few months later those same soldiers were in the trenches, fighting like trained veterans. And each week more and more Americans arrived, until over a million men were in the trenches fighting their hated enemy, the Hun.

And as for the people back home, they were all doing their bit—buying Liberty Bonds, conserving food, anything, everything, to help, no matter what it was, for the Americans were determined to win, and did win.



"MOVING ALONG." BY ELIZABETH C. MUNSELL, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

A MESSAGE TO THE FRONT

BY MARY R. EVANS (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Le 21 octobre, 1918.

Cher soldat Belge:

Que je suis enchantée de recevoir votre première lettre! Elle est très intéressante. Cela me semble charmant d'avoir un ami de l'autre côté de l'océan,—un ami que je n'ai jamais vu. D'après votre lettre je crois vous connaître déjà assez bien. C'est presque incroyable que vous n'avez jamais quitté le front depuis août, 1914. Je suis heureuse avec vous d'apprendre que vous serez décoré bientôt. Que votre joie sera sublime en ce moment-là!

C'est dommage que depuis le commencement de la guerre vous n'aviez jamais reçu aucune lettre avant que je vous ai écrit, mais je suis heureuse que c'est moi qui peut vous encourager.

Nous autres Américains apprécions la vaillante bravoure et le dévouement des Belges. Nous ne pouvons pas assez vous remercier des services extraordinaires que vous avez rendus à l'humanité, vous qui avez tout donné pour son amour.

L'Amérique appelle ses fils et en prépare des milliers pour le service en France. Il y a en bien des défilés et des discours pour amasser de l'argent pour l'emprunt du gouvernement. Le peuple a répondu au besoin de la nation.

Je voudrais être assez âgée pour être infirmière

en France, mais je n'ai que quinze ans. J'ai tricôté des poignets et des chaussettes, et j'ai fait des bandages pour les blessés.

J'étudie le français à l'école depuis deux ans, et je l'aime beaucoup.

J'espère que la fin de la guerre arrivera bientôt et apportera à tout le monde la paix et la liberté. Très sincèrement,

Votre petite amie américaine,
MARY R. EVANS.

(See Letter-Box, page 382, for translation.—Ed.)



BY LOUISE J. MILLER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)



BY MARY F. JOHNSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"MOVING ALONG."

COMING HOME

BY KATHARINE BROOKS (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

THEY were busy all the morning,
Tho' the hours seemed to drag;
They had cleaned the wee apartment,
And hung out the silken flag.
They had cooked his favorite dinner,
Small brown cakes he loved so well,
And they talked of how he acted,
And the jokes he used to tell.

Rings the door-bell—how their hearts leap!
Just the grocery man! Oh, dear!
"Mother, what time is he coming?
Surely he should soon be here!"
Half past twelve, and all is ready.
Still they sit and watch the clock—
Then a whistle at the doorway,
Some one fumbling with the lock!

Sounds a rush of happy footsteps!
Joyous cries; and, eyes aglow,
Tight he holds them—oh! what rapture!
Never will he let them go!

"Come, my dearies, dinner 's ready."
Down they sit and all is cheer,
And his weary weeks of fighting
Make the coming home more dear.

"A MESSAGE TO THE FRONT"

BY CATHARINE L. MOSS (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

"You are to deliver these papers to General Washington without fail."

Ray McLean stirred uneasily as he recalled the stern command. When he had left headquarters, he was perfectly confident—he had been through so many dangers. But he had encountered a Hessian sentry, and the man had endeavored to detain him. The struggle resulted in Ray galloping off at top speed, with two bad bullet wounds. Now he was receiving attention at a house on the roadside. It was impossible for him to continue his journey in time to deliver the papers according to his instructions.

A sigh diverted his attention. Raising himself on his elbow, he spied a boy seated by the door. "What 's the matter, sonny?" he queried.

"I just wish that I could be a soldier!" the boy exclaimed.

Ray gazed at him thoughtfully. "Perhaps you can. How old are you?"

"Most thirteen, sir. I wish I was big enough to do something."

"I think you are." A plan was rapidly developing in Ray's mind.

"Would you like to take a message to American headquarters?"

"Me, sir? Just give me the chance!"

The boy was delighted. Now he would be doing something for the Colonists and the wounded hero he worshiped.

It ended by the boy Bob setting off with the papers concealed in the soles of his shoes. Ray had many misgivings; still, no one would suspect a mere boy.

Meantime, Bob was trudging along, getting a lift whenever he could. The Hessians had received word that McLean was bearing important papers to General Washington. Little did they dream that the lad they joked with was carrying those very papers in his shoes!

Bob finally reached headquarters and handed the papers with pride to General Washington. After much praise and a reward he started home.

During the Revolution, whenever Ray had an errand that took him near Bob's house, his captain ordered him to give his respects to his "Little Messenger."

The Hessians never ceased to wonder how the information reached American headquarters.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY MARY STEINBERGER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

A MESSAGE TO THE FRONT

BY FRANCES SCHIFF (AGE 14)

IT was over. The day of wonders and of triumph had passed.

It almost seemed that all had been a dream, yet there was proof that it was true.

The soldier surveyed the tiny bit of metal with pride. It was his—he had won it. They had pinned it on his breast and called him a hero! His!—and yet——

Tenderly, almost reverently, he pulled from his pocket a crumpled letter.

Yes, it was this that had made him win it; the cross belonged not to him, but to the writer of that letter.

The boy read the letter over for the hundredth



BY NICHOLAS F. PALMER, 3RD, AGE 13
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE
WON SEPT. 1918)



BY JOSEPH REGAN, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)



BY CAROLINE F. GUCKER, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)



BY KATHARINE S. STEBBINS, AGE 14



BY CAROLYN BROUGHTON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY ALICE DIXON, AGE 15



BY ELEANOR L ROYAL, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)



BY DOROTHY FREESE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY O. LINDSAY CLARKSON, AGE 16

"MOVING ALONG"

time. There was a mist in his eyes when he had finished.

"Dear little Mother!" he whispered, "you did n't know that, while you were sitting there peacefully under the maples, a letter that you had written, a letter into which you had put your love, your faith, and, unknowingly, your bravery, was capturing a squad of Germans out in No Man's Land. "You 're a brave little fighter, Mother dear, and the news of your victory has made me win mine. So now, Mother, I 'am going to decorate you for gallantry, the gallantry that you showed in your message to the front."

Then, with a tender little smile, the soldier slipped his Distinguished Service Cross into an addressed envelope ready to be registered and sent to a little town "somewhere in America."



"MOVING ALONG." BY WENTWORTH BROWN, AGE 13

COMING HOME

(*As Sung by the Doughboys*)

BY LOUISE N. SANFORD (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August*, 1918)

We licked 'em at the Vesle
And we wopped 'em at the Ourcq.
And we 'll give 'em merry thunder on the Rhine;
For although it may take long,
We are movin' right along,
And we 've got the blinkin' kaiser yellin' fine.

Sure old Fritz gets on the run
When the Yank 's behind the gun—
Don't stop to talk, but hustles right along,
In haste to tell that kaiser,
Who, he hopes, will soon be wiser,
That we 're comin' on to Berlin hard and strong.

It 'll take a little while
Till we 've cleaned 'em up in style,
And we 'll need a wee bit more than just a song.
But although they got my pal—
Oh, well, "you know me, Al,"
Tell the home-folks that we 're comin' home 'fore long!

A MESSAGE TO THE FRONT

BY WINIFRED A. SMITH (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

"From his loving wife and little son," read the message that accompanied the box. The young officers gazed thoughtfully at the contents, a bunch of half-faded English flowers. The lieutenant swore softly under his breath.

"What 'll we be afther doin' wid them?" asked Maloney, of the London Irish.

"I, for one, vote we send them up," spoke King, of the Territorials.

"What 's the gathering?" asked Pryor, regimental sergeant-major of the 8th Londoners.

"Can't ye be afther seein' it, man?"

"Over there," nodded King, "I vote we send them up."

"I *could* send them up to-night with the supplies," said the Q. M., thoughtfully.

"I 'm wid ye there, my man."

"Yes—go ahead!"

The sergeant-major scratched his head. "It s not strictly army regulations, but——"

"Of course not, but——"

"Exactly," nodded Pryor.

The young officers assembled, breathed a sigh of relief and moved away. The Q. M. went on with his duties, a thoughtful gleam in his eyes.

That night the little box was sent up with the supplies.

"Wot 's 'ere?" demanded a cockney voice. "Note to the blurry sergeant! 'Eve 'er, Patsy!" This last to the commissary, who was loading him and another with the company supplies.

"Whatcher got in your 'ands, mate?"

"Blimey, somethin' for the blurry sergeant! I 'll lay yer a copper, matey, there 's trouble ahead yet for some one this night."

The sergeant gazed dubiously at the contents of the box and at its accompanying order. "Bill?"

"'Ere, sir."

"Take these back there—to Kore's grave—you know it—the last one on——"

"Yes, sir." Bill vanished into the night.

A star-shell, lighting up the soldier graveyard for an instant, silhouetted the figure of a kneeling Tommie, as, bareheaded, he placed some fading flowers on a lately made grave and a card, with its message to the front, on top.

COMING HOME

BY PHILIPPA N. SHERMAN (AGE 15)

Dear Mother: When you get this,
We 'll be starting out for home;
We will pack our few belongings,
And we 'll sail across the foam.

Oh, won't the boys be happy
When the news is passed around,
When we 're on the giant transport
And we know we 're homeward bound?

When the long, long journey 's over
And we glide into the bay,
All the boats will blow their whistles—
It will be a glorious day!

All the people will be shouting,
All the flags will gaily wave,
And the bands will play their loudest.
Won't they think us Sammies brave!

You will meet me, won't you, Mother,
At the little garden gate?
And you 'll cook your "swellest" dinner
For me. Oh, it 's hard to wait!

So be ready for me, Mother,
For we 're going to cross the foam—
Every tired, homesick Sammie,
Every "Boy" is coming home.

A MESSAGE TO THE FRONT

BY WALTER WATKINS (AGE 11)

THE sun looked down through a rift in the clouds on the frozen earth below. It was a cold, bleak day; the ground was covered with a slushy, frozen mud, and the cold, damp wind blew in the faces of the wet, shivering Sammies occupying the front-line trench. Fifty yards across No Man's Land the *Boches*, no less disconsolate, huddled around feeble little fires in their trench, while some poor fellow did sentry duty.

In the American lines Kenneth Wesley, just off duty, was walking down the second-line trench when he was handed an American paper. It had been so long since he and his comrades had seen a paper from the States that he took it and ran back to his friends to show them the news. They were so surprised to see him back that they rushed forward to see what was the matter.

"Look, fellows!" cried the jubilant Kenneth; "see what I 've got here!"

"Any one would think you were mad, Ken, to come running the way you did," said a comrade.

"Don't you want to see the news?"

"Sure!" they answered in chorus.

"Crowd around, then, and I 'll read it. Don't you remember the Y-man that told us that the people of America are backing us in everything we do? Well, listen to this, and see what the folks back home are doing:

" 'Washington, November 15.—According to reports received to-day from the Treasury Department, the people of the United States went over the top in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, $6,200,000,000 having been raised.' "

For a moment after this news was read there reigned a complete silence; then suddenly, and with one accord, a prolonged, heartfelt cheer arose from the American trenches in honor of the success of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

COMING HOME

BY JESSIE M. THOMPSON (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

Oh, the hills are lovely hills, in the glowing fall,
On a gray autumnal day, when the great winds call.
Little shining maple-trees stand beside the trail,
Wind-tossed, friendly firs ahead bid the wanderer, "Hail!"

Oh, the hills are colored hills, where the gay trail stirs;
Little golden trees—and you—climb between the firs.
Up the way is shaded gold—dawning light—maybe
The sun is coming out, or it 's the light of a maple-tree.

Little golden trees—and you—scramble through the firs;
Little scarlet trees dance past, and the bright path stirs.
Little shining trees—and you—down the homeward trail,
While the friendly firs ahead beckon, crying, "Hail!"

All the kindly forest things had you on your way;
Lovely is a forest trail on an autumn day;
But the understanding trees, who have bade you roam,
Lead you down the forest path to the fire at home.



BY F. DUSTIN COOLEY, AGE 15.



BY KATHARINE WEST, AGE 6.



BY LUCILLE E. WITTKE, AGE 16.



BY BLANCHE HOLMES, AGE 14.

"MOVING ALONG"

COMIN' HOME

BY LAURENCE BENEDICT GOODRICH (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

In the twilight after the sun has set,
And everythin' seems to rest,
As homeward I trudge on the dusty road,
That 's the time I like the best.
The herd is wanderin' on ahead,
And their bells all soft and low
Chime through the gatherin' dusk, as they
Sleepily homeward go.

The wind comes whisperin' the meadow o'er
And nods to the trees and the grasses,
And it 's oh, so cool! and I can smell
The sweet-grass as it passes.
And perhaps a whippoorwill will call
Quite near, or far away;
Or in the tufts of tall bunch-grass
The katydids will play.

And the brook that gurgles by the road
Sings a sad and drowsy song,
And seems almost like a livin' thing,
As its waters glide along.
And it 's all so sweet and dreamy,
As through the dusk I roam,
That I sometimes wish I could spend my life
A-drivin' the cattle home.

A MESSAGE TO THE FRONT

BY BARBARA SIMISON (AGE 11)

One day little four-year-old Phyllis heard her brother Robert jokingly say: "All of us have helped win the war—Don has gone as a soldier; Helen is a Red Cross nurse; Mother conserves food and works at the Red Cross; Dad buys Liberty Bonds and I sell them. Everybody has done his bit except little Phyl; it 's her turn now," winking at his mother.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY" BY MARY L. RUSSELL, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER).

That night, after Mother had tucked her snugly into her bed, Phyllis lay thinking how she could help. At last she had it. She could send to Don, so he would n't be lonesome, her old black Dinah doll, the only one of her many toys that she loved enough to sleep with. Oh, how she hated to part with Dinah! But she would do it for Don's sake.

The next morning Phyllis found a white box and, taking a last look at Dinah, tucked her lovingly into it. Then she ran out to Tom, the gardener, and dictated this note to send with it.

"Dear Don: Dinah is the only thing I can send you. Take good care of her. You won't be lonesome with Dinah.

"From your loving little sister, Phyllis."

When the package arrived in France, Don could not imagine what it could be, so carefully done up. He opened it, very much surprised.

In a few days Dinah had been passed around the whole regiment and laughed at. One fellow jokingly suggested that she should be their mascot. This plan was adopted and a long letter was sent to little Phyllis thanking her for their new mascot Dinah.

COMING HOME

BY CHARLOTTE I. ROOT (AGE 13)

We are waiting, ever waiting with impatience and with fear,
Through the long and dreary hours of the night,
For a message that the world from autocracy is clear,
And the boys are turning homeward from the fight.

We have never seen the battlefield, or heard the bursting bomb,
Although the war encompasses the land,
Yet our boys are nobly fighting in the distant fields of France,
And we hope the dawn of peace is nigh at hand.

And our hopes will be rewarded and exultant hearts rejoice,
When the glorious news shall cross the foaming sea
That the war at last is ended and Liberty is saved,
And the boys are coming home with Victory!

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE	VERSE	
		Selma Moskowitz
		Lucy H. Moore
Charlotte D. Eddy	Charlotte I. Root	Nancy Riggs
Helen B. Hayes	Willie F. Linn	Donald D. Millar
Elizabeth B. Loring	Susannah S. Platt	Laura Marsh
	Katherine Smith	
Dorothy Durbin	Juana Albraum	PHOTOGRAPHS
Fdrothy V. Fuller	K. E. Sheldon	
Howard Wilson	Edith V. M.	Eunice Williams
Dorothy Reynolds	Simmonds, II	Philip S. Hurley
Florence E. Meier	C. Parmenter	Joan Getchell
Henry Rische, Jr.	Anne H. Fish	K. E. Williams
Carolyn Kaufman	Josephine	Edith R. Pentz
Lydie Blackman	McClung	Muriel
Edith Epler	Jean F. Black	McNaughton
Mary Madden		C. Penniman
Cynthia Hussein	DRAWINGS	Carolyn Olmstead
Florence		David S. Ludlum
Nightingale	Foresta Hodgson	Ruth L. Davidson
Katharine Brown	Ingeborg M.	Anna K. Minard
Silvia	Andersen	Elizabeth Leeds
Wunderlich	James G. Taylor	Wilbur I. Follett
Alice L. Coonley	Sarah E. Nusbaum	William A.
Sarah Kinsman	Charlotte Ewing	Gardner

ROLL OF HONOR

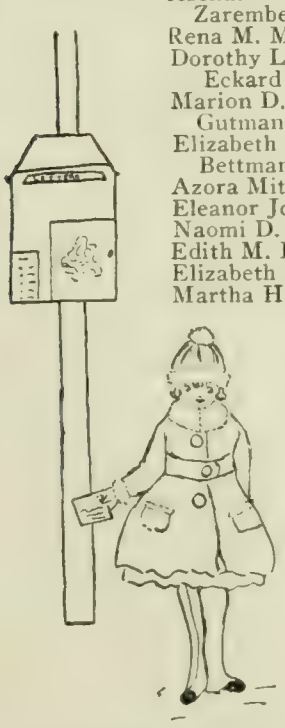
A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE		
	Jane B. Bradley	E. L. Burton
	Eudora C.	F. L. Seaman
H. Salisbury	Hunner	Gertrude Herrick
Jack Steiss	Halsey G.	Alice L. Dent
Ruth Lurie	Southwick	Virginia Lewis
Rachael M.	Margaret	Mary L. Rollins
Bodine	Williams	Fannie A. Sanger
Elizabeth Odell	K. Chichester	Beth A. Curtis
Beryl V. Graham	Ethelyn Becket	Viola Engman
K. Winship	S. L. Dickinson	Helen R. Reese

Cecile Tonnele
Kathryn J. Rauh
Dorothy Dixon
Alice C. Strawser
Helen W. Engstrom
Eleanor G. Donan
Helen Pancoast
June Cooper
Marion Burgess
Duane Squires
Helen Post
Hugh L. Willson
Katharine Kimball
Olwen Leach
Leonora Greenlees
Dorothy R. Burnett
Geraldine Stewart
Jean Judd
Ethel Baker
Frances Stewart
Reberta Seiferth
Abraham Just
Emily W. Stevens
Charlotte Berger

VERSE

Margaret Harvey
Muriel Cavanaugh
Geoffrey Levy
Aline Fruhauf (Fruhauf)
Rae M. Verrill
Helen M. Rushton
A. Maxwell Stiles
Margaret Cole
Genevieve Copeley
Mary H. White
Alma I. Andersen
Grace L. Savage



"A VALENTINE." BY WINIFRED MACDONALD, AGE 12.

Kathleen Schnepper
Alma Asted
Elizabeth Singer
Margaret Macksprang
Elizabeth Bailor
Nicholas G. Cameron
Beulah Knapp
Agnes Barnard
Claire Richardson
Mary L. Frackelton
Celia V. White
Elizabeth Mouat



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY HOWARD SIMON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

Lilla Hughes
Doris Meacham
Charlotte Reynolds
Eudora V. Blackeney
Birkbeck Wilson
Bessie B. Schekman
Cora Schnackenberg
Asenath Zarembean
Rena M. Manning
Dorothy L. Eckard
Marion D. Gutman
Elizabeth Bettmann
Azora Mitchell
Eleanor Jones
Naomi D. Furnas
Edith M. Frazier
Elizabeth H. Hart
Martha Haworth
Edward E. Murphy
Aimee Ellis
Elinor Beidler
Mildred Mac Cutcheon
Isabel Wisner
Harriet Witman
Emily P. Bethel
Dorothy Stephenson
Eleanor D. Noble
Charlotte Poor
Carol Estabrook
Marjorie Lynch
Helen B. Kent
Betty Hunner
Elizabeth H. Honness
Hattie Webb
Albert Keep
Mary E. Matlack
Virginia Harvey
William Shoemaker
Sadie Beers
Martha Walker
Jack Betts
Mary J. Plum

DRAWINGS

Mary L. Johnson
Maxine Samuelson
Martha L. Darwin

PHOTOGRAPHS

Anne P. Burrell
Theresa E. Clarkson
Janet Scott
Dorothy Ward
Sylvia Dow
Henry T. Rogerson
Robert L. Hanison
Barbara Brown
Alice C. Good
Anna V. Speidell
Florence L. Davis
Eleanor G. Parker
Roma Kauffman
Anna S. Cary
Erma Johnson
Frances Parker
Margaret Olmsted
Ridpath de France
Katherine O'Reilly
Caroline Power
Charles E. Lucke, Jr.
James C. Perkins, Jr.
Ellen L. Buell

PUZZLES I

Dorothy Bowen
Mona Morgan
Gwenfread Allen
Alma Miller
Frances Ellen Cummings
Katherine Kride
William Dale Ramsey
Sarah Ferguson
Anna Louise Campion
Eleanor Cook
Philip C. Jones
Lorena D. Ramsey
Helena Gilgan
Arthur H. Woodworth
Nan Carey
Marion I. McAllister
Helen Ardrey
Patricia Cogan
Mary Florance
Virginia A. Spurr
Richard K. Korn
Marion Picard
Rachel Gilbert
Jane Robinson
Emily Pendleton
Helen de G. McLellan
Ruth C. Eiseman
Eileen Elsworth
Katharine Drew
Arthur D. Lionberger
Ruth Andrews

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 232

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 232 will close **February 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **March 1**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "When Boughs Are Bare," or "When Orchards Bloom."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Courtesy."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My Favorite Subject."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Welcome!" or a Heading for **June.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

A LETTER from the National Field Secretary of the Camp Fire Girls calls attention to the statement in the article on "Girls' Day" (printed in our November number) that "Girls' Day," as described, was "observed for the first time in the history of Minneapolis and the country."

Miss Kempthorne informs us that the Camp Fire Girls originated the idea of "Girls' Day," as shown by articles in the May and August numbers of "Wohelo," and adds: "It was celebrated in a great many places last June, and we hope that it will be taken up next year under the auspices of perhaps the War Camp Community Service and very widely observed."

(*Translation of "A Message to the Front," printed on page* 375:)

OCTOBER 21, 1918.

DEAR BELGIAN SOLDIER: How delighted I am to receive your first letter! It is very interesting. It seems charming to me to have a friend on the other side of the ocean—a friend whom I have never seen. From reading your letter I already know you very well. It is almost incredible that you have never left the front since 1914. I am glad to know that you will soon be decorated. How great will be your joy at that moment!

What a pity, that, since the beginning of the war, you have never received any letter, except the one which I wrote you; but I am happy that it is I who am able to encourage you.

We Americans appreciate the valiant bravery and the devotion of the Belgians. We are not able to thank you enough for the extraordinary services which you have rendered to humanity—you who have given all for the love of it.

America calls her sons and is preparing thousands of them for service in France. There has been a great deal of marching and speech-making to gather the money for the Government loan. The people have responded to the need of the nation.

I wish I were old enough to become a nurse in France, but I am only fifteen. I have knitted wristlets and socks, and I have made bandages for the wounded.

I have studied French in school for the past two years, and like it very much.

I hope that the end of the war will come soon and bring peace and liberty to every one.

Very sincerely,
Your little American friend,
MARY R. EVANS.

VERGENNES, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Did you ever get a letter from triplets before? We—my brother, sister, and myself—have a lot of fun fooling people. No one can tell Janet from me, and Jack looks a lot like us if he *is* a boy.

It is funny, but we are all three just as strong as can be and have never seemed at all affected in health because we are triplets. We have black hair and brown eyes, and we quarrel like everything; but we really love each other dearly.

Jack is a little bit taller than Jan and I, but I weigh more than either of them.

I must tell you a funny thing that happened when we were babies. Mamma and Daddy were in town, and the woman who was taking care of us had to give us our baths.

She bathed Jack, and he played around on the floor; and then Janet—and when she went to get some more water, she forgot where she had left me and bathed Janet again, instead of bathing me. We were n't old enough to tell her what she was doing.

We get awfully mixed up in school. The teacher has a dreadful time with us.

We read ST. NICHOLAS at the library and like it very much. Janet and I simply adored "The Sapphire Signet," and Jack liked "The Code Signal" and "Chained Lightning."

Wishing you a long, prosperous life, and a good many subscribers, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JEAN, JANET, AND JACK BRADFORD (age 13).

P.S.—We hope you don't think this letter is too much about ourselves. Jack does, and Janet is doubtful. Please excuse me if it is.

JEAN.

HADDONFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a very interested reader of yours. I liked the stories, "Three Sides of Paradise Green," "Molly's Own Canteen," and the nature article about roots.

About two or three weeks ago an aëroplane, while flying over our town, had engine trouble and was forced to land. It landed with its nose sticking into the ground, while it stood up straight. The aviator had his thumb hurt slightly. It was one of the smallest of our aëroplanes. From the ground up it was nearly unharmed, except for a scratch or two. But the nose of it was all smashed. Though there were two seats in it, only one was occupied.

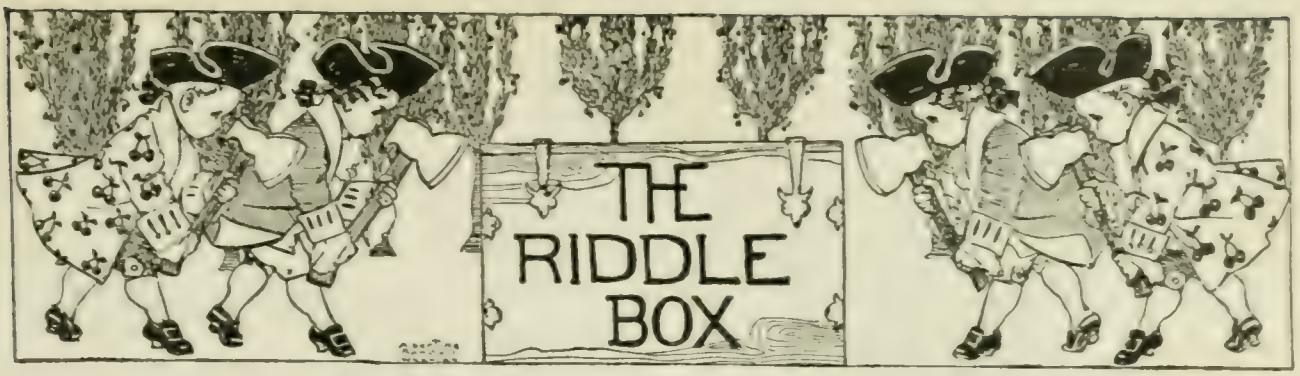
Your loving reader,
SUSANNA KESSLER.

HANKOW, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was born in Japan, and I have lived there seven years. When I was six years old we went to the Philippines and stayed there seven years. Now we are living in China. I have never been to the States, though I am an American.

I am going to school up in Kuling. It is way up in the mountains and very cold. When we go up the mountain, we are carried up in chairs, which are very queer-looking, uncomfortable things. The sides of the mountains are so steep and the path is so narrow that you think all the time that the men who are carrying you are going to slip and fall.

Your loving reader,
PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

Word Square. 1. Niche. 2. Idler. 3. Clara. 4. Herds. 5. Erase.

Transpositions. Pale, arid, line, Eden. 1. Prate, taper. 2. Laves, slave. 3. Idols, solid. 4. Pears, spear. 5. Rabid, braid. 6. Spare, pares. 7. Times, smite. 8. Andes, sedan. 9. Lemon, melon. 10. Pines, spine. 11. Notes, tones. 12. These, sheet. 13. Table, bleat. 14. Shade, Hades. 15. Deter, treed. 16. Scone, cones.

Single Acrostic. Livingstone. Cross-words: 1. Oriole. 2. Hermit. 3. Revive. 4. Rabbit. 5. Canine. 6. Indigo. 7. Choose. 8. Wreath. 9. Debtor. 10. Friend. 11. Wallet.

Illustrated Zigzag. Daniel Webster. 1. Doves. 2. Gavel. 3. Penny. 4. Quail. 5. Mouse. 6. Quilt. 7. Bowls. 8. Seven. 9. Block. 10. Aster. 11. Kites. 12. Three. 13. Tower.

Diagonal. New Year's Day. Cross-words: 1. Naturalized. 2. Negligently. 3. Downhearted. 4. Polynesians. 5. Bittersweet. 6. Foolhardily. 7. Featherless. 8. Repossessed. 9. Metallorial. 10. Categorical. 11. Excellently.

Cross-word Enigma. Rose.

Double Beheadings and Double Curtailings. Thomas Carlyle. 1. In-ten-se. 2. In-her-it. 3. Pr-obi-ty. 4. Al-man-ac. 5. Tr-ape-ze. 6. In-sip-id. 7. Lo-cat-es. 8. Qu-art-er. 9. De-rid-es. 10. Re-lie-ve. 11. Ba-yon-et. 12. Re-lea-se. 13. St-ell-ar.

Octagon. 1. Tap. 2. Tapir. 3. Apple. 4. Piled. 5. Red.

Numerical Enigma. "An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told." *Richard III.* IV. 4.

Cube. From 1 to 2, place; 1 to 3, plaid; 2 to 4, Erato; 3 to 4, ditto; 5 to 6, train; 5 to 7, train; 6 to 8, noted; 7 to 8, nomad; 1 to 5, pat; 2 to 6, eon; 4 to 8, odd; 3 to 7, din.

To Our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to All Puzzles in the November Number were received, within the time limit, from Margaret Noyes—Phyllis D. Allen—Barbara Beardsley—Margaret Trautwein—John M. Pope—Helen A. Moulton—"The Sextette Club."

Answers to Puzzles in the November Number were received, within the time limit, from Dorothy Jordan, 11—Ted F. Muller, 10—Gwenfread Allen, 10—Orrin G. Judd, 7—Helen Bryant Gilman, 5—Charlotte Hamblen, 5—Julian Phelps, 5—Mary Luxen, 3—Gene Ulman, 3—Ena Hourwich, 3—Emily W. and Elizabeth S., 2—Carroll Freeland, 2—Harriett R. Rinaldo, 2—M. Cody, 1—B. H. Ashmore, 1—E. L. Trigg, 1—E. B. Butner, 1—Edythe Dixon, 1—N. Brown, 1—N. Carey, 1—R. Dennis, 1. *Ireland October Answers:* Barbara Beardsley, 11—Virginia Ball, 10—Albert Bole, 9—Relda Gardner, 7—Elizabeth Foy, 7—Marjorie S. Lewis, 4—Helen Bradburn, 2—Ann Brown, 1.

PATRIOTIC ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the initials will name a figure often seen in the White House; another row of letters will spell the name of another person often seen there.

Cross-word: 1. Sprinkling. 2. Sound in religious doctrine. 3. To bear down. 4. To diminish. 5. One who keeps records. 6. To catch up with. 7. A feeble creature. 8. A traveler on foot. 9. One of the United States. 10. The rank of a lady. 11. The surname of a general in the Civil War. 12. A culprit. 13. To sail.

Virginia Mason (age 13).

WORD-SQUARE

1. Smallest. 2. Ardent. 3. Intense suffering. 4. Transmits. 5. An appointment to meet.

Molly Coggeshall (age 13),
League Member.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter; and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter will each spell a famous geographical name.

Cross-words: 1. Gloomy. 2. A fabulous monster. 3. A multitude. 4. A coin. 5. A river of France.

F. E. Cummings (age 14), *League Member.*

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the fifteen initial letters will spell the name of a famous poet; and the zigzag, taking the fourth letter of the first word, the third letter of the second word, the fourth letter of the third word, the third letter of the fourth word, and so on, will spell the name of his masterpiece.

Cross-words: 1. Adorns. 2. Obliterates. 3. A fruit. 4. A measure of length. 5. An extensive wood. 6. A thing valued for its scarcity. 7. Fit to be eaten as food. 8. Young persons. 9. A fruit. 10. A romp. 11. Subsides. 12. Customs. 13. A room under a building. 14. To come forth. 15. To explain or justify by argument.

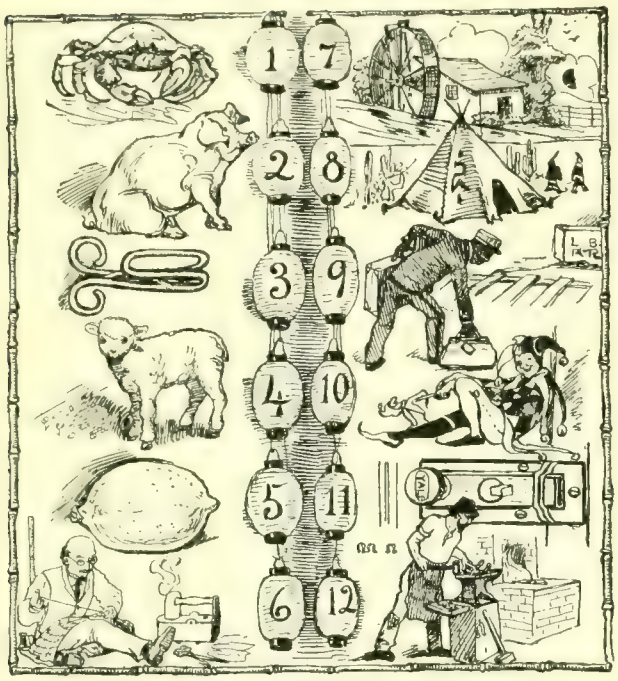
Edith Pierpont Stickney (age 14).
Honor Member.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Tyler, but not in Madison;
My second is in Madison, but not in Monroe;
My third is in Monroe, but not in Pierce;
My fourth is in Pierce, but not in Polk;
My fifth is in Polk, but not in Garfield;
My sixth is in Garfield, but not in Grant;
My seventh is in Grant, but not in Adams.
My whole was a President of the United States.

ISABELLE COUCH (age 13), *League Member.*

FAMOUS ENGLISH WRITERS



THE surnames of twelve English authors are shown in the above pictures. Who are the twelve authors?

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous writer, and another row will spell the name of a famous book by him.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wealth. 2. Not ourselves. 3. A native of Great Britain. 4. To enroll. 5. Equestrians. 6. A canopy. 7. A bequest. 8. One distinguished for eloquence. 9. Artificial. 10. To charge with a crime. 11. A winter vehicle. 12. A day. 13. A memento. 14. A representation of a person. 15. To animate. 16. Occurrences. 17. A sea nymph. 18. A county of southern England. 19. An egg pancake. 20. To settle comfortably.

MONA MORGAN (age 15), *Honor Member.*

WORD SUBTRACTIONS

EXAMPLE: Subtract a large body of water from a division of the year, and leave a descendant. Answer: Sea-son.

1. Take a vehicle from a heavy fabric, and leave a favorite.
2. Take a cooking utensil from a caustic substance, and leave a tree.
3. Take a case of tools from a certain young animal, and leave a number.
4. Take a skin of an animal from a groove, and leave a noisy quarrel.
5. Take a thrust from fingers, and leave a pronoun.
6. Take delved from a rude boat, and leave away.
7. Take to deface from a bird, and leave a metal.
8. Take a word of denial from to observe, and leave to frost.
9. Take a black mineral from goods which sink when cast into the sea, and leave the name of an "Uncle" we all honor.
10. Take a hat trimming from archers, and leave human beings.

The initial letters of the ten remaining words will spell what the boys and girls of our country are showing to the whole world.

VIRGINIA M. SMITH (age 13), *League Member.*

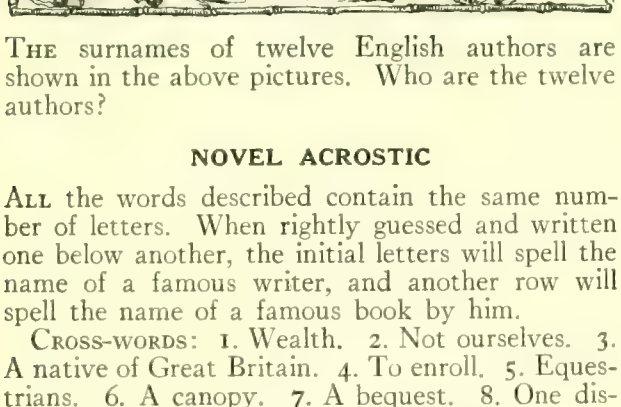
METAMORPHOSES

THE problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *eye* to *lid* in four moves.
2. Change *ape* to *man* in six moves.
3. Change *pig* to *sty* in five moves.
4. Change *tea* to *hot* in four moves.
5. Change *poor* to *rich* in six moves.
6. Change *Cain* to *Abel* in nine moves.
7. Change *blue* to *pink* in ten moves.

NEWTON C. JONES (age 12), *League Member.*

OVERLAPPING SQUARES AND DIAMONDS



I. UPPER DIAMOND. 1. In glances. 2. Wicked. 3. To mark with a name. 4. The abbreviation for one of the United States. 5. In glances.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND. 1. In glances. 2. Angry. 3. Part of a man's coat. 4. The same abbreviation used in the upper diamond. 5. In glances.

III. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Constructed. 2. A Biblical name. 3. A writer's table. 4. Large deer.

IV. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Large deer. 2. The moon. 3. A wooden peg for hanging things on. A Scandinavian legend.

V. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1 Large deer. 2. A kind of moth. 3. A knot in wood. 4. Scandinavian legend.

VI. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Scandinavian legend. 2. At a distance. 3. Sport of any kind. 4. Surface.

VII. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In glance. 2. A fish. 3. High winds. 4. A color. 5. In glances.

VIII. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In glances. 2. A fish. 3. The mallet of a presiding officer. 4. A ribbed fabric. 5. In glances.

EDMUND BURKE (age 15), *Honor Member.*

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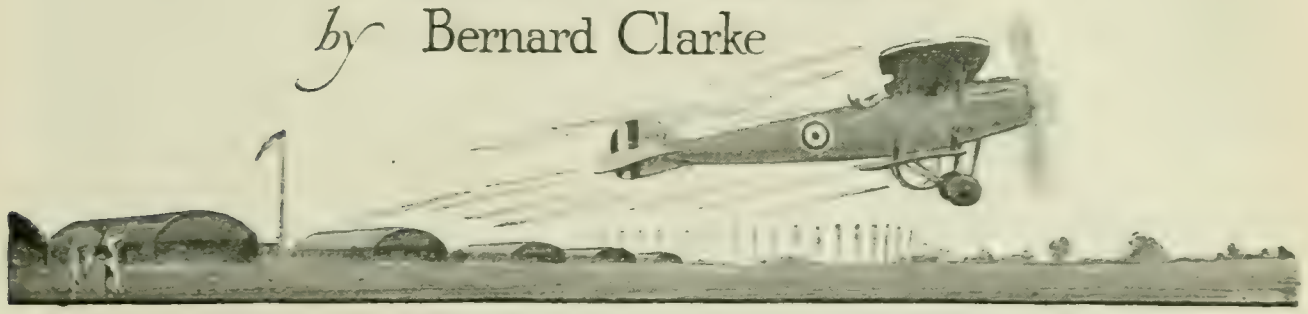
ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI MARCH, 1919 No. 5

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"ACE HIGH"

by Bernard Clarke



IT was in the early spring of 1918 that I spent the last of my seven days' leave with an R.A.F. (Royal Air Force) friend of mine, behind a "quiet" sector of the French front. Major H—— was in command of Escadrille No. —, he being on temporary detached service; and I, tiring of the little seaport town named on my leave order, had chosen to pay a brief visit to the major. At the same time, I thought, I should be able to pick up some practical points which might be of use to me in my capacity as assistant chief of ordnance at Production Center No. —. My work dealt with the installation and maintenance of machine-guns and other armament in fighting planes, so I looked forward with pleasure to this particular week-end.

I arrived by motor-car at B—— on a Saturday afternoon, and with the aid of a small pocket-map, furnished me by our liaison officer, proceeded on foot along a road much torn by recent shell-fire. Finally, I reached the side road leading to the aërodromes, and was soon seated with the major himself, in his small hut. It happened that he was the only English-speaking person with the Escadrille, he being a liaison officer between the French Air Forces, and the English farther north.

After a delicious dinner-for-two, we went for a short trip of inspection out to the take-off, stopping on the way to watch the French officers and men at their evening game of football. The major made me acquainted with several of the officers, and a fine-spirited group of pilots they seemed! At nightfall we again repaired to the hut and to bed. I expected on the morrow to be well rewarded for my visit, with such a well-groomed group of fields and aërodromes at my disposal.

At ten o'clock on the following morning the major voiced the very thoughts which were running through my brain, when he asked me if I would like to go up with him and try to get a Hun. Would I like—my word! And so we donned pilots' helmets, jumpers, and goggles, I

choosing mine from the major's abundant supply. Then we hustled out to the first hangar, where mechanics were already at work, tuning up some machines and sending others up to do their part in keeping the superiority of the air.

As a fitting ship for the leader of one of the leading escadrilles of France, the major had brought with him from Britain a two-seater Bristol fighter, capable of attaining and maintaining a speed of 125 miles an hour. French mechanics understand very little about the Bristol fighter, with its English engine, so the major very carefully "went over" the engine and 'plane, testing each cable and the exposed part of the engine. Finally we were ready to be wheeled to the take-off.

The sky was comparatively clear, with only a white cloud here and there; there was hardly a breath of air stirring. Several Allied 'planes were hovering over in the eastern sky—I presumed above the artillery, some twenty miles distant. We had received nc word or indication of any hostile machines being out past the lines. With a warning from the major, "Be careful," I climbed into the observer's cockpit and strapped myself in; the major babbled some instructions to the French sub-lieutenant; then he mounted to his seat; and as we adjusted our headgear, the engine was started with a mighty roar. We shot onto the take-off, then into the blue, headed straight for Berlin, I at the trigger end of a Marlin "telescope" machine-gun, and the major behind two Lewis guns, fixed to fire through the propeller. And I was by no means a novice at the machine-gun, thanks to my training for the Ordnance Corps.

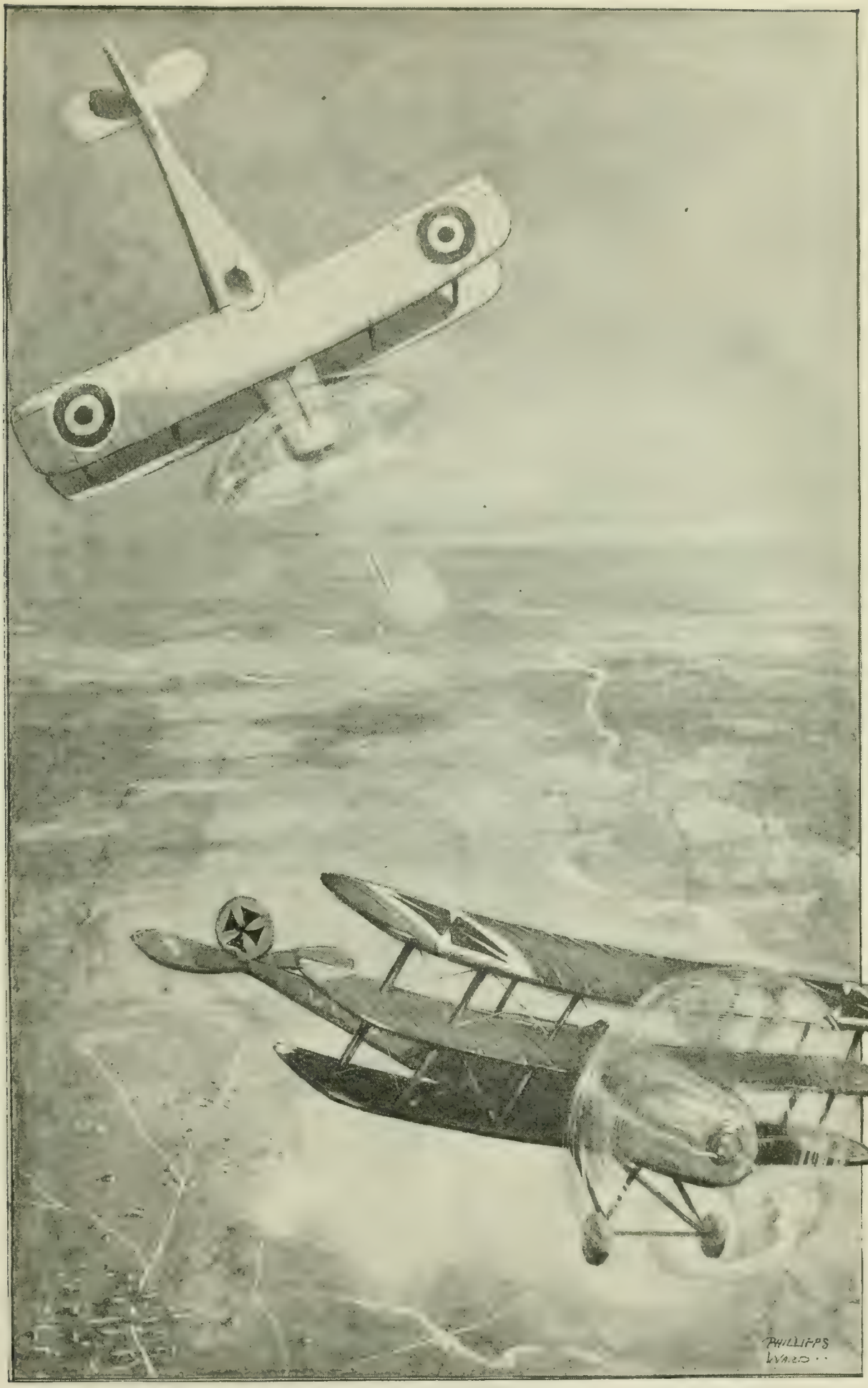
We had flown some twenty miles, when we felt the first puff of the *Boche* anti-aircraft barrage. I looked over the side, and made out the intricate network of trenches, both of friend and enemy. Our altitude, which the altimeter showed to be 13,000 feet, gave us plenty of clearance above the gun-fire. "Anti" guns are used simply to keep off the low-flying observation, photographic, and bombarding 'planes, and any ships which are indiscreet enough to fly on a fighting trip at an altitude lower than 6000 feet. The major evidently had a hunting-ground in mind, for we were still heading due east, as was indicated by the compass.

The advance and communication zones having been left behind, we glided to a level of 3000 feet. We passed over many unfortified towns. As we approached the Rhine districts, however, we spiraled up to 10,500 to steer clear of any "anti's" which the castled towns might harbor. In a few moments the blue ribbon of water had been passed, and we sought our former level of 3000. I looked for the major to begin a huge turn soon, and bring us back near the front, for I had seldom heard of a German aërodrome being located so far back of the lines.

Either the major had possessed a "hunch," or we were in good luck; for suddenly he pointed upward, and I made out what seemed to be an enemy group of ten or twelve 'planes at a height of perhaps 18,000 feet, some three miles above us. They were sailing toward us, but I was sure that, thanks to our cleverly camouflaged upper wing, they could pass by without sighting our ship. But the major did n't intend to let them pass without his first getting a closer view.

It was then that we made the first appreciable swerve in our line of flight, and we veered to the south, mounting the while. And yet the enemy "circus" held its course. As we neared the enemy on the "blind" (under) side, I saw that there were eleven ships in all, flying in an "A" formation. Ten were large Gothas, and the leader was a tiny triplane of the Fokker type. A bombing squadron, I surmised, or a convoy proceeding to the front. Here the major pointed forward at the small machine, and I took it that he meant, "We 'll down the Fokker."

Of a sudden, the Fokker became aware of our presence and "enemy status," for he signaled the Gothas, with a few tilts of his machine, and dived to our level, leaving the others to grope along to their destination. It was as he passed us the first time, at a safe distance, that I saw the peculiar



"THE MAJOR DARTED IN AT FIFTY YARDS." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

design of the R—— "circus" on his fuselage, and I felt that we had found an adversary of no mean experience. However, we had gun superiority, for he had but two fixed rapid-firers, and carried no observer.

Then the major "Immelman turned" to a more favorable position, and I took the first shot at the enemy birdman. Before I could see the effect, we had turned, and I waited for the major to get a try with his fixed guns. Rapidly we twisted and turned for a position, but each time the Hun guessed our move and played his waiting game, taking a shot now and then, at one fusillade cutting a chunk out of our lower wing. Then it "happened"! The major darted in, and at fifty yards let go with a stream of lead, and in passing I fired the remainder of my clip.

Now we saw that the Hun had ceased manœuvring and was making a gradual glide. We followed some distance behind, running nearer when we "sensed" that he had "turned tail." Finally we pulled up alongside his 'plane. The motor was coasting and the pilot was sitting upright, seeming yet to steer the ship in its glide. The major ran in to about forty feet, and then we saw that the pilot was dead, and that his wireless helmet had caught in the overhead oil-feed as he was thrown forward. So the hand on the "joy-stick" was not yet relinquished.

We fell back some 400 yards to watch the progress of the enemy 'plane, guided by a dead pilot. His machine gained momentum in its downward flight, and soon reached the 5000 level as we again drew near to the Rhine. We were now evidently but a few miles south of Karlsruhe, and the runaway ship was headed in a direct line for a small village, probably Neuenburg or Herrenalb. Our map showed them to be unfortified. Thus we were safe to watch the result of the wild flight. And sure enough, the Fokker held its course straight for the center of the town. At 500 feet, we were about 300 yards above and behind the *Boche*. Suddenly the major switched on the motor, and we climbed in a huge spiral to 850. Then I glanced over the side and saw the Fokker crash into the town square, which was thronged with women and children coming from the church on the plaza. Death had turned the enemy against his own people, and had not spared the innocent.

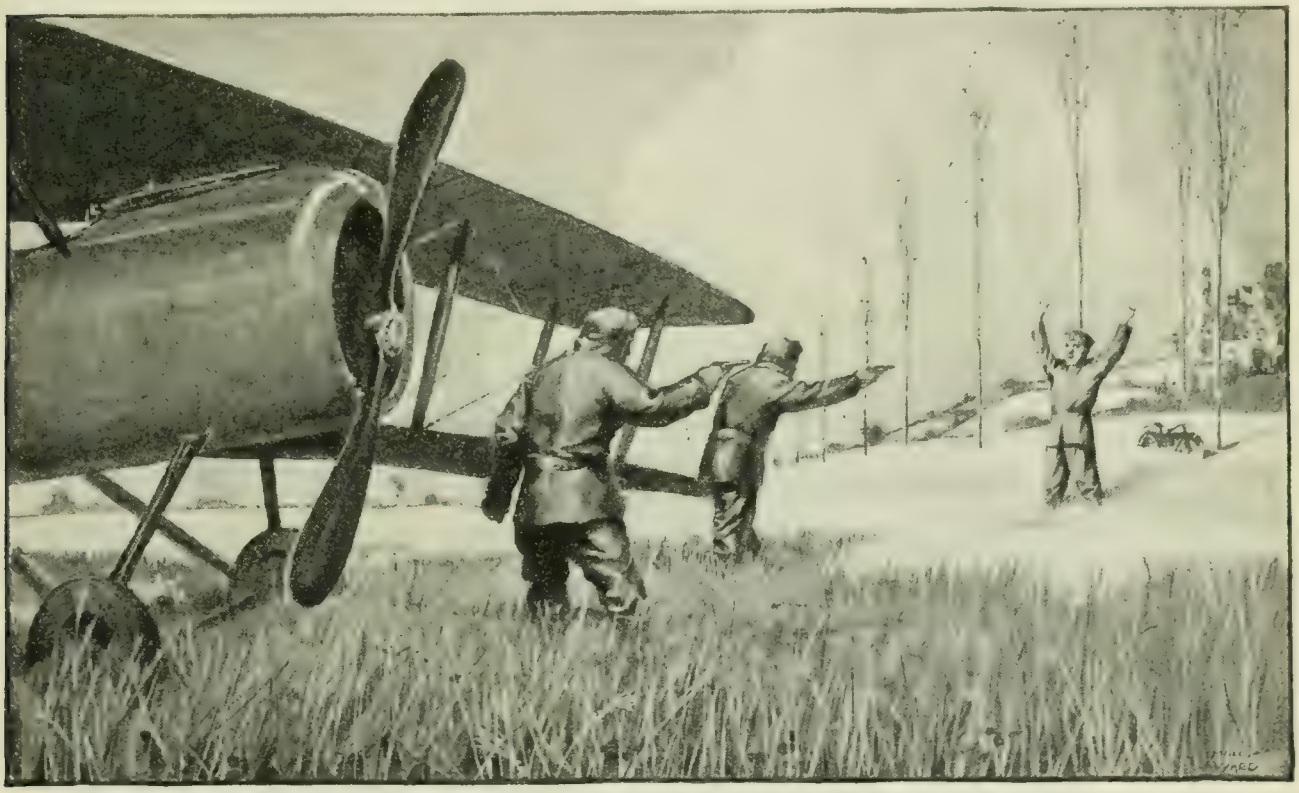
After this ghastly incident, the major tested our supply of petrol, and found that in our haste to watch the Fokker go to its doom, we had given no consideration to our fuel. As we had been in the air for a little over an hour, it was evident that we would have to make a forced landing in the territory of the enemy; and so the major spiraled to a position away from the fortified Rhenish towns, and we began to look for a place to land. At 600 feet we went into a glide to conserve fuel. We landed in a wheat-field about three miles from the nearest village. There were no peasants about, so we felt safe from capture for the time being. The major was on the point of attaching to the wing of our fighter the little charge of high explosive which all 'planes carry to use in case capture is inevitable. Then suddenly we heard the loud exhaust of a motor vehicle, which was evidently speeding down the road near by, and we both set feverishly to work at the time-fuse of the explosive. The Germans were no doubt coming after us, and it was against our policy to let them have the ship if we could prevent it. Then a motor-cycle, driven by a stout soldier in field gray, came into sight and turned into the field. He came to a stop, and, leaving his engine running, dismounted and started toward us on the run. The major, in his haste, fouled the wires of the time-fuse, and we turned to meet the new-comer, at the same time jerking our 45's from their holsters, and covering the man. He was about a hundred feet away when I fired.

He stopped, apparently unhit, and put his hands above his head, at the same time shouting in good English: "Don't shoot! I 'm an American!"

"Then, what in blazes are you doing in that uniform?" I flung back.

"I am an infantry officer of the —th, and was captured with a raiding party

last night. In company with several French officers, I was marched to the rear this morning. One guard was with us, and as we passed between two thick hedges, I saw my chance to escape. The Frenchmen who saw my move gave me a knowing glance as I slipped out of sight. I lay safe till this noon, when the Huns put a guard along the path. At the first opportunity, I knocked him down and beat him senseless with the butt of his gun before he knew I was at hand. I dragged him into the bushes, changed clothes with him, and walked up through the little town which you can see over in the hills. At this side of the town I saw a motor-cycle leaning against a building, which must have been a headquarters; and I rode off on the rickety thing. Then you flew over the town at a low altitude, evidently about to land, and I made out your insignia. You may well imagine that I put on full speed, and here I am!"



"HE PUT HIS HANDS ABOVE HIS HEAD, SHOUTING: 'DON'T SHOOT! I 'M AN AMERICAN!' "

His story sounded all right, and he had convinced us that he was a real American, wanting to get out of Germany as much as we did. Our problem was "gas." The major motioned for the lieutenant to approach, and asked him how much petrol there was in the tank of the motor-cycle. He was n't positive, so we wheeled the machine up to our 'plane, and were glad to see that there was a large reserve tank on the rear end. We found that there was a gallon and a half in the reserve and that the regular two-gallon tank was clear full. The major sounded the tank in our 'plane. There were four gallons left. Seven gallons and a half to take us back to our own lines! We poured every available drop into our tank.

Suddenly there came to our ears the sound of a rapidly driven automobile, and the three of us hurried to start the engine. The lieutenant of the —th tied himself in the space between the pilot's and observer's seats; I turned the "prop" over a few times and got her started, and then got into my place.

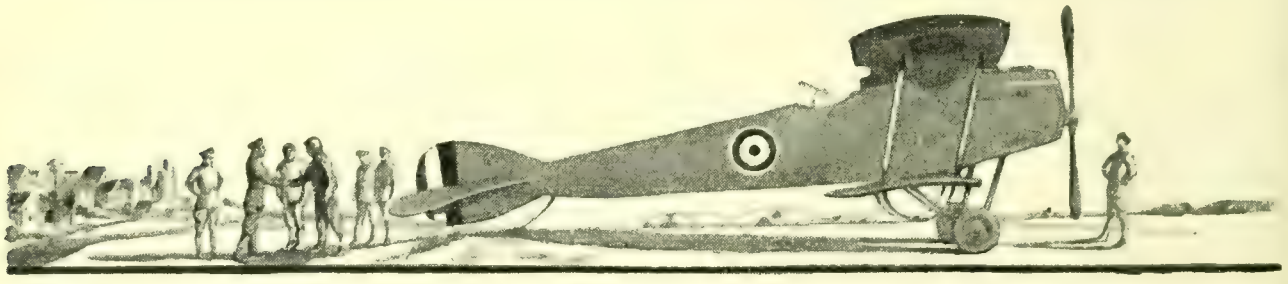
Just as we left the ground, the German automobile came in sight, and I could make out two German officers in the tonneau of the car. They speeded ahead, and one of them even took a pot-shot at us with his pistol. But we were out of range, soaring upward and homeward at a terrific rate of speed. We climbed to a height of about 15,000 feet, which

brought us nearly fifty miles nearer home, and, to conserve our fuel for the last lap, we started a long glide. The blank of No Man's Land at last came into view, and as our altitude was but 2000 feet, the major again switched on the gas, and we mounted to get above range of the "anti's". We were, however, able to attain but 10,000 feet, when the propeller gave a final "swish," and I knew that the petrol had given out.

Then it was that the major played our final card. We were again gliding downward, and would soon be in gun-range of the German batteries. Of a sudden, the first shrapnel passed near our tail, and I felt the gentle lift of the machine as the shell passed near by. With a forward shove of the control-stick, the major sent the ship into a downward corkscrew, and I knew that we were doing the "falling-leaf," a trick which aviators use to fake a "crash." Down and down we went, the earth seeming to reach out for us. The air rushed past us, and the wings bade fair to break off under the strain. Every wire vibrated until they resembled large transparent struts. But our manœuvre had accomplished its purpose—the *Boche* guns had ceased firing, the gunners evidently believing that we had been fatally hit by their first shrapnel.

So we dropped until the 1000 level was reached, and then the major gave the stick an almost superhuman wrench, and we straightened out for a long ride. Before the Huns could collect their wits enough to open fire once more, we had sailed over our own lines, out of danger.

We landed in a field not far back from the lines, and, as luck would have it, in an American sector. Leaving the machine to the tender mercies of a "doughboy" who had come out to meet us, we proceeded on foot to a small town near by, in which, we were informed, the Field H. Q.'s were located. The major procured an order for gasolene, and after the tank had been filled, we said good-by to the lieutenant. Then we "took off," and, with a farewell "Immelman turn," veered to the north, bound for the major's aërodrome. It was four in the afternoon when we at last arrived at our starting point, and we were received with great joy by the French personnel. I spent the remainder of the afternoon at gun trials, and at nightfall bade the major adieu, and set out for my station, arriving there on the following morning.



A MESSAGE

From a little girl in America to a little girl in France

By FRANCES M. MORTON

LITTLE girl, across the sea,
If you 're 'bout as big as me,
Here 's a message to you, dear:
If you see my father there,
In the streets or anywhere,
Won't you wave your hand and smile
And keep smiling all the while?
So my father dear can see
Just how brave a girl *can* be,
When she 's 'bout as big as me!

MOLLY'S GREAT POTATO-RACE

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

FOREWORD

In the August St. Nicholas, Molly Hatton of the Valley was inspired to usefulness by a Lieutenant Reed. In the December number she achieved a great success for her Valley. Her habit of leadership was turned to good account in the influenza epidemic of last autumn, and this account tells how, in as exciting a race as ever girl had, she conducted herself in a perilious situation. Do you think she was worth the title that the Valley gave her, "Mobilizing Molly?"

The hazy light of the November afternoon had ebbed from the valley, and only the distant tops of its protecting ranges still shone with the afterglow as Molly felt her way along the home road. She was weary with a long day's work in the community potato-field, and she was worried because a great loss had just stared her in the face. She had stopped in at the post-office, where the weather notices were posted, and had seen this news:

FIRST COLD WAVE OF THE SEASON DUE IN NORTHERN NEW YORK SUNDAY

A high-pressure area, with the first zero temperatures of the season, is headed this way from the Canadian Northwest, and the unusually warm fall is promised a sudden termination by the rapid progress of this cold wave. Local farmers are advised to prepare for temperatures of 10 degrees or even below.

Molly's heart had sunk at this coming realization of her fears. For it had been her fortune, or misfortune, that in her valley her word was nearly law, after the success of previous enterprises; and her word that spring had been to plant potatoes. She had a letter, at that time, from her guide and friend in France, her adored Major Reed, who hoped that she would use her influence to accumulate food-stuffs in her valley. And because she was a little vain of the amount of her influence, she had convinced every household to sow every available plot with potatoes, which were the only thing her rock-girt and winter-garrisoned valley dare plant. Then on the twenty-first of June, on summer's longest day, as if to show them that he held them in his hand, Old Man Winter bestowed a white frost upon the valley dwellers. From one end of the vale to the other, the home gardens and the hillside farms were frozen into one black desolation.

But this only aroused Molly's fighting blood. She assembled the heads of the valley families, now often women, and they had voted to plant again; and even more than that, to plant a great field to be called the Community Field, which would yield their common store over a thousand bushels. Into this second seeding went the valley's savings.

For a while Nature favored them. Rain and warm suns alternated to grow the tubers to largest size, and Indian summer spun out its days of waiting until, in ordinary years, all harvests would have been garnered safe from frost. But at this crisis, when every household was gathering the crop at its doors, the influenza struck. And October waned, and November swam in on days of mocking warmth, only to find the laborers in bed, and the great crop in the community field still in the earth.

For a fortnight past the change to winter had been due, but luckily postponed, and Molly, working like two men and scouring the valley for recruits, had gone from home to home, taking a hand at a sick-bed, helping with the small individual crops, but worrying over the unharvested hundreds of bushels, the loss of which would mean poverty and perhaps starvation to the valley. The plan had been hers, so hers was the responsibility if it failed. Now it had come, the certainty of her first defeat. And as she had read that notice of the cold wave, she not only dreaded the loss, she felt a sickening pain in the thought that her major would hear of her defeat. It was no wonder that she

walked slowly along the darkening road. For her there was comfort nowhere. And to make her distress the more bitter, the lines of his last letter came before her eyes:

"DEAR MOLLY:
"The news of your great canteen victory is immense—simply immense! I read it to my men, who cheered for you. . . . They are sending a little token of esteem. . . . I may see you sooner than you think."

That last idea was worst of all. How could she bear to see him, herself beaten!

In her dejection she almost bumped into a little inclosed runabout, standing in the road, by which two well-dressed ladies belonging not to her hard-working valley folk, but to the fashionable club at its head, were arguing. The object of their discussion was a hopelessly flat tire. The stream of their argument was interrupted by attempts at the foot-pump, and they fairly jumped at Molly with their questions:

"Is there a telephone near?"

"Where can we find a garage?"

"There 's no garage in the valley, and if there was, there 'd be no man in it," said Molly, thinking bitterly of these idlers and of her own day in the potato-field. "But I know how to put on tires. Where 's your jack?"

Her sorrows forgotten for the moment, Molly had the old shoe pried off before the ladies had ceased their mild protests, and the new tube blown up before they had begun on the first round of thanks. But for all their gratitude, a fire smoldered within her, that these women, like the others who had gathered at the club to escape the influenza, should be living in luxurious idleness, wearing white gloves, while every woman that she knew was either sick or hoeing up potatoes in the dusk.

But one very useful thing Molly had learned in her management of people: never to lose her temper out loud. And though they offered her no respite at the pump, she said nothing. If she had, this story could never have been written.

At last the tire was as good as new, and they talked a little.

"Are n't you Mobilizing Molly?" asked one lady. "We 've heard so much about you."

"And everybody seems to love you so," said the other. "I wish we could help with what you 're doing now. You always are doing something for somebody."

The praise and sympathy stirred the better, the brave, Molly, the Molly who was the major's "pal."

"You can help me," she said; "but you won't want to, the way I need."

"We pledge that we will," the two assented; and in a few minutes a plan had been unraveled from Molly's brain, long pondered by her, but which she had never dared to put in motion. She was dropped in front of her own house and ran in light-heartedly, weariness forgotten.

"Madame Ally," she said to her mother, "did you ever make an address before rich people? Well, I 'm going to. And I 'm going to get them to dig potatoes for me."

Mrs. Hatton's eyes smiled with pride, but beneath the surface she was hoping that Molly would n't be too disappointed. She had done many things successfully, but always with her own valley people. It would be easier to drive that camel through the eye of the needle, she thought, than to get those idlers at the club to work. But she said nothing to dim the sparkle in Molly's eyes. As for Molly, she was telephoning to the weather-man, fifty miles away.

THE great hall of the club was very cosy. Some of the decorations of the recent Hallowe'en party had been left hanging, and before an enormous fire on the hearth were grouped all the influenza fugitives,—four men and sixteen women, to be accurate. The men sitting lazily about, good looking and well fed, and the women, some in the most lovely clothes Molly had ever seen, made a picture of easy gaiety to which a suppressed longing in her nature responded. Soon she was joking with the best, and at the same time getting recruits without their knowing it. She did, later, make a little natural speech, telling about the summer frost and the present predica-

ment. But she had won them before she spoke; and in response to her call for help, the general answer was, "Tell us how, and we 'll try to do it."

It was an hilarious evening at the club. The women divided into two teams,—armies, Molly called them,—to compete in potato digging with the four men, and to try to vanquish the army of boys, about eight in number, which Molly thought she could put on the battle-field. Before she left, Molly clinched the matter by pulling out the message she had obtained from the weather bureau. It read:

IN REPLY ADVISE YOU THAT COLD WAVE HAS REACHED WINNIPEG. EXPECT IT SUNDAY IN YOUR LOCALITY. WILL WIRE PROGRESS.

After she reached home Molly telephoned to her trusty aides in former enterprises, and succeeded in assembling six lads for the great potato-race against the club members and against the cold wave. She put young Nye in charge and was gratified when he said, "Don't you worry, Molly; we 'll beat the city folks, all right!"

Have you ever harvested potatoes?



"SHE MADE A LITTLE NATURAL SPEECH, TELLING ABOUT THE SUMMER FROST"

Like the geography of our planet, the job is cut into five grand divisions. First the tops, withered and usually frost blackened, have to be pulled off. Then a horse-digger uncovers the tubers in the rows. Third, the wandering spuds are raked out of the way of the horses' feet. Then comes the spine-creaking labor of pitching the worthy sized into bushel-holding crates. And finally, the full crates are lifted, with further spinal objections, into carts or trucks which bear them to frostless safety. This was the series of exertions in which Commander Molly was

inviting her armies of luxurious ladies and gentlemen to indulge. But imagination conquers all things, and when Molly arrived on Community Field—her battle-field—the next morning, she had an imaginative coup ready. Blessed with the instinct of command, she had a list of resources at hand.

The morning was the same beautiful continuation of Indian summer, and the club armies arrived in a whirl of merriment. By nine-ten of the sun Molly had the satisfaction of having her forces skillfully disposed upon the open plateau. This battle-field she called France. As she outlined it to them, the objective of the race was to reach the Rhine—the potato limits—before the cold wave—defeat—reached them. She stationed half the ladies on the north, called Flanders. They represented Belgians. Next came the four men—the English army; then the rest of the women, who were the French; and at the southern end, Nye and his fighters made the American army. Molly herself, like Caesar, had to do all things at one time. She had to have enough tops pulled in advance for the horse-digger; she had to have plenty of crates ready; she had to have the lunch fire built; to be in all points of the compass at once; to counteract the effect of those who wished to quit; to be cheerful with those who were tired, but not more tired than herself. Now or never she would have to display all the adroitness that she had learned from the major. She smiled at the sight of the ladies looking at their jeweled wrist-watches covertly. She grew sober at the extent of work to be done, and she knew that victory, if it was possible to win it before Sunday's freeze, lay with the last half of the last day. She also had known backache, and she wondered where her armies would be then, poor things!

They caught her spirit, and all morning the battles raged. Grimly Belgians struggled with matted tops. The outnumbered English fell behind and stopped for a pipe now and then. The French, in the daintiest raiment ever seen on a potato-field, bent over crates. Her Americans, making up in nimbleness what they lacked in system, filled her with gladness. A little tally-girl counted the crates for each army, and Molly, here and there, encouraging, directing, riding back to the storage depot, hustling the drivers, settling precedences—in short, commanding with great skill, was inwardly wondering how long the morale of her troops would keep its high level. From Thursday to Sunday would be a long while.

The armies stopped for lunch, very dirty, very tired, but still game. The score in bushels was Belgians, 22; English, 12; French, 18; Americans, 18. As commander, Molly was all smiles; as plain girl, she was disappointed. Seventy bushels for the best half of the best day! There were at least 1000 bushels in the field. One hundred and forty for each of the three days available, left 580 bushels for certain freezing. And could she hold her armies at it?

In the afternoon there was a natural slowing down. Casualties began to appear among the French and Belgians, and even the English army of all males seemed very weary. At dusk Molly had coffee for them, and in the glow it produced she made her first appeal:

"Volunteer soldiers, the success of the first day of our great drive lies before you. The Belgian Army has picked 38 bushels, the English, 20, the French, 28, the Americans, 32; total, 118; leaving 882 to be picked in the next two days. You have done your best; I have done mine. We are tired, but this is an affair of honor. I ask you to come an hour earlier to-morrow, to bring all the club servants that you can. I have had planted there four stakes—to-morrow's objectives for each army. The Belgians must take Bruges; the British, Valenciennes; the French, Laon; and the Americans, Metz. We *must* take them—must save this crop! Who will join me?"

The planting of the objectives plainly before each army was a clever ruse, and no one was so tired that he or she could refuse to come on the morrow. The

American Army, Molly's old friends, cheered her; and the club armies, wondering in their hearts whether they were really very fine or very foolish, joined in. Then they climbed into the waiting motors and sought the seclusion of warm baths at their club. But for Molly only was no complete rest, for that evening she received her second weathergram:

COLD WAVE INCREASING IN INTENSITY. HAS REACHED PORT HURON. EXPECT IT SATURDAY NIGHT YOUR LOCALITY.

There are such things as temporary physical impossibilities. Next morning, three of the Belgian ladies were too stiff, despite their will to proceed, to make the necessary contortions required for dressing. But there are no such things as impossibilities to the spirit, and those same ladies dispatched enough club servants to take their places on the field of honor. The rheumatic English army was intact. The French army had also secured help, and Nye, with Molly's aid, had almost doubled the American forces. But the total for the hard day's work was only 210 bushels, which, with the 118 of the previous day's drive, left still 672 exposed to the coming cold. It was a dejected Entente that left Community Field at dusk; and when Molly found a weathergram at home saying:

ZERO TEMPERATURES NOW COVER MIDDLE WEST. CREST OF WAVE HAS REACHED BUFFALO. EXPECT SUDDEN DROP ANY TIME SATURDAY.

the expression that settled upon her face pained her mother's heart.

"I am beaten, Mother, beaten!" she said despairingly. "The club servants won't come again, I am sure of that; and with half the crop frozen, the valley can say that I ruined it."

"You have done wonders, Molly-love," said Mrs. Hatton, stroking her forehead, "and the valley knows it. They know how to be grateful."

"I don't want gratitude—I want victory!" and a flash of the major's fire shone from her tired eyes. "What will he say when he hears?"

The telephone rang. It was a message from the club. One member of the English army was ill with the influenza, apparently; the ladies were scared as well as tired. They asked Molly if she would release them from their pledge to help. It was a ticklish moment of decision for the commander. She asked them to arrive at the field at the usual time, in order not to ruin the morale of her Americans; then she could dismiss them. "Every bushel counts once for us, once for the soldiers in France. All who can must fight on," she said in conclusion, and the spokesman of the club deserters was shamed into a promise to appear at any rate.

The extra call upon her will was almost too much for Molly, and she could eat little supper. The word "Beaten!" rang through her head, and she could not bear the look in the major's eyes that looked so steadily at her from his photograph upon the little table. Again the telephone rang.

"More slackers!" said Molly, with bitterness; "the American army begging off, I suppose. You answer, Mother." But as her mother moved, the fighting light shone again in Molly's eyes and she rose quickly. "No, I 'll take it. I won't be a quitter. I 'm still in command."

She took the receiver without animation; but at the first word the old smile came, the girlish eagerness rang in her voice as she exclaimed: "Is it you? Really you? . . . In Plattsburg? . . . No, you won't want to hear about me. I 'm losing the—the greatest offensive yet." And she went on to tell of the great race with the cold wave. Her mother nodded as Molly said: "Never beaten, you say? Yes, I 'll not quit trying, if you order it. You 're my superior officer, you see. All right, Major, I 'll stick to the end. Good-by till Sunday."

"Mother, Mother!" she cried, "it 's Major Reed! He landed yesterday, and is going to instruct at Plattsburg. Think of it, only fifty miles away! and he wants to know whether he can come over to dinner on Sunday. If I had only won!"

She covered her face with her hands, murmuring, "Oh! If I was n't beaten, Mother, how happy I 'd be."

Saturday dawned as had all the days for weeks—the mountains sleeping in a blue haze, the air motionless, warm, waiting. Molly knew for what. But with all the accumulated energy of a night of mountain sleep, she was ready to face the last day of her great fight. On this side of the range all was quiet; but not so far on the other was racing toward her the irresistible tidal wave of zero winds; and once the white teeth of the frost were sunk in those potatoes, they would be ruined. Until that, however, every bushel picked was a month's rations saved. Her job was to inspire a crowd of tired strangers to their utmost endeavors.

True to their pledges, the four armies, though smaller through unpreventable casualties, arrived upon the broad field, but to Mollie's relief, no one asked to be dismissed. The final objectives were hopelessly far off; but Molly had the sense to establish nearer ones, which they could hope to reach by noon. Her face, reflecting her happiness in the thought that her major was thinking of her in her great battle, kindled the enthusiasm of the worn-out ladies from the club, who wondered at their hardihood and did not realize that it was not their own.

At noon they lay in exhaustion around the fire, scarcely cheering when the tally-girl announced 110 bushels, a record morning's work. Molly thanked them, saying: "You are loyal soldiers. Do you see those clouds along the north? They are signaling the end. But we will not heed them. This is our last effort, and we can afford to spend our last strength. You Belgians are ahead. You Americans have taken Metz. French, English, and Belgians, remember this: we in the valley are poor and cannot repay you for this effort, but you will be satisfied whenever you remember it. Now let 's fill up the crates till the last moment."

The armies cheered and attacked. It was a superb exhibition of will power, emanating from Molly, that led them into the field. And in the flush of advance, only the line of gray, insidious vapors along the north caused her anxiety. The sun still shone dimly, the air hung in listless layers, there was, to the unobserving, no suggestion of the fury about to break. But to her, weatherwise from a thousand mountain wanderings, the signs pointed to the sudden onslaught of the long-announced cold wave. She said nothing, however, but silently accumulated an excess of empty crates for the last charge, and wondered how many of the women would be too terrified to work when the enemy storm burst upon them. All at once the sun went out.

The armies, plodding along, unnoticing in their fatigue, lifted their tired eyes to the strange spectacle. A low, curling line of white cloud boiled down over the northern range. A growing undertone thrilled along the ground, increasing to a roar as the wind tore through the forest. A gentle puff, a mere shivery eddy, swirled into their faces. The darkness increased by visible degrees, and the looks of the Belgian and French armies wavered from cloud to motor-car. Now was the critical moment for the commander.

"It is only a squall," she said, "and we will not yield. Every bushel counts. Now for some real bravery!"

Her voice was lost in the swift onset of the wind that lashed them. But she had turned and was leading her American army, filling crate on crate; and though the sudden cold numbed their hands, nobody made a move to desert. Indeed, the excitement and the strangeness of it, the rush of wind, the gray darkness, bore them up. Each army, stung to its utmost effort to keep warm, was now competing with its neighbor. Objectives that had seemed impossible—Sedan and Cologne—were put behind. Fifty crates—sixty crates—they were now past the five hundred! Ah! But that five hundred to go! Tears, half from the wind, half from the tension and disappointment, came into Molly's eyes; but no one saw them. Two days more, and the major might have found her victorious. And now she was



"'COMMANDER MOLLY, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU REINFORCEMENTS.'"

beaten! Beaten—the word underlay the current of storm exhilaration. She looked on the great extent of undug potatoes and knew what the loss would mean to the valley. Her thoughts were obliterated suddenly in snow.

It rode upon the now fierce wind. It stung their faces. In a moment her troops were but gray figures bending, toiling, with their backs to the blast. But they still did not stop. The sporting blood that runs in the veins of the well bred was running faster now; and though the first fury of the squall was soon over, the cold increased. It had become a real battle.

There may be miracles in life, but there are no unprepared-for miracles; and the next crowded hour of Molly's happiness was really but the fruit of her own endeavors in the past, although it seemed to her the most unexpected flowering of joy. The four armies were grimly struggling on in the flying scud of snow, the crates were piling up, the grip of the frost was hardening upon the ground, the chill coming upon fatigue seemed to make further exposure foolish. But still she did not give the order to surrender. Still they battled silently, when, without warning, there was a sound as of a heavy flight of birds through the blinding snow, and a low gray car drew up at the confines of the battle-field. Then another behind it, and another, and others until there was a line extending into the driving blank of storm. And out of each car jumped men, khaki-colored figures, actual soldiers; and lining up, they advanced at their leader's command, advanced until they stood in the amazed sight of the toilers, a vision of relief, as were the Americans to the French at Château Thierry. Their leader came to Molly. With a half-suppressed cry she recognized her friend the Major. He saluted.

"Commander Molly, I have brought you reinforcements. My men are at your service. They are yours to direct, as am I," he said.

Fatigue fled from her as she realized. Her eyes repaid him with their speechless gratitude. Then she resumed her rôle, and, with a simple skill, set about disposing of her new forces to the best advantage. The soldiers were divided among the four hard-pressed armies, and there in the approaching dusk of that wild afternoon they turned certain defeat into glorious victory for the girl. Only once did she face a little mutiny. It was when she had suggested that the women cease. They refused. New energies had been tapped. There was magic in the triumphant hour, and their commander experienced all the human pride of directing trained men in the achievement of a worthy end.

She and the major exchanged few words in the great race. They did not need to. Beneath the rush and exhilaration of victory, in the very teeth of the ice-wind, her spirits sang because he was back safe, because he had cared to help, and because he had come upon her still leading her armies against desperate odds.

THAT night the victorious armies encamped in the well-heated rooms—with baths—of the club, and bivouacked before that same welcoming fireplace where, those few days ago, she had made her plea for volunteers. Again the men sat lazily about, good-looking and well-fed, the women again wore their lovely clothes—tired, but with a new eagerness in their faces. And about them gathered sixty husky soldiers, who sang and toasted their new commander in sweet cider. A certain major stood before the blaze, his eyes shining for pride in an under-officer whom he had come upon leading a forlorn hope bravely in the driving snow. As for Molly, was she happy? Who can guess?





"STUDYING THE MAN AND HIS METHODS, TO THE END THAT LIFE SHOULD BE MADE MISERABLE FOR THIS TRESPASSER UPON ITS DOMAIN" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

THE FEUD ON SWIFTWATER

THE TRAPPER AND THE WOLVERENE

By WILLIAM GERARD CHAPMAN

A LOW-HUNG, coppery sun glimmered dully through the up-rearing, naked boles of pine and spruce and hemlock, laying long, purplish shadows across the white-carpeted floor of the winter wood as the twilight deepened. The wild feathered life of the forest fluttered into nest or cranny or thicket, seeking safe haven from the night prowlers that would soon be abroad. Their sleepy twitterings, blending with the soft whisper of the trees, made a drowsy monotone that hung pleasantly on the cold, crisp air, until of a sudden it was hushed in a wave of silence as two terrifying forms came hurrying down twin aisles of the forest.

Nearly abreast, and loping along at a swift pace, their approach sent the tardiest dwellers of the wood palpitatingly to cover. The larger figure, in rough homespun, rabbit-skin cap, and high moccasins thrust into the thonged hold of snowshoes, swept on as silently as the smaller, save for the crunch of his webbed footgear on the dry snow. The other, slightly to the rear of the man and hidden from his eyes by an artfully selected, twisting path that took advantage of every tree-trunk and bush and shadow, was a squat, surly-visaged animal, reminiscent of both bear and marten. Its small, dim-sighted eyes, glowering evilly from low brows fringed thickly with hair, seldom left the man as the wolverene kept pace with him by a series of seemingly awkward movements, its back arching with the curious undulations of a measuring-worm as it jumped and shambled silently through the wooded maze.

The man was returning to his cabin after an inspection of one of his trap-lines, anger and humiliation writ flamingly upon his face as a result of what he had discovered, and a seething thirst for vengeance in

his heart. Constantly he swept his glance to right and left as he strode along. At times he stopped suddenly and turned, freezing into immobility while he peered back along his trail. But he could discern nothing of the black, ominous shape that on each occasion shrouded itself instantly within the impenetrable gloom of tree or bush and froze into an equal motionlessness. The man felt, with the sixth sense of the woodsman, that he was being followed. A faint, but lively, shiver traveled up and down his spine and prickled at the roots of his hair—not a sensation of fear, but an uncanny premonition that malignant eyes were following his every move.

Without having heard the slightest sound of his companion of the trail, or so much as glimpsed its sinister shadow, he emerged from the timber at the tiny clearing in the fork of two ice-bound streams, and viewed the homely portal of his hut with a grunt of relief. Ordinarily he would have given but little thought to the affair, but to-day he was in a mood to be annoyed, for his mind was in a perturbed state over recent happenings on his trap-lines.

The wolverene halted at the edge of the clearing, flattening itself into perfect concealment at the roots of a low-spread balsam-fir. As the trapper approached the cabin he turned and shook his fist toward the black wall of trees in a mixture of anger and grim homage as he anathematized the clever miscreant who had played such havoc with his traps, and who was, he shrewdly surmised, eying him arrogantly from the dense growth. He was right in his conjecture, for the animal that had dogged his steps for miles and whose wicked little black eyes were appraising him maliciously from its hidden vantage was the same evil-dispositioned "Injun devil" that had made a mockery of his fur-taking endeavors for several days past.

At his door the trapper scanned again the black edge of the trees, and the lines of his face curved into an expression of guile. "Jest you git busy to-morrer with the traps, old feller, me boy. Mebbe ye 'll find a surprise awaitin' ye!" With which cryptic remark he entered the cabin.

When Gabe Shaddick had come to the forks of the Swiftwater two weeks before, for a season of trapping, the wolverene instantly became aware of his arrival and set itself to the task, highly agreeable to its demon nature, of studying the man and his methods, to the end that life should be made miserable for this trespasser upon its domain.

On several occasions Gabe had felt the weird sensation of being followed and stared at by unfriendly eyes. Then one day he awoke swiftly to the menace that threatened his undertaking. Hardly a trap on the line that paralleled the east branch of the stream had been overlooked by a devastating agency whose tracks, for the first time, insolently mingled with his own and spelled plainly to the trapper the name of his opponent.

A marten "set" had been neatly uncovered, the trap sprung, and the bait stolen. Of his next set there was nothing to be seen. A disturbance of the snow and a few tufts of dark fur were sufficient evidence of what had occurred. The trap was nowhere in sight.

"Could n't even leave me the trap, drat him! That was a prime marten-fur he et up an' done me out of," he muttered.

Wise in the ways of the black thief, he followed a broad trail which penetrated the brush at right angles to the line. At the distance of several rods it entered the growth of a low, thick-foliaged spruce; and casting his gaze searchingly into the mass of green, Gabe was rewarded by a sight of the clog—a heavy billet of wood to which the end of the chain was fastened. Kicking off his snow-shoes he wallowed on hands and knees to the base of the bushy tree, pulled his trap from the mound of snow under which it was buried, and backed out, with remarks appropriate to the occasion. Resetting the trap at another spot, he continued his course along the line.

His mind was now prepared for any shock of discovery. He knew how thorough an "Injun devil" could be in its

career of mischief, and he was in nowise disappointed in his expectations. For each snare and deadfall, as well as trap, had been visited by the marauder, examined with crafty eye and paw, and robbed or demolished or stolen with a most uncanny proficiency. Gabe reset such of them as were not past further usefulness, recovering one more trap from its cache, this time a hollow log, and finally arrived at the end of the line, where he halted to give full expression to his thoughts. After his first outburst he had not had time—or breath—to do justice to his outraged feelings, for his hurry to learn the worst and the repeated evidence of the wolverene's devilment had held him in a grim and silent fascination.



"A WEASEL IN ITS WINTER ERMINE, HELD IN THE FIRST TRAP, OCCUPIED HIM FOR A FEW MINUTES" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"I 'll git ye yet!" he growled, shaking a threatening fist aloft; and then his anger subsided as a grin persisted in breaking through the frown that seamed his face. "Ye 're a right smart varmint, sure 'nough," he conceded with reluctant admiration; "hain't no other critter can hold a candle to ye fer downright cussedness, but ye 've got a brain that some humans might better swop their own fer.

"Ye hain't agoin' to drive me off'n my trappin' grounds though," he asserted. "Me an' you 'll fight this here thing out, an' see who 's boss o' the woods."

Gabe started on the trail back to camp, muttering his vexation as he went. He planned many schemes for reprisal, and during the succeeding days put them to the test; but to no avail. His wily antagonist evidenced an ability to penetrate the secret of each well-planned trick to catch him unawares with a wisdom that seemed almost supernatural to the dismayed trapper. But the dogged nature of the backwoodsman held him to his determination to fight the affair to an issue, and the feud between man and beast continued unabated in energy and wit for the space of many weeks. However well planned his endeavors, Gabe failed to surprise his rival at his knavery.

When, on the night of his veiled threat, the trapper had closed his cabin door against the deepening gloom of the woods, lighted his coal-oil lamp, and started a cheery fire, the wolverene drew back into the enveloping darkness of the forest.

At the first glimmer of dawn he emerged from his improvised den and sought his breakfast where he knew it could most easily be obtained, to wit, on one of the trap-lines that had engrossed his wicked attention for so many opulent days. A close scrutiny of the trail with eye and nose, and a careful reconnoitering of the cabin, told him that the venture was safe. A weasel in its winter ermine, held in the first trap, occupied him for a few brief minutes, but he was too fastidious to break his fast on such stringy and musty meat when better could doubtless be found. After he had torn the distant cousin of his tribe from the steel jaws and mangled it, he proceeded up the line, and had not gone far when he sniffed the delicious odor of frozen fish.

It lay in broken bits upon the smooth surface of the snow, and the wolverene knew from past experience what this portended. He studied the lay-out with comprehending, savage eyes. Circling the baited area he snatched at the outermost pieces and gulped them down. This was a breakfast much to his liking, and he craved the larger chunks that lay at the center. But his unerring instinct warned him that danger lurked beneath so tempting a feast, and that the utmost circumspection was needed to obtain it without imperiling his freedom.



"THE WOLVERENE CREPT SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE HARASSED BRUTE" (SEE PAGE 406)

With the nicest caution, he advanced upon the flavory morsels, placing his feet with slow deliberation and sniffing the snow inquiringly. Suddenly he paused, for the tell-tale odor of iron came up to his nostrils through the powdery whiteness. He stretched out a paw and delicately scraped away the snow until the trap lay exposed, then bared his teeth in a snarl and sat back upon his haunches to gloat over the unmasked fraud.

As he did so, he shot into the air with an appalling screech, blended of fury and

fear. Half doubling upon himself in mid-jump, and alighting with savage claws unsheathed, he tore frantically with his forepaws at a clinging, biting thing of steel that had seized upon his short, hairy tail with a grip as cruel as that of his own jaws. For the trapper cunningly had supplemented his main set with a second trap, which he had washed in lye and held in a smudge to destroy the scent of iron and human hands, and handled with gloves treated in the same manner. With infinite care to preserve the unsullied appearance of the snow surface, he had placed it where he thought the robber would stumble into it while engrossed in his designs upon the center trap. But it had hardly occurred to him that the animal would sit down upon it!

Writhing and springing about in his mad endeavors to free himself of the horrible appendage, the creature continued to claw wildly at the trap, and again and again seized it with his teeth and tried to crush it between his powerful jaws. But the awful thing clung despite his efforts, and bit into the bone of his tail the harder.

Real fear entered the heart of the wolverene for perhaps the first time in its dauntless career. An impulse to flee to the familiar refuge, to which so cumbersome a thing as a trap could not be expected to follow, was acted upon with suddenness, and the animal gave a mighty bound toward the trunk of an adjacent tree. As the chain tautened against the heavy clog, the trap was arrested in mid-air with a jerk that mere hair and skin could not survive, and the covering of the tail gave and slipped smoothly from the bone. The wolverene sprawled to the snow, released from the agonizing clutch, but at the expense of a smarting tail-stump.

He turned and snarled ragefully at the fearsome thing that had torn him with its teeth and was so indifferent to his own, and backed slowly off, terror still possessing him. His appetite for frozen fish was gone, and his arrogant assurance flown. He wanted nothing so much as to get away from the scene of his humiliation and pain, and to seek a shelter where he could curl up and nurse his wound.

And his desire was heightened by the sound of gliding snow-shoes that suddenly traveled to his ears on the thin, frosty air. His glowering eyes shifted down the trail, and into them flamed an unquenchable hatred for the approaching master of the trap; then he turned reluctantly and stole silently away into the forest.

Gabe viewed the evidence of the wolverene's experience with both satisfaction and regret. The bunch of fur in the jaws of the trap made plain to him what had occurred.

"Put yer tail into it that time, did n't ye!" he chuckled, vastly pleased at the partial success of his stratagem. "Wish to blazes ye 'd put yer foot into it instead, yer thievin' varmint; there 'd be one less glutton in the woods to steal furs. Reckon that skinned tail o' yourn 's givin' ye somethin' to think about, though, an' mebbe ye 'll keep away from my traps fer a spell."

Gabe's elation over having outwitted the wiliest of the forest dwellers increased as several days passed without further signs of the animal. Apparently the fright and pain of its experience had caused it to withdraw from the field, and he congratulated himself upon the outcome. His catch of fur increased gratifyingly, and, if the take continued, the accumulation of skins in his shed by Christmas-time would make a sizable bale for packing into the settlement.

But the wolverene had not left the vicinity of the forks of the Swiftwater. Chastened, but sullen, he kept to his old haunts, giving the trap-lines, however, a wide berth. His temper, always of a surly, ungovernable quality was, if possible, made more undependable by the annoyance of a tail sensitive to the slightest friction. Therefore, when, about a week after the frozen fish had lured him to his undoing, he drifted across the zigzag trail of an animal dragging a trap and its hindering clog through the snow, he failed to be warned by the odor of wolf in the tracks and followed them in savage mood.

A lone timber-wolf, a pariah from some pack ranging the coverts for grouse or rabbits, had stepped into an unbaited trap set for lynx near a rabbit runway, and its strength had enabled it to drag the heavy clog a long distance from the spot. When the wolverene drew near to the grizzled gray captive, whose plunging efforts to advance seemed in some way retarded, his shrewd eyes saw that the clog had become wedged between two close-growing saplings. Thereupon he climbed a tree and traveled from limb to limb to a point directly over the wolf, which now became aware that it was being stalked.

Descending well beyond range of the reaching jaws, the wolverene crept slowly and cautiously toward the harassed brute. The pain of the biting steel, intensified by its mad straining to advance, and the arrogant attitude of the wolverene, drove the wolf into a paroxysm of fury. But strain as it would, it could not reach the tantalizing little beast that confronted it with such impudent calm.

Suddenly the wolverene darted in and raked a claw-studded paw across the face of his victim. The immense power of his forearm was in the slashing stroke, which laid bare the right cheek of the wolf and half blinded one eye.

And then it seemed as if retribution was to visit the insolent little scourge of the woods, for, at the instant following the wolverene's attack, the wolf had at last won free from the trap and launched itself upon its adversary, crushing him into the snow with the violence of its attack.

The surprised trouble-seeker quickly awoke to his peril and brought all his wit and cunning into play. He would have retreated if he could, for he knew himself to be outclassed in a fair fight with a full-grown wolf; but he was given no opportunity to flee, for his foe had him down and was worrying him cruelly, its punishing jaws searching for a hold on the black throat. The wolverene luckily succeeded in wriggling over on his back, the better to bring his sabre-like claws into play, and he raked the wolf with slashes that no living thing could long endure.

The fresh strength of the chunky little animal gave him an advantage over the larger and heavier beast, for the wolf's staying powers had been sapped by its long struggle with the trap. Also, its injuries were telling upon it, and it was further handicapped by its semi-blindness on one side. Had it not been for these factors, the result of the wolverene's temerity would doubtless have been fatal to him; but luck favored him, for the wolf's vitality was ebbing fast, while his own was scarcely impaired. He was wounded in many places by the sharp, rending teeth on which the wolf mainly depended for offense, but had managed, by shrinking his upper body into a compact mass, to evade the seizure of his throat, the coarse, thick fur making a grip there difficult to obtain; while throughout the struggle his own terrible weapons had been desperately employed.

Inferior in stamina to the wolverene through the force of circumstances, the wolf's chances were appreciably waning. As the vigor of its efforts subsided, the other redoubled his exertions, and, taking advantage of a second's cessation in the enemy's onslaught, twisted violently from his position and regained his feet. The wolf sprang to recover its advantage, but the wolverene was quicker. At last the gray-furred form sank into the snow, the victim of its smaller, but relentless, foe.

The gashes that covered the wolverene were distressingly evident, however, now that the lust for battle was sated, and his racked body craved shelter where he could lie and lick his wounds. He dragged himself painfully to a fissure high up in a ledge of rock a short distance off, and there remained for nearly a week.

Meanwhile, Gabe had discovered that his blind set had been sprung, and trap and clog carried away by an animal that had not figured in his plans. He followed the plain trail of the wolf, and, coming upon its torn body, read in that evidence the story of the wolverene's exploit.

"Blamed if the little cuss ain't still hangin' round and sp'ilin my furs!" he grumbled, in a mixture of disgust and ad-

miration. "He 's sure a gritty little critter to tackle a wolf, even if it was ketched in a trap. Looks like somethin' happened that he had n't figgered on, though, an' I reckon it was only his smartness that got him off."

Gabe surmised that the victor had holed up to recover from its wounds, and he followed the wolverene's blood-marked trail to the base of the ledge, but, on reaching it, realized that no human could scale its face. Grinning ruefully at this checkmate, he returned to the trap-line, his feeling of assurance over the future gone.

When the wolverene's hurts were fully mended and his old-time arrogance had returned to him, his restored body craved stronger food than had sustained him during his healing; and on happening across a deer trail one morning, his hunger for venison became overpowering.

Selecting a leaning tree, a branch from which overhung the trail, he ascended it and crawled out along the limb, flattening himself upon it above the runway. Here he remained for hours in absolute immobility, except for his roving eyes which peered expectantly up and down the approaches.

Not until the sun was high in the cloudless winter sky and the wolverene's hunger nearly past endurance was his patience rewarded. A fine, antlered buck came stepping down the trail, quivering nostrils alert for the smell of danger, but all unwarned of the crouching terror that awaited him, for the wolverene's scent did not fall to the lower level of air. As the buck passed below the limb, the black form fell like a stone upon its back. The deer snorted with terror and pain, and then bounded into the air in a series of plunges that would have shaken off a less determined rider. Next he darted in among the trees, striving to scrape off the cling-



"HE FIRED AT THE VANISHING BLACK SHAPE, BUT TOO LATE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

ing horror; but, unsuccessful in this and crazed with fear, returned to the familiar trail, down which he raced with panic-stricken leaps.

Now it chanced that the trapper's supply of fresh meat had run low, and he had selected this same day in which to re-stock his larder with venison. With his rifle, he was still-hunting a cleft in a hard-wood ridge when the sound of a flying deer came to his hearing. He awaited its approach with weapon ready for a snap-shot, and wondered what pursuing enemy it was that drove it at such speed. As the rocketing animal flashed across his vision, he fired, aware at the instant that the enemy was not pursuing, but was aboard. The deer faltered at the shot, plunged on for a few broken strides, and fell sprawling in the snow, shot through the heart. Gabe ran forward, and was amazed and elated as he saw the wolverene slip from the back of the deer and glide off into the brush. He fired at the vanishing black shape, but too late. Nevertheless, he sent an exultant shout after the vanquished fellow-hunter.

"Drive a deer up to me, will ye, when ye knew I was sp'ilin' fer a haunch o' venison!" he taunted. "Well, ye 're a fergivin' little cuss, an' this squares ye fer clawin' up a prime wolf-pelt fer me. I 've got the meat, whether ye meant it fer me or no, an I 'm thankful to ye."

The buck was full grown and too heavy to be carried whole to the cabin, and Gabe concluded to make two loads of it. He skinned and dressed it and divided the carcass. The fore part he carried some distance off the trail and hung by the antlers in the fork of a tree limb. Making a sling of the skin, in which he wrapped the other half, he threw this over his shoulder and started for the camp, certain that the wolverene's fear of the rifle-shots would drive it afar and prevent its return to the spot for at least a few hours.

But Gabe reckoned without the animal's growing disdain for a human who seemed impotent actually to harm it.

Quietly it slunk back to the scene, and drew near while Gabe was still engaged with the carcass, with bared teeth snarling soundlessly at the irritating spectacle.

When Gabe shouldered his burden and departed, the wolverene advanced cautiously and followed him for a short distance, then returned and ranged warily about the spot, suspicious of a trap. Coming up beneath the hanging forequarters of the deer, it studied the ground and tree with minute scrutiny for many minutes. Finally its voracity conquered, the appetizing smell of fresh venison overpowering its prudence. It could not reach the meat from below, and climbed the tree to try to dislodge the wedged antlers.

Biting and clawing savagely at the antlers in its impatience, the wolverene failed to note the trapper's return until it was startled by the close sound of his approach, and instantly slunk away into the shadows.

"I 'll leave ye hungry this time, I reckon," Gabe muttered vindictively. "I 've got the whip-hand of ye for once, an' not a bite o' the deer will ye get."

The wolverene soon was back at its old pastime of interference with the traps, and only by the exercise of sharpened ingenuity could Gabe achieve a reasonable catch. He shortened the old lines and laid new ones; and as the robber could not be in all places at one time, the trapper gathered a modest harvest of furs.

A week before Christmas Gabe decided that he would not brave the gibes of the settlement folk by exhibiting his small catch and explaining the cause. He would await the breaking up of winter to take his furs in, and trust to a large measure of success during the coming months—perhaps with the marauder disposed of.

He had dwelt vaguely at times on the advisability of shifting his base to a trapping ground higher up on the West Branch; and he thought to make a casual view of this section an excuse for a brief absence. As soon as he determined upon this he made up a small pack, banked his fire, and, shutting his cabin tight against intruders, set forth with ax and rifle for the upper waters of the Branch.

The wolverene marked his going, and trailed him curiously to the boundaries of

the grounds. There it lay watchfully for a time, then slouched back to the traps and pursued its usual tactics along the line. It drew near to the clearing at dusk, and peered from the wall of trees at the cabin, which seemed deserted. The trapper did not appear by nightfall, and the wolverene lingered at its post far into the night in vague puzzlement.

In the early dawn of the morning it again studied the camp. Clearly the man had not returned. Its keen nose, vastly more dependable than its dull-sighted eyes, could catch no human scent. It circled the clearing, but discovered no fresh tracks, and little by little drew closer to the cabin.

The wolverene searched for an entrance, sniffing and scratching at the door and along its base at front and back, the sides being obstructed by the trapper's stacked supply of fire-wood. A tiny window high up on one side of the cabin was protected by a stout slab shutter which resisted its efforts to tear it loose. The wolverene had climbed to it on the pile of wood, and from there it was an easy jump to the peaked roof.



"IN THE EARLY DAWN OF THE MORNING IT AGAIN STUDIED THE CAMP"

At last its attention was drawn to the chimney of stone and clay, and this provided an easy way in. It slipped quickly down the rough interior. At the bottom a sheet of tin gave instantly to its weight, and, springing clear of the heap of hot ashes in the fireplace, it was in the cabin.

The larder first attracted it, and it reveled in Gabe's supplies of salt pork, flour, molasses, and dried apples, breaking into the sacks and pails gleefully, and stuffing its rapacious stomach nearly to bursting. Then, with the abandon of a mischievous monkey loosed in a toy-shop, it began its career of ruin throughout the cabin. Gabe's bunk was despoiled of its balsam mattress and the tips scattered over the floor; every article of bedding and clothing was torn into shreds, moccasins chewed into a pulpy mass, and spare snow-shoes denuded of their webs. A high shelf drew its attention,

and, in clutching at what it held, it pulled over on itself a tin of coal-oil, drenching itself with the contents. The evil-smelling fluid was annoying, and it scrubbed its fur against the log walls and wallowed in the litter that covered the floor; but the odorous stuff still clung tenaciously.

At this moment it was startled into an attitude of strained hearing by a faint, familiar sound that caused its fur to bristle in anger and fear.

At a point only a little beyond the boundaries of his lines Gabe had camped for the night, and in the early morning had repented of his neglect of his duties for a cruise of which there was no vital need. So he had hurried back, regretting the weakness that had prompted him to leave.

In a panic the wolverene leaped for the chimney as Gabe neared the hut. But, unaccountably, the tin sheet that had given way so easily when it entered, now became a smooth, inexorable barrier. The closed damper played the part of a trap-door.

When the wolverene sprang confidently for the opening, it was repulsed by the tin obstruction and fell sprawling into the heap of ash-covered coals in the fireplace. Scattered by its fall, and fanned into flickering life by the violence of its movements, the embers instantly ignited the oil-soaked fur of the animal. Enveloped in flames and squealing pitiably, it rushed about the cabin, leaving a blazing trail in the debris that it had so effectively prepared for its work of arson.

The weird sounds that came from the cabin as Gabe reached the entrance moved him to lift the latch without the delay of removing his snow-shoes. As he opened the door, he was driven back in horrified wonder as a blast of flame and smoke smote him in the face. And at the same instant an animated streak of fire dashed between his legs, nearly up-setting him, and madly circled about in the snow.

The trapper raised his rifle and ended the beast's suffering; then turned his attention to the cabin, which he saw could not be saved, nor anything it contained. He rushed around to the rear, where his fur shed joined it, and discovered to his relief that it had not yet been reached by the flames. Kicking off his snow-shoes and entering, he salvaged his precious skins before the fire reached the structure.

He went around the still blazing logs and stood over the remains of what had been his arch tormentor for so long a period. Turning the body over with his foot he examined its tail. The tip was a bald knob of skin-covered bone.

"It 's sure enough me old friend," Gabe addressed the stark form. "There would n't have been room fer another like ye on Swiftwater Forks, that 's sartin. Ye 're past further devilment, which is where I 've wanted ye this long time; but the honors ain't with me, fer ye 're dead through no wit o' mine, an' ye sure had yer innings with me afore ye went. I 'm regretful ye had to go in such pain.

" 'T 'is you that got in the last lick, ye obstinate little blackleg, fer ye 've drove me off the grounds; an' ye willed I 'd go in to the Christmas doin's at the post, whether I would or no!" and he set out to gather his traps and snare wires.

Later in the day, drawing a crudely wrought sledge of poles fastened together with wire, on which was bound his all too small bundle of furs, the trapper started on the long and toilsome march to the settlement.





DUST

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

"I HATE to dust!" sighed Polly Pry; "but I suppose I must.
I think of all the worthless things the very worst is dust!
It 's on the table, on the chairs, and on the bric-a-brac;
It loves to get in corners, and it hides in every crack;
And when I whisk it out, why then it 's no time till it 's back!
Some bad things may be useful," said Polly, in disgust,
"But I can see no need at all for having any dust."

"Oh, hoity-toity, Polly Pry!" said Aunt Matilda Mott;
"Now think, and you will find that dust is useful, like as not.
Without it to reflect the waves of light high overhead,
The sky would never show its blue, but look quite black instead;
And sunsets all would lose their charm of orange tints and red.
Then, too, scarce rain enough would fall to wet your garden-plot
If we lived in a dustless world," said Aunt Matilda Mott.

"Of course it is a traveler and quite inclined to roam,
And anywhere it stops to rest it makes itself at home;
It rides the winds so easily they take it everywhere;
That very dust you 're brushing from your mother's easy-chair
May journey upward on the breeze full thirty miles in air,
And help to make the sunset gold and crimson, like as not.
Dust is a *very* useful thing," said Aunt Matilda Mott.

"Now who would have believed it!" laughed little Polly Pry.
"To think that such a thing as dust makes colors in the sky,
Or brings the summer showers to my thirsty garden-plot!
I think it will be easier, dear Aunt Matilda Mott,
To do the dusting now I know that dust is worth a lot.
But if it all should quite forget to stop in passing by,
I don't believe I 'd miss it " said little Polly Pry.

FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island"

CHAPTER IX

THE RAFT

"If they come ashore, we 're all dead men," Dragon croaked dismally.

"Shut up!" Ben commanded, in a sibilant whisper.

"That 's all very fine," said Dragon; "but it won't be no good telling me to shut up, in about a quarter of an hour, if they land and find us lying down behind this rock. You don't imagine they 'll hand out blueberry pie and ice-cream to us, do you? It 'll be cold lead that 'll come our way. Best thing we can do is to surrender. A flag of truce is what we ought to hold up. Then they can come along and talk, man to man. They would n't *want* to kill us then, any more than they did before."

Dragon was raising his voice to a dangerously high pitch, and what he said was evidently making a favorable impression on the rest of the crew. Ben's brain began to work like lightning. In another moment it would be too late to act, for the attention of the U-boat men would be attracted. He was not thinking of his own safety, nor that of his companions, though it was pretty clear to him, in view of the fact that they had been wandering about the island where the submarine base was placed, that they would all be given short shrift as soon as they were discovered. It was the hope of preserving their secret that spurred him on.

Whipping out his revolver, he pointed it at Dragon.

"If you don't keep quiet, I 'll shoot," he declared, in level tones. "I 'll put a bullet into the first man who dares to speak before I give the word. It may mean death to every one of us, but I 'll do as I say."

Dragon flinched, for he had at that instant been on the point of shouting to those on the schooner. His mouth opened and closed. He moistened his lips. But his eyes were fixed on those of the cool-headed second mate, and he remained silent.

From then on, Ben gave his undivided attention to the men he was covering with his revolver. He would have given anything to peer through the scrub again to see what was happening; but he knew that if he relaxed a moment, the others would pounce on him and give the alarm. Nor was his threat an empty one. Ben knew that life was being sacrificed freely, in the navies that were fighting Germany, in efforts to rid the seas of the U-boat pests, and that the information he was longing to impart to the authorities about the submarine base might indirectly save the lives of many a man to whom Dragon could not hold a candle.

Meanwhile, Jerry never took his eyes off the schooner. The Germans remained on board for several minutes, and then dropped back into their boat. A sharp order came over the water, and the craft's prow was turned toward the shore.

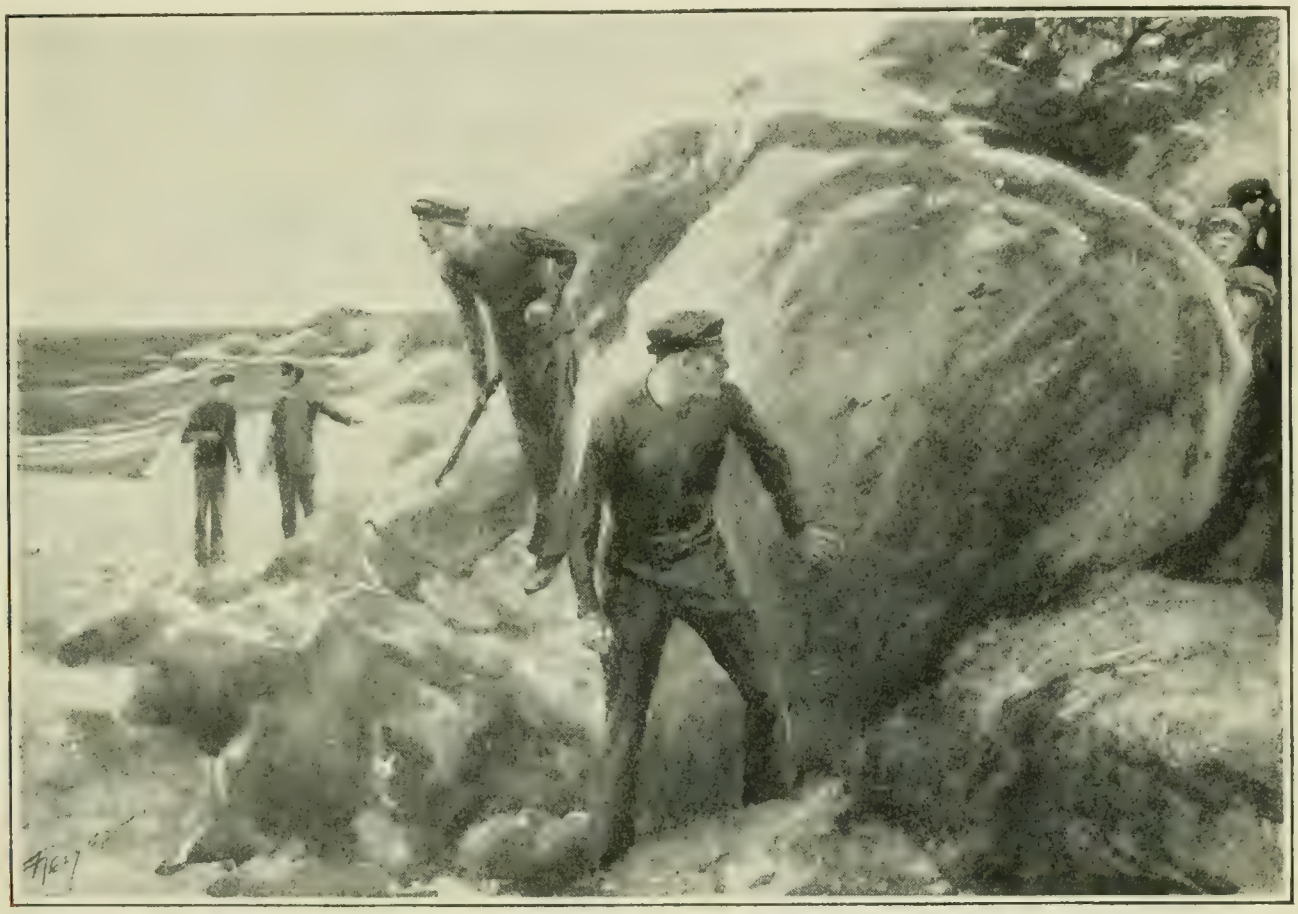
Cautiously withdrawing his head, Jerry drew himself to Ben's side.

"They 're coming straight on to the beach!" he whispered. "Don't let any of these fellows make a sound."

Ben nodded, and, tightening his lips determinedly, gave a significant look at the men. Moving with the utmost care, Jerry once more returned to his post of observation.

The boat was just grounding on the beach. It contained four men, one of whom, as proclaimed by his uniform, was an officer. Leaving a seaman to guard the craft, the officer and two others moved a little distance away, evidently looking for traces of the schooner's crew. Fortunately, the beach at that point consisted almost entirely of rock, so that there were

no footprints. The officers directed the others to make a search in either direction, and one of them, a short, alert fellow, under thirty years of age, came almost directly toward the rock behind which such a grim little drama was being enacted. It was touch and go whether they were to be discovered, for, if the U-boat sailor took it into his head to scramble up the low cliff at that point, he would see the fugitives clearly. The small raft, which might have aroused the Germans' suspicion, had been hastily drawn to a little distance from the schooner and hidden amid a cluster of weed-girt rocks.



"SUDDENLY THE GERMAN SHOUTED. HE WAS WITHIN TEN FEET OF THEM"

They could all hear the German's footsteps. Just as he got abreast of the rock, where Jerry could no longer see him, he paused. Ben took a tighter grip on his revolver, fearing that traces of their ascent had been noticed.

Suddenly the German shouted. He was within ten feet of them, and Jerry, being unarmed, reached out for a stone.

Five seconds, perhaps ten, passed, during which every nerve of the men behind the rock was strung taut. Then came an answering call from the officer. What they said was not understood by any of the *Endeavor's* crew, but it soon became apparent that the sailor had merely been reporting failure. He began to mutter as he retraced his steps in the direction of the officer, and a faint smile dawned on Jerry's face as he saw what was happening. He put out his hand and tapped Ben's shoulder reassuringly; but the second mate, whatever his feelings, showed no sign of them as he faced the traitorous members of the crew.

Accompanied by both men, the German officer then walked a little way up the cliff in the direction of Signal Hill, and Jerry became tense once more. The suspense, however, only lasted a few moments, for the trio soon returned to the beach and walked down to their boat.

"They 're going!" the boy whispered, as soon as he knew the enemy were beyond ear-shot.

Although immediate danger was over, Ben kept Dragon and his friends covered

with his weapon for several minutes, until the collapsible boat was close to the U-boat again. Then:

"Dragon, you 're a contemptible coward!" he exclaimed witheringly. "If you 'd had your way, where should we all have been now?"

Dragon shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe it 's best as it is," he said. "Still, I don't see as they 'd have done us any harm."

"I doubt whether any particular harm would have been done if they had got you," Ben replied, bitingly; "but I warn you right now that they had a very special reason for trying to look us up, and that reason will stand just as good for the future as it did just now. So if you want to land back in America whole, make yourself as scarce as you know how to if any more of those fellows come poking their noses around here."

"A special reason?" said Dragon, puzzled. "What reason could they have had?"

"That is my business," Ben replied, with an air of finality. "If I could have trusted you, I would have told you; but as it is, I won't. I am just advising you to keep out of sight if you want to save your skin."

As soon as the submarine had taken its boat aboard again, it glided away on a northerly course. The *Endeavor's* crew remained hidden until there was no danger of their being seen, even with the aid of binoculars, and then Jerry and Ben made their way up to the highest point on the island. From there the U-boat was barely discernible as a thin, dark streak, five or six miles off, and soon it became merged in the far-away horizon.

"A close call!" Ben said, at length, when he and his companion turned to descend the hill.

"I wonder whether they suspect anything," remarked Jerry. "What 's to prevent their sneaking back under cover of darkness, and catching us that way?"

"You 're right," Ben agreed. "There 's only one thing for us to do, and that is to get busy with the raft I was speaking about. The breeze is almost in the right direction for the trip. If we could start right now, we ought to get to that other island before night."

Jerry's eyes were fixed yearningly on the distant shore.

"As likely as not, the wind will hold," he said. "Let 's get off to-day."

"I would like to, beyond anything," said Ben. "We have the whip hand so long as we hold the guns, so there is n't much to fear from Dragon. Of course, he 'll be scared of being left behind. He 's nearly as frightened as Wiggin, though he does n't show it except in one way."

"In his eyes?" Jerry queried.

"That 's right," replied Ben. "Even if a coward can put up a sort of bluff, he can't prevent it showing there, when the pinch comes."

They were now nearing the beach, determined to begin work on the raft without further delay.

"By the way," said Jerry, "if the others get curious about what we are doing, what shall we say?"

Ben grinned.

"We 'll tell 'em we 're making a raft," he said. "That will be truthful, and won't hurt any one. Every one makes a raft when he 's shipwrecked on a desert island, and this is n't much better than a desert island. It 's no use *trying* to tell them where we 're going to, because we are n't by any means sure. After all, it will be taking a chance. A raft is a rather unwieldy sort of an affair at best, and no man breathing can tell us where we shall fetch up on it."

Calling Todd, they put off with him to the schooner, and immediately began to loosen beams from the deck cargo to form a framework. The work of construction was by no means difficult, with wood a-plenty at their disposal all ready sawed into lengths. The corners of the beams were first pierced with an auger and fastened securely together into a square. The boards were then placed on the square and lashed into place by Ben and Jerry, while John Todd busied himself cutting a small sail suitable for their needs,

bending sheets on to it. Uprights were secured to the sides of the raft, as rowlocks, and a pair of long sweeps from the schooner were added.

During part of this operation, the rest of the crew had been congregated on Signal Hill, watching for some friendly sail to heave in sight. The raft was already nearing completion when Hook and Wiggin strolled down toward the water's edge.

"Here they come!" said Ben. "The cook wants to get dinner ready, I suppose. Leave 'em to me. Maybe bluff will work!"

The tide was rising, but the *Endeavor* lay in only about a foot of water at her bow. Hook and Wiggin, making their way to where the small ferry raft had been hidden, floated it from its place of concealment and, climbing upon it, pushed out to the schooner and came aboard.

As he did so, he cast a glance at the work Jerry and Ben were engaged on, and his brows contracted.

"What 's the idea?" he asked, puzzled.

Ben glanced up from his task and straightened his back.

"Must do something," he replied, pleasantly. "I 'll bet there are fish out there a quarter of a mile off the shore."

Hook grunted suspiciously.

"Going fishing?" he asked, in a pointed manner.

"Why not?" replied Ben, lightly. "Next to fried chicken, there 's nothing I 'd like better than a five-pound cod."

"It 's a big raft to go fishing on, is n't it?" Hook persisted.

"Oh, I don't know. Lumber 's cheap, the way we are fixed. You want us to get drowned, evidently."

"You 'll be drowned, right enough, if you get far off the island on that thing," said Hook. "She won't steer, and—say, are you going to try to make a getaway?"

Ben laughed loudly.

"Why, yes, Mr. Hook," he said, "it had occurred to me that I might not care to spend the remainder of my days on this little dump, pleasant though it is here with your company. But if you mean am I proposing to start on a long voyage on a raft, let me tell you I have n't gone clean crazy."

"She 's no good," Hook commented, casting his eyes carefully over the cumbersome craft.

"If that 's so, there won't be any fresh fish," Ben replied, resuming his work. "Anyhow, something like this is likely to be useful."

Wiggin had gone forward into the galley, and was already busy with his pots and pans, though he thrust his head out of the doorway now and again to see what was going on. The building of a raft had not struck him as being particularly significant. Hook squatted on a pile of timber, smoking his pipe, and critically watching the others work.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Ben, closing one eye at John Todd as the latter looked at him. "What on earth is there for us to use as bait?"

Todd, never particularly quick-witted, stared blankly for a moment.

"Plenty of mussels on the rocks at low water," he replied, at length.

"That 's right, too," said Ben, with apparent satisfaction though he was careful not to glance round in the direction of Hook. At that moment Dragon, accompanied by the rest of the crew, walked down the beach.

"Hello, what's this?" queried the ex-skipper, when he gained the deck of the schooner. "A raft, huh? How many do you reckon it 's going to hold?"

"Oh, it will be safe enough for one or two," Ben replied casually. "Any sign of a ship up there?"

"There 's a steamer, hull down, seventeen miles or more off," Dragon replied; "but she does n't seem to have spotted our signal. I would n't be surprised if we were here a week or more without being rescued. Right off the track of shipping, we are, as I told you before. Say, we could n't hold on to that raft long in a rough sea."

Dragon was evidently burning with curiosity to learn what plan was afoot, for no suggestion had ever been made that

Jerry and Ben were likely to allow his conduct on the *Endeavor* to go unpunished. If he and his friends got away first, there was every chance of his escaping punishment, but if the owner of the schooner and the second mate left the island without Dragon, the ex-skipper would be more or less in their power, bottled up there and unable to escape. For he did not doubt that Jerry and Ben would send some one to rescue him and his gang, some one who would not only rescue him, but also take him into custody.

Ben put his head on one side and surveyed the almost completed raft critically.

"No, she 'd be a regular death-trap in a gale," he agreed. "But we don't propose to take any unnecessary chances on her."

Whether satisfied or not, Dragon said no more, and the subject was dropped. To facilitate launching, the raft had been reared up on the rail of the schooner while under construction. When the last plank had been lashed down, two empty kegs were fastened to the framework, to give it additional buoyancy, and then it was lowered over the side.

CHAPTER X

RESCUED!

"SHE 'LL do, I guess," said Todd, examining the raft critically, as soon as he could speak without being overheard. "When might you be thinkin' of making a start?"

"To-night," the boy declared. "Once this wind dies, we might have to wait a week or more for another opportunity as good. Ben's pocket compass will help us in the dark at first; but we plan to be off some time during the night. If we can get away while the others are asleep, so much the better."

After darkness fell, the usual routine was observed. Todd took the first watch on Signal Hill; and though Ben and Jerry lay down in their bunks, neither slept, for the adventure ahead of them kept their thoughts busy.

At midnight Todd came aboard again, and an anxious consultation was held. There was no telling how long their trip on the raft was likely to last, so both food and water would have to be taken along.

Jerry, who had lain down fully dressed, slipped off his shoes.

"I 'm going to make a raid on the galley," he announced. "We don't want to rouse the others if we can help it. There will surely be a scrimmage if they get wind of what we 're up to."

"Wait a while," said Ben. "Dragon is a wily old fox, and he may be listening. If we leave it till one o'clock or so, he may have dropped off to sleep, and the chances are that we can then load up and get right away."

They spoke in a low voice, for sound travels far on a wooden ship.

"What about our clothes and things?" Jerry asked. "We shall have to leave most of them, sha' n't we?"

"We 'd better leave the lot," Ben suggested. "There 's nothing much, anyway. There will be quite enough on the raft with three of us—"

"Four!"

"Four?"

"Why, yes. You don't intend to leave Bumps behind?"

"I guess not," said Ben. "It would be a shame to leave him in such company, even if we could do without him."

The clock ticked off the next hour so slowly that it seemed to those who watched that it must be going at half speed. One o'clock arrived at length, however, and then Jerry crept stealthily out of the companionway and walked forward to the galley in his stocking-feet. First he secured a couple of loaves of Wiggin's bread, and then, adding a supply of beef, made tracks for the cabin without having aroused any one. His next task was to fill a jug with water. Todd lowered himself over the side of the schooner on to the new raft, and the food and water were handed down to him. Ben followed, and then Jerry stooped to pick up the spaniel.

Bumps, however, was in a playful mood, and seemed to regard these unusual proceedings as a sort of game for his especial

benefit. He whisked away, wagging his tail furiously, and barked.

"Come here," Jerry urged, holding up a finger warningly.

Again Bumps barked, and dodged to the far side of the deck. Todd, hastily drawing the raft closer to the side of the schooner, with the object of jumping back on board to help the boy, allowed it to bump violently; and almost immediately afterward Jerry saw the face of Hook gleaming in the moonlight in the forward part of the ship.

The boy, now casting caution to the winds, called the spaniel to him in a severe voice, and Bumps obeyed. Hook, half suspecting what was wrong, bellowed down into the forepeak to Dragon, and hastened along the deck.

None too gently, Jerry grabbed the dog and almost threw him into the arms of Ben, himself following in an equally precipitate manner.

"Push off! Quick! They 're after us!" he declared.

Five seconds later several yards separated the raft from the schooner, and while Ben and Todd hastily punted farther off with the sweeps, Jerry, looking up, encountered the astounded gaze of Captain Dragon and Hook.

"What in the name of thunder!" began the ex-skipper. "Come back, there!"

The distance between them was widening rapidly now.

"Not to-night, thanks," Jerry called back. "Why don 't you come along too? There 's nothing stopping you."

"I 'll come and wring your neck!" threatened Hook, running to and fro by the side of the stern rail.

The raft was now fifty yards from the schooner, and, with the sail hoisted, traveling along merrily. Angry cries followed it for a while, but they become lost in the distance as Jerry and his companions drifted farther away.

The wind bore the raft on a course which, if continued, would carry it a shade to the south of the island they were making for. By three o'clock in the morning the shore they had left was only a vague blur on the horizon, but the compass indicated that they were holding on to their course fairly well. Toward dawn the rising of the sun found them in the center of a vast, watery circle, where nothing showed up on either hand to indicate what progress they were making.

"We must have traveled between eight and nine miles," said Ben, consulting his watch. "That puts us somewhere about midway between the two islands."

It was a glorious, early-spring morning, with the sun rising like a ball of fire and a clear sky. There was a nip in the air, for it was yet April, but they were so far south that the cold was not uncomfortable. Before long, however, a light breeze sprang up out of the south, which had the aggravating effect of driving them well off their course, so the oars were manned.

Many was the anxious glance Jerry cast at the sky, hoping against hope for some let-up in the southerly wind. He knew well enough without being told, that the question of whether they were holding their own all the time was one nobody could answer with certainty, for there was nothing to serve as a guide, and, moreover, tides and currents were factors of which they knew nothing. So far as they could tell, the flow of water on its inexorable course might already have carried them far beyond reach of the island they were making for.

Noon had passed, when the breeze suddenly swung from the south, back into its old quarter, to the great relief of every one, and the sail was hoisted once more.

Nevertheless, the prospect became a somewhat depressing one as the day slipped past without any break in the monotonous horizon, and the sail was lowered when no doubt remained that they must have run too far to the west, and missed their goal on the way.

"Well," said Ben, "there 's enough food for another twenty-four hours. If we go easy on it, we can stretch that to two days. The only thing we can do now is to drift, though I would n't mind running a bit to the sou'east if we happened to have a

favorable wind. That's the most likely direction, anyway—"

"Why," Jerry interrupted, in a queer, startled voice, "what—is—surely there 's something over there!"

The others followed the direction of his finger with their eyes.

"What did it look like?" Ben inquired, with an anxiety he did not attempt to conceal.

"It was like something white flashing in the sun," the boy replied. "It was bigger than a gull—"

A hoarse cry burst from John Todd's lips. "A sail!" he shouted.

Presently Ben also caught sight of it. It might have been five miles distant, and could only be seen from the raft when it rose to the top of the swell. It was too early yet to see which way she was heading. Todd, towering over his companions, stared across the intervening waste of water.

"Guess she 's coming this way," he announced at length. "We 'll be picked up inside of an hour. We want something white to signal with. Here, let 's rip off a piece of this sail. It ain't white, but it 's the best we have."

Pulling out a knife, he cut a large strip of the canvas off, and, fastening it to the end of one of the long sweeps, held the signal high in the air.

"She 's making a bit to the south'ard of us," he declared. "Still, if they ain't all asleep on board, they 'll notice this."

He waved the crude flag of distress for ten minutes before the distant boat altered her course. Then:

"They 've seen us!" Jerry shouted with joy at last.

Even Todd's face softened when he knew their deliverance was at hand, for the prospect of slow starvation on the raft had been very real.

The boat approaching them was a sloop, under twenty feet long, and manned by four fishermen, who stared in blank astonishment as they drew near. The man at her rudder ran her into the wind and skilfully brought her alongside without lowering the sail.

"They 're Portuguese," said Ben, as he caught sight of their swarthy faces. "Hello, there, do any of you speak English?"

A big fellow, with dark, flashing eyes, leaned over the side, threw a line to Todd, and spoke rapidly. Not a word he said was understood, but it was apparent enough from his smiling expression that it gave him almost as much pleasure to rescue them as Jerry and his friends felt at being rescued.

Todd was the last to jump over the side of the boat, and as he did so, he pushed the raft away with his foot.

"Nâo—nâo!" cried the merry-looking Portuguese, who proved to be the captain. Then, giving an order to the helmsman, he waited till the raft was alongside again. He hopped down lightly on to it, and, shaking his head and chattering volubly the while, handed the sweeps to one of his crew, after which he salved the remains of the sail. Then, still chattering, he climbed back to his own boat.

"Speak no English?" Ben asked him.

"Nâo, nâo, spik Portuguese," the fisherman replied.

Ben shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly, and then, recalling the name of the island for which they had been making, he asked:

"San Ferrera?"

The Portuguese skipper nodded, and pointed straight ahead. Ben glanced at his pocket compass.

"Then that *was* San Ferrera we could see from the top of Signal Hill," he said to Jerry. "These fellows are making for there now, and it 's evident we have been carried too far north."

It was dark before the boat reached shore. Jerry and his friends were taken by the Portuguese skipper to his home, a two-story building constructed of stone, close by the sea. Their welfare was looked after by the skipper's wife, and almost immediately after supper, being thoroughly weary, the three adventurers retired for the night.

After breakfast next morning they went out and found only a few scattered houses



"HE WAVED THE CRUDE FLAG OF DISTRESS"

on the island. The men-folk of San Ferrera evidently earned a meager living by farming and fishing.

"But," said Jerry, "if they go fishing, where do they sell their fish?"

"I guess they run over to some of the other islands with it," replied Ben. "That 's all the better for us, because we can ask them to take us as passengers. Ponta Delgada is the port we ought to make for. That 's on the island of San Miguel. There are other places a bit nearer, but they 're not likely to be much good to us."

Ben pulled a roll of money from his pocket, and showing it to the Portuguese, who had insisted on accompanying them on their stroll, pointed to the sloop and asked: "Ponta Delgada?"

The skipper glanced at the sky sailor-wise, and held up one finger, then two, then three, afterward making a gesture with his hands as though wishing to convey doubt.

"He evidently means he 'll take us there, but with this wind we could n't be sure of reaching the place in less than three days."

"Then had n't we better make a start?" Jerry urged.

"Sure we had!" Ben agreed; and immediately he began a series of pantomimic motions, such as pointing away off in the direction he wanted to go, displaying the roll of American money, drawing the Portuguese toward the boat, and repeating the words, "Ponta Delgada."

The skipper understood perfectly and laughed.

"Hold on a minute," said Ben, cautiously. "He seems a decent sort of guy, but we ought to make some sort of dicker with him before we start, because there might be no holding him."

"Well, how are you going to find out how much he wants?" Jerry queried, with an aggravating smile. "We 'll have to wait a good long time if you 're going to stop here long enough to speak Portuguese."

"Look here," said Ben, planting himself squarely in front of the skipper and holding the money in one hand while he went through the pantomime of beginning to count the bills. "How much do you want for this job. Savvy?"

The Portuguese did not understand at all, and shook his head.

"Money—how much," said Ben, impatiently raising his voice, as though that helped matters. But the skipper's face remained a living note of interrogation.

Ben detached a bill from the wad and held it out to the skipper, whereupon the significance of the whole proceeding burst upon him. He laughed heartily, and then examined the note with curiosity. Evidently it was the first time in his life that he had seen the slips of paper which pass for currency in Uncle Sam's domains. He spread his hands out in deprecation; for though he realized that it was real money, he had not the slightest notion of its value, compared with Portuguese currency.

At last a bright idea struck him. Pointing, one after the other, to the three prospective passengers, and not omitting the dog, he then pointed to the boat, then over the sea, saying "Ponta Delgada," and finally pointed to the money.

"That 's right!" said Ben, hugely pleased.

The Portuguese, still pointing to the money, said something which was quite unintelligible, though it was evident its equivalent was something like: "And you want to know how much I 'm going to charge you, eh?"

Ben nodded, hoping he was doing the right thing.

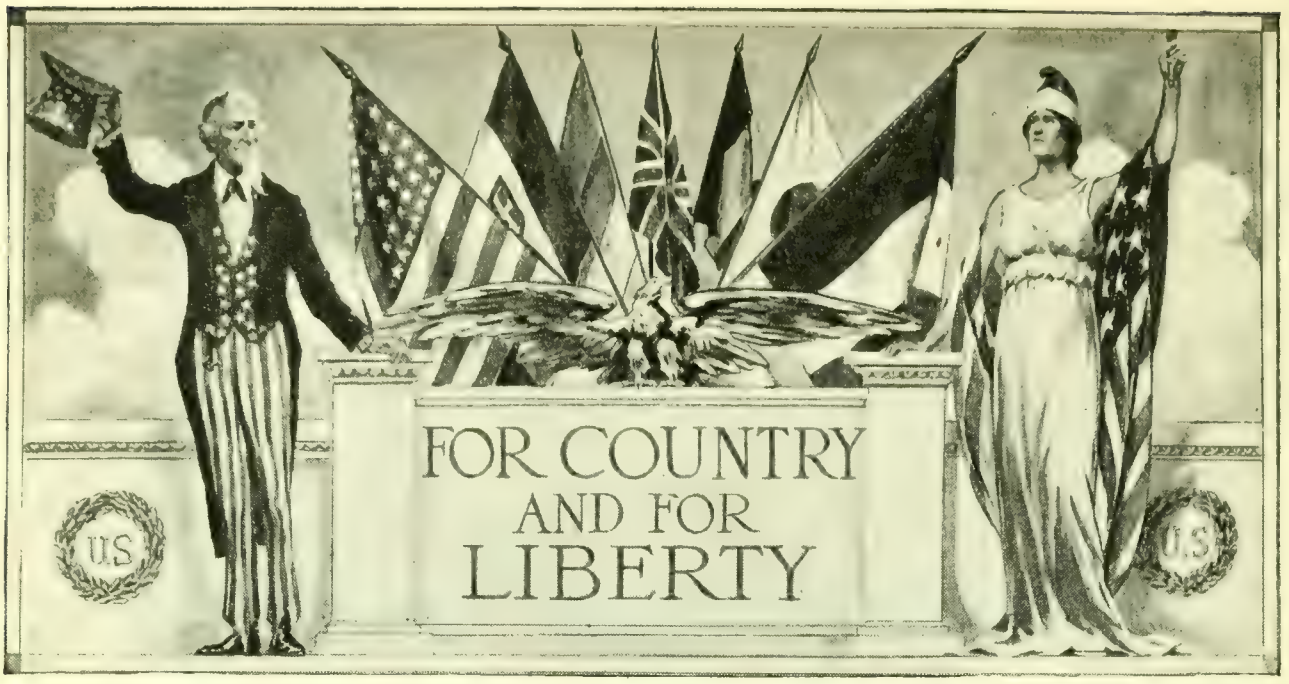
"Ah!" exclaimed the skipper, drawing a stub of pencil from his pocket and producing an old envelope. Then, after moistening the point of the lead with his lips, he wrote with much care and infinite labor: "20,000 Reis."

Ben stared at the figure for a full half minute, unable to grasp immediately whether this was some stupid joke, or whether the simple island fisherman imagined he had a bunch of multi-millionaires at his mercy.

(To be continued)



"ELIZABETH IN A GREEN GOWN."
PAINTED BY WILLIAM J. WHITTEMORE



THE lamented death of Theodore Roosevelt occurred just as the February ST. NICHOLAS was going to press, and therefore had to be chronicled in a brief eulogy of a single page. But already countless tributes to his character and memory had appeared in the daily and weekly papers and countless others had been eloquently voiced from pulpit and platform all over the land. And as this is written, the announcement comes that Sunday, February 9th, has been set apart for memorial services in all parts of the country, as well as in Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, by the Roosevelt Memorial Committee, which includes members of Congress, governors of States, army and navy officers, and leaders prominent in business, farming, education, labor, the church and the stage, music and art, newspapers and magazines, as well as social workers, "Rough Riders" and big-game hunters—in short, "representatives of all the myriad activities of American life that were touched by Theodore Roosevelt at one time or another." The object of the committee, as stated by its chairman, is "to crystallize into some binding form the spirit and teaching of this great American, and to perpetuate in living ways the character, principles, and statesmanship that made the imperishable glory of his life."

This number of ST. NICHOLAS must be closed before the date dedicated to the memorial services, and therefore must content itself with urging its readers, each and all, to miss no opportunity of hearing the spoken addresses or of reading every word uttered in memory of the man whose marvelous history and achievements, burning love of country, and valiant ardor in defense of all he believed to be right and just made him the greatest American of his time, and one of the great outstanding Americans of *all* time, worthy of the lasting homage of the world.

In anticipation, moreover, of numerous other memorials that will be proposed and perfected, later on, and in response to the committee's appeal, ST. NICHOLAS, fortunately, can offer a special tribute of its own, this month, by reprinting here the main portion of a contribution which is among the few most prized by its editor and readers from the entire file of this magazine—an article written especially for its pages, and at its request, by Theodore Roosevelt himself, while governor of New York. And it is, in every word, as vital and inspiring to the American boys of to-day as to those who read it when first published. Nobody but Theodore Roosevelt could have written it, and it breathes in every line the knightly devotion to good citizenship, the dauntless courage, and the virile spirit that every American, whether young or old, first calls to mind at the mere mention of his name.

WHAT WE CAN EXPECT OF THE AMERICAN BOY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS *for May, 1900*

OF course, what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strengthened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in in-reared manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in manly exercises and to develop his body—and therefore, to a certain extent, his character—in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course, boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play, do not need this athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers

who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes could possibly be. Moreover, to mis-estimate athletics is equally bad whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiership and statesmanship sink into disuse. Some of the boys who read this paper will certainly sometime read the famous letters of the younger Pliny, a Roman who wrote, with what seems to us a curiously modern touch, in the first century of the present era. His correspondence with the Emperor Trajan is particularly interesting; and not the least noteworthy thing in it is the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the Greek athletic sports, treating them as the diversions of an unwarlike people which it was safe to encourage in order to keep the Greeks from turning into anything formidable. So, at one time, the Persian kings had to forbid polo, because soldiers neglected their proper duties for the fascinations of the game. A soldier needs to know how to shoot and take cover and shift for himself—not to box or play football. . . . When a man so far confuses ends and means as to think that fox-hunting, or polo, or football, or whatever else the sport may be, is to be itself taken as the end, instead of as the mere means of preparation to do work that counts when the occasion calls—why, that man had better abandon sport altogether.

No boy can afford to neglect his work; and, with a boy, work, as a rule, means study. Of course, there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons—in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn; and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage of the statesman, and even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now, this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his

companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause of pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does, he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practise decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality . . . Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life cannot become good citizens, good Americans, until they change; and even after the change, scars will be left on their souls.

In his story called "Captains Courageous," Rudyard Kipling describes in the liveliest way just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled, over-indulged child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterward thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among boys and men who are real boys and real men doing real work. The effect is invaluable.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—the best men I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course, the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong, and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to every one else if he does not have a thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

THE final lines of this stirring appeal promptly became a motto for thousands of American boys who loved their author as the unfailing champion of manly courage.

Every young American will welcome, too, the glimpses of Theodore Roosevelt's

own boyhood given by Rev. Dr. James M. Ludlow, who was pastor of the church which the Roosevelt family attended more than forty years ago. In his tribute, at the memorial services held on Sunday, February 2, Dr. Ludlow said:

"When Roosevelt was a boy, he displayed the same characteristics which later raised him to such great eminences—the same interest in all things, the same determination and decision, the same fearlessness, the same devotion to lofty ideals of truth and honor.

"In those days . . . we all used to say, as a matter of course, 'Young Roosevelt will make his mark in the world.' But whether he would make it at the north pole, or on the locks of a Panama Canal, we never could have guessed. For he was always doing something new.

"It was here that I knew the boy, and he was a boy to the end. His was a loving, boyish heart, swelling with love for humanity. And it is his message for boyhood that I would give you. Simply it was this: " 'If you believe a thing is good or true, say so. If you see a duty, do it.' "

The universal affection in which he was held by the young folk of his own country is admirably set forth in the message sent to his family by the Boy Scouts of America, through their National Council:

As Vice-President and Chief Scout Citizen of our organization, Colonel Roosevelt materially aided in the development of our movement to its present strength of four hundred and forty thousand men and boys, each of whom regarded him as their hero for his manliness, sterling character, and accomplishments as an out-of-doors man. By direction of our executive board, each of our sixteen thousand troops will be requested to arrange special memorial meetings, thus covering the whole of the United States. In order, also, to give permanent expression of all Colonel Roosevelt stood for to the boys of our nation we shall arrange to have each troop of scouts plant one or more sturdy trees with suitable inscription and ceremonial in memory of the great leader they all honored and loved. In losing Colonel Roosevelt, our boys and indeed the whole world have sustained a great loss. But a spirit like this does not die and the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America will endeavor in every way within its power to see that his memory is kept alive and his splendid qualities emphasized to serve to stimulate the boyhood of our country and the world to better citizenship.

"No man in modern times," declared Rev. Dr. W. I. Chamberlain, in the course of the Memorial Service of February 2nd, "has so thrilled the soul of the youth of all lands as Theodore Roosevelt by his deeds and his words. The work he did went far deeper down than any mere statesmanship. He galvanized into life the fervor of the American soul. America was not in a heroic mood when he came to the fore. But Roosevelt fired America's imagination and purpose." A similar tribute in the New York "Evening Post" said: "He became to all the young men of his generation the very type of impetuous youth, flinging itself into the service of the state. . . . He did more than any man of his time to arouse the conscience of the American nation."

"The outstanding note of his life," says Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, "was his love of right and his fearless courage in advocating it. He never hesitated to take his open stand, nor flinched from saying what he believed needed to be said. He sometimes aroused strong and even fierce opposition, but in the end he was admired, beloved, and trusted, even by most of those who disagreed with him."

In 1912, Sir William Watson, the famous English poet, addressed to Mr. Roosevelt, this ringing sonnet:*

I HEAR a mighty people asking now
  Who next shall be their captain and their chief.
  Amidst them towers a man as Teneriffe
Towers from the ocean, and that man art thou—
Thou of the shaggy and the craggy brow.

*From "Songs of Exile," by courtesy of the John Lane Co., N. Y.

The day of Fate comes on; the time is brief;
Round the great ship is many a lurking reef;
And would 'st thou drive once more that gallant prow?
Perhaps thou shalt and must. But if the choice
Fall on a lesser voyager, thou shalt still
Be what thou art—thy nation's living voice
Wherewith she speaks in thunder. Nay, thou art more;
Thou art her fiery pulse, her conquering will!
Thou art America, dauntless Theodore!

"Not half a dozen Presidents ever wielded so much political power as he," avows one New York paper; and it will be remembered that, at his reëlection in 1904, he received the greatest popular majority ever accorded to an American Presidential candidate.

There is no touch of exaggeration, moreover, in Charles Willis Thompson's statement in his "Recollections":

"He had had the people's love as no other man has had it in our day. He had had the love of those who knew him personally as surely no other man, great or small, has had it in our day. There is something mighty that is gone from us; but we have lost mighty men before. The lost might we can only regret; but there is also gone from us a great lovableness for which we grieve."



Times Photo Service

"THE AVENUE OF THE ALLIES," DURING OCTOBER, 1918

FLAGS

By CECIL CAVENDISH

At last the war is over
And Peace returns again,
Welcome as white doves flying
Through sunshine after rain;
But something will be missing
After our Jubilee—
'T is the flags of our brave Allies
All flying fair and free.

The flags of our brave Allies!
Since first the war began,
The banner of old England,
Red sun of great Japan;
Crowned-shield of brave Italia,
True Belgium's red and gold;
The glorious flag, of colors three,
Of France, our friend of old;

We've seen them gaily flutter
  In passing summer breeze,
Upon the masts of outbound ships
  That sailed for dangerous seas;
And in dark days of trouble
  We 've watched, with courage high,
Flags of our Allies blowing
  Against a stormy sky.

And now no more we 'll see them,
  Those banners bright and gay?
We 'll fling them to the breezes
  On every gala day.
On mast and tower and turret,
  And over every door,
Beside the Stars and Stripes shall wave
  Our Allies' flags once more!

EVERY DAY FOR A HERO!

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Only two dates in the year bear the names of men,
Makers of great history, famous now as then;
Washington and Lincoln! These have special days,
Fathers of our Liberty, worthy of all praise.

But each day of every month is a hero's day,
One who played a patriot's part; who, we cannot say.

Ribbons pinned on many breasts, back the champions come,
To the cheering multitudes that bid them welcome home.

Brave Pershing wears his medals; other generals, too;
Admirals and captains in the navy blue.

Officers and soldiers fighting in the line;
Cited for the *Croix de Guerre,* gallant men and fine;

Surgeons in the thick of fire; aviators brave;
Chasers of sea-dragons underneath the wave;

Drivers of an ambulance through a storm of shell;
Engineers who, scorning death, built the bridges well;

Men who cut the wires; lads who saved their guns;
Wounded stretcher-bearers who bore other wounded ones.

But many wear no medals; many won no fame—
Faithful, generous privates whom we do not name.

They did gallant service we shall never know;
Quietly, unnoticed, helped to down the foe.

Think! When they are marching where the proud Flag waves,
How these—and countless others in their Flemish graves—
Make *Each Day* in the calendar a proud and sacred one,
As the birthday of some hero, some simple mother's son!

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HONOR OF FRANCE

I AM no braver than other girls. I detest mice and creepy-crawly things. I can remember a time when I would hold my hands over my ears and shiver when any one let off a gun near me. So sometimes, when I think over my experiences in this dreadful war, it starts me wondering if perhaps I did not dream them. But I have my diary for proof that all these things did happen, and, moreover, I know I am only one of many thousand girls in France who, when the need arose, forgot themselves.

In the face of danger there seems to come an insensibility to everything but the object to be attained. That Saturday afternoon, when I started for the cathedral, I was possessed by the thought that I must save the image of Sainte Jeanne. I was not at all unconscious of my nearness to death, but my life was of much less importance just then than the accomplishment of my purpose.

In the Place du Parvis the forbidding sight that met my eyes held me spellbound for a space. Here was the target of the *Boches,* the despoilers of the houses of God. Shell after shell fell upon the cathedral, and, after each explosion, clouds of dust floated up into the poisoned air as the crumbling fragments of beautiful images fell into the reek of ruin on the ground.

I looked up and there, floating from one of the towers, was the flag of the Red Cross, the symbol of mercy and kindness. It, too, was a target for the German guns. As I gazed at this bright banner, flying amid the storm of ruin, my heart grew hard and angry at such wanton destruction. The *Boches* should not injure the image of my dear saint if I could help it, and I rushed across the Place with never a thought that I might be struck at any moment. Indeed, what was my little life in the presence of this calamity over which all the world, save only the Germans, would never cease to mourn?

Almost before I knew it, I was in the cathedral, hastening toward the familiar shrine, scarcely conscious of the strange litter of straw under my feet and too intent upon my purpose to notice what was going on near me. Arriving there, I looked up to the niche and breathed a sigh of thankfulness. The tender figure of Jeanne d'Arc was gone, but in its place was the tricolor of France. The good abbé had been there before me and had left the flag, a fitting substitute in time of war.

I fell upon my knees, and, unconscious of the raging tumult about me, prayed that those who fought for our country might see in her glorious banner a token of the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc. For myself, I asked that, in time of trial, I should be given the courage to do my part with the fortitude of her whose name I bore.

My prayer ended, I stood up, and in my ears again sounded the din of the bombardment. I looked about me, a little bewildered, and saw the pitiful faces of a score or more of the German wounded lying upon the straw. Here were the men for whom the Red Cross flag had been raised. I wondered what they thought of the way their brothers were treating them.

One of the good fathers, noticing me, stopped for a moment in his ministrations to bid me leave the building.

"This is no place for you," he said, somewhat sternly.

This I knew was true, for I could do nothing and my presence might be more of a hindrance than a help. Obediently I started away, but as I passed into the north transept, I found it filling with smoke and heard an ominous crackling of

burning wood. At the same moment the Abbé Chinot ran toward me.

"Do not open that door, Jeannette!" he cried. "There is fire outside, the workmen's scaffolding is ablaze, and that is worse than shells. Go by the other door."

As I turned back with the abbé from the burning scaffolding we found that it was not the only thing that had caught fire. Several parts of the broad roof were in flames, set alight by incendiary bombs; final proof, if any doubted, that the *Boches* deliberately planned to destroy the cathedral.

And how can I describe the sight that met my eyes when I re-entered the great nave? The straw which had been scattered over the stone floor to make a bed for the German wounded was flaring like a huge torch. From the spots where the roof blazed, melted lead and huge pieces of flaming timbers dropped down and set alight fresh places in the litter. At each bursting crash of shell, fragments of carved saints, shattered for all eternity, fell in showers.

We both paused for a moment, horror-stricken, then the abbé pointed to another door. "Go, Jeannette," he ordered. "Here is work only for men." He turned and hurried away to join his comrades who, careless of their own danger, strove to save their crippled enemies.

I ran across the Place du Parvis and joined the crowd that had gathered to watch the destruction of the cathedral. I was not surprised to find them there. It seemed natural that, in spite of the danger, the people who remained in Rheims should be on the spot to behold this great tragedy. Nor were the tears I saw on nearly every face in any way unexpected. My own eyes were full as I gazed up at that sacred building. In a moment I was but one of a mourning throng. What I felt, all felt. We stood as might a close-knit family, gathered to watch the passing from earth of one most dear.

As each shell burst upon the building there came an uprush of sparks, followed by the patter of falling stone and glass, and then the wail of those who bore witness. Each new wound in that dear monument hurt us as might a blow delivered by an unclean hand. Each sculptured saint maimed by these Germans took on the semblance of flesh and blood. They were no longer images of stone, but martyrs, brought to life for an instant to endure that chaos of destruction. Each figure became precious to us. Heretofore we had looked upon them as small parts of a great and beautiful whole, now we treasured them for their own sakes—and they were dying before our eyes.

Thus was the cathedral at Rheims wrecked, while we who watched, wept. The whole world will weep, remembering for long years to come whose work this destruction was. Who could see such sacrilege and not weep? Only a German.

Meanwhile, the good priests inside were gathering the wounded *Boches* together, hoping to save them alive; and presently out they came to face that throng of heart-sick people. We caught sight of them suddenly, a huddled group of those same Germans whose countrymen were inflicting untold suffering upon our souls and bodies. Who could say that any one of these had refrained from insulting us upon the streets or pillaging our houses? A righteous anger stirred us to the depths, and a bitter cry went up as, with a common impulse, we moved toward our heartless enemies.

What was in the minds of those who pressed about me I do not know, but the good priests, reading, perhaps, a threat of punishment in the cry we had raised, put themselves between us and the *Boches*. Then, as they advanced, the archbishop stepped in front and raised his hand to stay the crowd.

"Back! Back!" he cried, in a loud voice that we heard above the thunder of the guns. "These," and he made a gesture toward the prisoners, "these are in our hands. What would you do? Nay, back! We are French. Let not the God above look down to see us become as these —these Germans! Our bodies they may kill, but the soul of France they cannot touch. Let no action of ours lay a stain

upon the honor of our country. We keep the faith of God and nations. *Vive la France!*"

In an instant our anger went from us, and, lifting our voices, we drowned the brutal noises of destruction in one brave shout of triumph over the base spirit of revenge:

"Vive la France!"

CHAPTER XV

ADIEU TO RHEIMS

I RETURNED to the house with a heavy heart, and found both Papa and Grandpère about to set out in search of me. They had been very anxious, and I felt myself to blame. No one scolded except Eugénie; but her love prevented any continuation of her ill-temper, and, when she had spoken her mind, the matter was dropped.

We all mourned the wreck of the cathedral, and Papa saw in it a beginning of the ruin of Rheims itself.

"The *Boches* will destroy the city," he said positively; "they are angered because we drove them back from Paris. Therefore you must all leave in the morning and not wait for Monday as we planned."

This arrangement was quickly made, for Grandpère was impatient to be off.

I said good-by to Papa that night, because he could not leave his duties on the morrow. I still held to my faith that the *Bon Dieu* would guard him in all the battles, and, although my heart was sore at the parting, I would not let myself consider the possibilities of anything happening to him. We were to let him know as soon as we were settled in Paris. He kissed us all good-by, laughed when we prayed him not to run into unnecessary danger, and then he went out into the night to find his way back to his grim duties.

With the morning came a renewal of the bombardment, but Grandpère, impatient to be away, roused us early; and before the sun was an hour high, the last good-bys were said and we were hurrying toward the railroad station.

"We will not be the only ones who will wish to leave town," Grandpère warned us, "so if we are to find places on the train, we must be prompt."

Early as it was, there were many already on the streets, heading in the same direction; but we arrived in time to take our stand near the top of the waiting line, and Grandpère's old and faded uniform, with the Cross of the Legion pinned upon the tunic, won us favor from the railway guards. One of these whispered to him what we had best do when the hour came, and, by following his advice, we managed to board the only train that left Rheims that day.

But first we waited a long, long time, and the crowd grew steadily larger as the morning passed, until I thought the whole people of the city were clamoring to be away.

When, finally, the doors were thrown open, we rushed in with the others and found seats in a compartment that in a twinkling was filled to overflowing. After that, hundreds passed up and down the platform, looking with frightened faces for a space into which they might squeeze themselves.

As I said, we were lucky enough to secure seats; but we had them for a very few minutes. A tired mother and a small baby were soon in Grandpère's place; little Jacques gave his to an old, old woman; and a tottering blind man took mine in exchange for his blessing.

But even the narrow aisle in which we stood, crowded almost to suffocation though we were, became a reproach to us, while the door of the compartment still stood open, as we looked out upon the terror-stricken throng that passed and repassed in an endless procession, holding up white faces while they begged us, by all we held dear, to make room for them.

"Laissez-moi entrer!" ["Let me come in!"]

A thousand times the words were spoken, by trembling women, by crippled men, by lisping children.

"C'est impossible! C'est absolument impossible!"

That was the only answer, given in pity, from one end of the train to the other.

My own heart ached, and I could see Grandpère grow more and more uneasy.

At length a woman, with two little ones clinging to her skirts and a tiny baby in her arms, stopped before the carriage door and regarded us with eyes of despair.

"J'ai trois enfants, messieurs. Ayez un peu de pitié!" ["I have three children, sirs. Have a little pity!"]

She made her plea hopelessly, in a low, tired voice, expecting but a repetition of the answer she had heard so often.

And it came, from an old woman near the entrance.

"Regardez! On ne peut pas faire plus de place, Madame." ["Look! It is not possible to make room, Madame."]

"Mais c'est le dernier train, et j'ai peur pour les petits!" ["But this is the last train, and I fear for the little ones'"]

"C'est trop! C'est trop!" ["It is too much! It is too much!"] I heard Grandpère murmur under his breath; and the mother, catching the note of compassion in his voice, addressed him directly.

"Monsieur le Colonel," she said, "the father of my children has been killed. I have no money. I have nothing! We would go to Paris to the house of my father and be saved from starvation. Can no one make room for the children of a man who died for France?"

Grandpère, I knew, had held back this long only on account of little Jacques and me. At this last appeal all three of us pushed our way out of the compartment, not waiting to exchange even a glance. We bundled the woman and her children into our places, amid her heartfelt blessings, and then stepped back out of the way of the still clamoring crowd.

In spite of our early start we were no better off than thousands who had waited till the last moment. The humor of the situation overcame all other feelings. I looked up at Grandpère and laughed outright.

His face, made stern by the demands upon his pity, relaxed in a moment and he, too, laughed heartily.

"Ah, Jeannette, it seems that we walk to Paris! What say you, Jacques?"

"It would be fine fun, Monsieur," the boy answered bravely. And thus it came about that we three took the road to the capital. Many times we were tired, but never dull; for there were a host of sights, some so sad, a few gay, and all within the shadow of the great war.

On that journey, any doubt I might have had as to the outcome of the conflict was set at rest. I found in the men and women of my country the fortitude to endure, the brave confidence in victory, the determination to fight on for *la patrie* and everlasting peace. The spirit of Jeanne d'Arc was alive in the soul of France.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE ROAD TO PARIS

We went back to the house for a few minutes to tell Eugénie of the change in our plans, so that she might let Papa know; then we set out hopefully and with a good courage.

My diary is very full of the happenings of that journey, from day to day, and I might fill a large book with recounting them. On the start we were crowded by hundreds of others, who were driven out of Rheims by the German shells, and I had a taste of the experience that little Jacques had been through. But this time we took good care not to lose each other. After a time the throng grew thinner, for many sought the roads leading to the larger towns, like Épernay, hoping there to find trains upon which they could ride. Grandpère was as anxious as any to reach Paris, but he decided we should make better speed afoot upon the direct road.

"There will be mothers and babies wherever we go," he said, "and I cannot compete with them for places. So let us march, *mes enfants!*"

And march we did, laughing at discomforts.

I think it was Grandpère's faded uniform and his Cross of the Legion that won us such kind treatment wherever we went. Old peasants touched their caps,



"WE TRAVELED THE ROAD RUNNING NEAR THE RIVER MARNE" (See next page)

and the many soldiers we met saluted in brisk, military fashion. Once we came upon a regiment of English resting by the way, and they were no less courteous than our own men.

It was the first time that I had seen any of our allies from across the channel. We heard them afar off, singing "Tipperary," their marching song, which soon became famous in France. I talked English to them, and they seemed glad to find a French girl who knew their language. They were all very merry, as if upon a holiday, men and officers alike, quick to laugh at things in which I saw nothing to laugh at, but always polite and pleasant. This was one of the few bright spots upon our way.

We traveled the road running near the river Marne, crossing it first at Ville-en-Tardenois and again at Dormans, as it wound this way and that through the country where France had won her greatest victory. On every side were marks of that great battle. There was ruin everywhere,—huts and châteaux burned and pillaged, whole villages leveled to the ground; bridges, roadways, and trees,—everything one looked at was scarred and broken.

But there were still sadder evidences of this great battle of the Marne. Ah, the poor little mounds of earth, each with its forlorn wooden cross to mark the resting-place of a brave Frenchman. They were everywhere! Among the ripened, uncut grain, in the woods, on the hillsides, and in the valleys. We came upon them at every turn of the road—nestling under clumps of trees, in the corners of fields which still bore, in the soft ground, the footprints of the hundreds who had struggled there. When we looked down into the low-lying lands we could see, scattered here and there amid the autumn yellow, bare grayish patches, barred by rank upon rank of tiny crosses.

Oh, the myriad graves of France! They are the records of her glory and her triumph! She sent her sons to die for the freedom of the world, and by the thousands they have given up their lives. Here they lay all about us, and Grandpère and little Jacques lifted their caps in reverence whenever we came close to these hallowed places. The peasants returning, one after another, to what was left of their old homes would pause a moment and, with bared heads bowed, murmur prayers for the eternal rest of those who were gone.

"My children," said Grandpère, as we walked along, "do not let us forget for so long as we live that those who died here have won the greatest glory. All the badges of honor,—the *Médaille coloniale,* the *Médaille militaire,* the Legion of Honor,—what are these compared with the humble wooden crosses? They are the supreme decoration of heroes who have given everything. For the living, silk ribbons and stamped gold are well enough; but they are as nothing to the glory of the *Croix de la Mort,* the wooden cross. What living hero can claim an equal glory with that of those who fell, those heroes of eternity?"

"But what of those who sent them to their death, Grandpère?" I asked.

"They shall be remembered," he answered sternly. "The children of those who died will not forget who killed their fathers. Jacques, my boy," he went on earnestly, "when you are a man see to it that you do not trust the *Boche.* In the years to come he will pretend that he has changed; that he is peaceful, that he is not covetous, and that he is kind. It will be another lie, such as the Germans have told these last forty years. Do not believe. And when they talk of honor and faith, remember the wooden crosses of France."

To Grandpère, the soldiers we met were of much interest. It was not for the stories of battle they had to tell, but to learn of their spirit, that he was prompted to stop and talk whenever we encountered them upon the road. And if there had been any doubt in his mind about the endurance of our armies, it was soon set at rest. But we found that the *poilus* were not so confident of quick victory over the *Boches* as we who were behind the lines.

"We shall beat them, Monsieur," said

one, "that is certain; but it will take time, and many will fall. They are brave, these *Boches;* it would be folly to deny that. But in the end they must fail. Otherwise, Monsieur, we should all be happier in our graves."

One great bearded soldier we met, quite alone, sitting upon a bridge over a tiny stream. He was gazing out across a valley of cultivated fields, and there was a look of longing in his eyes. He saluted Grandpère, and we stopped for the usual chat.

"I am upon a furlough, Monsieur," he explained.

"And is your home near here?" asked Grandpère.

"Oh, no," he answered, pointing to the north. "I have a small farm not far from Péronne on the river Somme. The *Boches* are still there, and so I came out into the country to rest and to see the fields. It is not pleasant to think what is happening to my own little home—*mais c'est la guerre,*" and he shrugged his huge shoulders.

"They will be driven out!" Grandpère spoke positively.

"That is certain, Monsieur," the *poilu* replied gravely. "We shall return when the word is given. They pushed us back, —no denying that,—and a Frenchman does not like to go back. But we never lost heart. That I know, for I was in the thick of it, Monsieur. Always we said to one another: 'There is Papa Joffre. He knows what he is about. The *Boches* will not fool him. And if he says "retreat"—good! We go back and wait till he says "advance." Our time will come.' And you see it *did* come, Monsieur; and it will come again. It is not for the *poilu* to think. Papa Joffre will do that. We fight, Monsieur. That is our only business, and we are ready."

Although we had not expected it, our long tramp ended in the town of Château-Thierry. We entered it after dark and found a hotel which had survived the fighting, of which there remained many evidences on every hand. We went early to bed, planning a prompt start on the morrow; for although Grandpère had a slight hope that a train to Paris might be available, we did not count upon it.

And this was just as well, for the next morning we found that the railway was given over entirely to the transfer of the wounded from the battle-front to the various hospitals throughout the country. No trains for civilians were running, and we prepared to take up our journey afoot.

Just as we were about to start, a large military automobile drove up to the door of the little hotel. The soldier-chauffeur, who jumped out to inquire his way to Paris, was plainly English, and knew so little French that he could not understand the rather stupid concierge.

"Perhaps I can help you," I suggested, in English.

He turned to me with a broad grin of relief on his red face.

"I 'm needin' it, miss," he said. "What with blown-up bridges and crooked roads, I don't know 'alf the time whether I 'm 'eadin' north or south. As for talkin' this French—maybe you 'eard me?"

It soon developed that he was in haste to reach Paris; and learning that we were headed in the same direction, he offered to take us to the city, glad to have an interpreter with him.

I explained the invitation to Grandpère, who readily accepted, and the good-natured soldier-chauffeur bundled us into the big car.

Some two hours or so later found us in the outskirts of Paris, where our Englishman was familiar with the roads.

"Whereabouts in town can I drop you, miss?" he asked.

"At the Place de la Concorde," I replied, after consulting Grandpère, and soon we were standing in the center of Paris, with our bundles about us on the pavement.

"We are very much obliged," I said, as the chauffeur prepared to start off again.

"*Je merci voo* a 'ole lot, miss," he replied with a laugh. "I 'll be talkin' French all right in a week or two; but if it 'ad n't been for you, I 've a notion there would 'a been a general in the British

army a bit late for 'is lunch—and that 's a serious business. Good-by and good luck!"

"Bonne chance," I cried after him; and though I never saw him again nor knew his name, I have always had a pleasant and grateful memory of that jolly English chauffeur.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

"Eh bien! We are in Paris," said Grandpère, as we looked about us. "Long ago, when I was a young man, I visited the capital, but I remember nothing of it. Come, let us see what these statues are."

There are a number of carved figures set about the Place de la Concorde. These we looked at, passing from one to the other slowly, our attention constantly led astray by the great number of things to see which were strange to us. I thought this part of the city very beautiful, though it looked quite new when I compared it in my mind with the old parts of Rheims with which I was most familiar.

But there was one statue in particular which stirred our curiosity. It was the stately image of a seated woman in whose arms were laid the flags of France, England, and Russia. Covering its base were a profusion of fresh flowers, so that the inscription was completely hidden.

It was strange that we did not know instinctively. My heart should have been beating faster as I gazed up at it. For Grandpère, it held an almost holy meaning, and yet even he did not guess, for, as a young French officer came hurrying past, he turned and stopped him.

"Your pardon, Monsieur," said Grandpère; "but tell me, if you please, what this statue commemorates."

The young officer opened his eyes wide with surprise, glanced at Grandpère's uniform, and noted the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Then he saluted.

"Monsieur le Colonel!" he exclaimed, "is it possible you do not know?"

"We have but just arrived in Paris," Grandpère answered, "and I have not been in the capital for nearly half a century. Many changes have taken place since then."

"And more are to come," the officer replied seriously. "I take it you are a veteran of our last war with Germany, *Monsieur le Colonel?"*

"That is true," said Grandpère, nodding.

"Then," the other went on, "this statue will have a peculiar interest for you. It is the emblem of our Lost Provinces. It is the statue of Strasbourg!"

Grandpère's figure stiffened.

"Come, Jacques," he called to the boy beside him, "off with thy hat! Let us pay our respects to Alsace-Lorraine which, please God, will soon be restored to us."

The young officer faced about, and all three saluted at the same moment. The unforgetting past, the enduring present, and the quickening future stood before the symbol of our martyred lands and paid a tribute to their people.

Meanwhile, a number of men and women had stopped to watch the scene. No doubt they gazed curiously at the faded uniform of a bygone army of France, but their hearts beat in sympathy, and one or two lifted their hats.

Then, to break the momentary spell that had fallen upon the group about the statue, a boisterous gamin came running past.

"We 'll soon have 'em back! *Vive la France!"* he shouted. And it was as though a little play had ended.

The young officer murmured a few words to Grandpère and hurried off. The people returned to their own interests; but Grandpère still stayed on, lost in a multitude of thoughts.

As we stood waiting his pleasure, two voices of those behind us separated themselves from the others—perhaps because they whispered.

"Come, Maman, we are late. We shall never get there in time if you stop to look at every little boy upon the way."

"Ah, but I must see," came the answer. "It might be he, you know. Indeed, if it was n't impossible, I 'd say that old gen-

tleman in the curious old uniform was Colonel de Martigny."

At that my heart bounded with joy, and, turning, I looked into the faces of Madame Barton and Heloise.

For an instant we gazed at each other spellbound; then Madame Barton found her voice.

"Oh, Jeannette! is it little Jacques?"

Before I could answer, the boy had heard, and with a cry of *"Maman, maman!"* he ran to her. In a moment they were in each other's arms.

Heloise and I hugged each other, the tears streaming down our cheeks, but we made no effort to check them. Those about us were not strangers, though we did not know their names. They rejoiced with us. They were glad to see the little son back again in his mother's arms. What had happened was plain to their understanding souls. Thousands throughout the length and breadth of France knew all that Madame Barton had suffered. But for most of them there would be no such happy reunion in this world.

Our greetings were a jumble of tears and hand-shakes and hugs. It was days before we really recovered from the surprise and joy of the meeting, but there were practical matters that needed attention just at first.

"And are you staying in Paris, Madame?" asked Grandpère, when we had somewhat recovered our composure.

"To be sure, Monsieur," she answered. "We remained here, thinking this the best place to have word of Jacques, should he be picked up along the road. We have had notices of his loss put in all the papers, and there is also a bureau in the city that helps families to find each other. But, being here, I have busied myself in the work of the *Croix Rouge,* and now I mean to stay. What do you plan, Monsieur?"

"We, too, mean to stay in Paris," Grandpère replied, "but we have not yet found a place to live."

"Then you shall come to our pension, Monsieur," Madame Barton suggested. "There is much to talk about and explain. Let us go at once."

She and Grandpère led the way, with little Jacques between them, while Heloise and I followed.

"Oh, Jeannette!" cried my dearest friend, as we hurried along, "I think it must have been *le bon Dieu* who led us all to the Place de la Concorde."

"I am sure of it, Heloise," I answered.

(To be continued)

PAUL'S PLAN

By GORTON CARRUTH

Said little Paul: "I have a plan
I mean to try some winter's day,
When I have grown to be a man,
And, if I please, can go away.
I 'll hunt around and find a hill
That is so very long and high
It stretches miles and miles until
Its top is very near the sky.

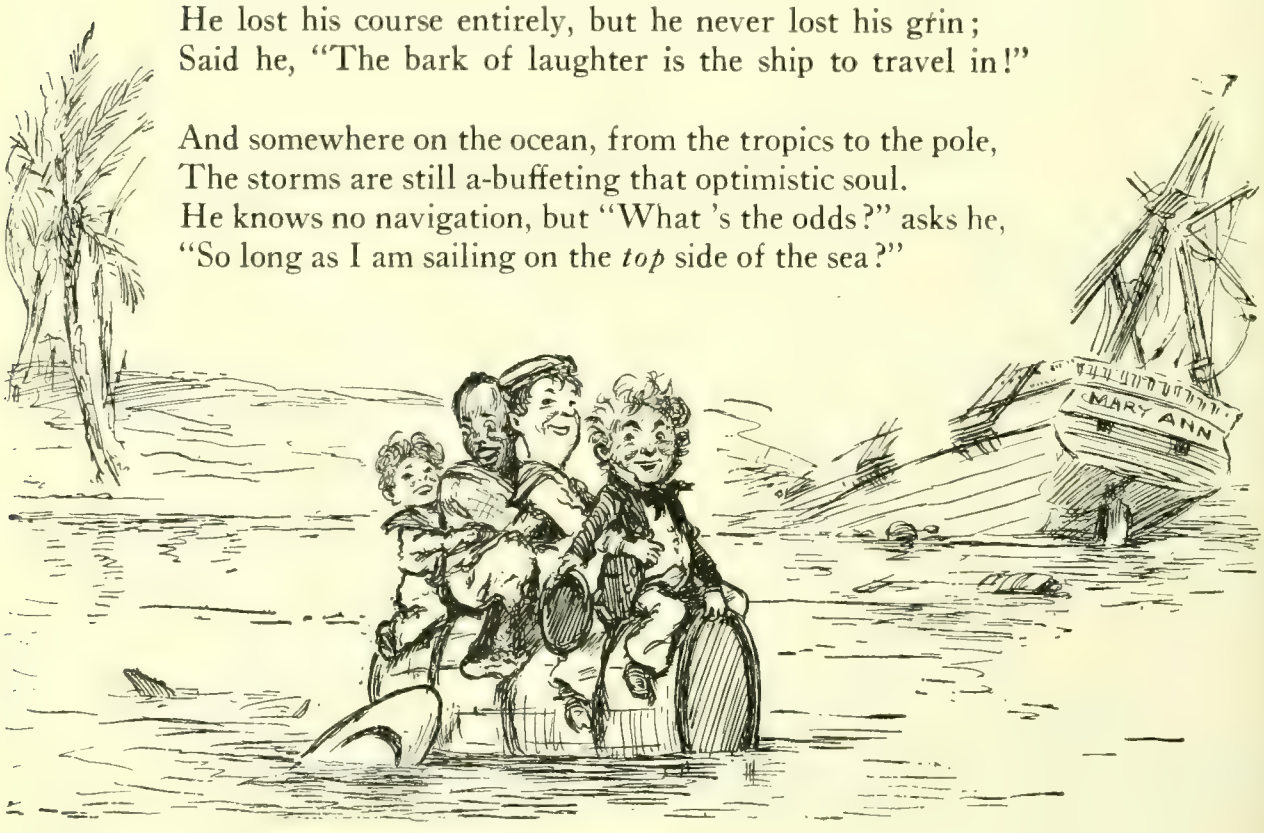
"Then some day, when that long hillside
Is covered well with sticky snow,
I 'll start a snowball down, and slide
Along near by and watch it grow.
Just think! It ought to grow to be
Much larger than a church at last,
And my! Who would n't like to see
A ball like that go rolling past?"

Said brother Max: "It would be fun;
But s'pose your snowball hit a town,
And made the frightened people run,
And sent their houses tumbling down?"
"Dear me!" said Paul; "it might, that's true;
I had n't thought of that at all.
I 'm most afraid it would n't do
To make so very big a ball."



THE skipper of the *Mary Ann,* a jolly chap is he;
With jaunty jest and merriment he gaily sails the sea.
He knows no navigation and he missed his course a mile,
But said, "It does n't matter, so long as I can smile."
He ran against an island, and he almost sank the ship—
"Well, never mind!" he brightly said, "we 'll have a cheerful trip."
He did not see the gathering storm, but roared a sprightly song,
"O sailors, keep a-singing, and the way will not be long!"
The tempest blew him eastward and the tempest blew him west;
Whatever way he traveled, he liked that way the best.
He lost his course entirely, but he never lost his grin;
Said he, "The bark of laughter is the ship to travel in!"

And somewhere on the ocean, from the tropics to the pole,
The storms are still a-buffeting that optimistic soul.
He knows no navigation, but "What 's the odds?" asks he,
"So long as I am sailing on the *top* side of the sea?"



Different Points of View.



Two frisky little doggies
went a-walking
one fine day,
And chanced on
Prickly Porcupine, a-down a woodland way.
They called: "How are you, Porcupine?
You certainly are looking fine.
We hope that you will feel inclined to join us
at our play!"

Said Porcupine: "You're handsome dogs, and very friendly, too.
But I'm so rough, I greatly fear, 'twould not be fun for you;
I'm almost sure that you'd agree,
Before you'd frolicked long with me,
That Porcupines and doggies hold some different
points of view."

"If you won't play with us," they cried,
wagging their curly tails,
"We'll play with you; you can't hurt us; we're just as hard as nails!"
They jumped on Porky with a will;
"Ow! Ow!" Each doggie struck a quill!
And all that woodland way was filled
with sorrowing doggie wails!

"I have no wish," said Porcupine, "to point a moral, too;
"I'm dangerous; I told you so; and now you see 'tis true."
"You warned us fairly, Porcupine,"
Those doggies said, "and we can't whine,
Though we shall hold,
for quite some time,
some different points of you!"



Bertha Corbett-Melcher.

Elizabeth Gordon.



BLUE MAGIC

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

CHAPTER XI

"AUNTY"

One afternoon the yacht touched at Capri, and Norvell went ashore in the launch to bring back his sister and her luggage. Fen's excitement was divided between the prospect of Aunty's arrival, and the wonder of the Bay of Naples. It lay vibrant blue under a clear, pale sky; far off, Vesuvius was shrouded with masses of smoke which seemed immovable. Around the bay swept the undulating coastline of faintly violet cliffs, with the mountains rising behind, luminous and bright; and beneath all, the living sea, now vivid cobalt, now clear as liquid emerald. Right at hand, was Capri itself, its beetling cliffs clothed with olive-trees, and its strange white and rosy houses clustering up beside rock-hewn stairs.

The launch puffed alongside, at last, and Aunt Cynthia stood on the deck. She was tall and slender and laughing; her coppery hair was fastened in shining coils low on her neck, and her hazel eyes were very much like Fen's, except that in her eyes was all happiness and light, while in the depths of his was the shadow of his suffering. She kissed Sally and Larry and Mrs. Norvell, and then turned and went quickly to Fen. Taking both his hands in hers, she kissed him very gravely, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"Upon my word, Cynthia," cried Norvell, "how much Fen looks like you! I 'd never thought of it before—had you, Emily?"

"It 's because we both have red hair—is n't it, Fen," said Aunty, laughing.

"No," said her brother, "it 's a lot more than that, somehow."

The yacht was under way again by the time Cynthia had settled herself in the cabin which had been made ready for her, and that evening they anchored at Naples, under a new moon. Lights shone and swung from the thousand vessels riding on the purple waters. The mountains seemed ethereal and transparent in their faint blue mists, and below them the quays gemmed the dusk with their garlanded lamps.

"Bedtime, Fen," said his mother. "Yes, I know it 's very lovely, but it 's quite late, and I want you to be asleep before Larry goes to bed."

Cynthia, who had been talking with her brother by the rail, flitted to them.

"I think that *I* shall put my nephew to bed to-night, if nobody minds," she announced. "You can have him *any* time, Emily."

Fen did not tell her that it was Mammy, and not his mother, who always put him to bed.

"I 'm too heavy!" he protested, as Cynthia stooped over him.

"Nonsense! Why, you don't weigh anything at all!" she said, as she gathered him up. "Run away, Emily—I can find what I want."

In the passage they met Mammy.

"Who 's this, my dear?" inquired Cynthia.

"You need n't stay, Mammy," commanded Fen, a little loftily. "My aunt will put me to bed to-night."

Aunty was a very independent person. She searched about until she found what she needed, and she seemed to know all about putting little boys to bed—even little boys who had been hurt and could n't do anything for themselves.

"You were *such* a small person when I saw you last!" said Aunty, as she unfastened Fen's collar. "You called me 'An Tinky.' You used to bring me *very* short-stemmed buttercups."

"Did I?" said Fen, "I don't remember it a bit! How funny!"

"You were very round and cuddly, and you had copper-colored curls all over your head," said Aunty; "and when I tried to make a picture of you, you ran away and hid under a sofa."

"*Did* I?" said Fen. It seemed quite incredible to him that he should ever have been able to hide under a sofa.

"But," said Aunty, critically, "I think I like you a great deal more now than I did then, if such a thing were possible, my darling."

As Aunty tucked him in, after letting him look for a few minutes at the twinkling lights through the porthole, Fen threw his arms about her neck.

"Oh, Aunty," he said, "I think I 'm going to love you *almost* as much as I do Siddereticus."

"What in the *world* is—*it?*" asked Aunty, but Fen grew suddenly shy and hid his face in the pillow.



"SHE SEEMED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT PUTTING LITTLE BOYS TO BED"

CHAPTER XII

THE BAY OF NAPLES

Of course the Norvells were very anxious to see not only Naples, but Pompeii, and as much of the surrounding country as possible.

"As I 've lived hereabouts for ages," said Cynthia, on being urged to join the party, "I think that I shall stay peacefully on board with Fen and try to paint this lovely, lovely sea." So they went without her.

Fen was very much interested in Aunty's preparations for sketching. She let him squeeze delightful spirals of color from fat tubes, and then stationed herself at some distance from him, apparently to paint the bay.

"Please," said Fen, presently, "tell me some more things about when I was so little."

"Well," said Aunty, glancing toward him and making vigorous dabs with her brush, "you had a queer sort of doll-thing that was very old. You called it Dearmisslady, and you always took it to bed with you,—everywhere, in fact,—into your bath, and out for a walk, and to dinner. It had one button eye, and all the rest of its face had disappeared."

"I *do* remember that," said Fen; "I did *love* Dearmisslady. But it 's queer I can't remember lots of things—I think I forgot, after I got hurt."

"But you were so little when that happened—why, not much more than half-past two—poor baby!" murmured Aunty, painting violently.

"I did n't know you knew about it," said Fen, shyly. "I thought p'raps you 'd be—surprised when you saw me, an' would n't like me then."

"Indeed I knew about it," said Aunty, "and since then I 've been more particularly fond than ever of one of my nephews. How *could* you think it would matter, darling?"

"I did n't know," murmured Fen; "you were away always—I thought——"

At that moment a tall figure, leaping to the deck, cut short his words. Snatching

his striped silken cap from his dark hair, this young man bowed absurdly low, and cried:

"Signor, le auguro il buono giorno! Spero ch'ella sia in buona salute." ["Signor, I wish you good day. I hope you are in good health."]

"Good heavens!" thought Cynthia, as yet unseen in the shadow. "What can the man want? I 'm positive that Fen does n't understand Italian."

Radiant, her nephew held up his face for a kiss, which the young man bestowed very tenderly.

"Oh, how *did* you get here? You must have a magic carpet, after all!" cried Fen.

"Nay, *caro mio,*" said Siddereticus, "but did I not tell you that I have other means of——" He stopped short, perceiving fixed on him the astonished gaze of an auburn-haired young lady, who sat motionless with amazement behind an easel.

"Oh!" cried Fen, "this is my Aunt Cynthia—I told you about her. Aunty, this is Siddereticus."

"This is Siddereticus, is it?" thought Cynthia, as she acknowledged the young man's bow. "I don't know that that enlightens me much!"

The Djinn turned gravely to Fen again.

"I came on the wings of the morning," he said; "I waited not till the amulet should summon me, for my heart was sad away from you."

Fen grew rather red. "I forgot about the amulet," he confessed, "so many exciting things have been happening; but I wanted you just the same—awfully!"

"So here I am," said Siddereticus, smoothing his red sash. "However, I came but to greet you, and must vanish again."

"Oh, not so soon!" cried Fen. "Why, you 've only just come!"

Siddereticus glanced uneasily toward Cynthia.

"The *signorina illustrissima* is painting," said he; "my presence disturbs her."

"She 's painting the bay," Fen said. "Please look at it. I have n't seen it."

Obedient, the young man stepped behind Cynthia, and an exclamation of surprise and admiration broke from him. For it was not the Bay of Naples she was painting—it was Fen. Into the quick sketch she had managed to get more than a suggestion of his wistful charm. She had happily caught, somehow, the look of the eager, sensitive little face, and a hint of the spirit behind it. Now, as she glanced for a moment at Thornton, he was almost startled to see how very much her eyes were like Fen's.

"Is it good?" asked the child; "does it look like it?"

"Very good!" said Siddereticus. "Very much like it *indeed.* I congratulate you, *Signorina illustrissima!"*

Their eyes met for a second, and she turned away, laughing.

"It is a very difficult subject," she said.

Siddereticus bowed over her hand, kissed Fen, and disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

"Now!" sighed Aunty. "Please tell me *who and what* is Siddereticus?"

"He 's a Blue Djinn—my own one," said Fen, without noticing the frankly amazed expression of his aunt. "But I 'll begin at the beginning and tell you *all* about him."

"Please do," begged Aunty, as she gathered up her brushes again. So Fen plunged forthwith into a fairly clear account of the Djinn's various manifestations, which, as it progressed, brought a whimsical little smile to Cynthia's lips and more than once dimmed her eyes.

"There, I think I 've 'splained it *all,* an' you 're the only person I 've ever told about it," he concluded.

"Yes," said Aunty, quietly, "I think I know *all* about Siddereticus, now."

THE young man boarded the yacht very cautiously on the following day; but seeing Fen alone, he approached more boldly, and slipping behind the chair covered the child's eyes with his hands.

"It 's Siddereticus!" said Fen, promptly. "Your hands feel so strong and magic."

"What did you mean by telling me that your Aunty was *'quite old'?"* demanded Siddereticus.

"Why she is," said Fen; "she 's nearly twenty-four. But I suppose you must be ever so much older. If you 're a Djinn, I suppose you 're thousands of years old."

"Millions!" sighed Siddereticus. "Did your aunt finish her picture of the Bay of Naples?"

"I don't know—she took it away. But oh, Siddereticus, something so *awfully* wonderful has happened! I 'm such a lot better, that, if I keep on, they 're going to let me try to walk—with crutches, you know."

Siddereticus gently smoothed the shining hair.

"That makes me very glad," he said quietly. "When?"

"Next week, I think," said Fen, and laid his cheek suddenly against Siddereticus's hand.

Just then Cynthia appeared at the head of the companionway, a canvas in her hand, and started when she saw the young man, who sprang up, saying:

"L'illustrissima signorina! If it is the picture, completed, I must see it!"

It was, and she showed it to him. He looked at it for some time, and then said,

"I think you must give this picture to me."

"Why should I give you my beautiful picture?" she demanded.

"Because I am a Djinn and command you to do so. I am very fond of the Bay of Naples," he said gravely.

"You 'd better," cautioned Fen; "he 's a very *powerful* Djinn. If you don't do what he says, he might magick you."

"I might," said Siddereticus.

"Dear me, I certainly don't want to be magicked," cried Aunty, "though I do *not* like to have Djinns carrying off my perfectly lovely pictures without so much as saying 'by your leave'!"

Siddereticus raised his hand and chanted:

"May the Four Ends of the Earth prosper you, and may you sail the Seven Seas in safety evermore. I, Siddereticus, say it—nor shall I forget this that you have done. *Anno Mundi—Ante meridian—Ad infinitem.*"

Whereupon Cynthia swept him a deep curtsey, looked him square in the face, and said gravely:

"Signor Siddereticus, the pleasure is mine. *De gustibus non est disputandum. Nunc aut nunquam. Hocus pocus 'issimo, Signor illustrissimo.*"

Having uttered these statements, she handed him the picture, while Fen sat entranced to hear his aunt talking such excellent magic.

It might have been observed that Cynthia became even more willing than before to stay on the yacht with Fen while the others went ashore.

As for Fen, he was perfectly content to have Aunty and Siddereticus near him, even though they sometimes interrupted the tales they told him to converse together in Italian.

"We must n't, Signor Siddereticus," protested Cynthia; "we 're neglecting my dearest nephew," and she bent to kiss Fen. As Siddereticus happened to do the same thing at the same moment, her hair brushed his cheek, and they straightened up suddenly, laughing.

The portrait of Fen hung in the little cabin of Thornton's yawl, where he very often looked at it.

"His eyes—her eyes—which are they?" he murmured, as he stood before it. "Hers are all joy, and tenderness, and sympathy, and dancing light; and his are wistful and eager, with pain stamped deep under their happiness and their bravery. She 's caught that wonderfully, but she has painted herself into it, too."

CHAPTER XIII

A VOICE IN THE DARKNESS

SIDDERETICUS had pulled his blankets out into the cockpit of the yawl, to sleep. The sky was of lapis-lazuli; the moon made a misty pathway on the waters. Over the festooned lights of the quays, beyond the glittering façade of Naples, the mountains rose vaguely violet, and melted into the trembling sky. Just before he went to sleep, Thornton remembered the moon's radiance on the Nile, and thought with a

little smile of how he had given Fen into Maut's care. Maut seemed to be watching over him now, and her starry eyes were Cynthia's——

A strange, distant voice was calling him:

"Siddereticus! Siddereticus!"

Half awake, he stumbled to his feet, crying:

"Fen!" and then, "What has happened?"

For a launch rose and fell on the glittering water beside the yawl, and in it stood a woman, her auburn hair gleaming in the moonlight.

He was at the gunwale instantly, wide awake.

"What is it? What has happened?" he said.

"Can you come?" she asked, her voice



"'HE STOOD THERE WITH HIS HEAD UP'"

trembling with urgency. "He is very badly hurt. He is asking for you ceaselessly."

Siddereticus had disappeared before she had finished speaking, and in a few minutes was beside her in the launch, pulling on his coat.

"Tell me," he said.

"It has all been so unbelievable," she said, speaking in quick, short breaths. "*Most* unfortunately, Hal is away. He went by train to Rome last night. He—Fen, that is,—you 'll understand me, won't you?—was to walk this morning—had he told you? He was so proud! He walked from me to Emily—such a little way! She let him stand there alone. He stood there with his head up, looking utterly—oh, you know how he can look——" Thornton nodded. "When—I don't know if the ship rolled a little, or if he just lost his balance, but he fell—before Emily could catch him—striking the corner of the companionway with a dreadful wrench. Fortunately, we could get a splendid English doctor in Naples. But everything is undone—the little strength that he 's been getting back in these years; he is back where he started, only now it will take oh so much, much longer!" She suddenly covered her face with her hands and sobbed. Siddereticus patted her shoulder gently.

"He was half conscious all day," she went on, "and they 've had to give him morphine and things, he suffered so. Oh, it 's not right for *any*body to suffer like that! His poor back, you know, that was so very much hurt already. But to-night he suddenly asked for you—oh so faintly—and the amulet, which we 'd taken off. He held it—or tried to—and called for you to come to him. Emily did n't want me to come—she said one of the men could tell you and I must n't go; but I knew they could n't explain it all."

"Will he know me?" asked Siddereticus, in a low voice.

"I 'm quite sure he will," she said. "He knew me to-night, but not Emily. It—oh, it seems cruel to say it, but I think it 's because he 's fonder of us than of—any one else."

THEY had put him in the big bed in his parents' cabin. On one side of it knelt his mother, and on the other sat

the doctor, his arms folded. Mrs. Norvell silently gave up her place to Siddereticus, who bent over the poor little figure on the bed. "Fen," he said,—and his voice was wonderfully steady, and compelling in its tenderness,—"it is I—even I, Siddereticus."

"Hold—me——" said Fen, almost inaudibly.

Siddereticus slid his arm under the pillow, and laid his cheek beside Fen's hair.

"Make it stop—hurting," whispered Fen. "Oh, do a magic, and—make it stop—hurting!"

"My dearest!" groaned Siddereticus, "I would bear it all a thousand times over, if I could. But," his voice broke, "I am not powerful enough to make it stop hurting."

There was no sound but Fen's painful breathing and the ticking of the doctor's watch.

"The heart action is very weak," the doctor said. "It 's a fearful shock to the whole system—no vitality to draw on—nothing left. But," he glanced at his watch, "if he can get along as well as this till somewhere near midnight, the reaction ought to come. He has a good chance."

There seemed an interminable time of silence, and then Fen's lips moved again.

"Sing—to me. Memnon——" he breathed.

And very softly Siddereticus began to sing the slumber-song of the Nile; over and over he crooned it; and as he sang, he saw the placid, sluggish river winding between its pale banks under the full moon, and could not think this anything but a ghastly dream. Yet Cynthia was there, her eyes, wide with anxiety and fatigue, fixed on him, cheering him, encouraging him. The mother crouched white faced beside the bed—her son had grown passionately dear to her now that there was a chance of losing him.



"'DO YOU KNOW, SIDDERETICUS,' HE SAID GENTLY, 'I WALKED THIS MORNING'"

"The river singeth sweeter far
A slumber-song than I;
Be then your night-lamp yonder star—"

The doctor leaned suddenly forward, and straightened again with a curious expression.

"He is asleep," he said; and then—"seventeen minutes after twelve."

Siddereticus stopped singing. Fen was breathing regularly, and much more easily, in quiet sleep. The doctor insisted that Mrs. Norvell and Cynthia should go to bed, or at least to rest, and flung himself down on a couch in the corner. Siddereticus refused to move, saying that he would not risk withdrawing his arm from under the pillow, for fear of waking Fen. So he remained through the hours, sometimes changing his position slightly, but keeping his right arm motionless.

He fell at times into a sort of numb sleep, and would wake dizzily with a horrible fear that he had moved. He never knew until very long afterward whether or not he had dreamed it, but he was almost certain that once in the night Cynthia had come and bent over Fen with infinite tenderness, and then, turning toward himself, had touched his hair very lightly.

Siddereticus felt, at last, that he could not keep his cramped position much longer. He looked toward the port-holes. A few lamps burned here and there on shore, and the riding-lights of the vessels undulated gently. The moon had set long ago, and a few pale stars were clustered in the crystal sky. Far away, on shore, a cock crowed eerily through the dark, and in at the port-hole came the first sigh of the winds of sunrise.

At dawn, Fen opened his eyes, and looked up into the face above him.

"Do you know, Siddereticus," he said gently, "I walked this morning."

And Siddereticus, worn with his vigil, covered his face with his hand and wept.

It was long that the yacht had lain idle at anchor, but now she was bravely nosing her way through the blue Mediterranean, westward bound once more. It was the first time that Fen had been on deck, and he lay on a cot under the awning, very straight in a plaster cast. But when the two people that he loved most in the world bent over him, he was able to give them almost as ineffably sweet a smile as of old.

"Dear to my heart," said Siddereticus, as he knelt beside the bed and took one of Fen's hands, while Cynthia possessed herself of the other, "we have something very important to ask you. We want your permission. Do you know, that when a Djinn marries a mortal,—which does n't often happen,—he loses all his magic power, and has to become a human creature. Now what I want to ask you is this: would you rather that I should stay a Djinn forever, and only see you once in a long, long while,—or,—would you rather that I should ask Aunty to marry me and turn myself into Uncle Siddereticus and see you nearly all the time?"

Fen looked from one to the other of the eager faces.

"I think," he said slowly, "I 'm *quite sure*—that I 'd rather have you—and Aunty—all the time."

He tried to put his arms around their necks, and as they both bent to kiss him, Cynthia's hair brushed Siddereticus's cheek.

But this time they did not straighten up quickly.

THE END



Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

THE CIRCUS BOY. PAINTED BY ANTONIO MANCINI

THE BOY VIGILANTES OF BELGIUM

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

CHAPTER VIII

SHARING THE SECRET

Bob realized that he had not helped matters by his reference to the organization he had formed, and, in order to convince his captors of the seriousness of his purpose, it was necessary to take them fully into his confidence. This was something that none of the Vigilantes had done before, and, indeed, it was a part of their creed to keep the secret from their elders. But the emergency was great, and if the speaker was the unknown editor of *"La Libre Belgique,"* he could be trusted.

The boy looked up at the scowling face, and asked, "Are you the editor of *'La Libre Belgique'?"*

The man did not reply. His face turned red, and an angry gleam entered his eyes. "Keep them prisoners, Jacques," he said, turning to one of his companions. "They don't intend any wrong, I suppose, but boys can't be trusted."

Bob's face flushed, and with some difficulty he raised himself to a sitting position. "Wait until you 've heard our story before you say that," he interrupted quickly. "We 're working for the good of Belgium as well as you are. The Boy Vigilantes are pledged to secrecy, but I know I can trust you. I 'll tell you who they are."

The man was impressed by the seriousness of the speaker, and stopped to listen. "Go on!" he said gruffly; "my time 's precious!"

Bob cleared his throat, and began to relate briefly the story of how the Vigilantes had been organized. When he reached the end of his story, he looked up, and added:

"Now if you don't believe we can keep a secret for the sake of our country, nothing I can say will convince you. Anyway, we know you publish *'La Libre Belgique'* down here, and the secret is safe with us. No Hun could torture it from us."

He stopped and looked a little belligerently at the circle of faces. They were all old men, past middle life, but the fire of youth and patriotism burned in their eyes. They were doing a work for their country that would condemn them to long imprisonment, if not to death, should their conquerors learn of their secret.

The leader was the first to speak. He leaned forward suddenly and caught Bob by the hand. "Incredible! Incredible!" he exclaimed. "Yet it must be true!"

Under the stress of his emotion, he began pacing back and forth, his hands working nervously.

"Are n't you afraid some spy will find you here?" Bob asked.

"No, we 're safe enough," replied the leader.

"But we heard the pounding of your press—or at least I suppose it was that which made the noise."

"Yes, we were busy running off a special edition," was the smiling reply, "and to get more air we left the door open. That 's why you heard it. But it 's closed now, and no noise goes through the padded door. We 're safe in here."

"I do not know your name," the boy hesitated; "perhaps——"

"No," was the emphatic reply, "I cannot tell you. It might get you into trouble, for I see you 're not the kind to betray a friend even under compulsion. Not knowing the editor of *'La Libre Belgique,'* you could not tell another."

He smiled so whimsically, his eyes bright and shining beneath their shaggy brows, that Bob felt strangely drawn toward him. In the stalwart patriot he recognized not only an editor that had defied the German censorship and laughed at the keenest members of the German intelligence bureau in their effort to catch him, but a kindly human being who had preserved his sanity and sense of humor throughout the trying times of the war. Bob could well imagine him as an affec-

tionate and kindly father and husband, who would like nothing better than the quiet, peaceful life of the family circle. His high, broad brow indicated also the scholar and thinker, a man who would be preëminent in any line he pursued.

"Maybe you 're right," the boy said, after a pause. "It 's dangerous to know too much. We 're all uncertain what may happen to us to-morrow. Egmont and I stand in daily fear of being seized and deported to Germany. Although under fourteen, we look old enough to be fifteen, and Germany 's combing the country for all boys and girls old enough to work for her."

The editor's face suddenly clouded and grew serious.

"Yes," he replied slowly, "your danger is very real. I have received word from one of my trusted reporters that the age limit is to be lowered for the next batch of youngsters. Germany 's determined to drain the country of all human material that she can use. Having robbed us of all our wealth, stolen our machinery and valuable household articles, she is now looking to strip us of our young. She will stop at nothing. It is enough to rouse the dead from their graves! It is the most terrible crime of the ages! God in his own wisdom must punish her in time!"

The man spoke slowly and vehemently, but with such powerful, concentrated force that the words seemed to burn in the brain. There was none of the excitement of the orator or demagogue in his voice. It was hard, bitter, implacable.

"What do you think my cousin and I ought to do, then?" Bob asked, after a pause. "I can't go to Germany! I won't go—not if I——"

"Words and threats are futile, my boy," was the interruption. "We must face facts. Every boy of your age is doomed to go—unless you leave Belgium before it is too late."

"That was my idea," Bob interrupted quickly. "I told Egmont we ought to get out of the country. We have advised all the older members of the Vigilantes to leave for Holland, France, or any place of safety. Many of them, I hope, are on their way across the border."

"But you remain?"

"Yes, but not for long. We 'll go soon."

"Don't make it too late, then."

Bob was troubled by the speaker's words, for in them he read the extreme gravity of the situation.

"I shall go at once!" he announced finally. "Egmont must go, too."

"I 'm glad to hear you speak so," replied the editor, drawing a sigh of relief. "Confidence, backed up with caution and wisdom, will carry one far. One must have all three to succeed in anything. I know you will get through."

He stopped and was quiet for a moment. Once or twice he glanced quizzically at Bob, and then dropped his eyes again. Finally he smiled and said: "If you have decided upon going, I shall use you as an agent for helping Belgium. It will not increase your danger, and, if you get through, you will do my beloved country a great good. Do you care to undertake it?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied Bob, eagerly. "Anything that will help the cause. I 'm ready. What is it?"

"You 're sure you want to take the risk?"

"I shall try to start on my journey before another night," was the calm reply.

The man smiled and nodded his head. "Then follow me," he said. "I have something to show you. It will surprise and interest you. This way."

CHAPTER IX

AN ESCAPED PRISONER

THERE were several alcoves opening into the underground room, small spaces hewn out of the solid rock, and now partitioned off by blankets and stringy curtains. Some of these were used for storage purposes, others for sleeping quarters, with cots and mattresses littered around in great disorder.

When the unknown, but famous, editor of Belgium's uncensored newspaper led the

way to one of these alcoves, Bob followed, his curiosity greatly aroused by the other's words. What new surprise and mystery awaited him? There seemed to be no end to the adventure into which they had unwittingly plunged.

A dim light was burning in the particular alcove before which the man stopped; and when he drew the curtain aside, the interior was clearly revealed. The place was better furnished than the other parts of the gloomy dungeon, but not well enough to suggest luxury. There were a table and a couple of chairs, and a cot in one corner.

Lying on this, with nothing but his face exposed to view, was a young man, whose pale, emaciated features told of great mental or physical suffering. When the curtain was raised, the eyes of the invalid opened, burning with unexpected brilliancy.

"Has the noise disturbed you, Gustave?" the editor asked, in a kindly voice.

"No, Monsieur, I have slept, and feel better," murmured the invalid.

"That is well. Then I have good news to cheer you. I bring a friend."

"Ah, Monsieur, all your friends are my friends," replied Gustave, extending a hand; but when he saw that Bob was only a boy, he smiled quizzically.

"The future of our beloved country depends upon our young, Gustave. So do not undervalue the boys who some day must take our places in the ranks. They have already shown themselves valiant defenders."

"I had a boy—not so old as he," the invalid murmured. "I hope he has escaped. But I do not know. I have been away so long—four years in German prisons and internment camps—four years of torture and suffering."

"Our friend here, Lieutenant Gustave Transquet, was among the valiant heroes who defended Liège," the editor explained, turning to Bob. "He was wounded and captured, and carried to Germany. The rest speaks for itself. For nearly four years he suffered internment in camps vile enough to kill a dog. Starved, frozen, and insulted, he never lost his faith, and he has returned to his compatriots at the risk of his life."

Bob felt a thrill of excitement as he looked into the face of the lieutenant with admiration and sympathy.

"I 'm glad you 've come back alive," he said simply. "I wish I could do something for you."

"You can, my boy," interrupted the editor. "That 's why I 've brought you here. In his four years in Germany, Gustave learned many things of great importance, information vital to the success of the Allies. In his flight across the border he picked up much more, details and facts of military preparation and design. If our beloved king knew of them, and could pass them on to the Allies, it might change the whole course of the war. Gustave was on his way to the front with this information when he broke down and fell into our hands. He was eager to go on, but we detained him. It will be weeks, if not months, before he will be a well man again."

A glimmer of enlightenment began to filter through Bob's brain. Gustave's patriotism had become concentrated into an intense longing to finish his work, even if it meant that he must give his life at the expiration of it.

"This valuable information must be got through," continued the editor. "We 've told Gustave we would see to it; but so far we have had no plan, and every day he works himself into a fever thinking of it."

Bob's face suddenly broke into a smile. "And you want me to carry the information to the Allies?" he asked.

"Yes, either directly, in person, or through your young Vigilantes."

"Monsieur!" shrieked Gustave, rising again. "Monsieur, you would trust my great secret to—to a boy? Incredible! No, no, I shall never permit it! I shall rise from a sick bed and go on! Nothing shall detain me! I, Lieutenant Gustave Transquet, swear it!"

He threw the blanket from his gaunt body and made the attempt to carry his

threat into execution; but a sudden giddiness overcame him, and he dropped back with a groan.

"Gustave," soothed the editor, "don't give way to your emotion. Listen to what I have to say. The boys of Belgium have proved themselves worthy of their fathers. They have organized their forces, and are taking up the work that has been left undone. Our young friend here is half Belgian and half American."

"American!" exclaimed Gustave.

Bob nodded.

"Ah, the Americans saved Belgium from starving," the lieutenant said, grasping the boy's hand again. "May they now save her from a worse fate. Is it true they 're coming over by the millions? In Germany they laugh at it, and say the Americans are money-grabbers and cowards; that the U-boats are sinking the American ships so fast they can't get across. Monsieur, here, says it is not true. I don't know! I only know what they told me in Germany."

"No, it is not true!" replied Bob, eagerly. "The American soldiers are coming and will come until Germany is beaten."

"Ah, that is joyful news! Now I can die in peace!"

"No, Gustave, live in peace," interrupted the editor, smiling. "It 's our duty to live for our country. Have n't I told you that many times? Live to see Belgium redeemed and its tyrants punished!"

"Monsieur is right," replied Gustave. "It is to live to see the glorious day when our beloved king at the head of his army shall return to Brussels. Ah, that day will be worth living for! I shall not die! The *Boches* can't kill me!"

"No, but your wounds may," remarked his friend, gently. "Now quiet yourself and listen to me. Our young American here has something to tell you." Then, turning to Bob, he said, "Tell him of the Boy Vigilantes, all that you told me."

Bob flushed a little, for it seemed like boasting of his own deeds, but the sick lieutenant watched him with eager eyes and nodded for him to begin.

The repetition of his story produced passing emotions of joy, relief, and excitement on the lieutenant's face, ending finally in a serious expression of delight and admiration.



"'MONSIEUR, YOU WOULD TRUST MY GREAT SECRET TO—TO A BOY? INCREDIBLE!'"

"Vive la Belgique!" he exclaimed, waving a hand; and then added, with equal enthusiasm, *"Vivent les Vigilantes!"*

Bob smiled at this tribute, and once more Belgium's patriotic editor interposed. "Now, Gustave," he said, "you understand why I proposed trusting your military information to the young Vigilantes. They will get it across if any one can. Our young friend and his cousin are planning to make the trip at once, to escape deportation to Germany. If they succeed, they will give the information to our king. If they fail, it will go by some other boy. They will spread it by word of mouth until it has passed across the border. No written documents—nothing that the enemy can seize upon. If they are captured, they cannot be arrested as spies, simply as fugitive boys trying to evade the tyrant's laws. Is it not well, Gustave, to use them as our messengers?"

The lieutenant was silent a moment, his eyes watching Bob's face closely. Then a slow smile of satisfaction spread over his own face. He extended a hand. "The Vigilantes can be trusted to finish the work that Gustave Transquet has begun."

CHAPTER X

ON SECRET SERVICE

THE military information that Lieutenant Transquet had gathered in Germany consisted of valuable details of the internal conditions in the Hun army and of their intended campaign against the Allies.

Egmont and Guy were called in, and for nearly two hours the wounded officer rehearsed these details to the three boys, going over and over again the most vital parts of his story and making his listeners repeat his words until even he felt satisfied they had thoroughly grasped the information. There were to be no written instructions to carry—nothing that the enemy could seize in the event of capture, but he drew small maps and made the boys study them, and then re-draw them from memory. At the conclusion of the interview there seemed no possibility of mistake in transmitting the message.

The boys took leave of their new friends in the subterranean dungeon and slowly made their way back to daylight. One of the men preceded them to make a thorough investigation of the ruins before they ventured forth. With the coast clear, the boys scrambled out of the tunnel and climbed over the walls of the château, and from there made their way back to the woods.

It was then late in the afternoon. They had spent so many hours exploring the ruins and the dungeon that they had to hurry to reach home before dark.

On arriving at the Palais d'Anethan, Bob and Egmont requested an interview with their grandfather, who received them in his library. The old count was feeble, but still held himself upright.

"Grandfather," Egmont began, affectionately embracing him, "Bob and I think we ought to leave Belgium. Several times we have been held up and threatened with deportation to Germany. It may come at any hour. Bob and I can't stay here in hiding until they search us out and drag us away. We 'd rather be—be caught in trying to get away."

Count d'Anethan nodded his head silently. The suggestion did not surprise him. He had been expecting it, with fear and dread, but he did not flinch before the crisis.

"What have you planned to do?" he asked. "Make your way into Holland?"

"No, we want to join King Albert's army."

The eyes of the old man lighted up. "It 's what I wanted to hear you say, Egmont," he replied. "Our beloved king needs the service of every one of his subjects. I have given all to him except my two dear grandchildren. Now I willingly give them." The old count's figure straightened and his eyes flashed. "If I withheld them, I should hang my head in shame! No, I am happy that they have the spirit to wish to serve."

He laid a hand on the shoulder of each. "Go, my children, and acquit yourselves worthily," he said, solemnly. "Every day you are away from me I shall thank God

that I am blessed with two such noble grandsons. If it is His will that you should make the ultimate sacrifice and that the last of the d'Anethans should expire on the field of battle, I shall glory in knowing they died in a supremely great cause. Go! Serve our God and our noble king! It is my last benediction!"

Egmont and Bob embraced him in silence, too much affected to speak.

Then they began to plan for their flight. Far into the night the momentous question was discussed. Finally, it was decided that they should go as ragged urchins, dressed in their poorest, with only sufficient money and food to carry them over the first few days. After that they would have to depend upon their wits and their own resources.

The start was to be made on the following evening, the boys taking advantage of the darkness to slip out of Brussels and put a good many miles behind them before the light of another day. Between Brussels and Ghent, they would find a hiding place in which to sleep and spend the day.

The next day there were many little things the boys had to attend to before they left on their dangerous trip. They summoned as many of the Boy Vigilantes as they could reach, and imparted to them the information they had received from the sick lieutenant. Then they bade farewell to each one in turn.

"We may never see them again," Egmont murmured, as they made their way home. "It seems like leaving everything, to explore new worlds."

"You take it too seriously, cousin," replied Bob, smiling. "I 'm sure we 're going to come back, and with the Belgian army. On that day Brussels will be in holiday dress."

"Oh, yes, I want to be here then," Egmont exclaimed eagerly, his hopes suddenly aroused.

They turned a corner and entered once more the familiar street on which they lived. It would perhaps be the last time they would play on it or see the sun set behind the gilded dome that rose like a watch-tower at the far end. A crowd had gathered in the middle of the block, and the two boys stopped to gaze at them.

"What is it?" asked Egmont.

"Don't know—an accident, maybe—or an arrest."

"There 's a lot of German soldiers. I can see their uniforms."

"Where can't you see them, for that matter?" queried Bob. "Oh, it 's just some little disturbance! Come on home."

They proceeded rapidly, drawing nearer the crowd as they approached the Palais d'Anethan. Suddenly Bob stopped and stood stock-still. Egmont glanced up at him inquiringly.

"Look, cousin," he whispered, "they 're arresting some one. Hear the cries of the people. It 's another one of the outrages of the Huns. See the soldiers jostling the crowd!"

"I wish I could do something," growled Egmont, his blood boiling. "Somebody arrested on a fake charge, I suppose. If I had a rifle——"

Bob clutched his arm and cut off his words. He was pointing with a trembling finger in the direction of the crowd. "They 're rounding up another batch of boys to take to Germany!" he whispered hoarsely.

For a moment they were too bewildered to act, and the amount of time they lost in their hesitation gave the soldiers the opportunity to advance upon them. When he saw them coming, Bob grew desperate. "Run for the nearest entrance," he whispered, "and make for the roof!"

At that moment a young officer came out of the doorway near which they stood. "Do you live here?" he demanded, looking sharply at them.

"No," replied Bob, facing the man unflinchingly.

"Then why in such a hurry to enter?" the man asked.

Neither Bob nor Egmont had a ready answer to this question. They could not give an explanation of their sudden eagerness to escape from the street.

"You live on this street, don't you?" continued their interrogator.

"Yes," Bob acknowledged.

The officer smiled ironically and seemed well satisfied with the reply. "Then," he said, "you will please march over there and wait further orders."

"But I wish to go to my home," Bob objected. "You have no right to detain me if I have n't done anything wrong."

There was no direct reply to this. The officer spoke to the soldiers, and they immediately advanced with fixed bayonets. It was either a question of obeying the order or being prodded by the bayonets. Bob and Egmont chose the former, and sullenly crossed the street ahead of the two soldiers.

(To be continued)



"NOBODY MINDS IF IT *IS* A STORMY DAY!"



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

THE first session of the Peace Conference was held on January 18, with President Poincaré presiding. Addresses were delivered by him, by President Wilson, by Prime Minister Lloyd George and by Baron Sonnino of Italy. M. Clemenceau, "The Tiger," was elected permanent chairman.

Many countries were represented. Besides those of the greater Allies, there were delegates from the lesser ones—from Central and South America, the Czecho-Slovak nation, Siam, China, and Liberia—and from neutral countries. Germany was not represented, and it was announced that her delegates would be invited in only to sign the treaty when it had been drawn up.

The American delegates won a preliminary victory in their effort to have the meetings made as public as possible. President Wilson had made it clear that he believed the war was the result of secret strategy and diplomatic negotiations by Governments trying to maintain—or to control—the Balance of Power.



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PART OF THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION CROSSING THE RHINE AT COBLENZ

It was easy, also, to see that the Conference would have some stiff knots to untie. Armenia wanted to be made independent. France wanted control of Syria and Armenia. Greece declared she wished to see Armenia independent, and Constantinople either given to Greece or controlled by the League of Nations.

Clemenceau Lloyd George Orlando



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THREE PREMIERS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

And while the Peace Conference sat, Poland was fighting, Ukrainia was shaking her fist at Rumania, Italy and the Jugo-Slavs were watching each other jealously, Mexico was in disorder, and there was rioting, over labor troubles, in South America.

Yes, there was plenty of work for that conference to do!

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

IN January the idea of a League of Nations was very widely and very earnestly discussed. The discussion advanced so far, and did so much good, as may be expressed in the simple statement that it gave the League idea more definite form in the minds of many than it had hitherto possessed. It began to be seen as a practical possibility, to be considered in a practical way, and adopted or rejected after argument and voting.

Those who favored the idea said that it would make it impossible for any Power to start a great war, because all the other Powers would be united against the warlike one. Those who opposed it did so mainly on the ground that it would require the nations to give up too much of their privilege of self-rule.

A definite example of the difficulties came to light when a Japanese official remarked that Japan would expect America to remove the restrictions against Japanese citizenship in this country. No such discrimination could be made, he said, by one member of the League against the people of a member nation.

"Birds in their little nests agree"—most of the time; but it is very hard to settle human affairs so that everybody is satisfied. However, "where there 's a will, there 's a way."

BATTLES OF BERLIN

THE weeks immediately preceding the meeting of the Peace Conference at Paris were eventful weeks for Berlin. The Ebert Government, successor to the Hohenzollerns, endeavored to maintain order, while the extreme Socialists, led by Karl Liebknecht, fought for control.

Liebknecht was killed, and the Ebert Government continued in power as in-between director of public affairs. There could be no Government recognized in the

regular way by the Allies until the nation had, in one way or another, selected its official representatives.

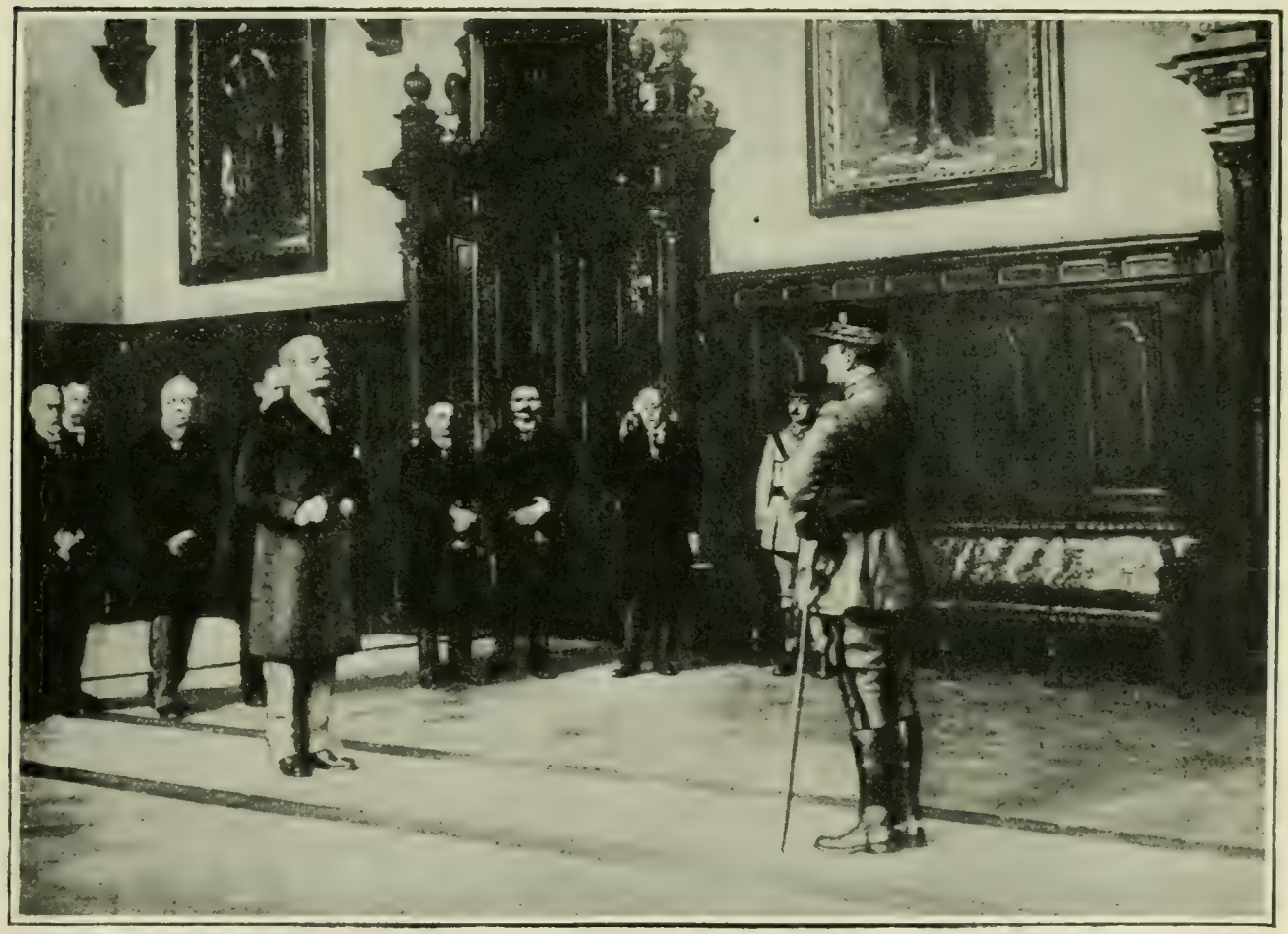
In the latter part of January the German people elected delegates to the National Assembly. This was to be the same sort of body as the American Constitutional Convention of 1789.

Perhaps the tragic death of Liebknecht roused the German people to a sense of their danger, or perhaps they were beginning to tire of their long indulgence in bad thinking and evil doing. Whatever the reason, they voted in a more orderly manner than might have been expected.

Germany supported Lenine and Trotzky in Russia, knowing that they would ruin their country. And now Germany has had to fight their wolflike followers in her own cities! It is a clear case of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

HAVE THE SEEDS OF BOLSHEVISM BEEN PLANTED IN AMERICAN SOIL?

WHILE the Peace Conference was trying to straighten out the tangle of international relations, there was some talk in America about the possibility of Bolshevist



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GENERAL LECOMPTE, OF THE FRENCH ARMY, RECEIVING THE ASSURANCES OF THE LOYAL COÖPERATION OF THE GERMAN LOCAL AUTHORITIES AT WIESBADEN

There were several parties, but the issue was a direct one between the forces of law and order and the destructive spirit of Bolshevism. The victory seemed assured to the side of decency—but it will be many, many years before the other nations can believe that Germany really means to behave, or knows how to rule herself.

outbreaks here. Some people saw it as a real and immediate danger. Others laughed at the idea.

Probably the truth of the matter is where you generally find it—in the middle. We can hardly believe that America can ever go the way of Russia, of Turkey, of Austria, and of Germany. These countries were unable to save themselves

because by long years of despotism the people had lost fitness for self-rule.

On the other hand, America must share in the unrest and the very genuine difficulties caused by the war. Labor and capital are both restless. Each is inclined to be suspicious of the other. There have been strikes and signs of discontent. But the very existence of these things is, in a way, a safeguard. We blow off steam, and so avoid the danger of an explosion.

We are in no immediate danger, but we do need to be careful and sensible. And the boys and girls of to-day will be the employers and the employees of to-morrow!

THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT BECOMES LAW

ON January 16 the Nebraska Legislature ratified the Prohibition Amendment to the Federal Constitution. Nebraska was the thirty-sixth State to declare in favor of the change in the national law, and her vote was decisive. Amendments require for passage the voting support of three fourths of the States, and it was generally agreed that three fourths of forty-eight is "about" thirty-six.

As by the terms of the amendment the new law goes into effect one year after ratification, the country will be "dry" after January of 1920. The manufacture of spirituous liquors anywhere in the United States will be prohibited. There is a possibility of their sale and consumption being forbidden after the last day of June, 1919, under the Presidential proclamation issued as a war measure. The proclamation may be rescinded if demobilization of the army is completed by that time.

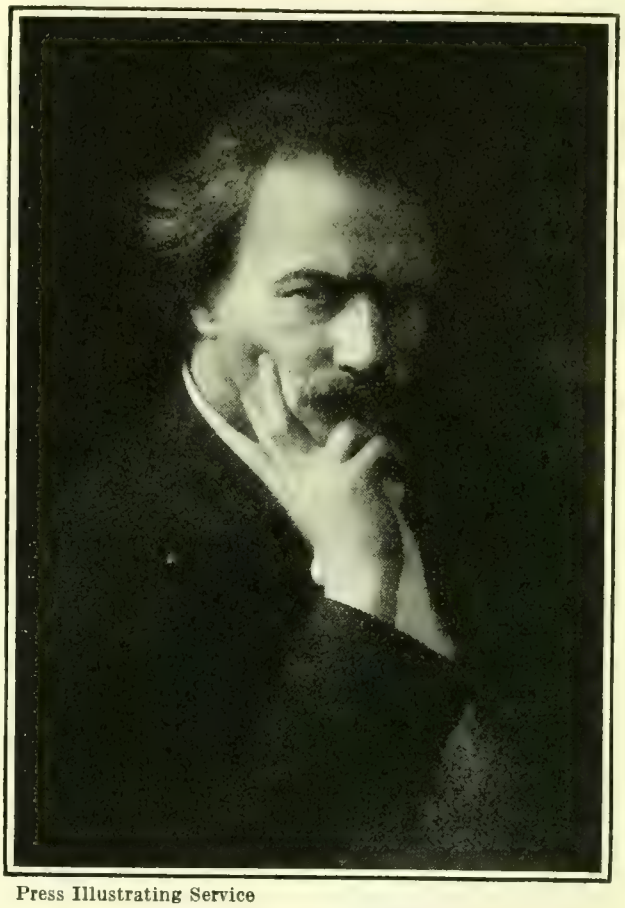
By the passage of this amendment it has now become impossible for the country to go "wet" again except by the enactment of a new amendment.

So ends a long and bitter battle.

WHERE RUSSIA AND POLAND MEET

IN January, American soldiers, riding to battle in sleighs, defeated the Bolshevik forces. The Russian people were said to call the Americans *dobrie ludie,* which, we are told, means nothing less pleasant than "good fellows."

On January 8 Bolshevik forces took



Press Illustrating Service

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

Vilna. They celebrated their victory in their customary way, with a massacre of civilians.

In Poland, Ignace Paderewski strove heroically to form a Cabinet which the Allies might recognize. It was rather surprising to read of the part played in public affairs by the great pianist—but we could not give any really good reason why a great musician should not be also a great man!

Poland will, clearly, be an important factor in future developments in the troubled regions east of Germany. Late in January, her Government was officially "recognized" by that of the United States.

TRADE WITH GREAT BRITAIN

IN the last week of January the British Government announced its intention to protect British industries during the period of reconstruction by refusing to per-

mit certain goods to be imported after March 1. After that date Great Britain will not permit these things, made in other countries, to be sent into her markets:

Certain kinds of machinery and clothing, basketware, guns, hats, lawn-mowers, matting, oilcloth, perfumery, cameras, sewing-machines, clocks and watches, weighing-machines, vacuum-cleaners, and certain other products of the mill or factory.

Goods and articles not named in the list from which these examples are taken may, however, be sold to British buyers. Such goods and articles may be grouped under the heading, "raw materials, or articles required for further manufacture."

This means, in a word, that Great Britain intends to give her workmen employment in making the things the British people have to use. She will buy from other countries the materials needed in her mills and factories, but she will not buy the product of mills and factories in other countries. For example, she will buy raw hides from America, but her own workmen will be paid for making them up into shoes and other articles of common use.

It is the duty of a Government at all times to protect the interests and promote the welfare of those whom it represents and by whose support it exists and operates; and that is what the British Government is doing for its people in making these regulations about imports.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

YEARS ago, no finer vessels sailed the seas than those built by American hands of stout American timber. Yankee trees, Yankee brains, and Yankee muscles—together with Yankee enterprise and courage—carried the American flag to foreign ports and brought foreign goods and cash back to Yankeeland. Then came the Age of Steam, and the American merchant marine fell into decay. The war revived it—but was the revival permanent, or only temporary? Now there will be a "trade war." The nations will struggle for the prizes of commerce. Great Britain, with her vast fleet, began in January carrying ocean freights at rates so low that we could hardly hope to compete with her. The best brains in the offices of American exporters, and in our Congress, must devote themselves to the solution of such domestic problems as this, while our statesmen are grappling with the problems of foreign relations and international politics.

ONE of the many problems considered by the Peace Conference was that of Kiao-Chau. After Germany forced China to cede to her this valuable port, the Kaiser spoke of it as "the eyrie of the German eagle in the Far East." The retaking of Kiao-Chau, early in the Great War, was accomplished principally by Japanese forces, and Japan, openly desiring a position of dominating power in the Far East, was anxious to hold Kiao-Chau, if not as a permanent possession, at least as something to trade with in the final settlement.

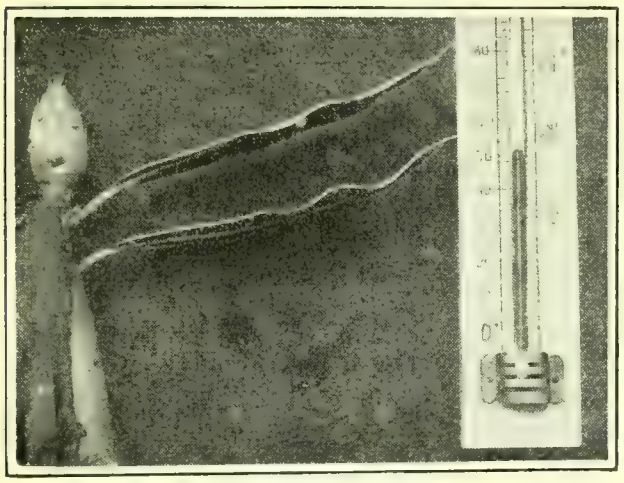
THEY say that now the streets of Bagdad are lighted by electricity. It will take a good deal of light to balance the long darkness of Turkish rule in that city!

MR. MCADOO suggested, and Mr. Hines, his successor as Director-General of the Railroads, seemed to believe when he took up the duties of that extremely important office, that the railroads should either be returned immediately to their former owners, or be placed definitely under full government control for five years more. The plan suggested by the railroad executives would effect a compromise between these two extreme policies, by restoring the roads to private ownership, but subject to supervision by a new cabinet officer, the secretary of transportation. Some of the youngsters who are "playing train" today may, in the years to come, find the solution of this great national problem.

TIME to begin to think of tops and marbles, hoops and jackstones—and of limbering up the "wing" and getting the "batting eye" adjusted. These things are important, and must not be neglected!

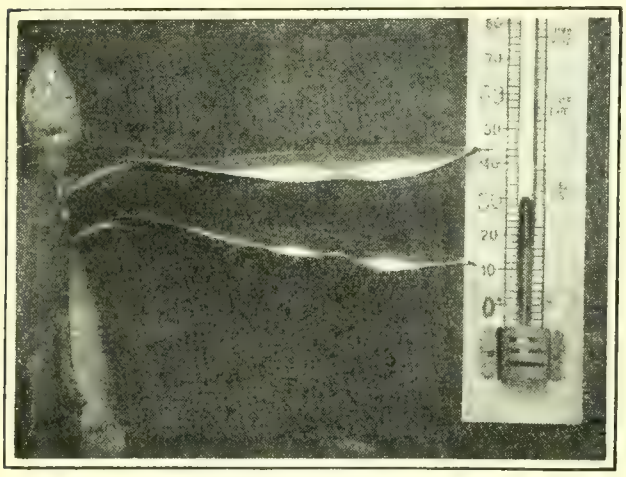
A PLANT AS A THERMOMETER

THE American rhododendron (*Rhododendron maximum*), a common shrub in gardens, has lately been shown to be of peculiar interest during the winter months. The leaves of this plant are curiously responsive to the degree of cold that is being experienced. When the weather is mild, with a temperature of between forty and



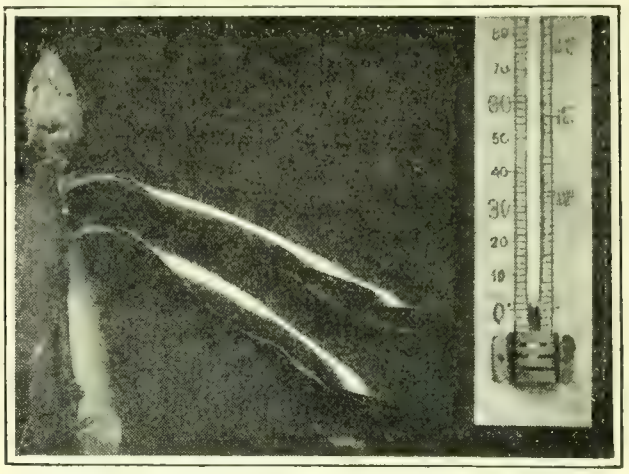
IN MILD WEATHER

fifty degrees Fahrenheit, the foliage is perfectly flat, and it is also of a bright green color. With the coming of frost, the leaves assume a much darker hue and, more striking still, the borders curve



WHEN FROST COMES

downward. During very severe frost, with the thermometer down to zero, the foliage of the rhododendron becomes almost black and the leaves roll up, as can be seen in the photograph. These changes have been proved to be very constant, and it is possible for a close observer to dis-



IN ZERO WEATHER

cover what may be the approximate temperature at any time by noting the color and the bearing of these leaves.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

HOW THE BEE KEEPS WARM

THE ant and the wasp are often said to be the cleverest members of the insect world; but in many ways the bee is even cleverer. One of the most remarkable things about the bee is the way in which it contrives to keep itself warm in winter-time, when the ant and the wasp die of cold. And the bee goes about it very much as a human being does.

When we are out doors and find ourselves chilly and shivering, we stamp our feet, swing our arms, and snap our fingers to get warmth into our bodies. And what does the bee do when chilled by the wintry wind? He applies the same principles.

Feeling the cold very much, and not having either fur coat or gloves to put on, nor being able to sit beside a roaring fire, when the frosts of late autumn come the wise bee turns into its hive for warmth. Inside its dwelling it makes arrangements with its fellow-tenants. Several layers of bees place themselves close together, with

their heads inward, forming a kind of shell. Except for slightly shifting their positions sometimes, the bees forming this shell remain in their places all the winter through. But in the space enclosed by the shell strange things go on, for here there is plenty of room for the other bees of the hive to take exercise.

When they begin to feel the cold, the bees inside the shell begin to stir about very energetically, moving their wings quickly up and down, shaking their little bodies from side to side, and breathing very quickly.

By doing all this they become warmer, and at the same time raise the temperature within their hive, so that the layers of bees making the shell share the added warmth.

Whenever the air inside the hive begins to lose its warmth and seems cold to the bees, although you and I would call it a temperate heat, they set to work in this sensible way to heat themselves and their home. The colder it grows outside the hive, the longer and more briskly do they work to warm the air inside it. It is really wonderful what a high temperature the sagacious little insects can produce. When it is freezing hard, or the snow is falling thick outside, inside the hive it is almost as hot as on a summer day.

Should any of the bees that form the shell die, their companions remove them, and a living bee creeps into the empty place.

N. Tourneur.

AN UP-TO-DATE LOG-CABIN

Being a gipsy by nature, a certain well-known singer has not been able to adapt himself to traveling in trains and to the life of modern hotels. Yet his work takes him all over the country, and he must have some means of transportation. Some time ago he struck on the idea of taking his home along with him, and a compact three-room bungalow, mounted on the chassis of a motor-car, was the result of his planning.

Brought up among the redwoods of his native State, California, he chose a section from one of these enormous trees and had it hollowed out to a four-inch shell. The partitions and built-in features—furniture



THE TRAVELING LOG-CABIN

and closets—all were made of redwood, to keep the whole effect in tone. There is a living-room and a bedroom for the owner, and a bedroom for the chauffeur. Even



THE SNUG INTERIOR

the comfort of a fireplace is included, in addition to a serviceable kitchenette.

The fortunate proprietor of this unique dwelling recently toured the country, singing only every other week, so that he could enjoy the pleasure of traveling under these ideal conditions.

L. M. Edholm.

"DADDY PAT'S" LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO HIS LITTLE SON

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANK E. EVANS,
Of The 6th Marines

France, May 18, 1918.

Dear Townie:

This is all about the trenches, and the dugouts, and the poor little towns that the trenches run through, and the No Man's Land between the American trenches and the bad German trenches, and the rats that run through the trenches, and the dugouts, and the poor little towns, and No Man's Land. And Daddy tried to write you all about it while the Marines were up in the trenches; but he could never find time up there to write this letter, because he had so much to do there that it was all he could do to find time to write to your pretty mother. And she always read them to you, so you know more about the trenches, anyway, than lots of big boys. So we 'll just pretend you came over to France on a torpedo-boat, and then right up in an aëroplane to Daddy's dugout, at the end of a pretty path. And there you found Daddy in his dugout—a nice big dugout under ground, so you had to climb down twelve steps. And on top of the dugout was a roof of big logs, and, on top of them, a ton of white rocks to keep the enemy shells out! and on top of the rocks was a net, like a big fish-net, made of burlap, with lots of little bunches of tough grass tied on, so that an enemy aëroplane up in the sky would think it was just part of a green field and would n't drop bombs on Daddy's dugout or fly back and tell the artillery to shoot on it. And in one corner you would see a little stove, and, in the other, Daddy's bunk, and even funny wall-paper on the walls, and a big long table on one side, with all Daddy's pictures of you and Mother on it and maps of the trenches, with our trenches in red, like funny wriggly little worms, and the German trenches in blue, and a big gilt mirror, as big as you, that was rescued from a French château before the Germans had shot it all to pieces. And you 'd think it was a fine dugout. Then Daddy would hang a brown English mask, like a box, in front, and a little blue French mask, like a big pocket-book, over his left shoulder, and put on his tin hat and strap on his revolver. And then you 'd take off your little old straw hat and put on a little tin hat, so the bullets would bounce off your head, and put on two little masks, to use if the bad Germans shot a shell full of poison gas near us, and away we 'd go to see the trenches. We 'd go past a lot more dugouts like Daddy's, and then down a long, beautiful path through the finest woods you ever saw; and all the birds would be singing; and you 'd pass a little shed, and there would be three fat black-and-white puppy-dogs playing and rolling around in some little bushes, biting each other's ears and stubby little tails; and two big, fat, sleepy bunny rabbits watching them; and you 'd look up at Daddy and laugh and think it was a funny war. And then, all along the path, you 'd see dozens of telephone-wires running down in a deep ditch to the trenches, and lots of violets and buttercups and daisies. And pretty soon, in the woods, we'd come to some little trenches and rows of barbed wire, to use if the enemy could drive the Marines out of the real trenches—but you know they could n't. Then we 'd come to a funny little railroad, and see some little flat cars pulled by two little mules carrying food down to a place called a dump, so the Marines could come up when it



THIS IS YOU IN YOUR TIN HAT

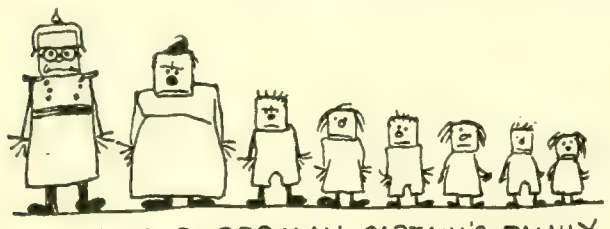
was dark and get them to the trenches. So we 'd leave the path and follow the little railroad off to the right. And then you 'd see some big shell-holes in the ground. And pretty soon we 'd pass a deep ravine, and see a lot of Marines and French soldiers sitting around, smoking and laughing, in front of little dugouts, and sheds, like little barns, with shell-holes through the roof. And they were all there to run to the trenches to help the Marines if they were attacked and the enemy tried to sneak up through the ravine in the dark. So we 'd be getting near the trenches; and Daddy would stop and say, "Listen!" And you 'd listen and hear, away off in front, a low boom! as though it was Nanny beating a rug away off. And then you 'd hear a queer, whistling sound getting near and nearer until it sounded like some giant up above us tearing a great long piece of silk in his hands. And Daddy would say: "That 's all right; it went away over our heads. Now listen again." And you 'd listen and hear the biggest bang. And then another would come, and you would n't hear any bang; and Daddy would say: "That did n't go off. It 's a dud." So we 'd go on, and pretty soon come to a fine, big, white road, like the fine roads in Maryland. And we 'd turn to the left down the road and be going right straight to the trenches. And you 'd think it was the funniest road you ever saw, because you 'd know it was in France, and all you had to do was to follow the road and it would go to the edge of the beautiful woods, and on downhill past the trenches, and through a poor little town with a company of Marines, and on past a lot of barbed wire, and on through No Man's Land across the fields into a little town full of wicked German soldiers, and on through more towns, over bridges, and into German cities. But we 'd stop near the edge of the woods and step down into a trench; and at the edge of the woods would be some big screens of burlap and grass hung between poles; and over the trench, as it went downhill, would be mats of it overhead to hide it, and we 'd come right out into what you 'd think was a play village. For there would be a row of little white stone houses built right into a little hill; and lots of Marines would say, "Why there 's our little sergeant who used to carry the colors at the Brooklyn Navy Yard when we marched off the parade ground!" And they 'd show you all over and tell you it was battalion headquarters, when the major stayed in the trenches; and they 'd take you way down in some deep dugouts, where they go when the enemy is bombarding, and you 'd knock your tin hat against some beams, until they lighted a candle. And you 'd hear some



THIS IS A MARINE THROWING A SHOE AT A RAT

funny little squeaks, and a big rat would run out, and a Marine would throw a hobnailed shoe at it. And if Dan Daly, the top sergeant of the machine-gun company, was there, he 'd tell about the rat that was so big it could n't get in his dugout door; and they 'd show you how the rats eat right through their packs and the straps on them; and how they eat right into the boxes that have hard bread, and eat up the hard bread that every Marine has to carry to eat if there 's a big battle and the mules can't bring up their chow for a day or two. Then you 'd come up into the light, and salute the major, and we 'd go down a real trench a little ways, and go through a door in the side of it into a little dugout. And you 'd see how it opened right in front, a long narrow opening. And Daddy would lift you up, and you 'd look through a big telescope right across the battle-field; and miles and miles away, where the hills met the blue sky, you 'd see cities in Germany. And the major would point the telescope one place, and you 'd see big German barracks; and an-

other place, and you 'd see a big factory and a lot of smoke, where the Germans were making shells; and you 'd see lots of towns nearer, with the big white road we were on running through them; and a big town near by, with a lake in front of it, and lots of forests and fields that the Germans took early in the war. Then the major would point the big telescope down, and closer by there 'd be a town with only one or two roofs, red like cherries, left on the houses, and most of the walls down and the streets full of heaps of stones and grass; and he 'd tell you there was a com-



THIS IS THE GERMAN CAPTAIN'S FAMILY

pany of the enemy in it, and that the German captain, an old square-head, with spectacles, and a fat, red-nosed German wife and six square-head kids—all mean little imps—at home, lived in a dugout under one of the red roofs. And you 'd wonder how soldiers could be living in a town like that, and yet you could n't see any. And while you were looking, the telephone would ring; and the major would get a message that the artillery were going to shell the town. And you 'd hear a faint bark and hear the shell whistle; and you 'd hear a bang and see a big column of dirt and stones shoot up like a fountain, right in the middle of the town; and it would be all red where the shell had blown a lot of bricks into red dust. And then they 'd come fast, and you 'd see a big hole with the sun shining through the red roof. And the major would laugh and say, "Hit 'em again!" and five nice "75" shells would burst right in the same place. And pretty soon the telephone would ring again, and they 'd point the telescope to a little bunch of dots where a German machine-gun was; and then you 'd see little columns of black dirt and stone shoot up —four of them; and when you 'd look again, you 'd see a big hole where the machine-gun had been. And then you 'd let a Marine take the telescope to watch the enemy; and you would look through the long narrow slit in front of the dugout and look away north to Verdun and away south to a big hill called Les Eparges, a brown hill with hardly any trees on it and all cut up with trenches and shell-holes, where both the Frenchers and the Germans had fought on it; and you 'd count as many as eleven big German balloons up in the air, like yellow sausages; because, you see, we would be up on a hill and could watch them with telescopes, but they had to get up in balloons to watch us. And maybe you 'd see a French aëroplane shooting machine-gun bullets into one of the balloons, and a German would jump out in a parachute and the balloon would get on fire and go tumbling and twisting down like a yellow wash-rag. And then you 'd peek down to see what No Man's Land was like; and you 'd be as much surprised as if Santa Claus was out there in his sleigh. Because you 'd see nice-looking meadows and fruit orchards and white roads and little lakes and brooks. But there would n't be any fruit on the trees, just wild orchards; and you 'd see long black rows on both sides, and running out into No Man's Land, that were roads of barbed wire seven rows deep. And No Man's Land does n't belong to any nation in the world, and nobody lives in it, and there 's nobody in it except at night, when the patrols steal out to go across and cut the barbed wire and go into the German trenches to carry off prisoners. And if you could stay till dark, you 'd see the flash of German cannons away off, and then you 'd see rockets burst away up in the sky and then white stars come floating down to make No Man's Land as bright as day. And some Marine would hear the enemy cutting our barbed wire; and he 'd shoot a rocket up, and you 'd hear the machine-guns go *"Put! Put! Put!"* and the rifles go *"Crack! Crack! Crack!"* And if the Germans had a company out there, the major would shoot up a rocket that would break into red stars, and the artillery would see it, and

all the 75s and the big guns would fire, and all the German guns; and you 'd see little streaks of fire from the trenches. And in about three quarters of an hour the Germans would be all licked, and they 'd shoot up a red-and-green rocket and start home as soon as their cannons stopped; and they 'd carry off their dead and wounded, and all would be dark and quiet. And in the morning the Marines would find some dead Germans hanging in the wires, and hundreds of sharp knives and bombs. But the Germans never could get into the Marines' trenches. But you could n't stay till dark; so Daddy would take your hand, and you 'd salute the major, and we 'd get into a deep trench and start downhill to a little town with a pretty name. And the trench would twist and turn like a snake, and we 'd walk on a little board-walk of slats, that they call duck-boards (but, Daddy does n't know why, because he never saw any ducks there or even any nice little chickens), and the trench would have sign-boards; and some places there would n't be any duck-boards, but just mud. And we 'd turn a sharp



THIS IS YOU AND DADDY IN THE MUD

corner, and there 'd be a square place cut out, with sand-bags in front, and a Marine sentry, with his rifle resting on the sand-bags and his cartridges in a neat little row, watching the enemy. And near by would be a dugout and other Marines sleeping, because at night more of them have to watch and be ready to fight. And lots of places there 'd be wire, the same kind they keep chickens shut in with, up against the walls of the trench to keep the dirt from falling in. And overhead there 'd be branches of trees, or wire netting with burlap, to fool the Germans up in the balloons. And pretty soon we 'd come to more trenches that crossed ours, but we 'd follow the French signs and come out into the poor little French town. And the captain of Marines would show us all around, just as proud of his poor little town as if it were Paris. And the houses would be full of holes where the German shells had hit them, and grass would be growing in the streets. And there would be the road, with big shell-holes in it, and rocks, and lots of barbed wire fixed on long steel fences that the Marines would run across the street if the Germans came in. And you 'd see Marines smoking and reading under the poor little trees or with their backs to the walls, and shaving, and cleaning the mud off their shoes. And lots would be sleeping, down in dugouts like cellars under the houses. And in the streets there 'd be a lot of rusty old German shells that had n't exploded. And the captain would take us into a big dugout under a big house, with the walls all covered over with colored pictures of pretty French ladies, and tell us all about how the big shells come into town and everybody laughs and shouts and races each other into the dugouts until the shells stop. And there are four other poor little towns like it. The littlest one is half a mile out beyond the trenches; and in a battle most of the fighting would be in the little towns. And then you 'd get tired and awful homesick for your pretty little Mother, just as Daddy does; and your little lip would tremble, and the captain would say, "Poor little fellow!" and kiss you good-by. And a big Marine would take you pickaback, and away we 'd go up the hill to your aëroplane; and all the officers would come out and fill a bag full of German buttons and bullets and belt-buckles. And you 'd salute Colonel Catlin, and put your little arms awful tight around Daddy's neck and kiss him good-by and sail away.

With lots and heaps of love to you and pretty Mother, and be just as good to her as Uncle Sam is to all the Marines who are far away fighting in France.

Your Daddy Pat.

FRANCE, JUNE 1, 1918.

DEAR TOWNIE:

This is all about the trip we made in big trucks across a lot of France to stop the wicked old Germans from coming to Paris. You never could have dreamed there were so many trucks in the world, and there must have been easy more than a thousand. They came to our four pretty little towns at four o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful day, and yet it sounded like thunder when they rolled in; so we lined up all the Marines along the road, and, as soon as the first truck rolled in, it turned right around and started back till it came to the end of the line; and then the first twenty-two Marines hopped in, and then the next, till a whole battalion of a thousand had hopped in, and away they went. They were great, big, heavy trucks with a long wooden seat on each side, but most of the Marines sat backward, with their feet hanging outside, so they could see things, and the old trucks looked like big, gray spiders with forty-four brown legs. And they all had funny marks and pictures, about as big as a big watermelon, painted outside in gay colors, near where the driver sat. The one we had first had big grasshoppers, blue and red, and there were camels, soldier heads, a big cannon on a snail's back, and a donkey's head, a clock face, flowers, a funny old darky with great, big, white teeth, and a rooster, and all sorts of funny things. And Daddy rode in a little automobile with a French officer who had been wounded in Belgium and could n't fight, but who could boss the trucks; and he was just like a man running a big circus, because sometimes a truck would break down, and then we 'd fly down the line and bring up a little truck with tools; and when it was all fixed he 'd blow his horn, and we 'd fly back and he 'd yell *"En route! En route!"*—and that 's just the way the old horn would sound. *"En route!"*—and away we 'd go! And pretty soon we came to the prettiest towns, with gardens full of roses and all sorts of pretty flowers; and the French ladies and girls would run out and throw the flowers into the trucks, and bring milk and red wine and cheese, and loaves of bread as long and round as the biggest bat that Ty Cobb has; and the dear little old ladies would smile and wave their handkerchiefs, and the little bare-legged boys would come flying out to the road and hop up and down and yell, *"Les Americains! Voila les bons soldats!"* So everybody was happy and smiling, because they knew the Marines were going to kill and capture all the Germans they could and stop them from coming to Paris. And as far back as you could see on all the roads were trucks and such dust that pretty soon all the Marines and the infantry and signal corps and artillery were just gray, like mummies. But they were all happy and having a fine time. And we came to some big towns with rivers, and pretty soon to the nicest little towns we 'd seen in all France; and we were only 15 miles from Paris, and you could almost see the Eiffel Tower. And the nearer we got to Paris, the gayer the people were; and of course the Marines were smiling at the pretty French girls and having a time, and the old trucks rolled along, and pretty soon we saw some bad sights. The Germans were driving back the French soldiers, and all the French people had to leave their homes, where they 'd lived all their lives, or the Germans would have whipped all the little children, and made their mothers work for them, and burned their little towns; so they were coming into Paris. Some of them were walking, and they had little donkeys hitched up to little carts, and great big horses with wooden collars painted in red and blue, and big white oxen—all pulling big loads, with beds and chairs and mattresses and things piled away up. And the dogs were walking along; and under the wagons were chickens and ducks and geese in crates covered with chicken-yard



THIS IS A LITTLE FRENCHER CHEERING THE AMERICANS

wire. And nearly all of them had goats, because it 's easy to feed goats on old tin cans and paper and get good goat's milk. And there were little tow-headed boys and fat little girls with curls and blue eyes and such short little legs that every time their mothers took a step they had to take four. And they were going away to find a new home. And at night their wagons would stop and they 'd camp alongside the road. And Daddy never saw one of them cry, although they were very unhappy. And it made the Marines terribly mad to see them so sad, and they just wished they could find those Germans and drive them away. And there was one big wagon piled up so high that it looked like the big ladder that *Jack the Giant-killer* climbed (or maybe it was a bean-stalk), and right on top was a beautiful old lady all dressed in her nicest black dress with a little white lace cap on; and her hair was white as snow and just like silver, and she must have been just one of the kindest and prettiest grandmothers in the world. And then we came to a big city that had a big river—just full of dams and bridges. And there was one bridge with a lot of dams running under it, and on top of the bridge were a lot of the funniest houses that were more than 400 years old. And the city had the queerest name, Meaux—like a pussy-cat. And the river was the most famous river in the world, because it was the river where Papa Joffre beat the Germans so bad that he is called the Hero of the Marne. And I guess the day you had on your navy suit and were with Grandma and saluted Papa Joffre in New York that you did n't think Daddy would be seeing his river so soon. And the city was full of the poor French refugees. We kept right on going and turned to the left, up the valley of the Marne; and we were only 20 miles away from the Germans. And the road was just as busy as Fifth Avenue the time Daddy tried to drive a Ford up it the night he did n't know how to run it; only instead of busses and automobiles and nice-looking people, there were trucks full of Marines and soldiers and big guns and ambulances and wagons full of food for the French and American armies and generals flying by in cars. And every road that we crossed was full of soldiers and horses, all hurrying up to stop the Germans, and so much dust that you could eat it. It was getting late, but it does n't get dark over here until nearly ten o'clock. So everybody was tired and sleepy, for the old trucks bumped and bounced because



THIS IS THE FRENCH OFFICER YELLING "EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE!"

nearly all the rubber was worn off the wheels. And all the truck drivers were French soldiers who were too old to fight, and they had been driving nearly all the night before and all day long; and sometimes, when the trucks would stop somewhere down the line, we 'd go back to see if one of them was broken down; and there would be a truck with a red grasshopper painted on it, and the poor old Frenchman would be fast asleep; and you could hardly see his face for the gray dust on it. So the French officer would have to hop out and jump up on the truck and shake him, and then hop down and blow his horn. Only he did n't blow it, but turned a handle on it, like the one on a coffee-mill and just like the way they give the gas alarm in the trenches. And the horn would yell in French, *"En route! En route! En route!"* which meant: "Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry up! The Germans are coming and the Marines are here to stop them!" So we 'd fly back, and the horn would go like mad, and he 'd holler,

"En route! En route! En route!" And the old drivers would wake up and rub their eyes, and the old truck wheels would groan and cry, *"En route! En route! En route!"* And the Marines would turn over and wake up, all packed like sardines in a tin can, some with their legs lying on another Marine's tummy and a drummer-boy all curled up with his head on the tummy of a nice old sergeant; and they 'd growl a little, because they 'd been up most all the night before and were sleepy. And all the time the poor refugees were



THIS IS A FRENCH CAVALRY-MAN JUMPING A DITCH

going by; and when we heard that our big trucks would give them a ride after they left us at the front we were glad, because they must have been so tired! And yet not one of them would cry, not even the little girls; so you know, Sonny, the bad Germans can never lick the Frenchers. And pretty soon a whole fine regiment of French cavalry galloped by, and then another; and the road was so crowded with trucks and guns and wagons and ambulances and refugees that the cavalry had to jump their horses across the ditches by the road and ride through the fields, because now we were only 7 or 8 miles from the fighting. And they wanted the cavalry right away. They all had little short rifles and long blue sticks, about twelve feet long, and on the end was about a foot of nice sharp steel. And then the little automobile Daddy was in went flying ahead to see the place where the Marines were to get off; and we just flew and went right past a big field where there were about 200 of the biggest and gayest butterflies you ever saw. And most of them were still as could be, with their great blue and orange and green and red and gold wings spread so that the field looked like a fairy garden. And some were flying back to rest for the night; and they had the biggest eyes, and they just circled and dipped and stood on one wing and then on the other; and then Daddy could see that they all had big red-white-and-blue circles under the tip of each wing; and they flew so fast that he just knew they were not butterflies, but French aëroplanes! And after we 'd gone about 2 or 3 miles Daddy saw the general and a lot of officers and orderlies sitting on the side of a little hill, looking at a map; and Daddy got out and saluted and told the general where the Marines were, and that the colonel was back of them, but coming up in a fast car. And the general saluted back, and said: "Major, our orders are changed. You go back just as fast as your little old car can run, because you must get back to the cross-roads ahead of the trucks, and send the Marines down the road to the right." And back we went, and saw lots of soldiers getting out of their trucks to march against the Germans; and it was getting dark, but we got back to the cross-roads in time to catch the 1st Battalion. And the 6th Regiment kept its trucks and rode in them, while all the other regiments walked; and it was about 10 o'clock when we saw some German prisoners on the road, and we could hear the big guns and see a few rockets; and we could look and see the sky light up where the big guns were firing. And then we saw a French town that we had passed burning like a big bonfire, and the Germans must have dropped a bomb on it. And it was exactly midnight when the trucks stopped just at the edge of a big town. So we all got out, and the 1st Battalion marched into a big field and went right smack to sleep; and the colonel and all the rest of us laid down alongside the road, and we all went to sleep and never heard any guns, because we were too tired. And in the morning all the Marines were

in, and we were on the side of a beautiful valley; and there was no one in the big town but French soldiers. And then came our orders to go in the line just behind the Frenchers, and we took the trucks again and jumped out of them a mile from the battlefield; and Tommy Holcomb, who had the 2nd Battalion, gave the orders to his captains while they were hopping out of their truck, so you see we were right on our toes. And the Frenchers are out in front of us. And they have had about 3 Germans to 1 Frencher, but as soon as they fall back and the wicked old Germans bump into the Marines, they 'll think it is the Fourth of July, because you know one Marine can easy lick 3 Germans. So the next letter Daddy writes he 'll tell you all about how the Marines got the best of the old Kaiser and his silly son.

So keep right on being a good little Marine and praying every night with pretty little Mother that the Marines will win and that Daddy's tin hat will just bump off all the German bullets. And then when you see the general out at the club and give him a snappy salute he 'll take you up on his knee again, and you can tell him all about the war. But when you salute him, you must look him straight in the eye, as the Marines do. And Daddy hopes that we 'll lick the old Germans so bad that you won't have to come over to fight with the Foreign Legion and the French and Britishers and the Scotchers and the Canadians and the Australians, but that you can marry an awful pretty girl like Mother and just be happy and be a Marine officer in the tropics. So good-by, Sonny, with 1000 truck-loads of hugs and kisses for you and pretty Mother.

YOUR DADDY PAT.



THESE ARE SOME OF THE TRUCKS. THE KISSES ARE MARKED "K" AND THE HUGS "H"

(To be concluded)



"JUST SEE WHAT YOU 'VE MADE ME DO!"



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY AMIE H. MEDARY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

In one respect, this month's exhibit is the most remarkable performance yet achieved by the League, for it was all sent to us within a single week—or less! As our readers will remember, a strike at the printers just as the November number of St. Nicholas was going to press made it impossible for the publishers to bring out that issue until November 20th, instead of on November 1st, the regular date. Consequently League members, who usually have more than three weeks in which to prepare and send in their contributions, found themselves on this occasion limited to only the few days before November 24th (or November 29th for far Western States). We sincerely regret that many ardent young contributors were thus debarred from entering upon this competition at all; and of course the list of offerings sent in, as a whole, was reduced to about a third of the number usually received by the grateful editor.

Right zealously, however, did those who *could* compete set to work to make up for lost time; and so successful were their efforts that the general appearance of the League pages shows no sign of haste and gives hardly an evidence of diminished supply, but, on the other hand, seems to measure quite up to the usual standard, both in text and picture.

Our cordial thanks are due to every one of those who so earnestly and promptly shouldered the task of helping out their beloved League in this emergency, and who saw in it only a spur to greater effort and achievement. It was a fine illustration of the spirit and enthusiasm that animate the members of the League, each and all, and make them proof against every discouragement.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 229

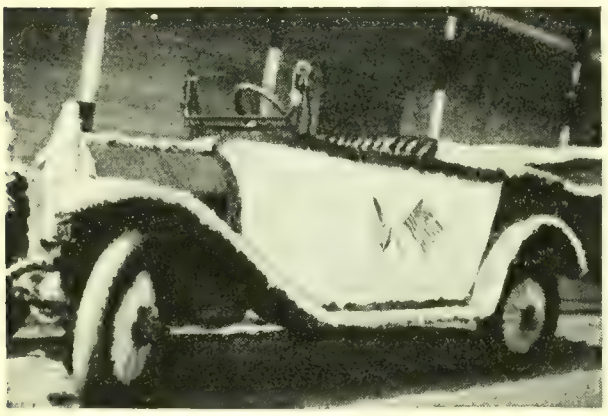
In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver Badges, **Duane Squires** (age 14), N. Dakota; **Julia H. Wiley** (age 13), New Jersey; **Katherine E. Marshall** (age 12), Canada; **Frances Mallory** (age 13) Florida; **Dorothy Hughes** (age 13), New Jersey; **Charlotte Frobisher** (age 14), New Jersey.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Mary R. Evans** (age 15), Indiana. Silver Badges, **Idella Purnell** (age 17), California; **Jeannette L. Gelb** (age 12), New York; **Marguerite Anderson** (age 16), Wisconsin.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Margaret Hebblethwaite** (age 15). Silver Badges, **Ursula G. Sanders** (age 14), New Hampshire; **Winnifred Macdonald** (age 12), Canada; **Hortensia Lucas** (age 14), New Jersey.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Kathryn K. Eckbert** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Dorothy White** (age 12), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Ruth M. Lake** (age 13), New York; **Gertrude Nott** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Myrtle Hill** (age 14), Nebraska; **Eunice Dissette** (age 9), Indiana; **Florence E. Finley** (age 16), California.



BY RUTH M. LAKE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GERTRUDE NOTT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"IN UNIFORM"

TO A FRIEND—MY FATHER

BY ELEANOR SLATER (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

When tea is done and we 're alone
And all is calm and still,
And firelight and candlelight
Our souls with fancy fill,
Then you and I roam hand in hand
Through fairyland, through fairyland.

When dark has come to call us home
From working hard and long,
And you, in evening's quietude,
Play me a merry song,
Then you and I roam hand in hand
Through music-land, through music-land.

When list'ning to the oriole
And watching for the wren,
Or dreaming with the little flowers
In some cool, woodland glen,
Then you and I roam hand in hand
Through summer-land, through summer-land.

In all the years that are to come,
In every kind of weather,
At morning or at eventide,
Oh, you and I together
Will keep on roaming hand in hand
Through every land, through every land!

TO A FRIEND—THE MARCH WIND

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

The trail was long, and the day was cold,
While you stormed and raged about;
But I loved the sound as you swept the ground
And circled with whistle and shout!

You blew my coat and you caught my cap
As you played and raced in the field.
And you bent the trees to their very knees
And laughed when you saw them yield!

You blew the leaves and twigs in my face,
But I smiled and my heart was gay.
I could only rejoice at your boisterous voice,
As you blustered on your way.
And the noisy rout as you wheeled about
Was the height of our merry play!

A STORY OF THE SEA

BY DUANE SQUIRES (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

"You will proceed to latitude —— and longitude ——, where you will meet and escort a troop convoy to the port of Havre, France."

So read the instructions of Captain Carpenter, commander of the United States destroyer *Harding*, one summer day in 1918.

Promptly at the designated time, in the small hours of the morning, the *Harding*, with other destroyers, swung loose from the anchorages at the United States destroyer-base in France and, at regulation speed headed toward the place where they were to meet the transports.

Just as the day was breaking, Captain Carpenter, from the bridge of his ship, saw a sight that had always thrilled him with wonder and awe. Over the sky-line came a procession of mighty ships, leviathans of the sea, each one loaded with thousands of happy, eager American boys, impatiently awaiting their arrival in France.

As the transports, loaded with their precious freight, steamed toward him, and as he slowly wheeled his destroyer around to guard the flank of the convoy, he vowed anew that never, never, as long as he had power to prevent it, should any hostile under-sea murderer have a chance to do its hideous work and send to his death a single one of the gallant young soldiers of America. For they had cheerfully and gladly given their all, and had left their homes for a land across the sea, that they might do their bit to free the world forever from the dark shadows of war, autocracy, and militarism which for centuries had been casting their gloom over the peoples of the earth.



"IN UNIFORM." BY KATHRYN K. ECKHERT, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1916.)

A STORY OF THE SEA

BY JULIA H. WILEY (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was a cold night in March. Sam was coming home from a friendly chat with the Coast Guard men, all of whom were his friends. He thought he would walk by the shore, as it was early yet and he always had a love for the ocean.

He admired the Coast Guards immensely and meant to be one when he grew up. But he felt that it was a good way off as yet, and he wished that he could do something now—right now! As he walked along he thought he noticed a light out at sea, as though some one was signaling. He watched closely and—yes, there it was again!

It seemed to come from a steamer out at sea. Involuntarily he looked at the Coast Guard house in the distance. But no answering signal came through the darkness.

He waited for a moment and then started on a run for the nearest sand dune. He reached



"A HEADING FOR MARCH."
BY JOSEPHINE W. GLIDDEN, AGE 15.

the top quickly, as he was used to climbing them.

He looked out at the twinkling lights and thought quickly. Could it be that the men had not seen it?

But there was little time to think, so he started on a run back to the Coast Guard house.

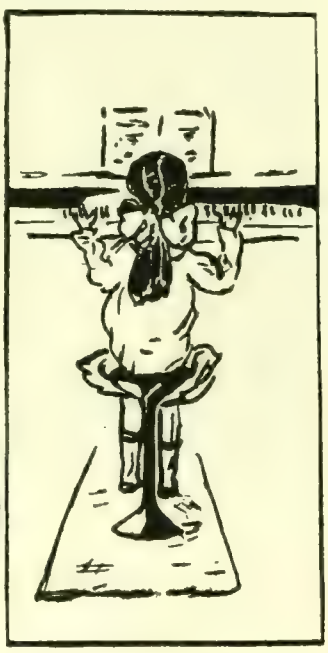
He hurried along the edge of the dune, and after what seemed to him a long while, reached his goal. It took but a minute to warn the men, who jumped up and ran out into the night.

* * * * * * *

Sam saved a ship that night, and he resolved more than ever to be a Coast Guard.



"PATIENCE."
BY URSULA G. SANDERS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"PATIENCE." BY UNDINE HODGSON, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

TO A FRIEND

BY IDELLA PURNELL (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T is power that makes the great strong heart of you;
'T is faith that lights the lamp in your brown eyes.
Oh, you are brave and noble, swift and wise—
A friend of mine that ever will be true,
And love me well, no matter what I do!
If I should pain you, just the hurt surprise
In your frank gaze will show the wound that lies
Deep in your heart—and I 'll be sorry, too!
Oh, friend of mine! Companion of my youth!
Together we have sought on sunny days
The clear white torch of Love, the Light of Truth,
Revealed to us in Nature's fair by-ways.
And now that I am hurt, to you I 'll come—
You 'll sympathize, my dear old dog, my "Chum!"

A STORY OF THE SEA

BY CHARLOTTE FROBISHER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

LITTLE Jean sat on the broad, silvery beach. On her middy-blouse was a service-pin with one star for her brother. As she sat, she listened to the soft music of the never-ceasing waves, rippling on the shore. Off where the sky seemed to meet the water could be seen two steamers, plodding their way through the waves.

As the girl sat there she dreamed of the sea, when suddenly the surroundings changed. The steamers changed to rude ships. The time was the gray dawn, and the vessels slowly drew nigh the shore. All on board were excited, and were dressed in clothes recognizable as being those worn in Columbus's time.

They stopped about half a mile from the beach and approached the land in rowboats.

Suddenly the scene changed. Once more, off in the distance, another ship was seen nearing the land. Every space on deck was occupied, either by people or furniture. Jean watched them land near a huge rock, where a maiden in Puritan costume set foot—and——

A mist like a heavy fog clouded everything. Time and time again a sudden view disclosed some historic sea scene; and then, at last, she saw a view of modern times, ship after ship, in what seemed a solid line, moving from her country to Europe. From the decks she heard songs and laughter and every passenger was dressed in khaki. And soon she saw the picture reversed; the ships were pointing homeward; the men were shouting.

But the mist came once more. Two steamers still puffed toward the open sea, and the gentle waves rippled on the silvery beach.

A STORY OF THE SEA

BY RACHEL L. CARSON (AGE 11)

(*Honor Member*)

GEORGE MARKHAM shivered and drew his coat closer around him. It was a very cold night, and he was wet to the skin with spray. His watch was to last two hours, and only one hour had elapsed since he had left his bunk and come up on the cold, windy deck.

The minutes dragged slowly by. Suddenly he thought he saw a light twinkling in the distance. He watched intently the spot where he had seen the light. In a moment the light flashed again. One, two, three times in quick succession the light shone. He waited no longer, but called, "Light flashing off the port bow!" Immediately the lieutenant appeared.

Markham saluted and told the officer what he had seen.

"Looks as though it was a ship signaling to some one." said the lieutenant. "It must be that."

"Yes, sir," answered Markham.



BY MARIE HILL, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



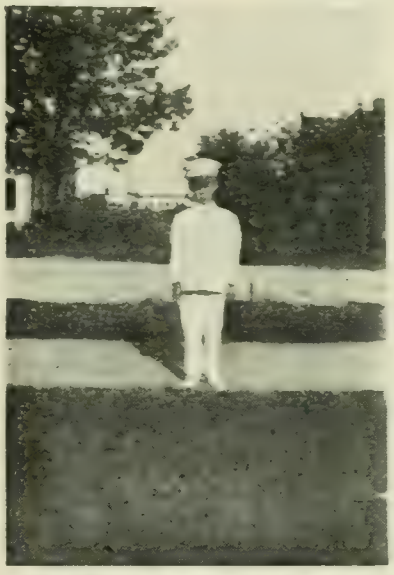
BY THEODORA MACHADO, AGE 13.



BY DOROTHY WHITE, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1918.)



BY FRANCES M. DE K., AGE 17.



BY RENEE DISSETTE, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY RENEE WILLEMS, AGE 15.



BY HAZLE FISHER, AGE 14.



BY K. DE FRANCE, AGE 17.



BY CAROLYN E. LYON, AGE 15.

"IN UNIFORM"

Markham's ship was a light submarine chaser and capable of making twenty miles an hour. The order was given for the ship to go as near as possible to the light without being seen. Soon they were near enough to see the ship from which the signals came. It was a large yacht, and had evidently come as far out to sea as it dared, and was plainly carrying supplies to a submarine, for the deck was piled with a heap of boxes.

Suddenly a submarine was seen swiftly approaching the yacht. As soon as it was within speaking distance, a voice called out from the yacht in a foreign language—German! Then a small boat put out from the yacht, laden with boxes.

Then—"Fire!" came the command from the lieutenant, and a shell was sent flying toward the submarine. With a roar it struck, and the submarine was blown to atoms.

"A good night's work, Markham," said the lieutenant.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY MARGARET HEBBLETHWAITE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DEC., 1917.)

A STORY OF THE SEA

(A True Story)

BY KATHERINE E. MARSHALL (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ABOUT forty-five years ago two vessels lay close to each other in New York Harbor. While they were there, the captains became quite friendly. The names of the vessels were the *Dei Gratia* and the *Marie Celeste*.

Both vessels were bound for a European port. The *Marie Celeste* had been gone two days when the *Dei Gratia* sailed. She was almost at the end of her voyage when she caught sight of the other vessel. The captain thought she was acting rather strangely; and as he drew nearer, he noticed that her sails were not set properly for the weather. He ordered his mate and a few men to go aboard her. They went on board and found that beside themselves there was no living soul on the vessel. They searched the ship, but found no sign of a struggle. Everything was in its place, except one of the boats, which was gone. The log had been kept up to about twenty-four hours before. In the cabin, on the sewing-machine, was a little red dress, which the captain's wife had been making for the baby.

Why the crew left the ship no one knows, and we probably never shall know. They had had perfectly fair weather, a good vessel, and plenty of provisions. They have never been heard of since, although they were only a few days from land, and the mystery has never been solved.

(The *Dei Gratia* was owned and built in my home town, and the mate who went aboard the *Marie Celeste* told my mother this story.)



"IN UNIFORM." BY FLORENCE E. FINLEY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

TO A FRIEND

BY MARY R. EVANS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1919)

O LITTLE angel friend of mine,
Playmate of my childhood—thou
Who dost dwell in lands divine—
Would that thou wert with me now!

Only in my dreams I see thee;
Only then we, as of yore,
Play together in the twilight
On the dusky, dreamy shore.

Happy were those days and blithe
When we wandered hand in hand
O'er the meadows and the hill-slopes,
Playing they were fairyland.

When I waken in the light
Of the mellow moon and low,—
Wake to find my dreams are only
Echoes of the long ago,

Sorrow comes and then a calm—
For, O little playmate dear,
In the silence of the night,
I feel thy presence hov'ring near!



"IN UNIFORM." BY JOHN W. TENNEY, AGE 13.

TO A FRIEND

BY JEANNETTE L. GELB (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

'T IS said real friends are hard to find;
That true and loyal friends are few;
But there is one I have in mind
Who always is a friend so true.

When you 're downhearted, feeling blue,
When care or sorrow makes you sad,
She 'll always find kind words for you—
Her loving glance will make you glad.

When you are joyous, full of cheer,
Happy her day, she loves you so.
Where can you find a friend so dear,
Who shares your joy, your grief, your woe?

Ah, Mother mine, I 'll always feel,
Though I be near or I be far,
I have a friend as true as steel—
Your love, through life my guiding star!

A SEA STORY

BY FRANCES MALLORY (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

My home is near the wharf, and my favorite amusement is to go down among the bales of cotton, crates of oranges and other freight, pick out my old sailor playmate, Cap'n Bill, and get him to tell me a story.



"S HEADING FOR MARCH." BY WINNIFRED MACDONALD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

On this particular day I found him after a long search and teased him for a story of the sea. He seated himself on a dry-goods box, took his pipe from between his teeth and began:

"About ten year ago I was shipping as first mate aboard the *Condor*. We was taking a load of codfish som'eres up near Alaska, where there was more night than day, and a lot o' ice on the water. We had n't any passengers, except a youngish missionary with his little daughter, and a queer man with only one eye.

"He was an awful queer old fish, and one day, when I was watching a sea-bird fly 'round and settle on the mainmast, he come up to me and said:

" 'Ef I was you, skipper, I 'd advise the captain to turn back. See that there bird? He circled three times and settled on the mast. Ef he hed done it oncet, it 's not to be noticed; twice means bad luck; but when he does it three times and settles, the vessel 's doomed!'

I laughed at him, but I felt a bit creepy.

"That night I was waked up by a dreadful joggle, and got up to find we had struck an iceberg and was sinking fast. There was no time to lower the boats. The *Condor* was split right in two and in half a minute had sunk, leaving us all on an iceberg, freezing, waiting for help.

"Well, sir, none came, and we set there, and not one was saved. They all perished!"

"*Every one ?*" I cried, aghast.

"Every one," he replied, with conviction.

I thought a moment, and then said, "Then, Cap'n Bill, how do *you* happen to be here?"

He glared at me a moment and then said, "I 'm wanted below and have no more time to waste tellin' yarns to youngsters."



"IN UNIFORM." BY DEBORAH FREDERICKS, AGE 12.

TO A FRIEND

BY MARGUERITE L. ANDERSEN (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

For thee I 'd walk a thousand miles
To gain thy heart's desire!
A shadow's substance might it be,
And buried 'neath a molten sea,
I 'd get it from the fire!

For thee I 'd count the endless stars—
If so would be thy will—
Until with age my hair turned white,
If but my eyes, no longer bright,
Could look upon thee still!

For thee I 'd measure, drop by drop,
The waters of the sea;
And if they froze to ice at last,
When all my hopes and fears had passed,
I 'd still be loving thee!

A STORY OF THE SEA

BY DOROTHY L. STEWART (AGE 15)

I was visiting a small island, the neighborhood of which was once the hiding-place of a daring sea-rover. Every one had dug holes in the hope of finding the pirate's hidden treasure, which was held to be priceless.

One bright summer morning a small lugger put into the bay which cuts the island from the mainland on the south.

Soon the place was in an uproar. And little wonder! The pirate 's treasure was found!

The men from the lugger said that they had not yet lifted the treasure, but knew where it was, and had returned for tools, as the great iron chest was buried very deep.

I was very eager to see the bold old seaman's



"IN UNIFORM." BY GEORGE L. MELENEY, AGE 17.

hoard, and with great difficulty I procured passage on the lugger.

About noon we made the landing on a small marsh-girdled island. Following the little river, we cast anchor and waded inshore, as the water was very shallow.

Buried amid the seaweeds we found the chest; but we had difficulty in lifting it from its bed, and in prying open the rusty lid. We moved with swift fingers, for we were all eager to see the sparkle of gold and jewels which we were sure would greet our eyes.

After a lot of hard tugging the lid went back with a grating sound, and we looked upon all the famous pirate's treasure which has ever been found—*rocks!*

TO A FRIEND

BY CHARLOTTE I. ROOT (AGE 13)

My friend, thou art a treasure rare,
For costly gems cannot compare
With thee, whose faithful, loyal heart
Brings joys with which I 'm loath to part.

Ah, who would sacrifice thee, friend,
To any cause or any end?
Who would give up thy thoughtful way
Or lose thy love from day to day?

'T is not alone when paths are straight,
Or kindly deals the hand of Fate;
'T is not when skies are clear and blue,
And kindly Nature smiles at you;

But when the sun has ceased to shine,
And clouds are black, and we repine
And wish for some protecting life
To lead us on through doubt and strife;

'T is then that thou art ever near
To guide and comfort, watch and cheer;
Ready to help when there is need—
Thou art a friend—a friend indeed!

A STORY OF THE SEA

A True Story

BY DOROTHY HUGHES (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was Sunday, the fourteenth of July, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen. A tug was steaming peacefully along the New England shore. The tug itself was of wood. It had in tow one barge of wood and two of steel. They were all empty.

"We are off Nausett Harbor, Orleans, Massachusetts," said the captain. "This is my twenty ——"

"*Boom!*" A shot whistled over the stern of the tug. Another hit the pilot house, wounding the man in it.

"It 's a German submarine! Every man to the boats!" ordered the captain.

The tug was by this time on fire. So the submarine turned its attention to the barges. It took the barges as they came. The two of steel sunk immediately, and the one of wood caught on fire. The wooden one was connected to the steel barge by a heavy hawser. When the steel barges went down, the strain was so great that it slowly pulled the wooden one down also.

(The tug was taken, the next morning, to Vineyard Haven for repairs.)



"PATIENCE." BY HOWARD SIMON, AGE 16.

The people were now in small boats, rowing for shore. In the stern of one of the boats a little boy stood waving the American flag. The submarine fired at him, but did not hit.

The captain said to one of the men on shore that the submarine was half a mile due east of them. She was four hundred feet long and carried two guns.

"I call the crew of the submarine very poor marksmen. They fired from thirty to forty shots at us. Sinking empty coal-barges is their victory for the Fatherland!"

The man he was speaking to agreed heartily.

TO A FRIEND

BY BETTY ELDER (AGE 12)

They told me to write a poem;
To a friend it was to be,
And what better friend have I—
Than St. Nicholas, you see?

So I 'm writing to you the letter,
Though I 've never written before,
To tell you that of my best love—
I send you a goodly store.

For every month you come to me,
Bringing happiness and cheer,
And of all the magazines there are,
To me the one most dear.

You speak to me of all best things—
Things fair and good and right,
And stir in me ambition
To win life's long, hard fight.

So may you always prosper,
As you travel o'er land and sea;
And bring to other children—
The joy you have brought to me.

TO A FRIEND—A BIRTHDAY VERSE

BY ALINE FRUHAUF (AGE 11)

Good luck to you, my friend,
Good health and fortune too!
May your joys never end
And skies be ever blue!

And may these wishes all
Come true! And every day
Just think of me, my friend—
That 's all that I can say!

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Lois C. Andrews
Clelia P. Mathews
Mary C. Pangborn
Ena Hourwich

VERSE

Malvina K. Holcombe
Virginia H. Clinger
Caroline R. Power
Elizabeth M. Dukes
Constance E. Fritz
Gwenfread E. Allen

DRAWINGS

Vincent P. Jenkins
Louise Ashley
Mary Einstein
Selma Moskowitz
Elizabeth W. Kingsbury
Inez A. Miller
Helen McIlvaine
Claire Richardson
Constance Pardee
Ralph Slocombe

PHOTOGRAPHS

Barbara Safford
Margaret Estabrook
Kathryn Haubold



"A HEADING FOR MARCH"
BY HORTENSIA LUCAS, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Nancy McL. Weeks
Mary H. Wilson
Florence L. Davis
Alena J. Stiles
Elizabeth F. Leeds
John E. Underwood

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Janet Woodworth
Dorothy Stephenson
Virginia R. Wilde
Muriel Cavanaugh
Frances Hallinan
Margaret Mackprang
Clarice Snyder
Sarah Silver
Harriet Hasbrouck
Marjorie Dow
Willard R. Judd
Elizabeth Hilles
Miriam C. Allison
Jane B. Bradley

VERSE

E. Irene Hunt
Vincent A. Whelan
Audrey B. Gates
Marion W. Smith
Helen E. Edwards
Dorothy Ducas
Mary H. White
Dorothea Wilder
Jeannette D. Thurston
Berkbeck Wilson
Elizabeth N. Adams
Antoinette C. Thomas



"PATIENCE."
BY ADELE ENTZ, AGE 15.

Emily Holdredge
Mary E. Ellinwood
Marie H. Smith
John L. Pickering
Josephine Warner
Natalie Owsley
Eva Hancock
Margaret Durick
Marie Barry
Eleanor P. Foster
Elizabeth Kenney
Chiryo Hirose
Jean Harper
Constance O'Hara

DRAWINGS

Lucy H. Moore
Harriet Witman
Elizabeth Cheatham
Jane Gaston
C. L. Spencer
Donald D. Millar
Eleanora Fisher
Dorothea Spieth
Julia L. Parke
Louise Blaine
Elizabeth Mouat
Frances V. Davies
Patience I. Drake
Charlotte Brandenburg
Alice Harrigan
Ruth Dennis
Keith Hepburn
Hoyt I. Williams
Ruth Dewberry
Alice D. Talcott
Alice E. Kelly
Audrey Graves
Brewster Hartman
Jane D. Meyer
Mary Mills
Esther J. Saxton
William Shoemaker
Emilie Reichner
Julia M. Polk
Beatrice R. Stahl
Ted Rognoy
Faith H. Poor
Katherine Peake
Margaret Olmsted
Doris E. Rigby
Margaret Stone

PHOTOGRAPHS

Martha A. Carter
Elsa Gunnison
Isabella Childs
Kate E. Harbeck
Wilbur I. Follett
Heloise Adler
Mary Franklin
Adelaide Hathaway
Dolores Osborne
Harriet Howard

PUZZLES, 1

Mona Morgan
Emily Pendleton
Alma Miller
John M. Young
Marian W. Collins
John Sullivan, Jr.
Florence Tennant
Marion Kilbourn
Lillian H. Richmond
Bertrand D. Innes
Lois Briggs
Mary V. MacLane
Bertha Hitchcock
Lydia A. Cutler
Mary S. Bond
Jean Stanton
Isabel R. Stafford
Margaret Hellman
Benjamin Norwood
Blanche Vogel
Agnes Coyne
Cornelia Cobb

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 233

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 233 will close **March 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **March 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "When Banners Wave."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Mysterious Visitor."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Shadows."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Satisfied," or a Heading for **March.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

West Chester, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: My younger sister Mary, who is ten years old, and I have taken you for about seven years. I think all your stories are simply fine. I loved "The Girl Next Door" and the other mystery stories that Augustus Huiell Seaman writes. I thought "Marjorie's Bond" was a very nice story, and particularly appropriate for that number when every one was trying to buy as many bonds as they could. I am a member of the League and have received a silver badge, of which I am very proud. I love to read The Letter-Box with all the letters from other little girls.

Our house here was built before the Revolution; that is, part of it was, and was Sir William Howe's headquarters at the Battle of the Brandywine. One of his staff was married here. Lord Percy, a British officer of Howe's army, was killed at the battle and is supposed to be buried on the farm next ours. Lafayette was wounded near by, and there is a monument at the place.

Our farm is lovely and we have a darling little pony.

Your loving reader,
Alice Harvey (age 13).

Georgetown, Demerara,
British Guiana.

Dear St. Nicholas: I love you very much. I have had you for a year and a few months and I hope to get you for many years more. My aunt, who is in New York, sends you to me. I think I am the only child out here in Demerara who gets you, because when I read The Letter-Box I never see any letters from British Guiana. The country part out here is very funny. Once we went for a drive up to Diamond. That is a sugar estate. When you are going up, you hardly see any white people. All are coolies or East Indians. Some of them wear English clothes, but others their native dress. Some of them are quite pretty. The coolies have one of their churches out here, and it is very like the Indian mosques.

I would like to enter some of the League competitions, but you always come so late (nearly at the end of the month) that I have not time to do anything. But, dear St. Nick., you forgot to send my number last month, so please send it to me, because I can't do without it. Now I must close. I remain,

Your loving reader,
Marjorie Smith (age 12).

Wenatchee, Wash.

Dear St. Nicholas: The sixth grade of the Lewis and Clark School had heard about everybody doing things for the Red Cross and being so patriotic, but one day, as I was reading the St. Nicholas about the patriotic things other children were doing, a brilliant thought came to me.

I took St. Nicholas to school and asked my teacher to please read that article to the room. She read it, and the whole room was enthused. We planned to go out into one of the orchards and pick up brush the following Saturday.

By the time the following Saturday came, many had decided they did n't want to go, but five girls and three boys, including myself and the teacher, went to work.

We worked very hard, and it seemed that we never would finish; but at last we did. We were all proud of our aching muscles and limbs and sunburned faces, because we were helping the soldiers. But the best of it was that we earned seven dollars, which we gave to the Red Cross. I live in a fruit valley, and all the boys and girls here help their parents through the fruit season. There is so much to do.

Our school has a school garden. We have had it for two years. It 's a great large place. It had lain vacant, with just sagebrush on it, for a long time. Our principal got it for us.

This year I raised a row of popcorn, sweet corn, carrots, and peas; and besides, we have one row of potatoes, which pays for expenses. So far I have earned ten dollars and twenty-three cents from it. But I have n't dug my carrots yet, and they will bring me something. With that money I have bought one War Saving Stamp, and I am going to buy another soon. I have already thirty-five dollars in War Saving Stamps.

Elizabeth Shephard.

Manila, P. I.

My dear St. Nicholas: I have always had a desire to write ever since I have been reading your interesting pages, but I could not find anything interesting to write about that was unlike the other letters I have read in The Letter-Box. But now I have found something which I think may be of interest to some of your readers.

Away out here on the Pacific Ocean, ten thousand miles from the United States, twelve of us young American girls between the ages of eleven and fifteen years have formed a society known as the "Flower Club."

The object of this club is to do our "bit" in relieving the suffering among the Belgian and French orphans. Up to the present time our little club has raised sufficient funds to support seven orphans for one year.

To raise the necessary money, each of the twelve girls of our club made up quantities of fancy work, such as knitting- and hand-bags, coat-hangers, pincushions, baby dresses, cushion tops, etc. When enough of these articles are accumulated, we hold a bazaar and sell the goods.

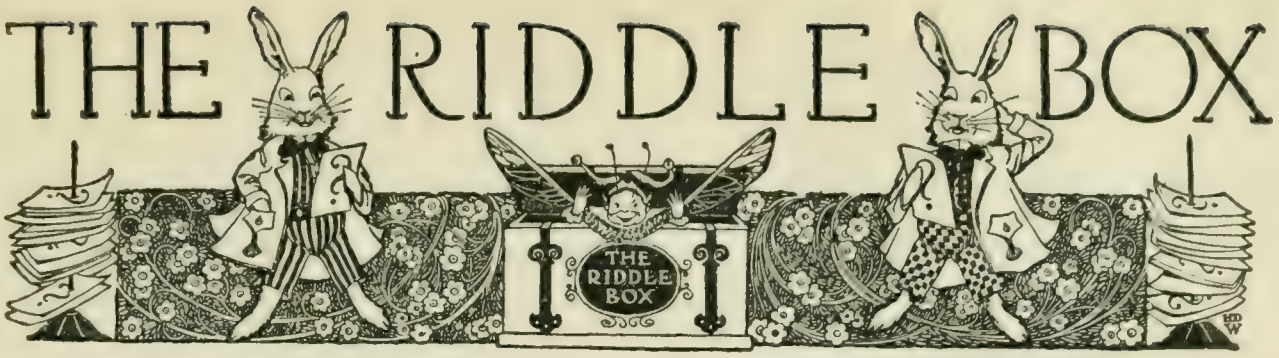
A short time before the bazaar is held, printed announcements are mailed to all the ladies of the Allied Nations residing in Manila; this announcement states our purpose.

Up to the present time we have held two bazaars; the profits of the first sale amounted to fifty dollars; our second bazaar proved a much greater success at which we realized a profit of two hundred and fifty dollars.

Dón't you think that we twelve girls, who are so many thousand miles away from our homeland, are doing our bit to win the war?

Very sincerely,
Lois Marion Thomas (age 14).

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

Patriotic Acrostic. Initials, Woodrow Wilson; fifth row, Robert Lansing. Cross-words: 1. Watering. 2. Orthodox. 3. Overbear. 4. Decrease. 5. Recorder. 6. Overtake. 7. Weakling. 8. Wayfarer. 9. Illinois. 10. Ladyship. 11. Sheridan. 12. Offender. 13. Navigate.

Word-Square. 1. Least. 2. Eager. 3. Agony. 4. Sends. 5. Tryst.

Double Diagonal. Marne, Ypres. Cross-words: 1. Murky. 2. Harpy. 3. Horde. 4. Penny. 5. Seine.

Cross-Word Enigma. Lincoln.

Famous English Writers. 1. Crabbe. 2. Hogg. 3. Hook. 4. Lamb. 5. Lemon. 6. Taylor. 7. Mill. 8. Lodge. 9. Porter. 10. Motley. 11. Locke. 12. Smith.

Novel Acrostic. Primals, Robert Louis Stevenson; third row, "Child's Garden of Verses." Cross-words: 1. Riches. 2. Others. 3. Briton. 4. Enlist. 5. Riders. 6. Tester. 7. Legacy. 8. Orator. 9. Unreal. 10. Indict. 11. Sledge. 12. Sunday. 13. Trophy. 14. Effigy. 15. Vivify. 16. Events. 17. Nereid. 18. Sussex. 19. Omelet. 20. Nestle.

Primal Acrostic and Zigzag. Primals, Geoffrey Chaucer; zigzag, Canterbury Tales. Cross-words: 1. Graces. 2. Erases. 3. Orange. 4. Fathom. 5. Forest. 6. Rarity. 7. Edible. 8. Youths. 9. Cherry. 10. Hoyden. 11. Abates. 12. Usages. 13. Cellar. 14. Emerge. 15. Reason.

Word-Subtractions. Patriotism. 1. Car-pet. 2. Pot-ash. 3. Kit-ten. 4. Fur-row. 5. Dig-its. 6. Dug-out. 7. Mar-tin. 8. Not-ice. 9. Jet-sam. 10. Bow-men.

Metamorphoses. 1. Eye, dye, die, did, lid. 2. Ape, are, ere, err, ear, mar, man. 3. Pig, pit, sit, sat, say, sty. 4. Tea, sea, set, sot, hot. 5. Poor, boor, book, rook, rock, rick, rich. 6. Cain, chin, shin, spin, spun, spud, sped, aped, abed, Abel. 7. Blue, flue, floe, flog, flag, flat, feat, peat, pent, pint, pink.

Overlapping Squares and Diamonds. I. 1. L. 2. Bad. 3. Label. 4. Del. 5. L. II. 1. L. 2. Mad. 3. Lapel. 4. Del. 5. L. III. 1. Made. 2. Abel. 3. Desk. 4. Elks. IV. 1. Elks. 2. Luna. 3. Knag. 4. Saga. V. 1. Elks. 2. Luna. 3. Knag. 4. Saga. VI. 1. Saga. 2. Afar. 3. Game. 4. Area. VII. 1. G. 2. Gar. 3. Gales. 4. Red. 5. S. VIII. 1. G. 2. Gar. 3. Gavel. 4. Rep. 5. L.

To Our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full* (following the plan of those printed above) which *must be endorsed* as wholly the work of the sender.

Answers to all Puzzles in the December Number were received within the time limit, from Robert S. McNaugher—Elinor A. Levi—Dorothy Jordan—Elinor Robinson—Florence S. Carter—"Allil and Adi"—William P. Graves.

Answers to Puzzles in the December Number were received, within the time limit, from Margaret Noyes, 9—Edith C. McCullough, 9—Florence English, 9—Helen B. Gilman, 9—Robert V. Beals, 8—Margaret Schueller, 7—Beatrice Underwood, 7—Ruth Hills, 5—John M. Pope, 4—Phœbe Smith, 3—Morton Milsner, 3—St. Anna's Girls, 2—"Two Puzzlers," 2—V. R. Levine, 1—F. Horowitz, 1—H. Dickerman, 1—M. Kimball, 1—M. F. Temple, 1—E. Emerson, 1—R. Killoch, 1—H. M. Boudinot, 1—V. Daniel, 1—F. B. Poe, Jr., 1. Delayed November answers, Florence English, 12—Alice Poulin, 11—Dorothy De Crof, 9—Irma L. Seeger, 1.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in the following words so as to make four new words which will form a four-letter word-square.

NODS, HIVE, ANNA, DOVE

KATE HOLLISTER (age 15), *League Member.*

DIAMOND

```
          1
        . . .
      . . . . .
    . . . . . . .
      . . . . .
        . . .
          2
```

Reading across: 1. In studied. 2. A number. 3. Enchantment. 4. A country. 5. A machine for raising and lowering heavy objects. 6. A common insect. 7. In studied. Centrals, from 1 to 2, a country.

K. H. HARRISON (age 12), *League Member.*

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the primals will spell the surname of a famous statesman; another row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous general.

Cross-words: 1. To chatter. 2. Excessive thought of self. 3. A plant that bears aromatic seeds. 4. Relish. 5. Realm. 6. Motive. 7. A narrow passageway connecting two large bodies of water. 8. To surpass in cunning. 9. A pointed steel instrument.

WILLIAM PENN (age 11), *League Member.*

PI

Won era het swind batou su ni heirt leeg,
Singsto eht senderl etre;
Girlwhin het dsans botau sih frousui cra,
Charm thomec form fara;
Kreabs het dealse gimca fo dol swinret drasme,
Dan derns shi sylgas tresams;
Hagfinc twih pentot rais, eh lyrefice steak
Hetir stetref romf het skale,
Dan twih a werop yb queleny Spirng piledsup,
Swanek het bringslume diet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals form a Christian name, and my finals form an island always associated with that name.

Cross-words: 1. The surname of a Corsican patriot and general. 2. A river of Siberia. 3. An Indian wigwam. 4. To drive back. 5. A country of Asia. 6. Unsullied. 7. To work and press into a mass, with the hands.

VIRGINIA SARGENT (age 9),
League Member.

ILLUSTRATED REMAINDERS



Twelve objects are shown in the above picture. The same letter of the alphabet may be prefixed to the name of each object, thus forming twelve new words. What are the twelve objects, and which letter may be added?

BROKEN WORDS

The names of seven different butterflies have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, the names will appear:

bage, mon, tail, red, swal, ed, al, tail, lady, ad, low, arch, cab, swal, black, low, paint, vice, mir, roy, tiger.

CATHERINE SWEENEY (age 11),
League Member.

A QUEER KETTLE OF FISH

Example: What fish is often found on hillside pastures? Answer: Cowfish.

1. What fish is of dazzling brightness?
2. What fish is the bottom of the foot?
3. What fish is used in fencing?
4. What fish is a carpenter's tool?
5. What fish is found in a birdcage?
6. What fish is a precious metal?
7. What fish is a monarch?
8. What fish is an old-fashioned weapon with a pointed steel head?
9. What fish is an aviator?
10. What fish is the faithful friend of man?
11. What fish can purr?
12. What fish is a masculine nickname?

ARTHUR D. LIONBERGER (age 15),
League Member.

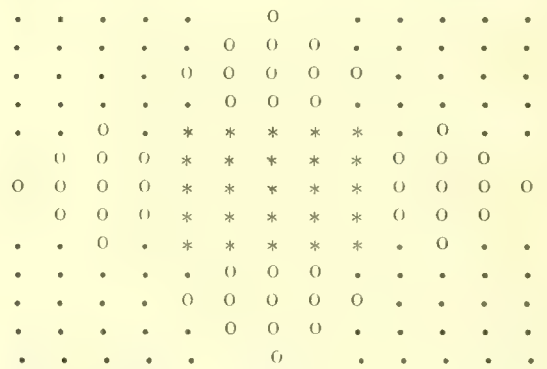
DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of an English possession.

Cross-words: 1. A city of Maryland. 2. A republic of Central America. 3. A city of Tennessee. 4. A city of the Netherlands. 5. An English seaport. 6. A river which forms part of the boundary of the United States. 7. A holy city. 8. A country of Africa, part of ancient Ethopia. 9. The "Silver Republic."

ANKER WINTHER (age 12), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS



I. Upper left-hand square: 1. A pig-like animal. 2. Solitary. 3. Rods. 4. Sluggish. 5. Reposes.

II. Upper diamond: 1. In rest. 2. A mineral spring. 3. A small plug. 4. A beverage. 5. In rest.

III. Upper right-hand square: 1. The top of a wave. 2. A governor. 3. To avoid slyly. 4. A portable chair. 5. Inclination in a particular direction.

IV. Left-hand diamond: 1. In rest. 2. To regret. 3. A city of Bolivia. 4. A sea eagle. 5. In rest.

V. Central square: 1. Exhausted. 2. Cleaner. 3. To obliterate. 4. Snug retreats. 5. A lock of hair.

VI. Right-hand diamond: 1. In rest. 2. Epoch 3. To wear away. 4. Fuss. 5. In rest.

VII. Lower left-hand square: 1. Vigilant. 2. An embankment. 3. To shun. 4. A projection in a wall. 5. Years of one's life from thirteen to nineteen.

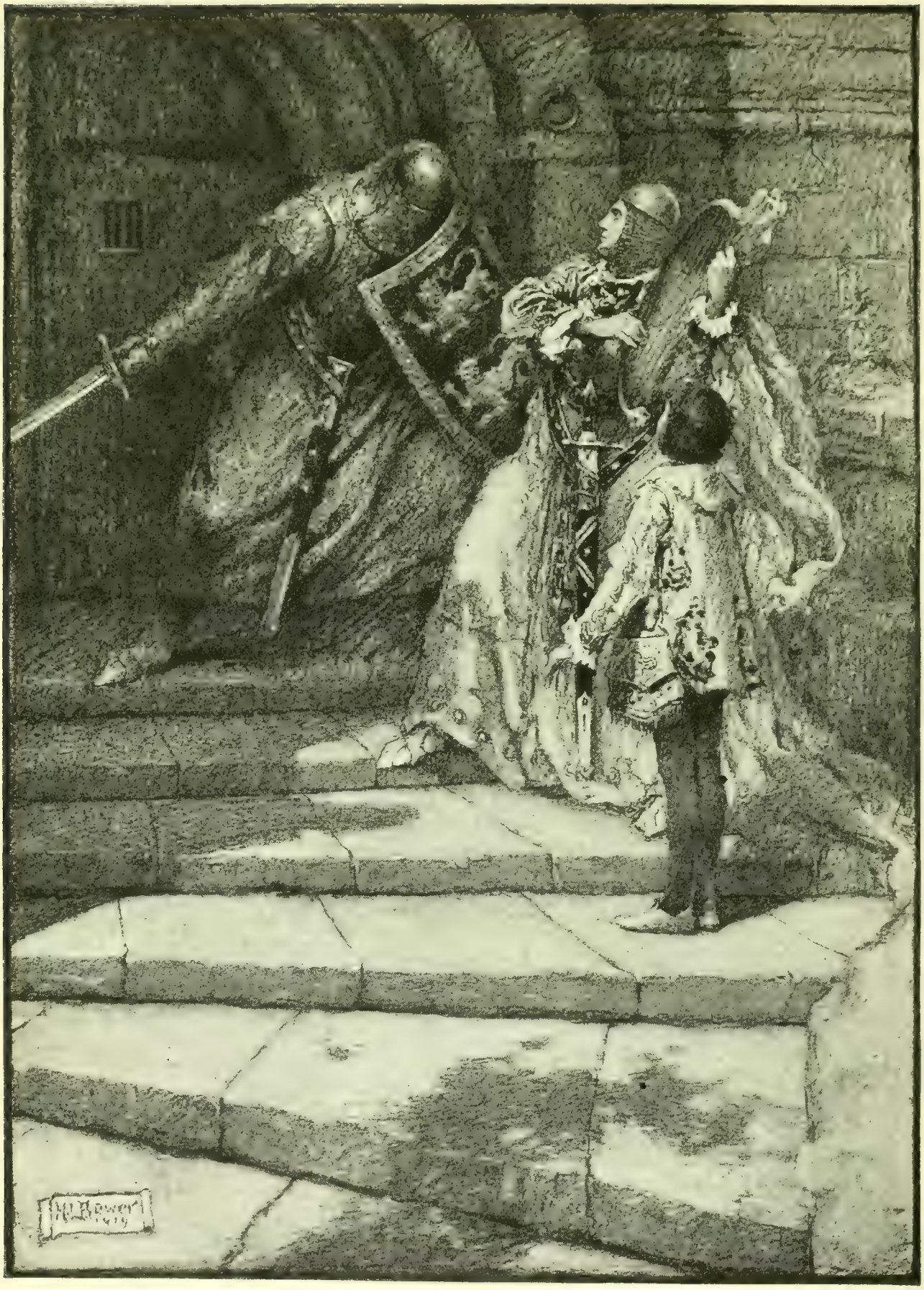
VIII. Lower diamond: 1. In rest. 2. The end of the day. 3. To summon forth. 4. To increase. 5. In rest.

IX. Lower right-hand square: 1. To refine. 2. A hand to hand conflict. 3. A young eel. 4. A city of England. 5. Elegantly concise.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 16),
Honor Member.

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"The Bard struck a single shivering chord and the giant warrior came"

[illegible]

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI APRIL, 1919 No. 6

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The Adventure of the Knight of the Radiant Brow

by Clara Platt Meadowcroft

"THE WONDERING BOY" SECOND BALLAD

THE ivory gates of sleep closed fast as the Wondering Boy slipped through;
And there, in front of his dreaming eyes, a palace of glory grew;
Upbuilded fair of the gold of moons, with an ivory-columned hall,
Where golden seats in a circle ranged round the paneled and pictured wall.

Therein sat damsels dolorously, with their blond and braided hair,
With eyes like the dark of the violets, and wept in a dull despair:
Tissue of gold, their mantles hung o'er shimmering robes of white
And girdles clasped with the sapphire stone—not the moon-gold shone more bright.

The Wondering Boy would have passed within, to learn their cause of woe;
But just as he reached the portal's arch, out sprang the hidden foe.
Huge he loomed in the doorway there, in a mighty coat of mail;
In a helmet close his face was hid, and the stoutest heart might fail.



"'ALL TIMES AND PLACES ARE KNOWN TO ME'"

On he came toward the Wondering Boy, when—the ivory gate swung wide,
The dream and the dream-folk fled away, and the Boy was alone outside.
"Now where may the Land of Moon-Gold lie, where maidens weep in vain?
And who is the valiant Knight will seek with me for that land again?"

Then over the hills he came, the Knight, and the green of spring he wore,
With violets wreathing his radiant brow, and a harp in his hand he bore:
"Like the wind I wander the hills of earth or follow the moon-gold's gleam
Through the ivory gates that let me pass to wander the hills of dream.

"All times and places are known to me, all paths wherein men go;
I know the heart of a mighty king, and the heart of a forest doe.
Taliesin, I, the Chief of Bards in the High King's court of old;
And I am the fearless Knight will seek with you for that land of gold."

Under the silver arch of dawn they danced to the singing lyre;
Danced till the night upraised again her columns of frosted fire.
Bright-rippled waters they crossed in search, and dark-plumed forests high;
And at last the spires of Moon-Gold gleamed like clustered spears in the sky.

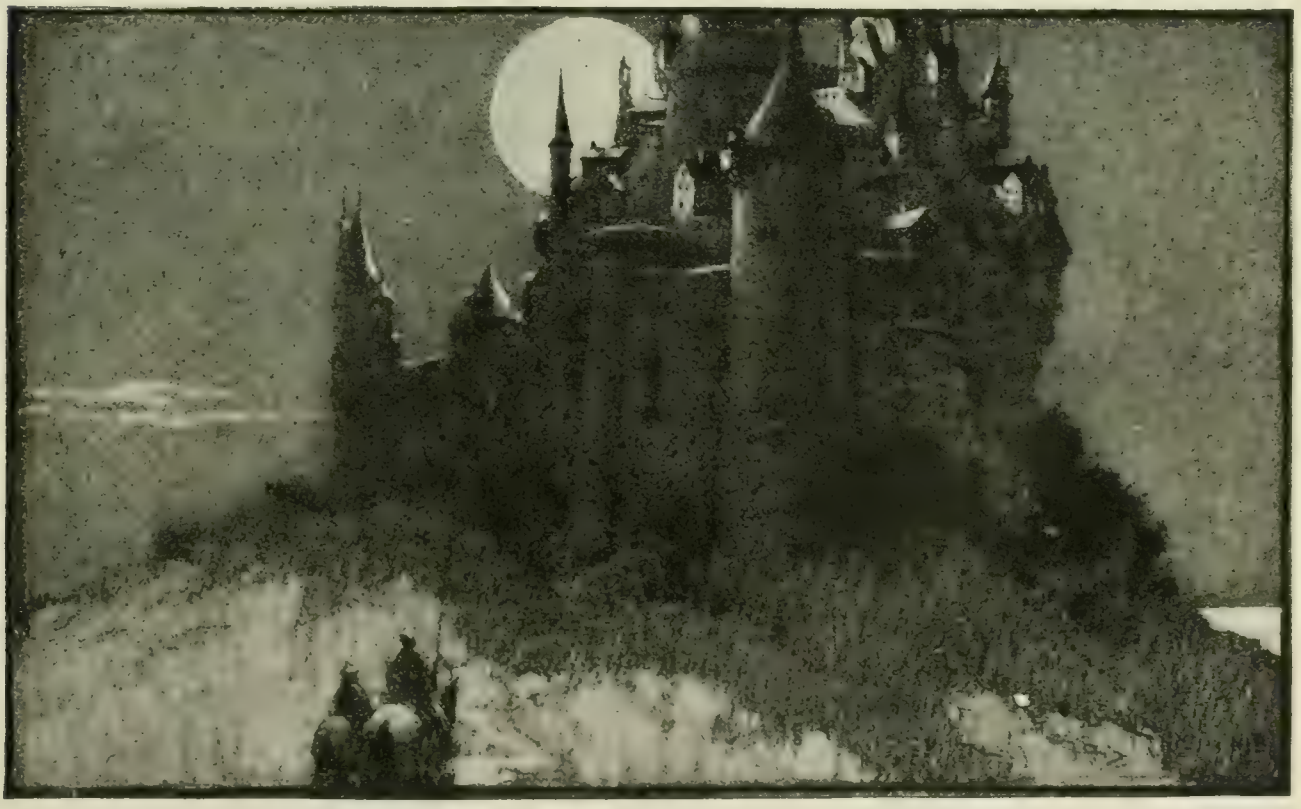
The Bard struck a single shivering chord, and the giant warrior came.
"Now who is this youth with his silver strings comes hither to mock my fame?
I rule this realm by the fears of men; these damsels vainly kneel
For fathers and brothers and stripling lads who are bound in my bonds of steel."

On he came as he came before, in the Boy's remembered dream;
Then the Knight and his harp together laughed, like the ripple of wind and stream:
"With casque and buckler and sword and lance, how think you to cast a spell
On a Singer who serves no master, none, save the harp that he loves so well?"

He struck a chord. With a steely clang fell the long lance, shattering.
Again! and the sword dropped straightwise down, as if from a lifeless thing.
He swept the strings! the casque came off, the buckler fell to the ground;
And lo, there was never a thing inside but a hollow and rumbling sound!

Up rose those damsels blithesomely, with waving milk-white hands,
And out from tower and dungeon-cell they led the captive bands.
There was clang and ring as the bonds were burst and thrown in a heap aside,
And the men of the Moon-Gold stood erect in the strength of their ancient pride.

The Knight and the Wondering Boy heard far the sound of their dancing feet;
Saw the spires of Moon-Gold fill the sky, like a fair field tall with wheat;
Then hastened on down the shining road, for the hour was growing late,
And stopped at last, where all journeys end, at the goal of the Ivory Gate.



A STORY OF THE VALLEY

By JOE MILLS

BILLY sat upon the tiptop of the big crag which jutted out from the main range into the little valley. The sun had just dropped behind the divide of snow-capped mountains, leaving trails of color on the sunset clouds. But Billy was not seeing the glowing sunset, though he looked directly at it. He put out his hand without turning his head and cuddled closer to him what seemed from the ranch house below to be but a tiny speck. And Buster snuggled up, dumbly, trying to sooth his young master—licking his hands, whining eagerly into his face.

"Buster," said Billy, in a voice low and strangely husky, "what 'd you do if you was me?"

Buster turned his head sidewise and peered inquisitively into Billy's face, whined, and waited. Billy tucked the dog's head under his arm and pressed it tightly against his body. He continued gazing vacantly across the valley toward where the colors had faded from the sunset clouds.

It was not until the dog stirred uneasily beneath the tight embrace that Billy again resumed his inquiry. "You see, Buster, you 're all I 've got that 's my very own, and that 's what makes it so hard!" Buster freed himself from the smothering grasp and looked at his master inquiringly. Billy leaned down suddenly, and, taking the dog's head between his hands, looked long into his big, frank, almost human, eyes. "I hate to do it, Buster—I 'd rather go away myself, only I can't do any good 'cause it 's you they want." They remained motionless and silent for a long moment, then Billy continued: "You know, Buster, the doctor came up yesterday to see old man Boody, who got hurt so awful at the sawmill; and he says that unless they can take him to the city right away, that he can't get well."

Buster did not quite understand this explanation and said so frankly, with a bark filled with uneasiness.

Billy's small frame shook, and he turned his face away that the dog might not see. This time he sat so long in silence that the dog shifted impatiently and edged nearer. "What do you say about it?" suddenly demanded Billy, bending low until his face touched the upturned muzzle of the dog. Buster gave an eager whine and tugged at his master's sleeve. "Do you really mean that you want to go?" Billy asked in astonishment The dog continued tugging away at the sleeve until his master arose and began the descent toward home.

In silence they went down into the deepening gloom. When they had gained the open, where a low log-cabin showed darkly among the shadows of the clearing, the boy knelt down and laid his head against the dog's "You know now it ain't for me, Buster, that you 're going away—I would n't let you do it for me—but it 's for old man Boody, so 's he can get well and come back to his folks again. They can't get along without him, you know; but we—we—" He buried his face in the dog's shaggy coat and tried to control his convulsing body. "You know the doctor-man who wanted you last summer left fifty dollars with Barkley, down at the post-office, and said I could have it any time for you." At this he flung himself prostrate upon the ground, and the dog squatted beside him and placed one fore paw sympathetically upon the boy's arm.

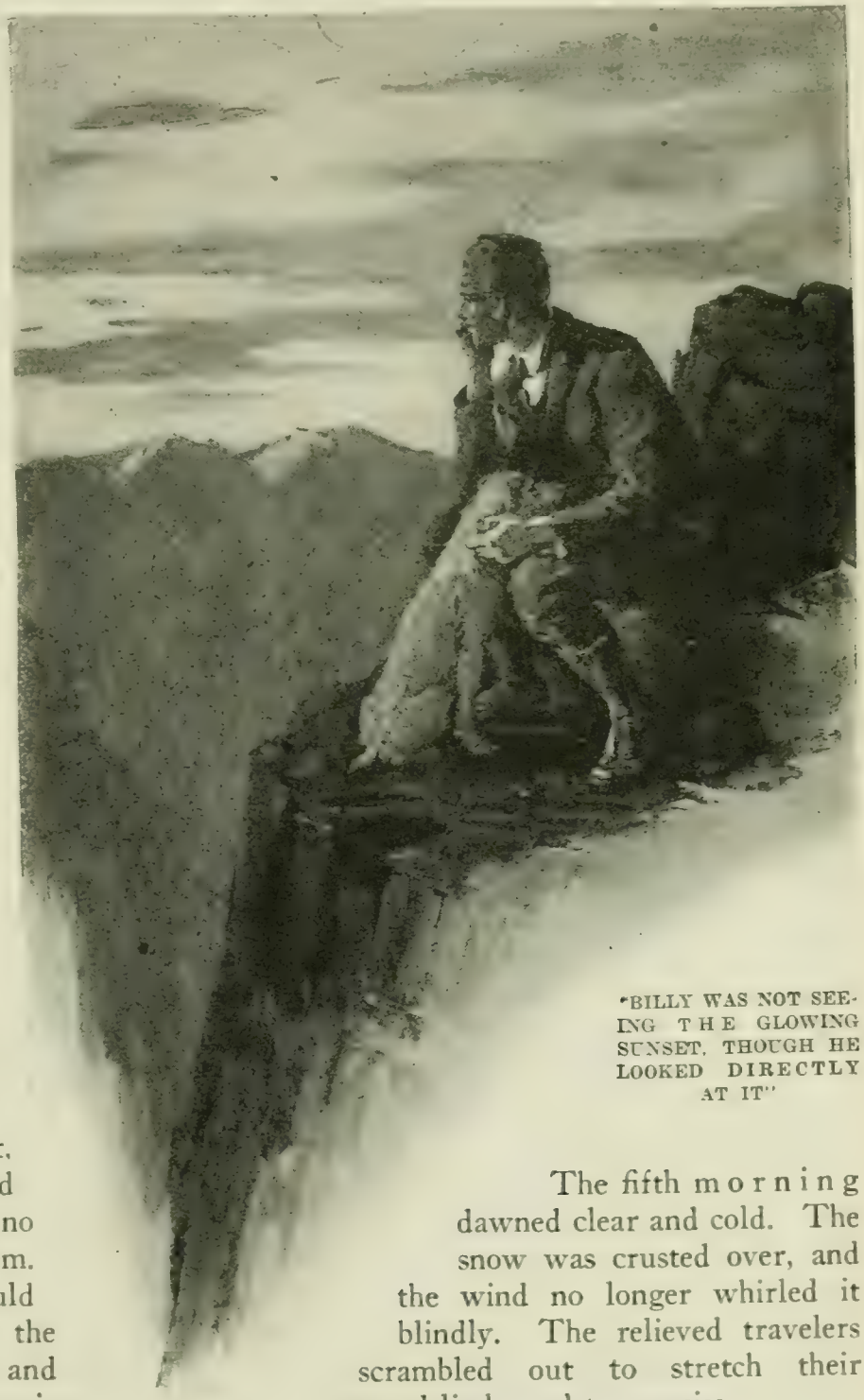
From across the clearing came the voice of Billy's mother, rousing him from his grief. He gathered the dog into his arms and stumbled toward the cabin across the clearing, where a bright square of light cut the darkness; the lamp was in the window to summon and to guide him home. Stopping just beyond the square of light, Billy bent his head and said softly, "Buster, fifty dollars is an awful lot of money, but maybe sometime—sometime—" but his voice broke, and with utter abandon he rushed into the cabin and flung himself

upon his bed. His mother knelt beside him, soothing away his troubles, and the little dog edged nearer to lick an idle hand. It was far into the night when he fell into a troubled sleep.

It was three months after Billy and Buster parted that the big snow-storm came. The snow had streamed down softly and silently all night. The passenger-train that had been stalled the evening before now lay half hidden in the cut, where the coaches were but a low, white-capped line of barges in the snow.

The snow continued falling, and toward night there came a roaring wind which whirled it in great gusts, filling every depression and banking solidly against every obstruction. For three days the passengers remained imprisoned in the coaches. The snow had abated somewhat, but, so long as the wind continued, there was no hope of help reaching them. The big snow-plow could not eat its way through the heavy drifts for days, and they were as completely isolated as they would have been in mid-ocean.

Morning of the fourth day found the passengers alarmed. Their food-supplies were almost exhausted, and their fuel, too, was all but gone. The men took turns, and by hard work they broke a trail through the deep snow to a grove of fire-killed pine-trees where they cut wood, which was carried to the train for fuel. They managed to keep two coaches comfortable in this way, and all the passengers from the others crowded into these.



"BILLY WAS NOT SEEING THE GLOWING SUNSET, THOUGH HE LOOKED DIRECTLY AT IT"

The fifth morning dawned clear and cold. The snow was crusted over, and the wind no longer whirled it blindly. The relieved travelers scrambled out to stretch their cramped limbs and to exercise.

The private car of Dr. James Horton was attached to the rear of the stalled train, and when the doctor opened his door and stepped out upon the platform the snow was just level with his eyes. He scrambled to the top of the bank and looked about at the white blanket which covered the mountains as far as he could see, then made his way toward where a group of passengers had started a fire in

the grove and were heaping on fuel to make a leaping bonfire.

Behind the doctor there was an eager yip-yapping, and over the snow came the flying figure of a shaggy little dog. Scampering over the snow in eager bounds came Buster, frisking about his new master and nipping at his heels. He raced away, circled, and came back again. The doctor made several attempts to catch the tantalizing little rogue and romped with him until they neared the bonfire.

Gathered about the fire were many of the passengers discussing their dilemma. The doctor joined in and paid no further attention to the dog. Buster investigated some interesting holes in a ledge of rock, and then made his way to a little knoll. He stood for a moment sniffing at the air, as though trying to locate some elusive smell. After swinging half around, like a compass, he stopped with his nose pointing due north toward a low pass. For several minutes he remained motionless, watching, as though he expected something interesting to appear in the pass.

"What do you suppose that dog sees?" asked one of the passengers, who caught a glimpse of Buster posed on top the knoll. Several turned their faces toward the dog and made guesses at what he was waiting for. However, they did not seem seriously concerned about him, and soon turned back to the fire and renewed their conversation.

The doctor heard the remark and at once left the group in order to investigate the thing that was attracting Buster's undivided attention. He made his way slowly to where the dog sat silently watching. "What is it, Buster?" he asked. The dog whined and fidgeted without looking around. When his master repeated the question the dog moved uneasily, but still watched the pass. The doctor stooped and followed the dog's line of sight up the mountain, but saw nothing. Then he straightened up and watched the dog intently for a time. Suddenly he commanded, "Go fetch 'em, Buster!" The dog obeyed the low command instantly and scrambled rapidly up the slope toward the pass. At the top he paused and looked down at his master. At the second command, "Fetch 'em!" he turned quickly and disappeared over the crest of the ridge forming the pass.

After waiting several minutes for the dog to return, the doctor gave a long whistle, waited, and then whistled again. No dog appeared, and the doctor repeated his whistles in vain. When Buster did not come after repeated callings, the doctor began climbing upward toward the pass. He was puzzled at the strange behavior of his pet and was determined to solve the mystery of his actions.

When he had gained the pass the doctor discovered that it separated the valley where the train lay stalled from another valley stretching away to the northward. He climbed to a jutting point of rock and looked down into the new valley. Far below he saw Buster moving rapidly down the narrow little valley. A clump of trees hid the moving object for a time; then it reappeared, finally turned a point of rocks, and was gone.

Dr. Horton was really anxious now, so he slid quickly down from his perch and started rapidly down the valley in pursuit of the dog that had gone to do his bidding. Never before had Buster left him or made any attempt to run away. He hurried along, following the open stretches of the little valley and revolving in his mind the mysterious actions of the dog.

As he neared the point around which the dog had disappeared, the doctor heard a strange medley of sounds. At first he thought Buster was in trouble and fighting for his life. Soon he detected other sounds mingled with the dog's yippings, and none of the sounds or barks carried any notes of distress. It was a most confused mixture of grunts, barks, growls, and cries that greeted his ears. Rounding the point suddenly, the doctor came upon the reason for the strange sounds he heard. Rolling upon the snow in a rough-and-tumble tussle were Billy and Buster.

At the sudden appearance of the doctor they stopped their tussle and lay quiet for a moment, recovering their breath, "Hello,



"BILLY SAT UP IN SURPRISE AND RETURNED A BREATHLESS, 'HELLO, DOCTOR HORTON'"

Billy," greeted the doctor, as he advanced. Billy sat up in surprise and returned a breathless, "Hello, Doctor Horton; where 'd you come from?" Then Buster gave a vigorous tug at Billy's coat, and they renewed their battle, rolling over and over

on the snow. The doctor stood quietly watching them, with a smile of understanding lighting up his face.

When the two had exhausted their breath and stopped again to rest, the doctor said, "Where did you come from, Billy?"

"Me?" was Billy's surprised answer; "I did n't come at all. It was Buster that did the coming."

For the first time since he had rounded the point the doctor now looked beyond the boy and dog and recognized the low cabin in the clearing. Then he understood. He had dropped in upon the scenes of his summer's vacation from a different direction, and had not noticed any familiar objects until he saw the cabin.

Billy's mother welcomed them at the door. She served the doctor with hot coffee and food, while he told her of the snow-bound train. Billy listened eagerly to the account of the block, the hungry passengers, and how Buster had obeyed the command to "Go fetch 'em!" "We 'll take them something right away," said Billy eagerly, when the doctor had finished his tale. And a minute later Billy appeared dragging his sled, with the little prancing dog tugging away at the end of the rope.

The loading of the sled began. Billy and his mother generously offered all their store of winter supplies, but Dr. Horton would take only such things as were most needed by the passengers, and he was careful to leave a store for Billy and his mother. He assured them that the first incoming train after the blockade would bring them more supplies in return for their generous offering.

With the sled piled high with many provisions, they made all secure with a rope; then the three of them set out to pull it up the long slope of the valley to the pass. They made a strange procession. Dancing ahead, with many eager barks and extra tugs, was Buster, with the end of the rope tied in his collar. Behind him came Billy with the rope over his shoulder, head bent low, and pulling steadily. Next to the sled was the doctor, who had a separate line to the sled, and his pulling matched that of the boy's and the dog's combined efforts. Thus they proceeded, tandem style, the eager dog wasting effort in his haste and excitement. They were forced to stop often to rest. At such times they dropped upon the snow and relaxed. Whenever a rest was called, Buster would sit beside Billy and look down into his face with a pleased expression, and always with one fore paw resting lightly upon an outstretched arm.

It was mid-afternoon before they at last reached the pass and looked down upon the helpless train. They rested for the last time, and then descended quickly to where an eager group stood watching their approach. The arrival of the strange outfit called forth all the passengers, who crowded about, eager to hear how relief had come to them and to have a glimpse of Billy and the wonderful little dog.

Billy was made comfortable in the private car of Dr. Horton. It was the first train he had ever boarded. Beside him upon the deep, soft cushion of the seat lay Buster, sleeping peacefully, with his head pillowed upon Billy's knee.

It was the announcement that supper was ready that caused a hasty scramble for seats in the dining-car, and also roused Billy from his talk with the doctor. He declined the urgent invitation to have supper before starting homeward. He knew that his mother would be waiting supper for him at home, and so was in haste to be on his way.

Again the three of them started for the pass. This time they had only the empty sled to pull. They climbed silently to the pass, where they paused and looked down upon the buried train with its tiny row of lights just peeping out and the tops of the cars making a line of low-lying barges in the snow For a long time neither of them spoke. It was Buster tugging at Billy's trouser-leg that finally caused them to stir.

"No, Buster, you can't go!" said Billy, as he stooped and gently loosened the dog's teeth and tried hard to control his feelings. With a tremendous effort he mas-

tered them and straightened up. Turning to the doctor, he put out his hand.

The doctor grasped it, and they parted in silence. Billy made his way quickly down the slope without turning his head. He was not ashamed of the tears he could not keep back—only he did not wish the doctor to see them, and think him a baby about his dog.

Buster squatted upon the snow, and pointing his sharp muzzle upward, gave a long, mournful howl. Billy stopped short. The dog's appeal had reached his heart. For a moment he forgot about the doctor and faced around. He wanted to snatch up his shaggy friend and run. The dog was watching him intently.

"Billy," came the husky voice of the doctor, "have n't you forgotten something?"

Billy patted his pockets. "N-n-o-o, I guess not," he answered, trying to speak cheerfully, and starting again into the welcoming dusk.

"Billy," and the word came like a command, "you have forgotten your dog." Billy gasped, but could say nothing. "And say, Billy, the first train up will bring some supplies for you."

But Billy was not thinking of supplies. He had dropped to his knees and held out his hands.

With an eager bark, Buster leaped down the slope into his young master's waiting arms and was hugged breathless against a throbbing heart.

The doctor stood alone in the pass and watched them as they entered the deeper shadows in the little valley. Soon they were lost to view. For a long time he remained standing silently there alone. From the depths below him came the sharp barking of a dog. Slowly the doctor faced about and looked at the twinkling lights of the train. Then, with a final pause, he looked once more into the gathering shadows of the little valley, sighed, and started slowly toward the train.



SUSIE RAINBOW

By ELISABETH DIMICK

I KNOW a little Indian maid,
She 's very quaint and dear.
Her name is Susie Rainbow.
Now, does n't that sound queer?

She 's teaching me some Indian words,
And laughs so when I speak.
But guess her favorite "story-book"!
My dears, it is "SANT NEEK!"

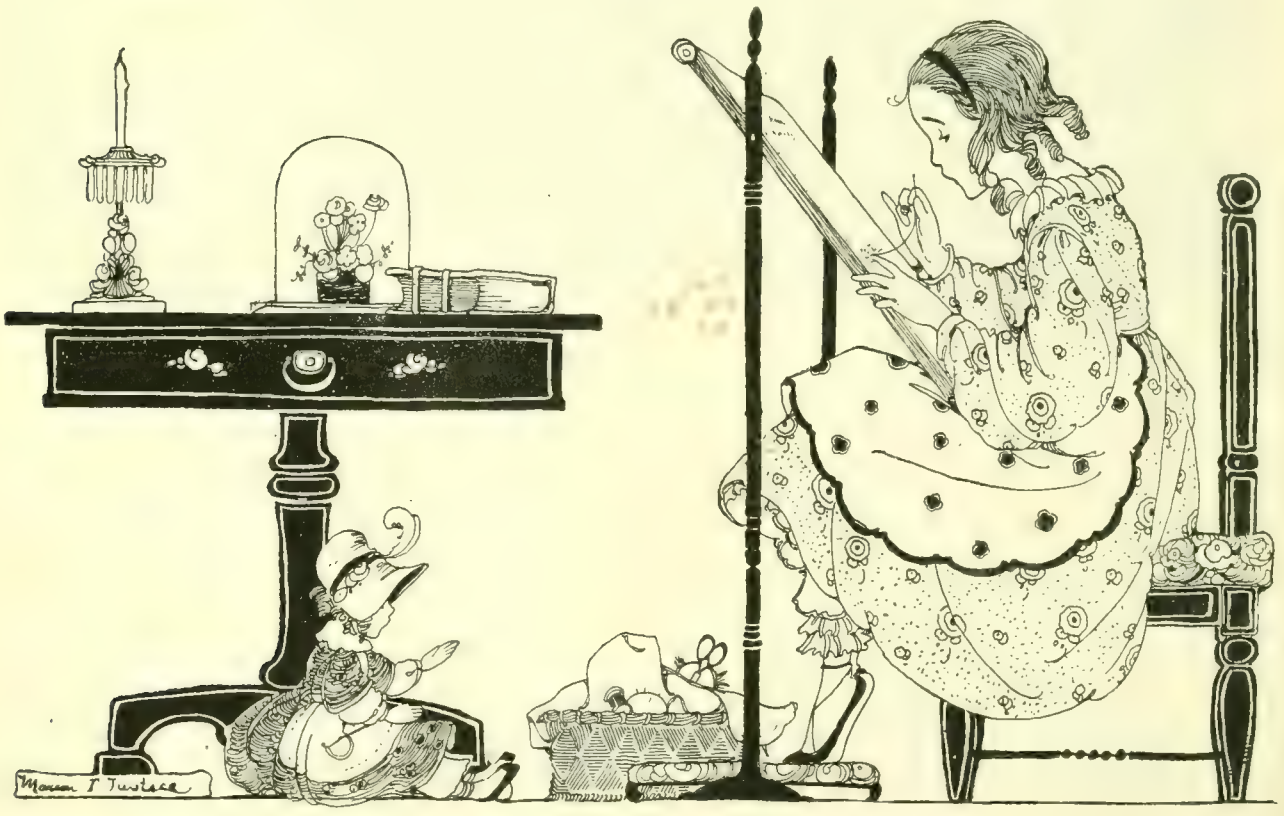


LITTLE LOUISE

By Eleanore Myers Jewett

I 'VE a sampler worked by Great-great-aunt Louise;
It 's framed and hangs by my bed.
There 's a cross-stitch picture of stiff green trees
And the Lord's Prayer, done in red;
Then the Fifth Commandment (the one I love,
About honoring Father and Mother),
And a fancy alphabet worked above,
And then, over that, another.
And in faded silken letters of gold,
As fine and neat as you please,
Are the date and the words, "At nine years old,
Wrought by little Louise."

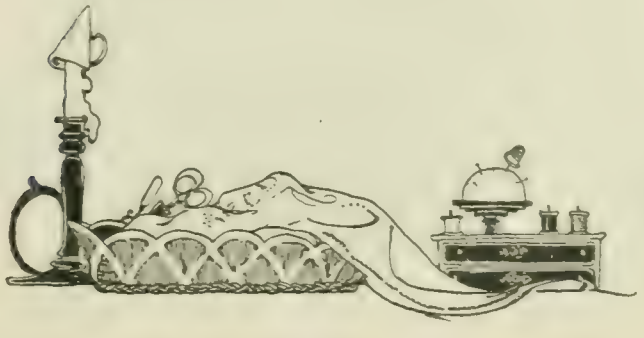
Little Louise! poor little Louise!
Two years younger than I,
Yet if I had to sew such things as these,
I think I should almost die!
I 'm sure she was dreadfully prim and good,
And sat with her hands just *so*,

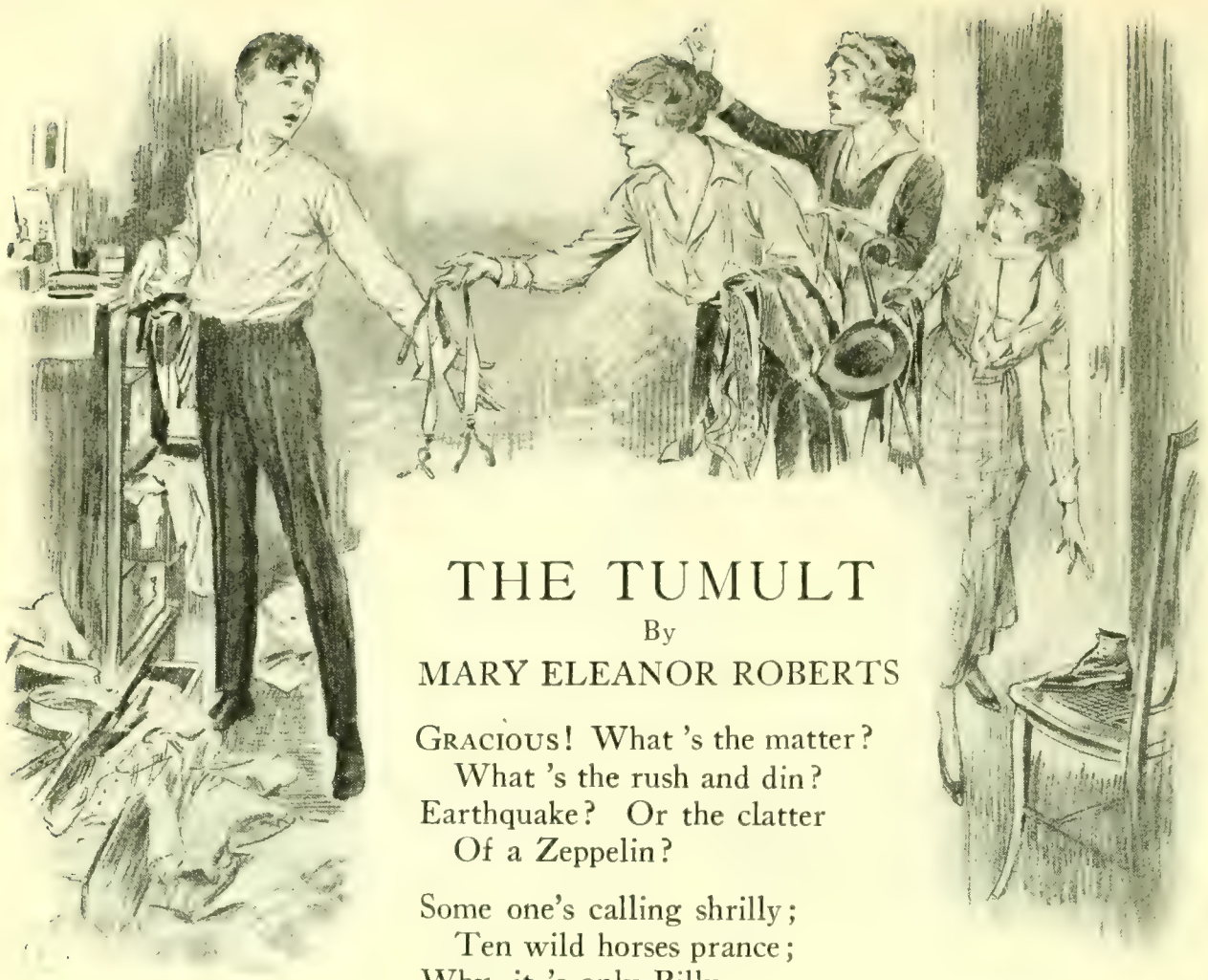




With her hair slicked down on her head like wood,
Or stiff curls all in a row.
She never would giggle or romp or play,
Or ever be naughty or tease,
But just sew patiently day by day—
"Wrought by little Louise."

Then Great-grandmother told me of little Louise,
And what do you think she said?
"My dear, that child was the greatest tease,
And her hair was fluffy and red!
She hated to sew, and pouted and cried
Before that sampler was made;
And when it was done, she ran outside
And shouted and romped and played!"
To think that a little girl just like me
Worked all those letters and trees!
That sampler 's precious as it can be—
"Wrought by little Louise."





THE TUMULT

By

MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

Gracious! What 's the matter?
What 's the rush and din?
Earthquake? Or the clatter
Of a Zeppelin?

Some one's calling shrilly;
Ten wild horses prance;
Why, it 's only Billy
Dressing for a dance.

All the household sorrows,
Hunting low and high;
Father's vest he borrows,
Alexander's tie.

Everybody renders
Frantic service, too;
Find him his suspenders!
Where 's his other shoe?

Faint, my dear! How silly!
That 's your ignorance.
You 're not used to Billy
Dressing for a dance.
'T is a business weighty
Till his clothes are on.

Fix the room up, Katy,
Mr. William 's gone!



THE REPORT OF THE U-16

By ALON BEMENT

Professor of Fine Arts, Columbia University, and Camoufleur of U. S. Shipping-Board.

THE U-16 and the U-21 since nine that morning had cruised slowly about in the clear bright sunshine of the north Atlantic. The water-tight hatches had been opened, and the crew had come on deck, and sat about in groups laughing and smoking, while the pure, sweet air seeped in and lightened the damp, heavy atmosphere from which they had come.

Three hours of rest they had had, and comfort and air. It was ten minutes past twelve, and the faint smell of cooking was just coming to them from below, when the U-21 signaled an enemy ship. It was but a faint smudge far down on the western horizon, but instantly there was activity on all sides. The crews hurried below, the hatches were closed, the engines stopped, and the two boats lay passive and quiet in the gentle roll of the sea, like sleeping beasts, while the tiny smudge on the horizon grew larger.

In the conning-tower of each submarine was an officer watching through powerful marine-glasses. On came the unsuspecting ship; and as it now became apparent, from observations taken, that it would pass to the north of them, the U-boats started their engines and moved slowly over to intercept it. Twenty minutes passed, when the U-21 signaled that it was no longer safe to remain on the surface. Slowly the giant U-boats settled, nosing their way beneath the waves until only a few feet of their nickel-plated periscopes remained above the sea.

Now that they were under water, the observer began to make further calculations; but it was not so easy, as the wind had freshened in the last half-hour and the sea was getting rough. The U-boat began to roll heavily, as all submarines do near the surface, and, while the field of the periscope is larger than the field of the ordinary marine-glass, it is still no easy matter to keep it focused on a far-away ship with the roll and pitch that accompanies a heavy sea. To make matters more difficult, cross seas began cutting in between the ship and the observer, finally reducing his periods of vision to eight seconds each, while the intervals between were lengthened to twenty or twenty-five seconds. The periscope was extended to its entire length, but even that did not make conditions much better, because the higher it went, the more it swung from side to side.

The observer on the U-16 was not particularly disturbed, however, as the eyesight of the submarine is none too good at best. He therefore continued his observations, with only mild anxiety showing in his face. But after a few moments of rapid calculation his anxiety increased, and, hastily calling his commander to his side, he explained that while his first two observations made on the surface had shown the ship headed exactly east, his last one, through the periscope, proclaimed her going well to the north of that.

The commander took his place at the dial. He had seen many ships that had been camouflaged, and had laughed at the ineffectual attempts of the enemy to reduce their visibility by painting them in battle-ship gray, blended with other delicate colors. This ship presented no such effort at low visibility, however. Here was something quite different! Instead of being difficult to see, she was, in a way, advertised. She seemed to be painted in great stripes of black and in irregular masses of white and blue of such brilliant color that she fairly shone in the sun. He could see her better than if she had not been painted at all.

When the commander saw this he grunted in surprise and disgust.

"Bah, it 's not camouflage—it 's an advertisement! What fools to think that would deceive any one! So like those stupid English pigs!" And turning on his observer, he shouted, "And you are a fool, too; yes, a child!"

He turned to the dial and made a swift calculation. It showed the ship's course even a bit farther north than his observer had reported.

"Yes, you are a fool!" he laughed again; "you are afraid even when you are right." Then he went on more earnestly, "But you must be more careful, as it is evident that your first calculations were wrong." He looked again. "Yes, you see the U-21 is more accurate; they are going north." And with a final grunt, he went forward to see if the torpedoes were in readiness.

The observer's mind was not at rest when he took over the periscope, neither did his face clear when he peered through it. The enemy's ship now seemed to be headed farther north than ever.

"What is it? Is she gradually turning in a great curve to the north? That is not likely to be!" he muttered, and searched for the periscope of the U-21. A quarter of a mile to the westward he could just make it out; then as he looked, it disappeared in a tumbling waste of water. She had made her last observations, and when she came to the surface again she would be within striking distance of the oncoming ship.

To the observer of the U-16 it now became apparent that the ship was a huge transport, heavily laden with troops, plowing steadily to the east. To sink her would cause great rejoicing throughout the Fatherland and bring a substantial reward in money; but as the commander of the U-21 was of higher rank, it was his right to attack first and the duty of the U-16 to come to the rescue if necessary.

The big enemy ship was drawing nearer; he knew her sharp eyes were searching the seas for periscopes, and that safety lay in getting theirs under. He called to the commander, and together they made their last hasty observations of the great ship closing in from the west, then dived to intercept her as she passed.

As the dark waters closed over her periscope the U-16 became totally blind, and the work of the observer was finished. Now whatever information came to her must come through the ears of a young seaman who sat in a little compartment near the bow, with the receiving disks of a telephone clamped over his head. The heavy roll of the surface lessened to a gentle swing that would have been soothing had not the engine been going full speed ahead.

There was nothing to do but listen and wait. Every man was at his station; the engine men were clustered aft, and the torpedo crew forward. The torpedoes were resting in their shining cradles, ready to be inserted in their tubes. When the U-16 had left Bremen, there were fourteen of these death-dealing monsters on board; now there were but six. As each one had cost $8000, to waste one in an attack was a crime in the eyes of the German admiralty.

Their orders were to go straight on for eighteen minutes full speed, then wait for the sound of the discharge of the torpedo from the U-21. If an explosion did not follow, they were to rise and attend to the matter themselves. The transport would be easy prey for the U-21, but if, by some undreamed-of mischance, their torpedo should miss the transport, the crew of the U-16 were sure that they would be more fortunate. Aside from their purpose to "strafe England," the money prize for sinking a ship of this character would be large, and they began figuring out how much each man's share would be.

With the passing of the seconds, the excitement increased; time dragged; it seemed ages since they had submerged. The eighteen minutes must be nearly up—no, only ten had passed! The tension increased; they spoke in low whispers, only to be stilled by some sharp command for silence. Only three minutes were left—now two—and, finally, one. The moment had arrived!

They held their breath and waited with bent heads to hear the muffled discharge from the U-21. It did not come! They waited, and still it did not come. Something was wrong—were her engines running properly? The listener reported them as doing so, and added that she was on or near the surface. Two minutes

passed. The noise of the great ship was now so close that her sound was confused with that of the U-boat, and they must rise at once and strike or their prey would escape them. The commander gave the order. The U-16 turned her nose upward, when through the waters came a grinding crash that stopped every man in his tracks. Then, as they stood, their periscope came above the surface.

"The transport has run the U-21 down and cut her in two!" fairly screamed the observer. "It has passed over her and is almost on top of us."

A sharp command came, and the U-boat dived—dived for her life, as time and eternity seemingly stood still. The roar of the ship came above them, beating in strokes that seemed to smother them. The blows of the enormous propeller-blades were like the breaking of a thousand torrents. Every corner of the hidden boat shook with the vibrations; the men grew sick with the sound. The U-16 lurched, heeled half over, then righted herself as the ship passed overhead and was gone.

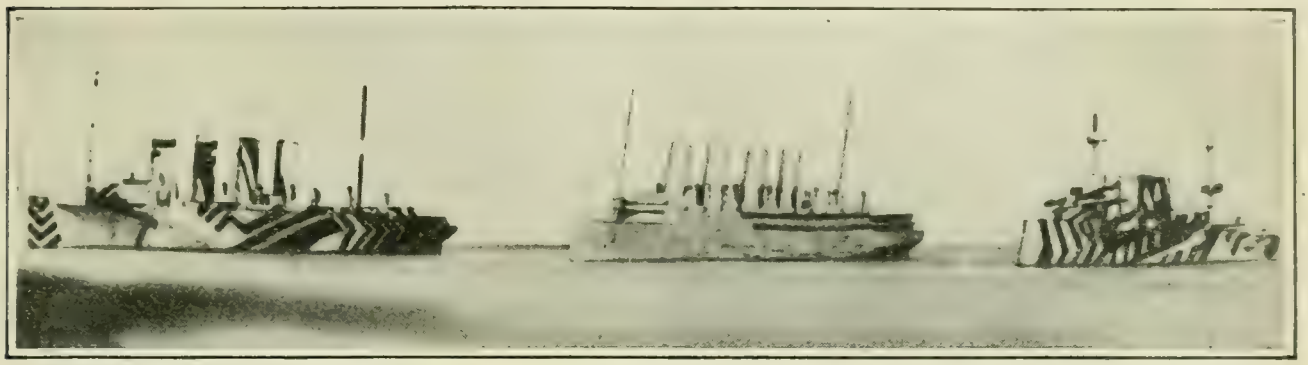
Half an hour later the U-16 crept to the surface and scanned the seas. Far down on the eastern horizon was a smudge of smoke, but nowhere could they see any signs of the U-21.

The commander called his observer into the small compartment which served him as office and stateroom combined. His air of assurance dropped from him as he closed the door and turned a haggard face toward his under-officer.

"The U-21 is gone, and her brave men are lost." He paused, then went on. "Can you account for the calamity?"

The observer hesitated, then in a low voice, as if afraid to make such a grave admission, said, "My commander, our calculations were faulty to begin with; we mistook her course."

"Yes, yes, that is only too evident," impatiently interrupted the captain; "but so did the commander of the U-21, the cleverest man of the under-sea's fleet.



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MODELS OF CAMOUFLAGED SHIPS PLACED ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON BY THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY. AT A DISTANCE EACH SHIP APPEARS TO BE FOLLOWING A COURSE OF ITS OWN, WHILE IN REALITY THEY ARE GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION

But how—how? We were all at fault, all made the same mistake; but what was that mistake?"

Again the observer hesitated: "It was the painting of her. Those accursed stripes of bright color! Her advertising was our undoing!"

"How can that be?" queried the commander. "You mean that the English did not try to make their ship invisible?"

"No, they wanted us to see her, but they wanted us to see her wrong. They did not paint her like a barber-pole for nothing. Those curious lines were for a purpose, and that purpose was to deceive us."

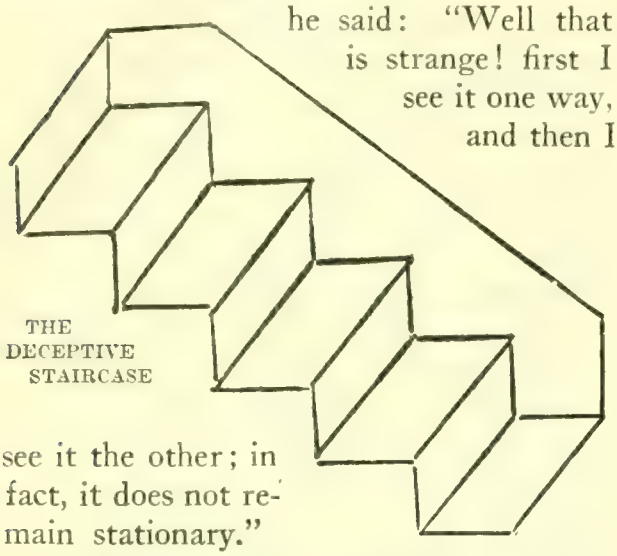
Then he sketched rapidly on a pad of paper which he took from the commander's desk, his superior watching him curiously the while. In a few moments he held up to view what appeared to be the outline of a staircase.

"Look at this carefully and tell me what you see."

"A stairway," answered the officer.

"The upper side or lower?" asked the observer.

"The upper," promptly came the answer. "Oh, wait a moment—no, I see, the lower." After a more careful scrutiny he said: "Well that is strange! first I see it one way, and then I see it the other; in fact, it does not remain stationary."



THE DECEPTIVE STAIRCASE

"Exactly," replied the observer. "And that is what the new camouflage is aiming at. It is called ambiguous perspective. But you remember when I proposed that our admiralty should use it, they merely laughed at me for my foolishness, as they called it. You see what the stupid English have done with it!" This last was added with some bitterness.

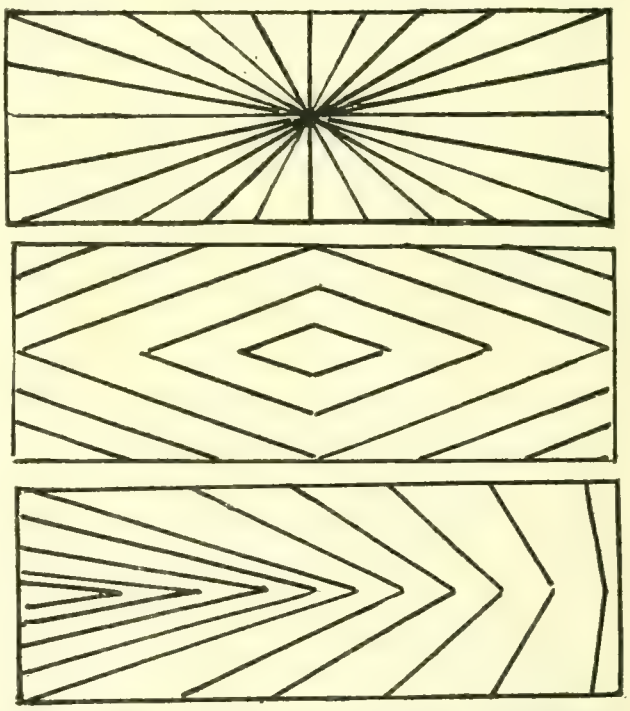
"Oh, well, if they are using that method," said the commander, "our calculations will merely have to take that into account in finding the range; that is easy."

"It would be easy, my commander, if it were not possible to make such an infinite variety of designs in this camouflage, as you will see," said the observer. Then he drew rapidly for a few moments. "Take these three rectangles, for instance, they are exactly the same shape and size. Now watch what happens. With lines drawn so, the rectangle appears larger in the center, yes? With these, it is narrower in the center; and with these, it is wider at one end than the other." As the commander carefully studied the optical illusion, the observer went on: "You see no two ships need be painted alike, nor two sides of the same ship for that matter. One may be able to tell that a ship is off her course, and an expert could tell whether it be to port or starboard, but no one could tell how much or how little the variation was. Therein lies the danger."

That night, at exactly one o'clock, they emerged from the inky blackness of the deep seas, in which they had been hiding, into a night every whit as black. There they waited for the great wireless voice from Nauen, which nightly sent them messages of the victory or defeat of their sister U-boats, and also gave them warning of impending dangers. Then it was, too, that they returned their own message, if enemy ships were sufficiently far away to permit of safe transmission of code.

There they waited. When the waves of sound of that far-away voice finally reached them, it was to convey the following message, a message fraught with consternation and dismay.

"The imperial U-boat 47, attacking a large freighter off the coast of Portugal, was rammed and sunk. The ship was painted in conspicuous stripes of white, blue and black. Warnings are hereby given to all U-boat commanders to defer attacks on boats similarly painted until further instructions."



THREE RECTANGLES OF THE SAME DIMENSIONS; BUT THE UPPER ONE APPEARS LARGER IN THE CENTER. THE SECOND, SMALLER; WHILE THE THIRD APPEARS WIDER AT ONE END

The commander of the U-16 stood in deep silence for a time before sending the return message, which read:

"The imperial U-boat 21 was rammed and sunk at one-thirty to-day by enemy transport painted white, black, and blue."

WARRIORS OF THE PAINT-BRUSH

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor "Scientific American" Author of "On the Battlefront of Engineering"

WHEN the great European war broke out, it was very evident that the Allies would have to exercise every resource to beat the foe which had been preparing for years to conquer the world. But who ever imagined that geologists would be called in to choose the best places for boring mines under the enemy; that meteorologists would be summoned to forecast the weather and determine the best time to launch an offensive; that psychologists would be employed to pick out the men with the best nerves to man the machine-guns and pilot the battle-planes? Certainly no one guessed that artists and the makers of stage scenery would play an important part in the conflict. But the airplane filled the sky with eyes that at first made it impossible for an army to conceal its plans from the enemy. And then there were eyes that swam in the sea—cruel eyes, that belonged to deadly submarine monsters—eyes that could see without being seen—eyes that would pop up out of the water at unexpected moments—eyes that directed deadly missiles at inoffensive merchantmen. They were cowardly eyes, too, which gave no opportunity for the ship to strike back at the unseen enemy. A vessel's only safety lay in the chance that out in the broad reaches of the ocean it might not pass within the range of those lurking eyes. It was a game of hide-and-seek, in which the pursuer, and not the pursued, was hidden. Something had to be done to conceal the pursued as well, but in the open sea there was nothing to hide behind.

HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT

THERE is such a thing as hiding in plain sight. You can look right at a tree-toad without seeing him, because his colors blend perfectly with the tree to which he is clinging. You can watch a green leaf curl up and shrivel without realizing that the curled edge is really a caterpillar, cunningly veined and colored to look just like a dying leaf; and out in the woods, a speckled bird or striped animal will escape observation, just because it matches the spotted light that comes through the underbrush. Nature is constantly protecting its helpless animals with colored coats that blend with the surroundings.

Long ago, clumsy attempts at concealment were made when war vessels were given a coat of dark-gray paint, which was



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A CAMOUFLAGED COSTUME FOR TREE-CLIMBING

supposed to make them invisible at a distance. Actually, the paint made them more conspicuous; but concealment did not count then for very much.

It was the eyes of the submarines that brought a hurry call for the artists, and up to them was put the problem of hiding ships in plain sight. A new name was coined for these warriors of the paint-brush—*camoufleurs* they were called, and their work was known as *camouflage*.

MATCHING THE SKY

OF course, no paint will make a ship absolutely invisible at a short distance, but

a ship may be made to disappear completely from view at a distance of six or seven miles if it is properly painted.

To make a ship invisible, it must reflect as much light and the same shade of light as do its surroundings. If it is seen against the background of the sea, it must be of a bluish or a greenish tint; but a submarine stands so low in the water that any object

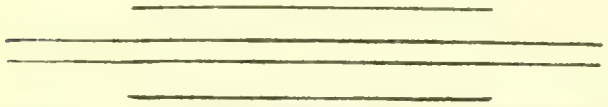


FIGURE 1. PARALLEL LINES THAT LOOK STRAIGHT. (SEE NEXT PAGE)

seen at a distance is silhouetted against the sky, and so the ship must have a coat of paint that will reflect the same colors as does the sky. Fortunately, in the North Sea and the waters about the British Isles, where most of the submarine attacks took place, the weather is hazy most of the time, and the ship had to be painted of such a color that it would reflect the same light as



FIGURE 2. PARALLEL LINES THAT DO NOT LOOK STRAIGHT

that reflected by a hazy sky. One shade of gray was used to conceal a ship in the North Sea, and an entirely different shade was used for the brighter skies of the Mediterranean. In this way, the artists made it possible for ships to sail in safety much nearer the pursuer who was trying to attack them. But still the odds were too heavy against the merchantman. Something must be done for him when he found himself within the seven-mile danger-zone. Here again the artists came to the rescue.

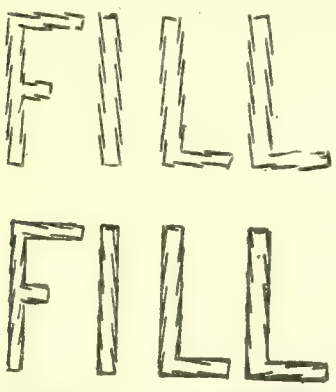


FIGURE 3, 4. HIGGLEDY-PIGGELDY; BUT REALLY STRAIGHT

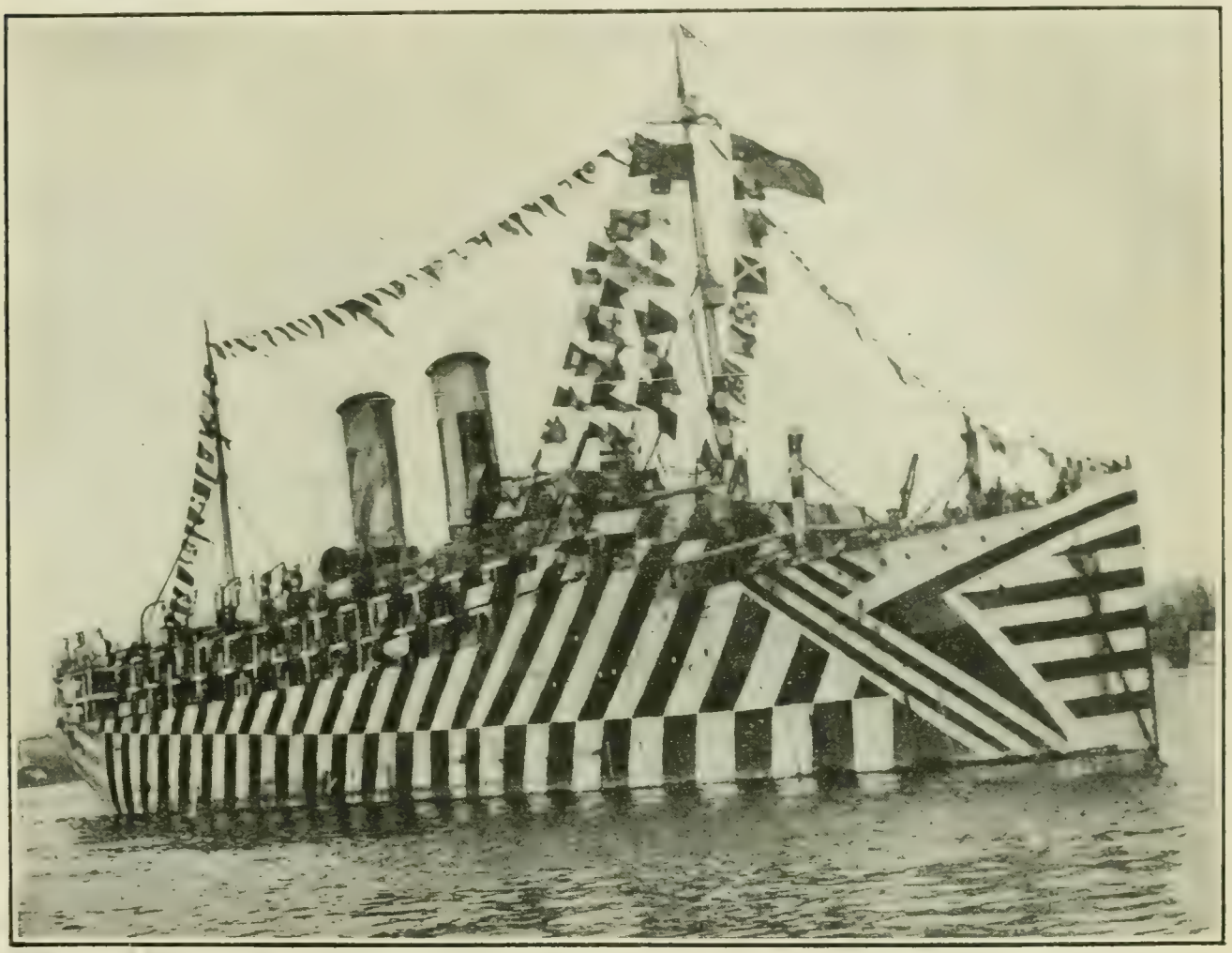
Before merchant ships were armed, a submarine would not bother to waste a torpedo on them, but would pound them into submission with shell. Even after ships were provided with guns, submarines mounted heavier guns; and unless the ship was speedy enough to show a clean pair of heels, the U-boat would stand off out of range of the ship's guns and pour a deadly fire into it. But the ships, too, mounted larger guns, and the submarines had to fall back upon their torpedoes.

GETTING THE RANGE FOR THE TORPEDO

IN order to fire its torpedo with any certainty, the U-boat had to get within a thousand yards of its victim. A torpedo is really a motor-boat that travels at from thirty to forty miles per hour. It takes time for it to reach its target, and if the target is moving at, say, fifteen knots, it will travel five hundred yards while a thirty-knot torpedo is making one thousand yards. And so, before he could discharge his torpedo, he had to know how fast the ship was traveling and how far away it was from him. He could not come to the surface and make deliberate observations, but had to stay under cover, not daring even to keep his eye out of water, for fear that the long wake of foam trailing behind the periscope would give him away. All he could do, then, was to throw his periscope up for a momentary glimpse and make his calculations very quickly; then he could move to the position he figured that he should occupy and shoot up his periscope for another glimpse, to check up his calculations. On the glass of this periscope there were a number of graduations running vertically and horizontally. If he knew his victim and happened to know the height of its smoke-stacks or the length of the boat, he noted how many graduations they covered, and then, by a set formula, he could tell how far he was from the boat. At the same time he had to work out its rate of travel, and note carefully the course it was holding, before he could figure where his torpedo must be aimed.

There was always more or less uncertainty about such observations, because

they had to be taken hastily, and the camoufleurs were not slow to take advantage of this weakness. They increased his confusion by painting high bow-waves, which made the ship look as if it were traveling at high speed. They painted the bow to look like the stern, and the stern to look like the bow; and the stacks were painted so that they appeared to slant in the opposite direction, in order to make it look as if the vessel were headed the other way. U-boats came to have a very wholesome respect for destroyers, and would seldom attack a ship if one of these fast fighting-craft was about; and so destroyers were painted on the sides of ships as scarecrows to frighten off the enemy.



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A CAMOUFLAGED SHIP IN THE HUDSON RIVER ON VICTORY DAY

MAKING STRAIGHT LINES LOOK CROOKED

We say that "seeing is believing," but it is not very hard to deceive the eye. The lines in Figure 1 look absolutely parallel, and they are; but draw parallel oblique lines in the spaces between them, with the direction of the lines reversed in alternate spaces, as in Figure 2, and they no longer look straight. Take the letters in Figure 3. They look all higgledy-piggledy; but they are really straight and parallel, as can be proved by laying a straight-edge against them, or by drawing a straight line through each letter, as in Figure 4. Such illusions were used on ships. Stripes that tapered slightly were painted on the hull, from bow to stern, so that the vessel appeared to be headed off at an angle when it was really broadside to the watcher at the other end of the periscope. There are color illusions, too, that were tried. If you draw a red chalk-mark and a blue one on a perfectly clean blackboard, the red line will seem to stand out and the blue one to sink into the black surface of the board, because your eye has to focus differently for the two colors, and a very dazzling effect can be had with alternating squares of blue and red. Other colors give even more dazzling effects; and some

of them, when viewed at a distance, will blend into the very shade of gray that will make a boat invisible at six miles. When U-boat commanders took observations on a ship painted with a "dazzle" camouflage, they saw a shimmering image which it was hard for them to measure on the fine graduations of their periscopes. Some ships were painted with heavy blotches of black and white, and the enemy, making a hasty observation, would be apt to focus his attention on the dark masses and overlook the white parts. So he was likely to make a mistake in estimating the height of a smoke-stack or measuring the apparent length of a vessel.

A JOKE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER

EARLY in the submarine campaign, one of our boats was given a coat of camouflage, and when the vessel sailed from its pier in the North River, New York, the owners sent a photographer two or three piers down the river to photograph the ship as she went by. He took the picture; but when the negative was developed, he found, much to his astonishment, that the boat was not all on the plate. In the finder of his camera, he had mistaken a heavy band of black paint as the stern of the ship, quite overlooking the real stern, which was painted a grayish white. The artist had fooled the photographer, and at a distance of not more than two or three hundred yards!

SEEING BEYOND THE HORIZON

THE periscope of a submarine that is running awash can be raised about fifteen feet above the water, which means that the horizon is about six miles away; and if you draw a circle with a six-mile radius on a map of the Atlantic, you will find that it is a mere speck in the ocean. But a U-boat commander could see objects that lay far beyond his horizon, because he was searching for objects which towered many feet above the water. The smoke-stacks of some vessels rise eighty feet above the water-line, and the masts reach up to much greater altitudes. Aside from this, in the early days of the war, steamers burned soft coal and their funnels belched forth huge columns of smoke which was visible from twenty to thirty miles away.

Realizing this, efforts were made to cut down the superstructure of a ship as much as possible. Some vessels had their stacks cut down almost to the deck-line, and air-pumps were installed to furnish the draft necessary to keep their furnaces going. They had no masts, except for slender iron pipes, which could be folded down against the deck and could be erected at a moment's notice, to carry the aërials of the wireless system. Over the ship from stem to stern was stretched a cable, familiarly known as a "clothes-line," over which were laid strips of canvas which completely covered the superstructure of the ship. They were slow boats—too slow to run away from a modern submarine—but because of their low structure, they managed to elude the German U-boats. When they were seen, the U-boat commanders were afraid of them. They were suspicious of anything that looked out of the ordinary. But in stormy weather the wind ripped the canvas to shreds, and the "clothes-line ships" could hardly be counted a notable success.

THE BRITISH MYSTERY SHIPS

THE Germans had some very unhealthy experiences with the "Q-boats" or "mystery" ships of the British. These were vessels rigged up much like ordinary tramp steamers, but they were loaded with wood, so that they would not sink, and their hatches were arranged to fall open at the touch of a button, exposing powerful guns. They were also equipped with torpedo-tubes, so that they could give the U-boat a dose of its own medicine. These ships would travel along the lanes frequented by submarines, and invite attack. They would limp along as if they had been injured by a storm or a U-boat attack, and looked like easy prey. When a submarine did attack them, they would send out frantic calls for help, and they had so-called "panic" parties which took to the boats. Meantime, a picked crew remained aboard, carefully concealed from view, and

the captain kept his eye upon the enemy through a periscope disguised as a small ventilator, waiting for the U-boat to come within range of certain destruction. Sometimes the panic party would lure the submarine into a favorable position by rowing under the stern, as if to hide around the other side of the ship. At the proper moment, up would go the white ensign, —the British man-of-war flag,—the batteries would be unmasked, and a hail of shell would break loose over the Hun.



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OBSERVING THE ENEMY FROM A PAPIER-MÂCHÉ HORSE

Many a German submarine was accounted for by such traps.

Submarines themselves used all sorts of camouflage. They were frequently equipped with sails, which they would raise to disguise themselves as peaceful sloops, and then steal up on a victim. They would seize a ship and hide behind it in order to get near their prey.

CAMOUFLAGE ON LAND

BUT the call for the wielders of the paint-brush came not only from the sea. Their services were needed fully as much on land, and this work was far more interesting because it was more varied and more successful. Besides, it called for more than mere paint; all sorts of tricks with canvas, grass, and branches were used. Of course, the soldiers were garbed in dust-colored clothing, and shiny armor was discarded. The helmets they wore were covered with a material that cast no gleam of light. In every respect, they tried to make themselves of the same shade as their surroundings. When they made their raids at night, they painted their faces black, so that they would not show any reflection of light.

A PAPER HORSE

THE most interesting camouflage work was done for the benefit of snipers, or for observers at listening-posts close to the enemy trenches. It was very important to spy on the enemy and discover his plans, and so men were sent out as near their lines as possible to listen to the conversation and to note any signs of unusual activity which would be likely to precede a raid. These men were supplied with telephone wires, which they dragged over No Man's Land and by which they could communicate their discoveries to headquarters. Some very ingenious listening-posts were established. In one case a papier-mâché duplicate of a dead horse was made, which was an exact facsimile of an animal that had been lying between the two lines. One night, the carcass of the horse was removed and the papier-mâché replica took its place. In it a man was stationed, with telephone wires to his own lines. Here he had an excellent chance to watch the enemy.

On another occasion, a standing tree, whose branches had all been shot away, was carefully photographed and an exact copy of it made, but with a space inside in which an observer could be concealed. One night, while the noise of the workmen was drowned by heavy cannonading, this tree was replaced by its facsimile. And there it remained for many a day before the enemy discovered that it was a fake tree-trunk. It provided a tall observation-post from which an observer could direct the fire of his own artillery.

FOOLING THE WATCHERS IN THE SKY

In the early stages of the war it seemed impossible to hide anything from the Germans. They had eyes everywhere, and were able to anticipate everything the Allies did. But the spies that infested the sky were the worst handicap. Even when the Allies gained control of the air, the control was more or less nominal, because every now and then an enemy observer would slip over or under the patroling aëroplanes and make photographs of the Allies' lines. To disclose the slightest change in detail, these photographs were carefully compared with others previously taken. Aëroplane observers would not only be ready to drop bombs on any suspicious object or upon masses of troops moving along the roads, but would telegraph back to their artillery to direct its fire upon these targets. Of course, the enemy knew where the roads were located and a careful watch was kept of them. The French did not try to hide the roads, but they concealed the traffic on the roads by hanging rows of curtains over them. As these curtains hung vertically and were spaced apart, one would suppose that they would furnish little concealment; but they prevented an observer in an aëroplane from looking down the length of a road. All the road he could see was that which lay directly under his machine, because there he could look between the curtains, but if he looked at the road at an angle, the curtains would appear to overlap one another and would conceal operations going on under them.

In one case, the Germans completely covered a sunken road with canvas painted to represent a road surface. Under this canvas canopy, troops were moved to an important strategic point without betraying the slightest inkling of such a movement.

HIDING BIG GUNS

Nature's tricks of camouflage were freely used in hiding the implements of war on land. To conceal our big guns, they were painted with leopard spots and tiger stripes, the color and nature of the camouflage depending upon the station they were to occupy. In many cases, they were covered with branches of trees, or with rope netting covered with leaves. So careful were the observations of the air scouts that even the grass scorched by the fire of the gun had to be covered with green canvas to avoid betraying the position of the gun.

In making an emplacement for a gun, it was of the utmost importance that no freshly upturned earth be disclosed to the aërial observers. Even foot-paths leading to it had to be concealed. Plans were carefully made to cover up all traces of the work before it was commenced. Where it was impossible to conceal the paths, they were purposely made to lead well beyond the point where the emplacement was building; and still further to deceive the enemy, a show of work was sometimes undertaken at the end of the path. Wherever the sod had to be upturned, it was covered over with green canvas. The earth that was removed had to be concealed somewhere, and the best place of concealment was found to be some old shell-hole, which would hold a great deal of earth without any evidence that would be apparent to an observer in an aëroplane. If no shell-hole was handy, the excavated material had to be hauled for miles before a safe dumping-ground could be found. As far as possible, everything was sunk below the earth level. Big pits were dug, in which the mortars were placed, or, if a shell-hole was empty, this was used.

SHADOWLESS BUILDINGS

Any projection above the ground is apt to cast a shadow which would show up on the observer's photographs. This was a difficulty that was experienced in building the hangars for airplanes. The roofs of these sheds were painted green, so as to match the sod around them; but as they projected above their surroundings, they cast shadows which made them clearly evident to the enemy. This was overcome by building shadowless hangars; that is, with roofs that extended all the way to the ground at such an angle that they would



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CAMOUFLAGED HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN 26TH DIVISION IN FRANCE

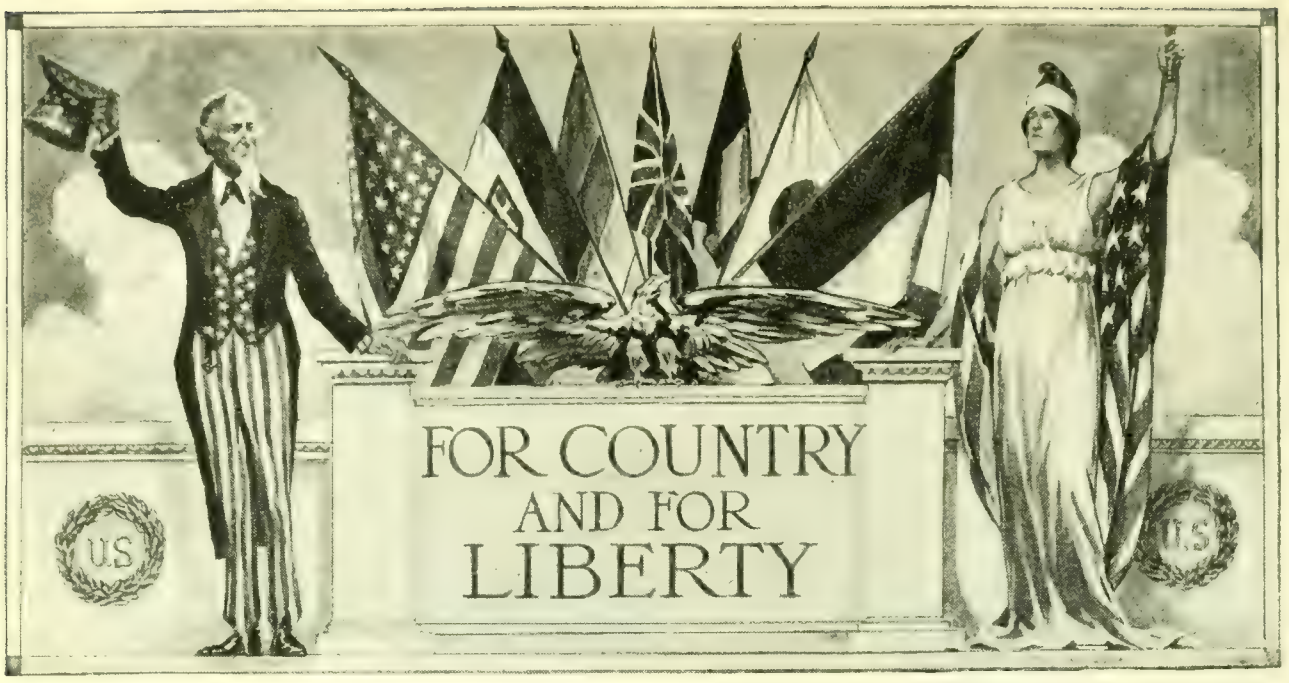
cast no shadow except when the sun was low. In some cases, aëroplanes were housed in underground hangars, the approach to which was concealed by a canvas covering. As for the airplanes themselves, paint was little protection to them. Transparent wings of *cellon* (a material similar to celluloid) were used, but this did not prove a success.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EYE

ALTHOUGH camoufleurs made perfect imitations of natural objects and surroundings, they were greatly concerned to find that the flying observers could see through their disguises. To the naked eye, the landscape would not show the slightest trace of any suspicious object, but by using a color-screen to cut out certain rays of light, a big difference would be shown between the real colors of nature and the artist's copies of them. For instance, if a roof painted to look like green grass were viewed through a red color-screen, it would look brown. While the real grass, which apparently was of exactly the same shade as the roof, would look red. So the air scouts did not depend upon their eyes alone, but fitted their cameras with color-screens, so that they could study their photographs at their leisure and, by analyzing the light with different screens, undo the patient work of the artist. For it had not been realized by some of the artists, who had never studied the composition of light, that there is a great deal of red in the green light reflected by grass, and that, if they were to duplicate this shade of green, they must put a certain amount of red into their paint.

To meet this situation, another man was summoned to help—the physicist, who looks upon color merely as waves of ether, who can pick a ray of light to pieces just as a chemist can analyze a lump of sugar. Under his expert guidance, colors of nature were imitated so that they would defy detection. Aside from this, they helped to solve the tricks of the enemy's camoufleurs.

But the physicist had barely rolled up his sleeves and got into the fray when the armistice was signed, which put an end to the shams as well as the realities of the great war. While the science of camouflage was left incomplete, we owe an inestimable debt to the men who know how to fake scenery and to their learned associates who count the wave lengths of light; and although their trade was a trade of deception and shams, there was no sham about the service they rendered.



CHILDREN OF DEVASTATED FRANCE

(Written Exclusively for St. Nicholas)

By MRS. NINA LARREY DURYEA

President and Founder Duryea War Relief (*"Secours Duryea"*).

Look through a telescope, some clear night, at the moon. You will see what the pictures in the geography show, a cold, desolate, blasted region, pitted with holes, ridged and cracked, twisted and torn. Look at it. Try to realize what it is—a region without the slightest trace of life—a region without even the evidence that life was once there.

Look at this surface of the moon, and you have the best picture of Northern France—not the sunny France of the stories, but the France for which our soldiers fought, the reclaimed France, the France that for four long years was held by the Germans.

Four years ago that section of France was beautiful. It was prosperous and its people were happy. The Hun came. And, as the kaiser commanded, he came like Attila—with orders that, where his armies trod, grass should never grow again.

Only too well the Hun obeyed that command! As he swept over Northern France, he ground its people, their homes, and their happiness, into the dust. He made it a blasted region, a region in which, at first glance, there is no more sign of life than there is on the moon.

But there *is* life in Northern France. And there will be the old life and prosperity there again.

When the Hun drove back the armies of France in that first fierce rush, great numbers of the people fell back with their soldiers. They became "refugees." They flew blindly, leaving their beautiful homes, their farms, their stores, their factories, and their mines to the Hun. They took with them only what they could carry on their backs or in little carts. They found new homes where they could—with friends, or in government camps, or through the charity of the people in other parts of France. All during those terrible days, American citizens were constantly aiding the refugees.

There were others who stayed, defying the fury of the marauders. When the Hun tide swept over them, many of them died, but others managed to exist. They lived in cellars, in huts, in caves, and wherever they could. They had to live underground, just as the soldiers did, because of the shells.

They lived there for four long years. They were ringed with a wall of steel, from which there was no escape. And the

iron-shod heel of the Hun crushed down upon them without mercy.

The men of the region were all in the army. They had joined the colors when war was declared. There were none of them at home to protect the women and children when the Hun came, except those who were too old or too weak to fight. Even these were dragged off by the Germans and made to work for them. Thousands of the women were dragged into slavery. When the children were old enough, they were made to work for the Germans. Even when they were not old enough, they had to work; for they had to keep themselves alive, and they had no one else to help them.

When the French, the British, and, finally, the Americans drove back the Hun and rescued this region, they tried to help the people rebuild their homes. Many Americans helped them through the Red Cross, and my own organization and many others.

But the Hun came again. As the battles swung back and forth across the country, the shells and the high explosives blasted it until it was worse than before. And again the Hun crushed and enslaved the weak and helpless people who were left.

It was not until last summer and fall that the Hun was finally driven out. On November 11, when the armistice was signed, he began the final retreat, the armies of the French, the British, and the Americans following him.

With the soldiers went the people of the relief organizations. I was one of them. I had been there before. Ever since the beginning of the war the Duryea Relief had been working for these people. Whenever the Allies regained part of the country we helped the people until we were driven out.

The war is over. Northern France is redeemed from the Hun. But for us and for all the relief organizations the war is just beginning.

These people of Northern France have virtually nothing. It is not that they are without warm clothes and good food. They have no clothes and no food.



TWO ORPHANS OF DEVASTATED FRANCE AMONG THE RUINS OF THEIR HOME. (SEE NEXT PAGE)

That seems strange to Americans. Most young Americans have seen poor people who had hardly any clothes and very little food. Can they imagine a whole country where everybody is poor? That is Northern France. Everybody is poor.

These people have no homes. The shells wrecked them. They have no farms, no factories, no stores. The Huns stole everything that could be moved, and then wrecked the rest. They blew up the buildings, burned the things that would burn, and smashed everything. They even cut down the fruit trees.

When the Allied armies got into these

regions, they found the inhabitants, who still remained, living like animals. There were no farms to grow food, and no stores to sell clothes and medicine and other necessary things. Even if there had been stores, the people could not have bought things, because they had no money.

The armies helped these unfortunates, and the relief organizations helped them. For a long time the relief organizations will have to continue helping them. And most of this help will have to come from Americans. Perhaps the United States Government will help them, too, with the money raised by the Fifth Liberty Loan—the Victory Loan.

Remember, this region is like the surface of the moon, blasted and wrecked. The poor people who crept out of the holes in the ground, when the Huns were driven back, and the people who returned to their homes with the Allied armies, have just as hard a task to face as they would if they tried to set up housekeeping in the moon.

They have no houses to live in. They have to build them. They have to get beds and blankets, stoves, pots and pans, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and everything else needed to set up housekeeping. There are no stores to get them from. They must get them from other parts of France and from America.

Then they have no clothes and no shoes. All Northern France is barefoot. The only clothes they have are what kind people have given them. They are dressed in scraps and rags. I have seen people dressed in clothes made of the ticking that had been on their mattresses. The children are dressed in thin little cotton things that do not keep them warm. All that most of them have is one little apron.

They have no food. We have to give them everything. And the one thing they need most is milk. The children have died by the thousands because they had no milk; and many thousands more of them will die if they do not get some.

Look at our picture of the two little children sitting in the ruins. I took the photograph myself near Roye. Roye was once one of the most beautiful towns in France. These ruins were once the children's home. It was a beautiful house, a house that any children would have been proud to live in. Their mother and father gave these children every comfort. They had plenty of clothes and food and toys. In fact, they are sitting on the floor of what was their nursery, a big room filled with wonderful toys.

Now look again at the picture. Their beautiful home is a pile of broken stones. The only clothes they have are the little black dresses they wear. These dresses were made in America, and given to them by the Duryea Relief. They were brought back to their home after the Hun had been driven out, and are being cared for by the Duryea Relief, because there is nobody else to care for them. Their father, a soldier, was killed. Their mother was carried off as a slave by the Germans. She died, because they made her work too hard. Think of this little boy and little girl trying to earn their living!

There are thousands and thousands of other little boys and girls like these. Their fathers and mothers are dead. They have nobody to take care of them. Their homes are destroyed, and they have absolutely nothing except what the relief organizations can give them.

The French Government is doing everything it can, but it has so many things to do that it has to depend on the relief organizations for nearly everything.

Even with all the help the French Government gives by shipping food and clothing from America to France free of charge, it is very hard to help these people, especially the children. When rugged men are worn out by the hardships of war, think of its effect upon these little folks of devastated France. And think of their being in the hands of the invaders. When you talk to them, as I did, you can see what that meant. German atrocities are too well known for me to dwell upon them now. Terror of the enemy is reflected in the very actions of the children. They seem afraid even of their own people. When Americans try to talk to them,

these children cannot forget to be afraid. In the four long years they lived under the heel of the Hun, they learned the rule of fear, and that one wrong word, or even a wrong look, to a Hun meant a blow, and sometimes death itself.

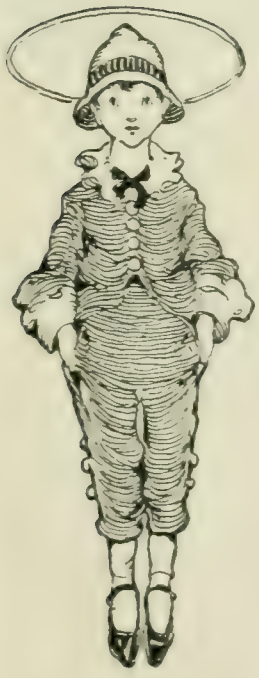
I remember one little girl to whom I gave a doll. I tried to talk to her and to tell her how American children had made the clothes in which the doll was dressed. But the poor little thing had seen the Huns give presents to other children. And she had seen those children blown up when they started to look at their gifts.

Even when some kind French nuns told her not to fear, that I was a friend, she could not understand. "What is a friend?" she asked. Imagine a child that does not know what a friend is!

We are going to try to teach all these thousands of children of Hun-blasted France the meaning of the word "friend." We are going to try to teach them that all Americans are friends. Most of all we want to try to teach them that there are millions and millions of American children who are their friends. We are going to teach them that these young American friends, and their older American friends, will see to it that the homes of these French children are rebuilt, that they are given clothes and food and an education, that those who have no parents will have somebody to take care of them until they can take care of themselves, and that in every way the children of France can consider themselves adopted by America.

Perhaps some of the money of the Fifth Liberty Loan will be loaned to France to repair the damage. Perhaps the money, the food, the clothes, the schools, and all the other things that are needed, will have to come from private contributions. But one thing is *sure,* America will help undo what the Hun did to Northern France.

Little Patriots



Hands in pockets, Archie feels
Dimes and nickles many,
Thinks of Western Movie reels—
But he'll not spend a penny.

And Little Annie, sweet of tooth,
With purse in hand and downcast eyes,
Goes quickly past the Candy Booth,
But not a single bit she buys.

In case you do not understand
Such worthy acts of deprivation,
These children small, with "Cash on Hand,"
Buy numerous Thrift Stamps of the Nation.







"JIM"

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

My brother Jimmy is a Scout,
And he is really just about
The wonderfulest boy I know,—
The *very* wonderfulest. (Though
Of course I never tell him so.)

He knows about a hundred games,
And all the flowers by their names;
He rides me on his handle-bars,
And shows me how to find the stars.
(Like 'Riga and the Bear and Mars.)

He has a compass, and an ax,
And first-aid kits, and haversacks;
He can make a fire 'thout any matches,
And keep back crowds, and take dispatches,
And tie up people's bumps and scratches.

And when he does n't have to be
With his patrol, he plays with me.
He finds the nicest things to do;
And when we 've hiked a mile or two,
He cooks some twist and hunters' stew.

So when I 'm big enough (although
I don't believe I 'd ever know
The way to signal, track, and swim,
Or ever be a bit like him),
I want to be a Scout—like Jim.

WHEN EDDIE RICKENBACKER WAS A BOY

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE

Did America's ace of aces dream in his boyhood of flying like a bird through "God's own blue on man-made wings"; of battling in the air with a kaiser's master aviators to the destruction of twenty-six *Boche* aëroplanes; of receiving nine decorations for his prowess from three countries,—the United States, Great Britain, and France,—and of being hailed on his home-coming as the premier American ace?

Eddie's mother says, "No!"

"When Eddie was a child at play he had a mind that worked like lightning—it was that quick," she said to me as we chatted of her boy in her comfy little frame cottage with a service flag of two stars in its one front window, the cottage which, to the world-famous ace, is the dearest spot on earth—his home.

"In boyhood, as in manhood, thought and action with Eddie were inseparable. I never saw its like. But his imagination, and he had a-plenty—I am sure it never soared to battles in the sky.

"Yes," reluctantly continued "Eddie's mother," as she is known to the home town, "he was a very, very mischievous, but never a bad, boy. True, he was always in trouble of some sort. I would n't like to tell of all his pranks,"—and memory wreathed her kind face in smiles, —"and Eddie would n't like me to tell—*now!*"

Eddie, or "Rick," as he is called by his chums, was the ringleader at home, and not only of his three brothers, one of whom is in the Signal Corps in France, for he "bossed" his only sister and her playmates. In school-yard and neighborhood pranks he led, figuratively, every boy by the nose! When forced to play by himself at home he never was at a loss for something to do. His chief amusement was making toys out of any old thing he found about the house.

"I never encouraged or hindered him from working with his hands," said Eddie's mother. "Neither his father nor I had the slightest turn for mechanics. There is n't a trace of it in the family, which came a generation ago to America from Switzerland. It was only when busy with his hands, making something, that he stayed indoors and out of mischief."

The bugaboo of Eddie's boyhood was school. How he hated to go to school!

His inseparable companion in the schoolroom was a scowl. To wipe it from his face—famous to-day for a smile that never comes off—was the problem of a public-school teacher, whose interest in the scowling lad is said to have been quickened by the discovery that Eddie was "just a little different from the other boys." The teacher traced the scowl to its source—Eddie went to school because he was compelled to go.

So she tried to make him see the future it would open to him, and in this she was aided by his wise mother who told him: "The world does not owe you a living, You will have to meet it at least half-way, and school will prepare you."

The warning sank deep into the boy's soul and guided him to his man's work.

He was in the seventh reader and in his fourteenth year when his father died.

"Then he quit school to help me," said Eddie's mother.

His first job was in a marble-yard as helper to a tombstone maker.

The job was even less to his liking than school. From a bit of marble, picked up in the yard's waste, he chiseled for his mother a book. Deep in the cover he cut one word—Bible.

"I have it yet," said Eddie's mother.

From the tombstone maker he went to a railroad repair-shop. There, tinkering with tools, he felt more at home. In idle moments he made, from waste wood, gathered from the shop floor, a sewing-box, and brought it in triumph to his mother.

The turning-point in the boyhood of America's premier ace came the first time

he saw an automobile in the street of his native town, Columbus, Ohio.

"That 's the work for me, Mother!" he cried. "Gee! How fast and smooth it goes!"

He quit the railroad shop and finally landed a small job in a garage. Proudly he told his chums of his good luck, but they did n't believe him—they thought he was joking. Eddie was sorely hurt. Then, one day, he found himself in the driver's seat of a smart electric, and directed his course to the family neighborhood.

Unhappily, the boys he longed to have see him running the machine were not in sight, but other youngsters spied him, and carried the news far and wide that Eddie Rickenbacker had "an honest-to-goodness automobile," and could "make it go like blazes!"

"He told me that night," smiled Eddie's mother, indulgently, "that he could n't have gone another block, for the electricity gave out, and he barely managed to get back to the garage."

Before his fifteenth birthday he had worked in four garages. Meanwhile, he built with his own hands a workshop, in the home back yard. If he needed a tool, he made it. In this little shop he built a motor engine, and was about to make a complete car when he was called away. A brother (three Rickenbacker boys followed Eddie into the automobile business) later encased the engine in a box and mounted it on low wheels.

"Eddie took me in it for a ride," smiled his mother; "and I must say it 's the only automobile ride I really enjoyed. Speed? It went fast enough for me!"

From the fourth garage Eddie passed to the pay-roll of a one-time world-famous carriage company, now turned to the manufacture of automobiles. He started in as a general chore-boy, and rapidly worked up, through repairing, erecting, and racing, to salesmanship.

He had not been there long when he was dismissed for breaking one of the company's rules. Smarting under what he believed to be injustice, Eddie appealed directly to the president of the company, and was sent back to his job. That was too much for the foreman. Either he or "the cub" must go. Eddie was personally conducted by the foreman to the front door. Undaunted, he went round to the back door, and was put to work in the sales department as a demonstrator.

It was in this department that the motor-racer Eddie Rickenbacker was born.

He was scarcely eighteen when the company turned over to him one of its high-wheeled motor-buggies to try out in a test run. With an expert employee for passenger, Eddie drove the car to the Olentangy River road, north of Ohio's capital. They had not gone far when they came to a stretch of road which the river had overflowed. Eddie, despite his passenger's protest, drove on, putting the motor-buggy through three feet of water. Then he turned back and drove the car through it again.

"This thing ought to stand most anything now," was his single comment.

Little did he dream that day that it was as a motor-racer he was to come to the notice of General John J. Pershing, and go as his chauffeur to the Mexican border, thence to the Western Front, which was to graduate him into one of the world's most wonderful birdmen.

It is less than two years since he made his first ascent in an aëroplane. It was in this country. He went up six thousand feet.

"For thrills, motor-racing is n't in it with the airship," Eddie told his mother.

Shortly after this first ascent he went to England to buy a racing-car for a customer. There he came face to face with aviation in war service.

He came home fired with an ambition to organize an aviation corps from America's crack motor-drivers. "The war is to be won in the air!" he declared.

"You are not a college graduate," said the U. S. War Department, and it turned down his proposition. So back to motor-racing he went.

"He was preparing for a race at Cincinnati," said Eddie's mother, "when a telegram summoned him to drive General

Pershing's car at the front. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. He was greatly upset. He had signed for the race. A second telegram ordered him to Washington, D. C. Later, when he was to sail for France, he looked up a railroad time-table and found that he could make home for an hour and a half.

"And he came to me for that time," said Eddie's mother.

"Have no fear for me," he reassured her.



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LIEUTENANT RICKENBACKER BESIDE HIS AIRPLANE IN FRANCE

"I am as safe at the war front as I am in this old house. Might not its roof cave in and bury us all? Each waits the Master's call, and when my time comes, I go."

"I had the same feeling," said Eddie's mother. "He was as safe abroad, doing for his country the work for which he was fitted, as at home with me. During his year and a half abroad, my weekly letters gave no hint of my anxiety.

" 'I am glad, Mother, you don't worry about me,' he wrote. 'It 's a big help.'

"I felt that if I allowed my thought of him to be full of worry, somehow it would get to him and disturb him in the work he had to do for his country."

How every step in Eddie's boyhood builded up his man's work is clear to the boy who would make the most of his opportunity.

Motoring General Pershing on battle-fronts was too tame for this daring driver, clean and square in his morals as in his sporting tactics. From chauffeur to the commander of the American Expeditionary Force to instructor in the mechanical department of a French aviation-field was but a logical step in Eddie's advance abroad. There was little in the mechanism of a French combat-machine that was new to him. Between periods of instructing in the aëroplane shop, he made three air-flights daily, until, at the end of two months, he was a full-fledged flier.

All the world is more or less superstitious. America's premier ace has his share of credulity. His phenomenal exploits in clouds often 20,000 feet above the earth; his regain of control and safe landing after a battle with three German machines, in which a wing of his own airship was shot off and his 'plane fell 6000 feet; his successful straightening out of his machine when a crippled engine dropped it 10,000 feet, leaving him only with a broken ear-drum, are feats attributed to his cool-headedness, the balance of caution and daring in his mental make-up. But Eddie will tell you smilingly that it is largely luck, born of a rabbit's foot he has carried in his vest pocket since his earliest motor-racing days.

"Amulets, mascots, interested him as a boy," laughs his mother.

Behind the natural-gas stove in the small parlor hangs his picture in a racing-car with a Maltese kitten in the mouth of the horn. The kitten was given to him as he entered the car at a race. He carried it with him and won. He brought the kitten home with him in a child's suit-case, in which he had made an opening for its head. It moped about the house for three days and would eat nothing. It spurned saucers of milk and cream.

"What does that cat live upon?" asked Eddie's mother.

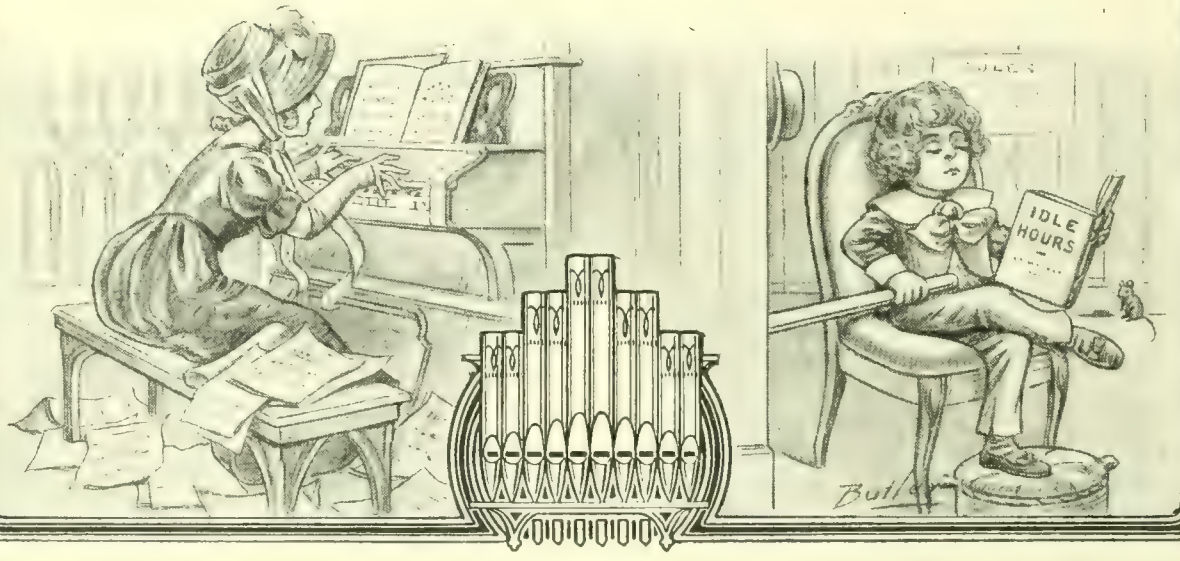
"Victory!" chuckled America's premier ace.

Professional Pride

Rhyme and Decoration by
George O. Butler

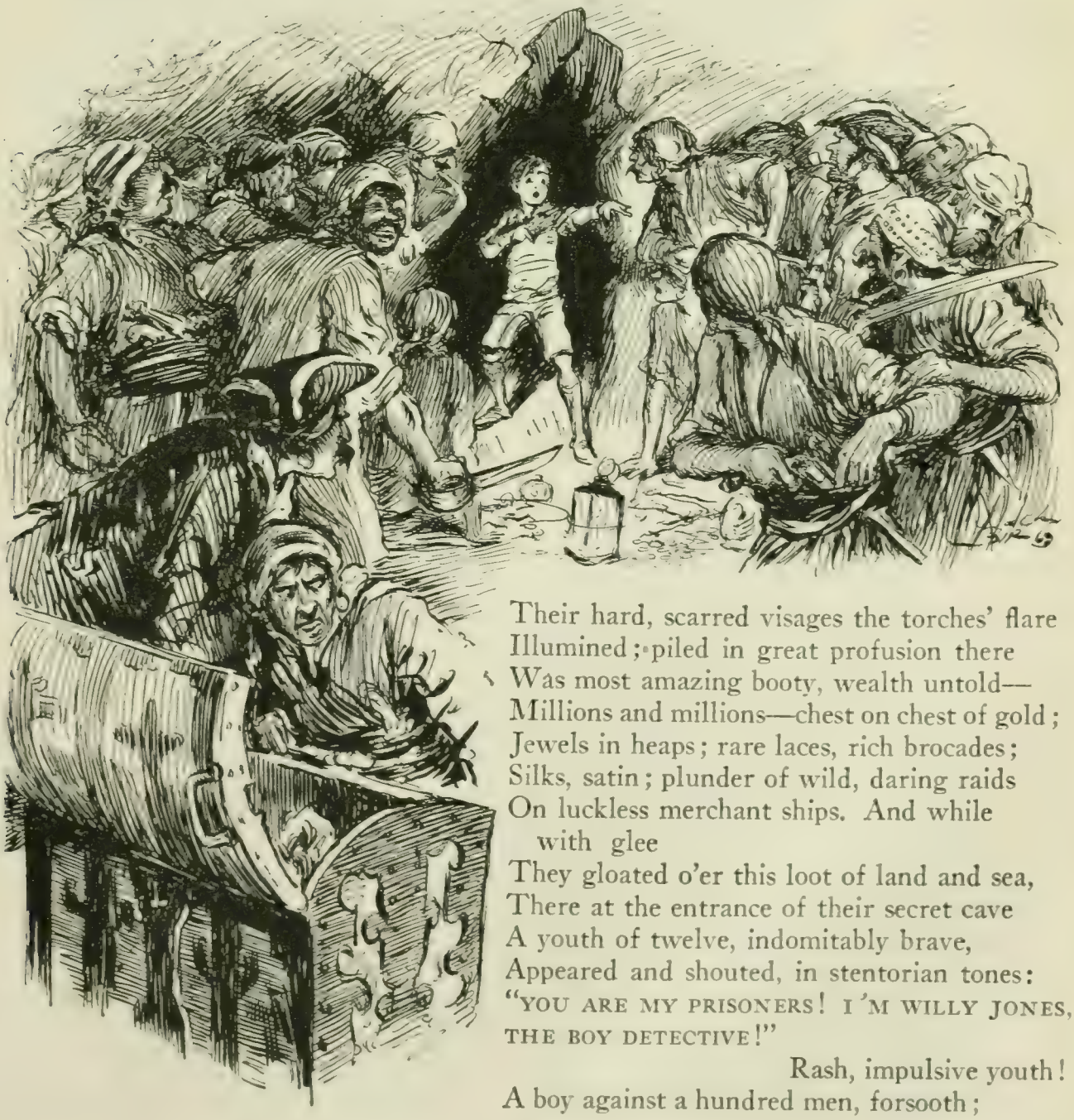
Said the boy who pumped the organ in the church across the way
To the lady organist of some renown:
"You have noticed, ma'am, that I can pump whatever piece you play—
And I simply work the lever up and down."

"Yes indeed," replied the lady: "Though my playing isn't poor,
You pump all that I can play with perfect ease—
While I can't play nearly everything that you could pump, I'm sure:
So you're quite the best performer, if you please!"



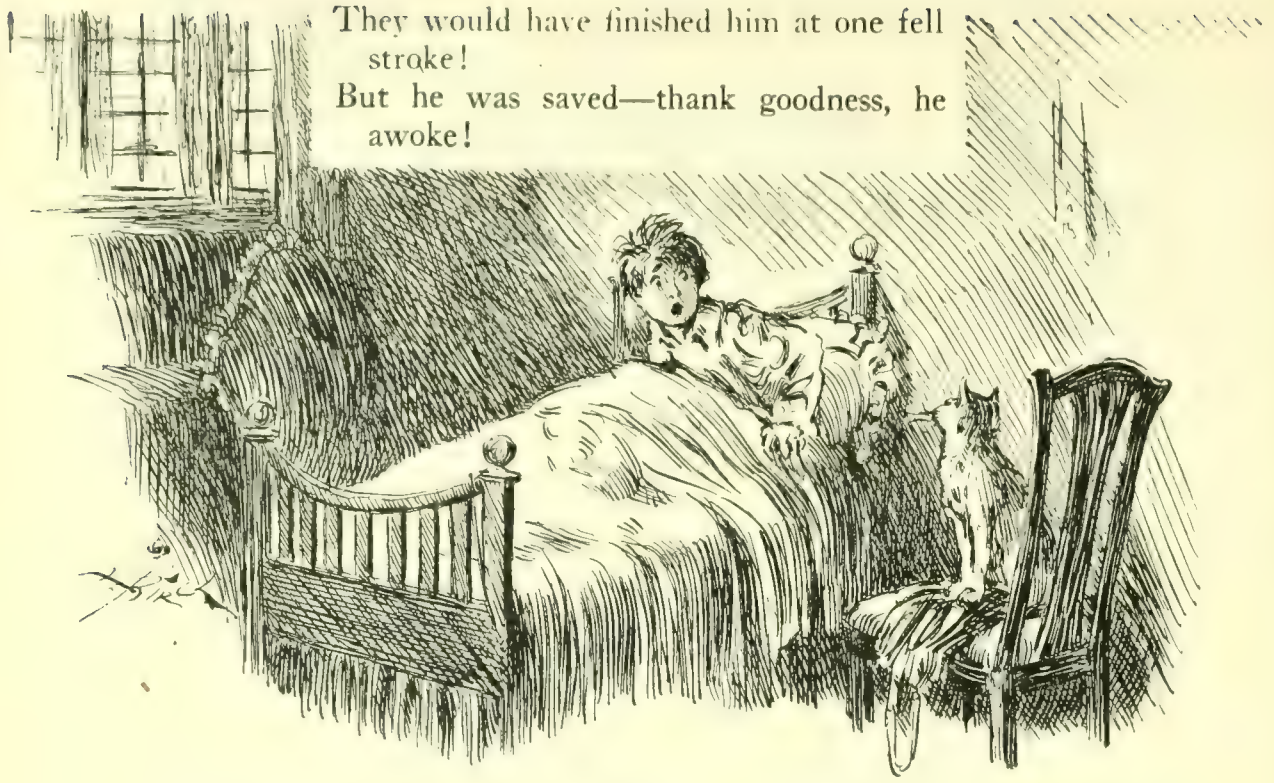


THE pirate chief reclined with easy grace
Upon a velvet hassock; and the place—
A dark and gloomy cavern by the shore—
Swarmed with his crew, a hundred men or more;



Their hard, scarred visages the torches' flare
Illumined; piled in great profusion there
Was most amazing booty, wealth untold—
Millions and millions—chest on chest of gold;
Jewels in heaps; rare laces, rich brocades;
Silks, satin; plunder of wild, daring raids
On luckless merchant ships. And while with glee
They gloated o'er this loot of land and sea,
There at the entrance of their secret cave
A youth of twelve, indomitably brave,
Appeared and shouted, in stentorian tones:
"YOU ARE MY PRISONERS! I 'M WILLY JONES, THE BOY DETECTIVE!"

Rash, impulsive youth!
A boy against a hundred men, forsooth;



APRIL FOOL

BOBBIE CELEBRATES THE DAY

I DON'T like my sister Jane,
  Nor my baby bruvver.
I don't like the hired man.
  I don't like my muvver.
But I love the alphabet
  That they teach in school
Best of all things in the world—
    (APRIL FOOL!!!)

Don't like playin' anyhow—
  Time just throwed away.
Rather study 'rithmetic
  Any time of day;
Rather stay indoors an' sit
  On a wooden stool
Learnin' things from stupid books—
    (APRIL FOOL!!!)

John Kendrick Bangs

CAPTAIN ROBIN

I SIT in my porch in the bright spring weather,
  And watch the birds as they build and sing.
Captain Robin, I wonder whether
  You carry a saber under your wing?
You look so brave in your brown and red,
With your yellow boots and your martial tread,
  That I fain must call you a soldier jolly—
A soldier born and a soldier bred.

Your step seems timed to a martial measure,
  Your voice is bold and your glance is free;
Captain Robin is bent on pleasure,
  As all who know him can plainly see.
He swaggers forth at break of day,
And whistles a rollicking roundelay,
  For he sees his sweetheart, so bright and bonny;
His heart is light and his voice is gay.

Stanley Wood

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN PARIS

MADAME BARTON led us to a nice house on the *Rive Gauche,* not far away and very conveniently situated. It was to be my home for many months to come, and there it was my good fortune to have always at my side dear friends with whom to share both joys and sorrows.

On that first day there were hours of explanation, and tales to tell of what had happened since last we had seen one another. Poor Madame Barton, half distracted by the loss of little Jacques, had done everything she could, but could obtain no trace of him. Both Heloise and she had written to me, but of course no communication was possible while the *Boches* were in Rheims. Of Monsieur her husband she had received no word until we gave her our good news of his safety. We learned afterward that there was another Captain Barton, who had been sent upon a mission to Italy, and to him Madame Barton's letters had gone, not to be returned for months. Through Papa, to whom I wrote at once, we were soon in touch with Captain Paul Barton, and thereafter had no such trouble.

But during this time of trial, Madame Barton and Heloise had not mourned in idleness. Madame had set to work almost at once, and was soon in charge of a Red Cross station where girls of our age came every day to make surgical dressings. Also there were clothes and food to be sent to the needy who had lost everything; and in speaking of this work, Madame Barton's eyes filled with tears.

"You know, Jeannette," she said, as she held her son close, "I thought many times that perhaps Jacques might be with those who were too poor to take care of him, and often, when I was preparing a package of necessities for some of our poor peasants, I wondered if perhaps my boy would share them. It made me wish, more than ever, to send out as much as I could to those who had been stripped of everything by the *Boches.*"

The change in Grandpère was, of course, quickly noted and gladly accepted after the story of his recovery had been told again.

Of the *pension* itself, a word or two must be said. I shared a chamber with Heloise, while Jacques occupied one with his mother. Grandpère had a little room which was far from cheerful, but he made light of this, saying that he would soon be at work with the army and needed but a temporary shelter. It was not because the house was crowded that our accommodations were so limited,—we were, in fact, the only guests,—but there were no servants to be obtained. Madame Rouleau, whose home it was, busied herself with the relief of the little Belgian children, so we all helped in the housework, and, to lessen the labor, the greater part of the establishment was closed.

For Madame Rouleau I soon came to have a great respect. She was a tiny woman, with very black eyes and hair. Eternally she knitted, but as she sat in her chair there was an immobility in her rigid figure that contrasted strangely with her flying fingers, as if these were the only parts of her neat person which were capable of movement.

She talked little, and then mostly of Monsieur Rouleau, her husband, who was a cook in our army.

"He is a chef of parts, Mademoiselle," she said to me one evening. "He could have been attached to an officer's mess, but that he would not have. 'It is the *poilus* who need the best of cooking,' he declared. But to prepare meals is only

one of his duties. When there is a battle, Monsieur my husband takes up one end of a stretcher and helps to bear the wounded off the field. It is not the least dangerous work at the front. And ah, Madame," she went on, speaking to Madame Barton, "we who have husbands in the army, be they officers or cooks, need to pray for courage. It is a true saying that we women must be brave in order that our men may fight better."

And this I soon found was the universal thought. There was little laughter in Paris, but on the other hand there were few tears to be seen. Black-gowned wives, mothers, and sisters were everywhere, but they did not weep. Rather did they smile to encourage those who lived, counting each her own loss but the necessary sacrifice for France. The victory was still to be won, and the women must fight as well as the men. Their black gowns were only badges of honor, worn to show the living that the dead were not forgotten.

I cannot say that we were happy; there was always the remembrance of those at the front, *"là bas,"* as we called it; yet we were not unhappy, finding much pleasure in little things that came to brighten our daily lives.

All people were kind to one another. Among ourselves we strove in every way to lighten the burden borne by our friends. Our letters were read aloud, those from Monsieur Rouleau being as eagerly looked forward to as those from Monsieur Barton or my papa. Of course, for each there was a special message of love between the lines; but those who wrote them shared a common danger, and those who read them bore in their hearts the same anxieties. Then, too, the work we did made us glad. We were helping—that was the great thing; and in the evening we did not complain of tired, aching bodies, but talked eagerly of the next day's tasks.

Grandpère, during the first weeks in Paris, suffered more than any of us. He had come full of hope, only to meet disappointment after disappointment.

"They can do nothing for me," he would mourn. "I am an old officer, and they want to put me on the shelf with the other war antiquities."

"But your Cross of the Legion should show them that you are brave," I would tell him.

"Ah, my dear," was his answer, "France is full of brave men. It is not courage that is lacking, but experience. I have been dreaming for forty years. I cannot even drive an automobile. I am a useless, worn-out old man, eating food that had better be given to a soldier."

Thus he talked when he was discouraged; but there were other times when he would be full of some new plan, and confident that now he was to have his wish.

"Ha, ha, Jeannette!" he would cry upon such occasions, "to-morrow will find me in active service again!" And in the gayest of spirits, he would start out, only in the end to meet another disappointment.

It must not be thought that the whole of Grandpère's days was given up to futile efforts. On the contrary, he set his hand to any work that came his way, and very shortly constituted himself our housekeeper. He, who was a gentleman of no mean position, did not think it beneath his dignity to sweep the floors, to go marketing, to perform any of the household duties.

There was at first a protest at this, Madame Rouleau, in particular, voicing our feelings.

"Monsieur," she insisted, "it is not seemly that you should be doing this menial work!"

"Madame," he returned with grave courtesy, "there is no high or low in France to-day. We are all brothers and sisters. I regret that I am not a cook, so that I might take the place of your good husband. He, Madame, is risking his life that I and mine may live in safety. Seeing that I am not permitted to fight, there can be no degradation in my doing what comes to my hand, no matter how humble. It is my misfortune that I cannot do more; but to relieve you ladies, even a little, so that you can carry on your fine work for the soldiers more easily, that is something I may well be proud to do."

After that there was nothing to be said, and I know that Grandpère lost none of the respect in which the others held him. As for me, I loved him dearly, and everything he did was right in my sight.

One most glorious day we had when Papa came to Paris on a flying visit. I confess that when Madame Barton urged me to forsake my work at the Red Cross my protests were very feeble; but I promised to make it up by greater efforts when Papa was gone again.

He and Grandpère and I spent our happiest hours at Versailles, wandering about the gardens and talking, talking, talking. The weather was warm and sunny, though it was early November, and it was good to be out of doors with those I loved best in the world.

Papa told us of his soldiers. *"Mes enfants,"* he called them, and never, I am sure, was there a braver or more devoted company. He recounted story after story of their courage in the face of the enemy, their endurance in the mud and water of the trenches, of the great trials they bore without complaint. And then, at the end, he spoke of André Cupin.

"You must remember to say a prayer for André," he said to me, "for were it not for him, I should not be here now."

"I shall remember, Papa," I said; "but tell us how it happened."

"My brave *poilus* are all such fine fellows that, except for the fact that he saved my life, there is nothing very extraordinary about it," Father began. "It is n't much of a story. To be sure, André won the *Medaille Militaire;* but, as he said himself, 'Any of us would have done it, *mon capitaine.*' And that is true, too. Had I my way, my children should all be decorated; every one of them deserves it."

"But please, Papa, the story!" I begged, for he was much inclined to go on praising his men, and seemed to think little of the fact that his life had been saved.

"Eh bien," he went on, with a laugh at my impatience, "we were in a front trench near ——— for ten days, and the *Boches* suddenly took it into their heads to make us more uncomfortable than we already were. So they opened up a heavy artillery fire and kept it going day and night. That looked like an attack, and my children were already worn out. We should have been relieved before; but, under fire, there was no chance of it, so we made up our minds to be ready for whatever was to come.

"Yet there was a worse trial in store for us. *Mes enfants* have the courage of lions, but they could not go on living, much less fighting, without food—and none reached us through the storm of shells in our rear. We all knew that those behind the line, whose duty it was to bring us something to eat, were ready to do their utmost, but it was considered impossible to reach our trench. You can have no idea, *mon père,"* he continued, turning to Grandpère, "what such a bombardment is like. It is a very hurricane of flying steel. Shells of all calibers were exploding about us continually, night and day, you understand, and my men, faint with hunger, began to look at each other in a way I could not bear. There was no word of reproach, but they were growing mad. I knew a time would come when they could no longer control themselves. When they would cease to be *'mes enfants'* and become a crowd of starved and half-crazed men. That, of course, I could not support. Food must be procured, and I went back after it myself.

"I started out of the trench as soon as it was dark, and I had good luck. I took every precaution, and crawled half a kilometer or more out of my way in order to avoid as much of the fire as possible. It would all have been of no use to my men if I had been killed; yet for all that, fortune was with me or I should never have got through. But it took the greater part of the night, and when I started back, with a huge bundle of food strapped on my back, I had to take the shortest route if I was to be there before daylight.

"Well, to make a long story short, the sun came up before I reached the trench, and there I was, a fine mark for the *Boche* sharp-shooters. That did not please me at all and made it more necessary than

ever to reach my goal; so I crawled on a little way at a time, very, very carefully. Soon I knew that at least one German rifleman had seen me, for there were single bullets coming my way, as well as the shrapnel and high-explosive shells. There was but one thing for me to do. My only hope was to go from one shell-hole to another, lying hidden for a time between each rush, praying that the *Boche* who had his eye on me might think me dead.

"*Enfin,* it became a sort of game between that hidden sharp-shooter and me—which could fool the other. I forgot all about the artillery fire that was blazing away about me, and thought only of the *Boche* with the rifle. And I was angry, too, that any one should try to stop me; one is not logical *là bas.* I was determined to get that food to the trench, and I did not care at all what happened after that. I would as soon have died as not. That is the way one gets sometimes.

"So on I went from hole to hole, staying as long as half an hour in one spot. Ah, it was hard to lie still, to be patient; but I had set my mind upon reaching the trench and took no risks. Up I would rush of a sudden, scramble across the broken ground, and tumble into the next water-filled hole, quite aware of the *plop-plop* of the bullets striking near me. And at last I came in sight of our trench. A few more rushes and I should be in—and then, of course, a big shell came along and spoiled it all! There was a great crash in my ears and then—nothing. I was stretched out unconscious, in full view of the enemy, who would sooner or later put a few bullets into me to make sure that I was dead.

"What happened after, my lieutenant told me. My men did not know that I had gone. It was no use to tell them till I came back with food; but André Cupin caught a glimpse of me just as I was struck down. He thought he recognized me, but could not believe his eyes and rushed to my lieutenant.

" 'Have I seen a ghost, or is *notre capitaine* there?' he demanded, pointing back of the lines; and the explanation was given to him. It seemed to those in the trench that I must be dead, but André cried that, whether I was dead or alive, I should be brought into the trench; and before any one could stop him, he leaped out, ran to where I was lying, and picked me up in his arms. He staggered back with me, making no effort to conceal himself, and brought me in. It is hard to understand why he was not killed; but that is the way it sometimes happens. I was only stunned, as it turned out, so, you see, André saved my life. That was all there was to it."

"I shall not forget him in my prayers, Papa," I said, after a little, and Grandpère nodded his head slowly up and down. He, too, would remember André Cupin.

"But I think he was not the only brave man," I added, a moment later.

"Oh, quite right," Father agreed. "Any of the others would have done as much, only—"

"I was n't thinking of the others," I interrupted. "I was thinking of you, Papa."

He laughed and patted my cheek fondly.

"No," he said, "I was n't brave. In truth, I was very much frightened. You remember I told you it was n't much of a story."

CHAPTER XIX

THE HOLIDAY OF M. ROULEAU

LATER, I liked to remember what a beautiful day it was when I went to the station with Papa to say good-by. It had grown cool and crisp in the night, but the sun was pleasant. We walked briskly, saying little. We did not speak of our next meeting. That was a subject upon which we never ventured in those days, lest the smile we must keep upon our lips should be banished forever.

A hug and a kiss, a long look into each other's eyes, a brave shout of *"Bonne chance,"* and a final glimpse of him as the train drew away—that was my farewell to Papa. About me were hundreds upon the same errand, all trying to be gay and lively—until those we loved were out of sight. I turned with the others and went

back to my daily tasks, very thankful to have seen him, even for so short a time.

The next break in our busy lives came with the visit of Monsieur Rouleau. He was a short, round little man, with a most solemn face, but there was an ever-present twinkle in his bright blue eyes as if, behind his outward gravity, he looked upon life as something of a joke. He at once showed an immense respect for Grandpère, and treated him as a highly honored guest to whose every wish he deferred.



"'YOU WILL EXPLAIN, MADEMOISELLE,' MONSIEUR ROULEAU EXCLAIMED"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Nay, Monsieur Rouleau," Grandpère would protest, "my desires are of the least importance. I, who am living in safety behind the lines, can ill-afford to accept service of a man who places his body between me and my enemies." And he would listen to no objection, but went into the kitchen and assisted Monsieur Rouleau, who, from the moment he arrived until his departure, spent his entire time in cooking such dishes as I have never tasted since.

"You cannot imagine, Monsieur," he confided to Grandpère, "what it means for an artist to be eternally boiling potatoes or making a mess they misname ragout! And the beans! Monsieur, my soul revolts at the sight of beans! It is not only the man who carries a rifle who is a hero in this war!"

Between Madame Rouleau and her husband there was, I know, a deep bond of affection, but, except that now and then we caught them exchanging a glance of mutual regard, they seemed but chance acquaintances—and yet it was Madame's opinion of his dishes that counted most with Monsieur Rouleau. Our praises might be of the highest, but they were as nothing if Madame his wife so much as lifted an eyebrow in disapproval.

Each evening Monsieur Rouleau, when all was in readiness, would go out into the streets and pick up the first gamin he met, to be brought back and filled with food.

"He would feed half Paris if he could," Madame informed us. And there was no

doubt of Monsieur's generosity; but he confessed to me, one day, an additional motive.

"You see, Mademoiselle," he explained, gesticulating with a saucepan he was about to use, "all men have their vanities. It does no harm for me to stuff a boy with food, and, in the years to come, when he is a man, that same boy will tell of a fine dish made by one Rouleau. He will remember and smack his lips, saying that the art is lost, perhaps. Who knows? It may be! And if then one asks this boy, who has grown to be a man, 'When did this Rouleau die?' and the answer is, 'In the year of the Great War', my name, Mademoiselle, will live again for a little? Yes?" And then he added pathetically, "Even for one who eternally cooks beans, there is danger *là bas.*"

After this, although there was no hint of any depression of spirits, I could not help knowing what was in his mind when, after stuffing a small guest, he would escort him to the door.

"Forget not, my child," he would cry, "that it was Monsieur Rouleau, Monsieur Georges Rouleau, who prepared the *artichaut printemps* you have just eaten! In the days to come you will be glad to remember. *Bonne chance, gamin*, dream of me!" And with a wave of his hand, he would step back into the house.

So, for the enjoyment of his holiday, Monsieur Rouleau cooked, and in the evenings, when we were all together, he would invent dish after dish, while we gathered near the kitchen to watch him. Of course, there was not much of each delicacy—just a taste. It was subtlety of flavor, a new combination of ingredients, a tiny spoonful of something delicious, that rejoiced the artist soul of Monsieur Rouleau. "It is with the army that I cook to fill the stomach!" he would exclaim. "I found that the *poilus* do not eat—no, no! they stuff themselves. They could as well be born without palates, for all they taste. But here it is different, and I am happy. I would call your attention to the bouquet of that morsel of *étuvé,* Madame Barton."

On the night before he went back, *là bas,* he surpassed himself, and, no doubt, keeping in mind a *pièce de résistance,* he left us for a moment to find the usual gamin upon the streets. But, much to our surprise, he came back with a bright-faced young man of about twenty years, dressed in the uniform of an ambulance driver. A glance showed he belonged neither to our forces nor to the English; and he was somewhat embarrassed, as well he might be, for he had little French and could hardly guess why he was brought into the house.

"You will explain, Mademoiselle," Monsieur Rouleau exclaimed, handing the young man over to me. "Monsieur is an American gentleman, and I could not resist the temptation of introducing him to my art, so that a word of it might find its way to his great country. Explain Mademoiselle. I cook!"

It was not so easy a task for me. I had need of all my English to make this pleasant stranger comprehend that there lived in the world a man, who for the love of doing his best, went out into the streets to find one who might remember him after he was dead.

"And now, Monsieur, I hope you understand," I said at the end.

"Sure!" he exclaimed, smiling broadly. "It 's a great stunt; but believe me, I was up against it when he grabbed me. All the same it looks like a nice party and I 'm glad I came."

I must confess that I did not quite catch the meaning of all his words, though I wrote them down when he had gone, intending to ask Papa; but the young man laughed most heartily and seemed much pleased.

"I shall be glad to introduce you to the others," I began, hesitating to ask his name; but he replied at once:

"I 'm Eddie Reed, with the ambulance corps attached to the American Hospital at Neuilly. I 'm having an evening off."

He spoke as if everything in life was a gay experience, and it was not till a long time afterward that I discovered Monsieur Reed could be serious if he chose.

Altogether it turned out a very jolly

evening, and our American guest added no little to our pleasure. He soon overcame any shyness he might have had in the beginning, and used all the French words he knew. At first we tried not to laugh, but he, quick to notice our efforts to be polite, told us "not to mind him."

"It 's up to me to learn French, and I 'm going to do it if it breaks a leg," he told me in English.

"Then the best thing to do is to talk," I suggested.

"Exactly!" he agreed. "As the English chaps say, 'I 'm all fed up' with dictionaries and grammars. I want to talk!" And he did! At times we were in gales of laughter, though we did try to help him.

But when it came to expressing his admiration for Monsieur Rouleau's dishes, he asked me to translate for him.

"Say, this is great stuff!" he exclaimed. "Tell Monsieur I think it 's out of sight!"

"Out of sight?" I repeated after him, bewildered at the expression. "You mean that—that you cannot see it?"

"No, no!" he laughed. "I mean it 's great! Good! Never ate anything better in my life." Then, turning to our chef, "Monsieur it is *magnifique*—it is *bon*—it is *excessivement beau!*" There was no doubting his enthusiasm, especially when he held out his plate for another helping.

"I 'm a soph at Harvard," he said, as if we knew what that meant. "A lot of fellows in my class were crazy to come over here, but driving an ambulance was the nearest to fighting we could get. Wait till I 'm of age, then it will be little Eddie for the front."

"America must be wonderful," I suggested.

"Sure!" he exclaimed, "but I 'm for France, too. It was out of sight the way you stopped the Germans at the Marne; but over in America they don't know what 's going on here. They still think Germans are real people, like us. On the square, they do! But wait till they hear what 's been happening in Belgium. Good night! They 'll be falling over themselves to get here."

"Oh, if only America would help us as England has!" I murmured.

"You just wait!" he answered confidently. "We don't know much about things in Europe, but we 'll wake up after a while. Roosevelt will start something one of these days. He 'll get them going. America will be in it, all right! You 'll see!"

The evening came to an end at length, and Monsieur Reed went away, thanking us half in English and half in French. But he made himself entirely understood, and we said adieu with something of regret. He was the first American I had ever talked to, and I liked his straightforward, boyish frankness. Then, too, he was big and strong and earnest, and I felt sure that if his countrymen were like him, they would soon be helping us to end the war.

Monsieur Rouleau was to leave early the next morning before we were up, so we said *au revoir* to him that night. Each of us found a compliment to add to our words of farewell, for, besides his good dishes, we had a very genuine admiration for his generosity and kindliness.

"Monsieur," said Grandpère, "let me thank you for a rare treat. I shall pray to *le bon Dieu* to give me many years so that I may spread the fame of Monsieur Rouleau's supreme creations."

"Monsieur le Colonel," returned the little man, with a profound bow, "you have added a sauce of appreciation to the enjoyment of my holiday. While I am away, I shall live again these pleasant hours. *Adieu et au revoir,* messieurs et mesdames. I return to my martyrdom of cooking—beans!"

And so he left us, the good Monsieur Rouleau. A week later a message came for Madame, and thereafter she was in black. She did not cry, at least we did not see her tears. Without doubt, in the night her pillow was wet. But when we offered her our sympathy, she lifted her head with a fine gesture of bravery.

"C'est la guerre," she said quietly. "Monsieur, he was just a cook, but he was a Frenchman. *Vive la France!"*

(*To be continued*)



THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE PLUM-TREE

By FAIRMONT SNYDER

SWEET singer on the plum-tree bough,
What is the message you bring now?
What 's that you say—the spring is here,
Through the *shoji,* kotori,**
Your cheery answer comes to me.
Please sing again, I want to hear
Those lovely notes so sweet and clear.
And you will come again next year?
In this same plum-tree you will sing
And usher in another spring?

* *Shoji,* sliding doors. *Kotori,* little bird.



THE WALK IN THE RAIN

By FAIRMONT SNYDER

THE rain is falling fast to-day,
With dripping roof and sky of gray.
But on an errand I must go
With little sister, Koto-ko.
The street is almost like a lake,
So our *kasa** we must take.
I 'm glad our *geta** are so high,
Because they keep our feet quite dry.

* *Kasa*, an oiled-paper umbrella. *Geta*, wooden clogs.

FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island"

CHAPTER XI

ABOARD THE DESTROYER

"WHAT!" Ben almost screamed. "You thieving old rascal! Twenty thousand reis!"

"What 's a reis when it 's at home?" asked Jerry.

"I don't know and I don't care," Ben replied, bubbling over with indignation. "Probably it 's something like our dollar. It does n't matter. I fancy a hundred dollars is all he could possibly ask; and that 's far too much, anyway."

The Portuguese, with a grave face, crossed out the figures 20,000, substituted 10,000, and held out the envelop once more.

"Oh, well, what 's the use!" Ben exclaimed. "He does n't know what I mean in dollars, and I don't know what he means in reis, so we 'd never come to a decision. The best thing we can do is to get over there, and let the consul fellow settle the dispute for us. Besides, if the thief wants an outrageous sum, such as ten thousand dollars, I guess it 's up to the naval authorities to pay it, because we 're on their business. Go ahead, boss!" he added, taking the skipper by the arm and urging him down toward the boat. Without further ado the Portuguese took the trio aboard, bellowed something to one of his crew, which had the effect of bringing a couple of sailors down to the boat within a few minutes, and the voyage was begun. The boat had a mainsail and jib, and, when the breeze took hold of her squarely, she cut a pretty pace, the skipper evidently being proud of her. He patted Jerry on the shoulder and pointed at the great bellying mainsail.

"I 'd get mad as a hornet if I were in that fellow's fix," observed Ben, greatly amused. "He 's just bu'sting to ask you if you don't agree with him that this little packet is the finest thing afloat. It probably represents the lifelong savings of him and his father together, to say nothing of his grandfather. It would break his heart to see some of the fine power-boats the Portuguese use for fishing in America. Probably this boat was built in the Azores."

"We sha'n't be three days in reaching San Miguel if we spin along like this, shall we?" Jerry inquired.

"No, we 're doing nicely at present. We ought to fetch port any time after dawn to-morrow."

"I say, Ben, when we reach there, how are we going about this job of reporting the submarine base? Whom are you going to report it to?"

"Don't ask me, yet," replied Ben. "We shall have to find out when we arrive. There ought to be some Allied naval authorities there at this stage of the war. If there are n't, we shall have to dig out a consul, or something equally useful."

"There 's only one thing that makes me feel sick about the whole thing now," said Jerry, "and that is we shall probably never know what happens after we tell them what we 've found. Everything is done so secretly, and kept so quiet."

"I can tell you right now what will happen," said Ben. "They 'll send a vessel to our island and destroy the base."

"I know that much, of course," said Jerry. "But what I shall want to know is whether they ever catch a submarine as a result of what we tell them. Of course, it 's very thrilling and all that sort of thing to run across a lot of casks of oil on an island and know that that is where the U-boats fill up their tanks. And it 's all right to know that the oil won't be there when Mr. U-boat Commander pays his next visit to the place. But what I 'd like to know for certain is that Mr. U-boat Commander had been trapped."

"I 'm afraid we 'll have to keep guessing as to that," Ben answered. "I 'm dead sure the authorities won't breathe a whisper about it. It is n't the thing now-a-days, in war, to tell your left hand what your right hand does. All the satisfaction we 're likely to get out of it is to know we 've done our duty and run up a bill for Uncle Sam of ten thousand dollars, or reis, or something, for being ferried in this two-by-one craft to the island of San Miguel."

"But we 'd be able to find out all about it after the war 's over, don't you suppose?"

"Probably—if you 've patience to wait till then," replied Ben, banteringly.

The food with which the fishermen served their passengers, though simple, was wholesome and clean, and Jerry declared he could feel it in his heart to be grateful to the Portuguese for what they had done, except for their exorbitant demands. The skipper tried valiantly to get into conversation by speaking slowly, and he was apparently puzzled to find that any one should be so totally ignorant of his language that not one single syllable was understood.

That night Jerry and his friends turned into the little cabin and slept soundly; but just as the first streaks of gray dawn began to creep into the eastern sky, Jerry went up on deck. A fresh wind was still blowing, and the Portuguese skipper was in a cheerful frame of mind, which indicated that all had gone well.

Far ahead, the boy could discern a faint blur of smoke, from some steamer's funnels, and, after watching it a few minutes, he noticed that the fishing vessel and the other boat were running almost straight toward one another. Soon the Portuguese began to display great interest in the steamer, and chattered among themselves. One of them, pointing to the approaching vessel, said something excitedly to Jerry, which aroused the boy's curiosity, but gave him small satisfaction. So interested, however, did the crew grow in the matter that Jerry at length slipped down below and roused his companions.

"What 's she like?" asked Ben, springing from his bunk.

"Can't see very well," replied the boy. "She 's almost dead ahead. I should n't be surprised if she was some sort of a war-ship."

Ben was at Jerry's heels as they hustled up the companionway, and the moment his eyes fell on the approaching vessel he said with assurance: "She *is* a war-ship. By Jupiter, but I 'm going to see if I can't signal and stop her!"

He turned to the Portuguese skipper, tapped himself on the chest, and pointed a finger at the approaching ship.

The skipper nodded and smiled.

"Oh, the thick-head thinks I mean it 's my blooming war-ship, I suppose!" he wailed. Then he went aft, and to the surprise of the steersman, relieved him of the wheel.

The skipper, far from expostulating, watched Ben critically, evidently filled with curiosity to see what his peculiar passenger's intention was.

"By Jove, I believe she 's American!" Ben exclaimed at last. "Yes, sir, if she is n't one of our own destroyers, I 'll eat oakum for supper! Jerry, I saw a trumpet in the cabin. Get down, quick! They 're slipping right along. They 'll be abreast of us in another five minutes."

Jerry found the trumpet and handed it to Ben.

"Here, Todd," said the latter, "you take this wheel. Run as near as you dare, and when I give you the word, jibe her."

The destroyer, four-stacked, dull gray of hue, made a fractional alteration in her course, as though to avoid a collision, whereupon Todd moved the wheel a trifle. The boat steered perfectly. At a good fourteen knots an hour, the destroyer came on.

"Now, John, jibe her!" Ben called out.

Round the little vessel came, fetching up on the sheets, all standing, with a jar, and Ben, jumping on the rail and supporting himself with one hand on the rigging, held the trumpet to his mouth.

"Ship ahoy!" he bellowed, at the top of his lungs.

The destroyer, which, noting the sloop's manœuver, had again swerved, went plunging past, while the fishing-sloop glided on into the white froth of her wake. For an instant it appeared as though the appeal had been unheard, or, heard, was to go unanswered. But a moment later the low, slim stern veered to starboard, and they saw that the destroyer was slowing down and turning to port. Presently the bridge was in sight again as the ship came about, and from the sloop it was seen that an officer was trying to make himself heard through a megaphone. But a good half mile now separated the two craft, and the roar of escaping steam on the destroyer drowned the voice. Ben could only wave and await the ship's approach, meanwhile instructing Todd to head up into the wind.

The sloop's crew were watching this performance with an air of profound awe, for it is no joking matter to hold up a war-ship in full career, and they were somewhat fearful for the consequences, though the skipper had not interfered, as he assumed his passengers knew what they were doing.

The engines of the destroyer began to work slowly once more, and she lurched lazily through the swell in the direction of the sloop. Not a word was exchanged by Ben and his companions. The very atmosphere was charged with excitement. On the war-ship came until she lay only a hundred feet away.

"What do you want?" the officer called from the bridge.

"We 've something very important to tell you," Ben replied, steadily. "Do you mind if I come on board, sir?"

"Well, hurry up, then. I can't waste all day here," came the reply.

The sloop's small boat was hastily dropped over the side, and Ben and Jerry lost no time in rowing across the intervening space. A rope ladder was let down over the side of the destroyer. Jerry mounted this first, and was met at the top by the lieutenant in command, an alert-looking officer, with keen, intelligent eyes and a strong, firm mouth. His manner, though courteous enough, was at first inclined to be abrupt.

"Well!" he said, the moment the boy placed both feet on deck.

"Are you—the commander—are you in charge here, sir?" Jerry asked.

"Yes," replied the officer. "What do you want?"

"I 'm from the United States," said Jerry. "This is an American boat, is n't it?"

"It is," was the brief reply.

"I 'm glad," said the boy, impulsively. "We 've stopped you to tell where there 's a U-boat base near here."

Ben, who had made the small boat fast, now appeared over the rail, and the officer cast one quick, comprehensive glance at both his visitors.

"A U-boat base?"

"Yes, sir. We 've seen it."

The news brought a flash to the lieutenant's eyes.

"Who are you?" he asked quickly.

"My name is Jerry Kendall. I 'm the owner of the schooner *Endeavor,* out of Bath, with lumber for Bordeaux. This is Ben Duncan, the second mate."

"I see," said the officer. "Where 's your schooner?"

"We left her, stranded, after a submarine attacked us. Then we made for the island of San Ferrera on a raft. We were trying to reach Ponta Delgada to give notice about the U-boat base to the proper authorities."

"You 've reached the proper authorities," said the lieutenant, with a ghost of a smile.

"That 's what we hoped for, sir," replied Jerry. "The place is on the island where we left the schooner, about fifteen miles to the east of San Ferrera. Do you know it?"

"Yes. I have n't been ashore there, but we passed the place last week—gave it rather a wide berth, in a fog, as a matter of fact. Go on."

Jerry then had to enter into every detail concerning the rock on which they had found the painted iron fittings, and concerning the cave and its contents.

The officer listened intently, his eyes narrowed and his lips tightly set, save when he jerked out sharp questions. When the boy had finished, he nodded thoughtfully.

"That 's good news, Mr. Kendall," he said. "We knew the brutes must have a base somewhere round here, but it was like trying to find a needle in a haystack. Now, tell me, just whom have you told about this?"

"Not a soul, except John Todd. He 's one of the *Endeavor's* crew."

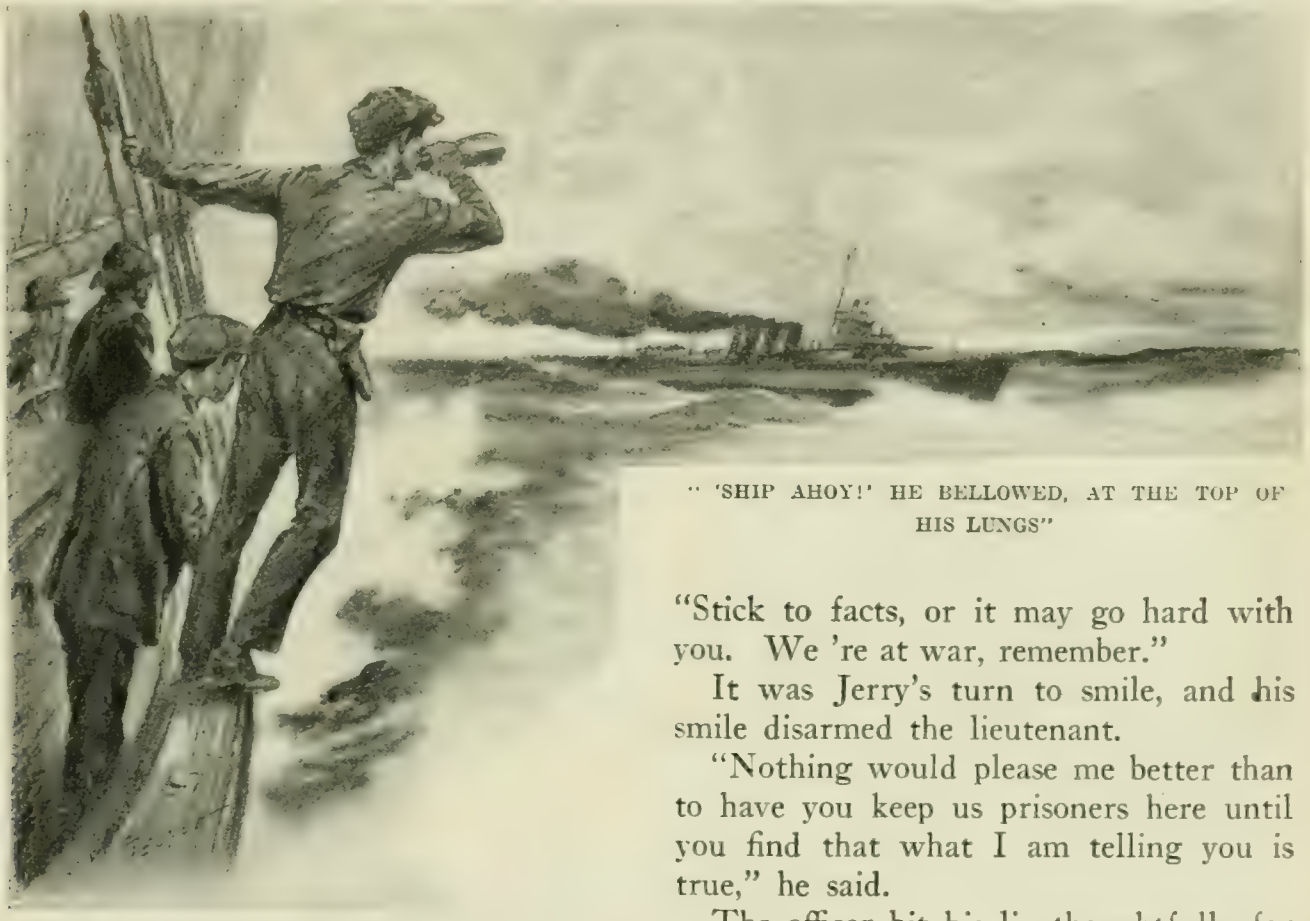
"Too bad!" exclaimed the lieutenant, irritated. "You should n't have mentioned it to any one. We may be too late now."

"I don't think so, sir," replied Jerry. "Todd 's on that sloop with us. He 's absolutely all right. The captain would have seized the *Endeavor* from us if it had n't been for him."

"The captain of the submarine?"

"No, our captain. I forgot that for the moment. Dragon, his name is. He and the rest of the crew tried to take possession of our vessel, and I think they were going to put us afloat in the small boat. But Todd helped us, so we managed to make prisoners of them."

A look of incredulity came into the officer's face. "This is a very extraordinary story you are telling me," he said, severely.



"'SHIP AHOY!' HE BELLOWED, AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS"

"Stick to facts, or it may go hard with you. We 're at war, remember."

It was Jerry's turn to smile, and his smile disarmed the lieutenant.

"Nothing would please me better than to have you keep us prisoners here until you find that what I am telling you is true," he said.

The officer bit his lip thoughtfully for an instant.

"That 's a good idea," he said. "As a matter of fact, I do believe you; but I guess we 'll take you along, just the same, to show us the cave. You did n't speak about it to the men on the sloop?"

"I could n't have if I 'd wanted to," replied Jerry. 'They don't understand a word of English, and we don't know any of their lingo."

"Nor to the other members of your crew?"

"Not one of them. We could n't trust them, after the way they had treated us."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "But tell me something more about this man Dragon. Does he speak with a German accent at all?"

"I don't *think* so. Why, no, he 's as much of an American as I am. Don't you think so, Ben?"

"He 's an American, all right, sir," said Ben. "You 'll probably think so too when you speak to him."

"It was a very peculiar thing for him to do, especially these times," replied the officer. "However, that does n't matter for the moment. Once we get our hands on him, he will have something else to think of. You 'd better fetch that man Todd on board. I dare n't leave any possible loop-hole."

"And the dog, sir?" asked Jerry. "I don't want to leave him."

"Oh, fetch him, too. But the men will probably kill him with over-feeding if you don't keep an eye on him."

"By the way, sir," put in Ben, "these Portuguese undoubtedly saved our lives, for we should have been blown right out to sea if they had not picked us up. And they 've come all the way from San Ferrera especially to land us on San Miguel. Not knowing their language, we can't argue much, but if you 've got any one aboard who can make them understand, I wish you 'd get him to explain that we are n't exactly rolling in wealth."

"Why, what 's the trouble?"

"Well, we tried to strike a bargain with them, but they wanted so much that we have n't got it."

"What do you want to give them?"

"Oh, fifty dollars, or something like that. We have n't much more than a couple of hundred with us, and we 're rather a long way from home yet."

"How much do they want?"

"They started out by asking twenty thousand reis, whatever that is, but they came down to ten thousand at last. I don't know how much a reis is, but——"

The lieutenant threw back his head and burst into laughter.

"I don't think they overcharged you," he said. "Ten thousand reis is about ten dollars in American money. It *does* sound rather alarming, though, at first."

"Ten dollars!" said Jerry, as Ben and he joined in the laughter. "Give him thirty, Ben, and let *him* have the shock this time. What a bunch he must have thought we were!"

"Well, slip along," urged the officer. "We 're some hours' run off San Ferrera."

One of the war-ship's crew who spoke Portuguese returned with them to the sloop, where he acted as interpreter; and the Portuguese captain's smile became more expansive than ever when it was explained to him that the thirty dollars placed in his hand was the equivalent of thirty thousand reis.

"He says," the interpreter explained, "that he hopes you will live to be a hundred years old!"

Five minutes later the sloop's boat had deposited them all on the destroyer, the propellers of which immediately began to churn up a foamy trail, and the last Jerry saw of the Portuguese was the skipper standing in the bow, waving his hand, and doubtless wondering who were these mysterious folk he had picked up on a raft, entertained in his own home, and finally passed on to a foreign ship of war which stopped at their behest and took them on board as though they owned half the earth.

CHAPTER XII

THE *FARLEY* TAKES A HAND

ON the destroyer, all three survivors of the *Endeavor* were put through a rigorous examination by Lieutenant Bentley, the commander, who made a written report of their statement. Then he closed the book with a snap and leaned back in his chair.

"That 's capital!" he said cheerfully. "We must n't count our chickens before they 're hatched, but whether we can manage to get one of the 'tin fishes' or not, we certainly can destroy their base, and that will help some. Uncle Sam ought to feel grateful for what you have done."

"We have n't done anything—yet," said Jerry, modestly. "And if you catch the U-boat that tried to sink us, we 'll be more than satisfied."

"We 'll do our best," replied the lieutenant, quietly. "Meanwhile, you chaps are guests of the ship, and we 'll try to make you comfortable. There 's work ahead of us, and, of course, you run just as much risk aboard the *Farley* as we do.

We 're liable to get a torpedo in us any minute."

"You don't seem much scared at the idea, sir," commented Ben.

The youthful commander shrugged as he lighted a cigarette.

"No," he replied, after a pause. "The only thing we have to be scared about is that one of our shells should miss its mark when we happen to spot a submarine. That is a critical moment. We don't see a U-boat every day of our lives, so we have to make the most of the opportunity when we do."

"Have you sunk any since you have been out here?" Jerry asked.

The lieutenant cast a curious glance at the boy.

"We don't usually talk to strangers about that sort of thing," he said; "but as a matter of fact, I personally have n't had a stroke of luck of that kind yet. If each destroyer in the Allied navies were to sink only one submarine, that would finish 'em all off, and we 'd all be out of a job."

"Then," Jerry began, "*if* we manage to get one——"

"It will be the proudest day in my life, that 's all," interrupted Lieutenant Bentley. "I hope, by the way, that your schooner was insured. Was she?"

Jerry nodded.

"Insured, yes," he replied. "But I would have done anything rather than lose her, especially when we did. You see, though we naturally intended to clean up a tidy profit on the trip, we did want the satisfaction of knowing we had landed our lumber in France, where it would have been really useful. Now that I know America is in the war, I feel sorrier than ever about losing the ship."

Lieutenant Bentley stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"If only you had got as far as San Miguel with your cargo," he said, "it would have been just as useful. There 's a tremendous shortage of lumber there for war purposes. We shall get plenty across soon, naturally, but it will never be more badly needed than it is now."

"Why, sir, in that case," said Ben, "I wonder whether, if we get to San Miguel, we could make some sort of dicker with the authorities there for the lumber on the *Endeavor*. It may be a bit wet at the bottom of the hold, but it will dry out all right. Perhaps they might be willing to send a vessel to the island for it."

"I should n't be in the least surprised," mused the lieutenant. "As a matter of fact, they ought to jump at the opportunity. They 're building—well, perhaps I ought not to talk about that, but, I assure you, lumber is almost as precious as diamonds over here these days."

"Then maybe our journey won't have been wasted after all, sir?"

"I don't see why it should be," said the officer, hopefully.

Later, the ship's guests were permitted to explore the vessel, a petty officer being detailed to act as guide. He showed them the wonders of the powerful little craft, her "teeth," as he laughingly described the guns, and the powerful engines that were now sending her racing at top speed. They found it all intensely fascinating, but curiously devoid of the spirit of war, for an air of good temper pervaded the entire ship, in spite of the rigid discipline that prevailed. The word had evidently been passed round, too, that something unusual was in the wind. That, together with the picking up of the unexpected passengers, made Jerry and his friends the center of a great deal of curiosity among the men, and more than one artful attempt was made, in the course of conversation, to discover what particular brand of fun lay ahead. The guests, however, maintained a discreet silence, though Jerry was aching to satisfy the curiosity of the men.

Evening was approaching when the cry, "Land-ho!" was heard, and a fresh ripple of excitement ran through the ship, for unknown possibilities lay in store. Jerry and Ben were standing on the deck, eagerly taking in every detail of the work on board, when a seaman came up to them.

"The 'luff' wants to see you both on the bridge," he announced with a grin, and conducted them to the commander.

"I 've been thinking," said Lieutenant Bentley, "that the first thing to do is to get your friend Dragon and his gang. They may not be trying to aid the enemy, but we can put them out of harm's way. I shall run in to within about three quarters of a mile of the island, but not closer, because of the rocks. Do you think you can spot the exact place where the schooner is lying?"

"Surely," replied Ben.

"Good boy! Then you stop where you are."

The island was now distinctly visible, and the *Farley,* at Ben's suggestion, bore round the western point.

"Now," said the lieutenant, "I am going to send a landing-party ashore, with instructions that they are n't supposed to know anything about the men they are going to 'rescue.' If your crew knew you were here, they 'd probably hide, and we should have a long job rounding them up. I don't want to waste time on that."

"There 's the schooner, sir," exclaimed Jerry, suddenly, while searching the ever-widening view of the southern shore through a pair of binoculars.

The lieutenant gave a signal, and the vibration of the engines ceased.

A minute or two later, a boat-load of men was rowing away, under the command of a young ensign named Grimes.

"I don't think they 'll hide, sir," said Jerry to the lieutenant. "If they have n't been taken off already, the one thing they will want more than anything else on earth is to get away from that island."

"If they hide anywhere handy, and Grimes gets hold of them," replied the officer, "they 're likely to be sorry."

Several pairs of eyes scanned the island through binoculars. The bunting on Signal Hill still fluttered in the breeze, but the marooned sailors were not to be seen.

"Do you see that big rock a little way up the side of the cliff, sir?" Jerry asked. "If they 're hiding, we 'd find them behind there, most likely. We sheltered there when the submarine men came ashore."

Though Jerry was only guessing, there was at that moment a bitter wrangle in progress behind the rock. As soon as the destroyer hove in sight, Hook, who was on Signal Hill, gave the alarm, and hurried, with the rest of the crew, behind shelter. The mate urged that, as it appeared to be an American war-ship, there could only be one explanation of its arrival, namely, that it had been sent by Jerry and Ben to take them all into custody. Dragon joined the others unwillingly, for he was beginning to tire of life on the island, and when he noticed that the boat coming ashore contained nobody but United States jackies, he declared they ought to seize the opportunity of getting away.

"You lie still!" growled Hook. What d' you suppose yon ship has come here for if it is n't us?"

"Why, they 've been attracted by the old schooner, of course," replied Dragon. "I 'm going off with 'em."

"Lie down!" Hook ordered sharply, as the captain rose.

Dragon, however, ignored him, and would have walked away had not the mate, who was two inches taller than Dragon, and broad in proportion, thrown himself at the late master of the *Endeavor,* bearing him to the ground. Flynn, who was also weary of waiting on the island, had been inclined to take Dragon's view, and, while the two men were engaged in a frenzied struggle, he quietly got up, just as the boat touched the shore, and began to walk down toward the water. Hook shouted angrily at Flynn, but, seeing it was too late, released Dragon. Doubtful of the reception awaiting them, he, too, walked down to the beach.

Grimes and half a dozen jackies sprang ashore; and in less than two minutes had the seamen surrounded.

"Get aboard, quick!" Grimes ordered, abruptly, jerking his thumb in the direction of the boat.

"What 's the idea?" Dragon protested, with a futile attempt to bluster, while he was being hustled over the gunwale.

"There 's a little job awaiting you at Sing Sing," snapped Grimes.

When the boat was some distance off

the shore, Hook, who could swim like a South Sea Islander, put both hands on the gunwale and sprang into the water.

Before going under he filled his lungs, and he swam twenty yards beneath the surface. Then he came to the surface to breathe. The water, however, was so clear that Grimes had been able to steer after him without the slightest difficulty, and, to Hook's chagrin, a boat-hook was fastened in his clothing at the same instant that he emptied his lungs, and he was promptly hauled back into the boat.

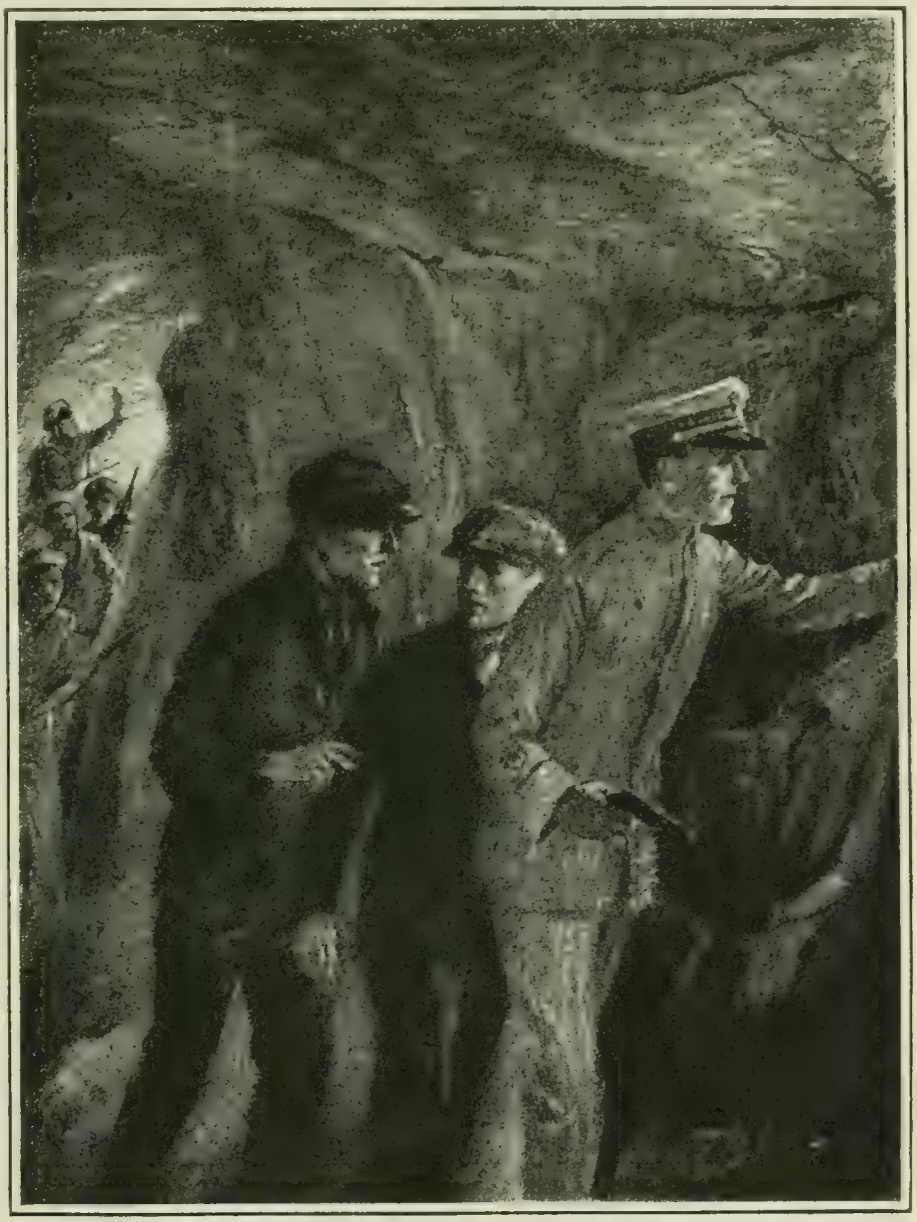
The ensign viewed him dispassionately. Then: "Throw him in the bottom, Wallace, and sit on him," he directed calmly. "Give way!"

During the rest of the journey, Hook, extremely wet, and with a hundred and seventy pounds of the United States Navy reposing on his stomach, was a model of good behavior!

Dragon caught sight of Jerry as soon as he scrambled over the side of the destroyer. He recognized, now, that the game was up, but stared brazenly.

"Now, who 'd ha' thought o' meeting you?" he said.

"Take them below and tie 'em up," ordered Lieutenant Bentley; and almost before the boat's weight had fallen on the davits, the destroyer was under way again. She now headed for the other side of the island, in the direction of the U-boat base. There was plenty of depth near the natural breakwater, but the lieutenant did not go nearer than a thousand yards of the shore. The landing-party consisted of twenty men, armed with automatics and under the command of the ensign. Jerry and Ben went ashore in the first boat, and, when the last man had landed, led the way to the cave. At the entrance, Ensign Grimes took the lead, his revolver in one hand and an electric torch in the other. Casting the rays of the latter before him, he advanced past the fallen rock into the gloom beyond. Suddenly he began to chuckle.



"'WE 'RE IN TIME, ALL RIGHT!' HE EXCLAIMED"

"We 're in time, all right!" he exclaimed.

Jerry and Ben, close at his heels, were for a moment mystified by what they saw. Then they, too, laughed softly.

(To be continued)



Photograph by John Kabel

HAPPY NEWS

I 'm glad that winter-time is past, I love the sunny Spring;
To-day I know that it has come—I heard a robin sing!
The daffodillies in the ground are very glad, I know,
Because I saw them peeping up and they were dancing so.
But when I see the daffodils, and robin carols hear,
I know another happy thing—that is, that Easter 's near!

Louise M. Haynes.

IN THE MOON OF MANY SNOWS

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

WINTER in Molly's valley usually opened with a great snow-feast at Thanksgiving and continued with weekly festivals of falling flakes, until the fences meekly slipped from sight and the little sugar-cabins in the undrifted Adirondack woods slept the long sleep, up to their eaves in snow.

Barring the few inches that had ended the potato-picking so definitely (as was told in the March ST. NICHOLAS), Molly and the major had nothing to hinder them from taking the long walks in which they both delighted, and from the last of which they were now returning. The frost sparkle and the bite of winter air had intoxicated them to the silly point, and, as they shuffled down the last long slope of the Giant-of-the-Valley, they made graceless rhymes in order to work off some of the silliness. The major would say a couple of lines, and then leave Molly to finish out the stanza while he counted fifteen; and if she could do it, then it was her turn to start.

The major made a ridiculous antic and shouted: "Your turn again, Molly! try this: Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how long will you be so?"

And Molly, leaping over a log, replied, "As long as I warm my toes on ice and toast my cheeks with snow."

And because she did it before the major got to thirteen, she began:

"Simple Simon, met a pieman,
Who remarked, 'They say that I 'm an—' "

" 'Incoherent sort of person;
But I've noticed you 're a worse 'un," replied the major immediately.

"Which was n't very polite of him," said Molly, who had lost again.

They had been running on in this way (very like the pieman) for quite a while, partly because it was so glorious out of doors, partly because they did n't want to think of the fact that it was their last walk together. But finally, when they came out on Molly's cliff and saw the beautiful valley spread before them, their mirth stopped. At last the major said, "What 's on for the winter, Molly-O?"

The girl sighed, for the question recalled all the other winters.

"The war 's over," she answered, "and of course I 'm glad of that; but it means that the great things are over, the excitement and the ambition to do things. We 'll begin hibernating again. Yet what can you do? What would *you* do, if you were in my shoes?"

"I 'd prevent it!" he said energetically. "Your valley has had a big start over the other communities around here, and it is really up to you, Molly, not to let it slip back into hibernating again. Keep your alarm-clock set at OPPORTUNITY, and don't forget to get up when it goes off. The war 's over, but the chance for teamwork has just begun."

"In summer we have berries and boarders. But in winter what is there besides snow and woods and a lot of cold air?"

"Well, they 're valuable; and you 've left out the very thing we 're having."

"What 's that?"

"Lots of fun. Why, people ought to know about your valley in winter. They 'd come, I believe—as many as in summer. I can send some up to refresh themselves on scenery and snow-shoes and this glorious brand of winter. If I were the daddy of some ailing boy, I 'd send him up here mighty quick to mosey around these hills."

The major slapped his thigh and snapped all his fingers at once. "Why, I *am* a daddy, Molly, as sure as I stand in my shoes! I 'm a godfather to the softest, citiest-bred, helplessest mama's-darling that ever cried at having his face washed. I say, Molly-O! If I sent him up here, would you do something for me?"

"Yours to command," she replied, saluting.

"I 'd have his father—the real one—engage you to take him out, teach him

about skis and snow-shoes and how not to freeze his nose, with maybe a little arithmetic and spelling in the evenings."

Molly's face brightened as he went on, "There 's just one thing you 'll have to promise me."

"Which is?"

The major stooped, grabbed a little snow, and said, "Not to mollycoddle him," and threw it at her. She dodged, all her gaiety back, and began their verse game again with:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe
Who scolded her offspring with, 'Now, that will do!' "

And the major came back with:

" 'Oh, yes!' they replied; 'but don't be so severe.
Who likes to be led to his bed by the ear?' "

December twilight came quickly in the valley, and they soon dropped down through the darkening forest to the fire that they knew would be burning on the hearth for them.

The next morning Molly drove the major down the long valley behind Old Bell in the sleigh. They kept up their spirits till the last by talking of his spring furlough in sugar-making time and about the possibility of his godson's coming to the valley. They lunched at the little inn, where he took the stage, and Molly's long ride home was shortened for her by thoughts of all the good things that might happen to her in the future—if she kept the alarm set at OPPORTUNITY.

Christmas came, and with it a gift and a letter from the major. The letter said:

The same mail should bring you a little gift from me—a gift that I could not think of sending any other girl; nor to you if I did not have the utmost confidence in the steadiness of your head. Some day, when roaming over your mountains, you may need it.

I am glad to be able to tell you that Nicholas's father agrees with me that it would be a good thing for the boy to have a winter setting-up in the valley. He needs a lot of looking after, though he is fourteen; and I told Mr. Bryant that you ought to have at least $35 a week for it. Was that O. K.?" [Molly looked up at her mother and smiled—she, who was quite ready to do anything for her major at nothing a week, was being asked whether thirty-five dollars was "O. K."] "He 'll meet you at the inn where we took lunch, at noon of December 31, so that you two can start the new year straight. I wish you luck and that I were young Nick.

Molly was sufficiently elated at the news; but when she opened the box and saw shining in it a beautiful revolver, she gave a little cry of delight. And all that day her thoughts kept swinging around a circle of pleasure—the center of which was the fact that her major trusted her with a real weapon, with the care of his godson, with the future of the valley.

WINTER seemed indefinitely postponed. Day after day a late and apologetic sun rose over Giant-of-the-Valley in a pale sky, balanced a few feet above noon-mark at midday, and hastened to set behind Sawteeth at the end of his eight hours, just as if he too had joined the union. Day after day the wind blew from the north, freezing the earth to the marrow, and yet bringing no snow. But at last the change came, and a few inches of snow.

The morning of the 31st dawned gray. The ranges cut with their steel edges against a sky of wool, and Molly put many rugs into the sleigh, prepared some sandwiches, and called to her mother to have a hot supper for them at six o'clock. She had not been gone an hour upon her road, before the steel edges of the mountains softened, faded, disappeared. The snow had already begun upon the heights, and in a few minutes one swift flake, slanting against a dark balsam, told her that a storm was on. A cloud of flakes followed, and her heart beat in tune with the play of the white particles upon her cheek. Old Bell, used to a thousand storms, plodded between the great rocks of the pass, across the flats, and then on down the forest-

lined road which fell mile after mile to the inn, where was the nearest connection with the outside world. And all the girl's thoughts were happy ones.

The stage was late; and when it came, the driver beckoned to Molly, saying: "He 's asleep, Miss Molly; and a queer one, waking or sleeping. He 's that nervous, asking me every minute when we 're going to git here, and it snowing faster than I ever see it before, and me driving these thirty year. You 'll have some drive in the upper valley, or I miss my guess. Shall I waken him for ye?"

"No, I 'll do it," she said; and leaning over the boy, she put her warm hand on his white forehead. He sat up with a start, finally getting awake and smiling a rather unsettled smile. Molly felt sorry for him. She was so used to husky lads that this nervous, thin-faced youth seemed like some fragile pet to be protected. And a premonition of the difficulties of the trip that lay ahead of them swept over her.

"You 'll feel fine after you have some dinner, Nicholas," she said gently, and helped him down. The snow was almost up to their knees.

He ate very little, but he did talk. She had never heard a boy talk as he did, so interestingly, so interestedly, and she knew that she was going to like him, and perhaps to learn as much from him as he would from her. Outside, the snow slanted on the wind in sheets of weaving gray.



" 'DON'T YOU THINK YOU 'D BETTER STAY OVER NIGHT?' "

They fitted comfortably into the sleigh, and Old Bell had obediently started off when they heard a call behind. It was the innkeeper.

"Don't you think you 'd better stay over night?"

It was a question that Molly had debated and put aside. There was a curious desire within her to be in the midst of this snow carnival, even though the storm should go quite irresponsibly mad with its own power.

"No, thank you," she said; "we 'll

make the pass before dark, and Old Bell is used to it; and besides, we want to start the new year straight—at home."

"Well, at least take this shovel. There 'll be some drifts in the pass.

He put the shovel under their feet, tucked them snugly in, and in a minute the inn was *in*visible—as Nick said with a laugh. His laughing cheered Molly, whose decision weighed a little heavily upon her. They talked gaily as they rode between the gray lines of forest, in the top of which the wind was busy talking to itself and sending down cataracts of snow-dust.

"Do you like it?" asked Molly.

"I think so," he said, looking a bit wistfully into her laughing eyes.

"You must," she said, "and we will be great friends."

For an hour Old Bell plodded on, and the snow fell ever faster. A strange dusk-like shadow seemed to hover above them; and when they emerged from the protection of the forest to cross the flats, the wind was driving great waves of choking snow across their road. She looked at the child beside her. He was almost as tall as she, but had never seen a gun, never used an ax, never slept outdoors, and never, she was sure, faced such an afternoon. She was beginning to think that she had never faced one like it, either, and suddenly a gray chill came over her feelings. She was risking the safety of her first trust, the godson of her best friend. The situation rose before her eyes as she realized that, if the snow grew much deeper, the wind much fiercer, Old Bell could never keep plodding on. It was too late to turn. The great pass, which was always drifted worse than anywhere else, was still ahead. She had been reckless in her decision, though she could never have guessed the fury of the storm on this higher level.

"How soon 'll we get there?" Nick asked, when there was a moment's lull.

"That depends on you and me and Old Bell. If he keeps his feet and we keep our heads, we 'll be there for supper."

"He 's keeping his feet, and we 'll keep our heads; but what 's to become of the bodies?" he asked, with an uncanny sort of laugh; "mine 's getting cold."

Molly looked at him and thought of what the stage-driver had said, "a queer one, waking or sleeping"; but she was soon busy with a deep drift. Luckily it was not so very cold; luckily they were nearly across the flats; luckily, for the father and the godfather of Nicholas Bryant, their boy was in the care of a clear-headed young woman, who was full of resource and imagination. Otherwise his journey, and this tale, would have had a very different ending.

The road now mounted into the pass. Where it was protected by trees, the snow came knee-high on Old Bell, but without drifts. Where there was a gap, the white fields had heaped into long billows, and several times Molly had to get out and use the shovel. But they always went on, until they reached the level of the upper valley. Here Molly had Nick cover up entirely, for the storm had reached a pitch of fury almost unfaceable. A cold fear within her seemed to envelop her heart, but her head was clear. The strange dusk deepened.

Then the catastrophe—Old Bell stopped! Molly rubbed her eyes. There seemed a curtain of solid white ahead. It was a wall of snow! From an exposed mountain shoulder was flying all the snow that fell upon it, flying across the road, filling in constantly, packing a ridge six feet, eight feet, high—a complete barrier. Not even a mountain goat could have pulled their sleigh over it. It was death to remain in the sleigh, death to attempt travel in the homeless woods, impossible to turn. A word of prayer came to Molly's lips. A picture of the major—that photograph on her bureau, so fearless, so able—swam before her eyes. Then she was herself.

"Are we there?" called Nick.

"No, we 're here—take a look, and then keep covered till I tell you to look again."

He looked; and when his eyes became accustomed to the pelting fog of flakes, he exclaimed, "What is it, anyway?"

"This, Nick, is called an adventure

We 're two mariners cast upon a desert island. You said you liked fairy stories."

"But I like 'em to be fairy, I don't like 'em real," he said, a little waveringly, and then dived again beneath the robes.

Molly floundered out and surveyed the drift. An immense rock made a buttress on one side, and with the shovel she soon dug a little cave in the great drift. Being on the sheltered side, it was constantly extending, like eaves, at the top, and before darkness fell completely she had furnished it with the robes, except the one under which Nick was hidden; and a lantern, which all people in the mountains learn early to carry, illuminated its glittering interior. Then she called Nick. In twenty minutes they felt entirely at home, as he said. She had unhitched Old Bell, who stood patiently near the entrance. In her trouble she felt the holster of her gift revolver, which she wore always, and strength seemed to issue from it.

Sitting in the tiny cave they could hear the tremendous roar in the forest, and, beneath its louder voice, the defiant soft hiss of the snow torrent that swept across their roof. Could she keep her young charge warm during a whole night? That was the question that tormented Molly, and anxiously she looked at him. Finally, after putting it off as long as she could, she looked at her watch. It seemed ages that they had been crouched there. Her watch said *half past five!* The boy was restless. Now that the novelty of the situation was wearing off, he began to be terrified at the immensity of the world, to fear the storm raging outside, and to be hungry.

But Molly's cheerfulness was infectious, and when the time came to open the lunch, which Molly had insisted they postpone eating until six o'clock, she said, "Well, Nick, let 's sit down on the beach."

"Of our desert island?" he interrupted.

And she, nodding, continued, "Let 's sit on the beach and have a banquet."

"Anybody 'd know it was a desert island," he said, "because it 's so warm. But how do we know it's a banquet?"

"*Um,* lady-fingers," she replied, biting into a long sandwich; "it does n't take one long to turn cannibal on a desert island. Lady-fingers and breadfruit. How do you like your breadfruit, Nick?"

"Toasted," he said, his mouth also full of sandwich. "It 's best if toasted on the tree by this tropical sun we 're so well sheltered from."

"And eaten with cocoanut-milk—that makes it a sort of milk-toasted-breadfruit."

A squall, greater than all former ones, swept by, and they listened to the formidable roar.

"Quite a heavy surf on to-night, Nick. Hear it beating on the wreck. And now, speaking of islands, how do you like the people on ours? For instance, *Little Tommy Tucker,* who sings for his supper?"

"I think he 's rather foolish," said Nick. "Now if he had fished for it, or even hunted for it—" Suddenly he put his face in his hands, and his body shook with sobs. "I—can't—go—on—M-M-Molly. A—a—desert island is—is so far away, and so—so lonesome!"

With quick sympathy she put her arms about him, and soon he looked up, and said: "Let 's go back to the island. I—I won't be such a b-baby again."

But this time it was Molly's cheek down which a tear slowly rolled. In a moment the whole dreadfulness, against which the two of them had been pretending so hard, swept over her.

"I don't want to go back to the desert island, Nick dear. We 'll just keep house here in our own valley, and as soon as it 's light they 'll come and dig us out."

When Molly again looked at her watch it was only eight o'clock. Age-long minutes, endless quarter-hours! Then she noticed that Nick was shivering. She decided to make a bed for him, and went out to the sleigh to get the seat-cushion. She called to Old Bell, but he did n't neigh in reply. "Even he has deserted me," she thought, half-bitterly, when she found he was n't there. She floundered to the sleigh and was staggered as she met the full force of the gale. Half smothered, she turned to go back. Where was back? She was not twenty feet from the

entrance to her cave, yet there was no light visible. She had to grope her way along the face of the drift, her cheeks cut with the flying particles, scarcely able to pull one foot after the other. She called —no response. She felt her way. There it was, at last, the entrance to their supposed hut in the tropics. Inside, Nick was crying softly to himself, overcome by loneliness and the length of her absence.

Although Nick protested, she used all the rugs but one to make him comfortable, and he soon dropped into a fitful sleep, crying out now and then.

The hours passed; midnight came. She was very cold. She nodded, woke, pulled the robes about Nick, tried to imagine what the major would do in such a desperate position, and remembered a saying of his: "Keep on trying something." But there was nothing more that she could try; so she dozed again, and finally dreamt that they were being wrecked on the desert island. She felt the spray in her face. She remembered that one should fire a gun for help. She tried to fire her revolver, but it did n't seem to make much noise, as compared to the noise of the surf. Then suddenly, did she dream it? she heard a gun—a real gun! It sounded so close that she woke with a start. The lantern had gone out, and for a moment the noise of the storm was confused in her mind with the noise she had heard.

Then she heard the gun go off again. This time it was nearer, and she shouted. No response. Trembling with cold, and fear lest she should miss her opportunity, she fumbled at her holster, drew out the major's Christmas gift, crept to the entrance, and fired into the air. Fortunately, Nick slept on. She fired again. Outside there was a shout. In a moment more a lantern was poked into the opening, dazzling her with its glare, and a strange voice said, "Who are you in there?"

Then the head of a middle-aged man appeared behind the lantern. "Who are you?" he repeated.

She told him gladly.

"Do you own an old hoss with a white spot on his front and a habit of gettin' folks out o' bed nights? Well, I guess you and the boy owe your lives to him."

"And to this," thought Molly, holding her revolver. Nick rolled over in his sleep, muttering, "Breadfruit toasted in the sun. No, I won't have any more. Oh, I 'm tired of tropic islands!"

"Is he out of his head?" whispered the man, still stooping in the entrance.

"No, but the sooner we get him where it 's warm, the better. I did n't know there was a house near here, and I don't see how you found us."

"There ain't a house. I 'm foreman of the gang that 's going to cut a lot of pulpwood in this valley, and I 'm staying in a little cabin near by. I 'd never 've heard of you till we dug you up in the spring if it was n't for your old hoss, who come a-tramping and a-neighing around till, for pity on anything out in this storm, I got up to put him in the stable. When I saw the traces hangin', I knew there was trouble and I followed his tracks, though they was nigh filled in. But you 're shivering, standing here, and I 'd better get you home."

The man had brought a toboggan, and on it they tied Nick, well-wrapped, and with their lanterns they set out. If it had been four hundred yards, instead of three hundred, Molly never could have made it. The vast delirium of the storm tossed her to and fro, and, even in the tracks of Old Bell and her rescuer, she found the depth almost beyond her strength. But at last they tumbled into the cabin, where the door was held open by an anxious-faced woman in a wrapper.

Hot milk brought back the color to Molly's hardy cheeks, and when Nick was safely tucked between warm blankets, she listened again to the tale of her rescue.

"All horses have the sense to know where their fellows be," the man told Molly, "but it 's lucky you loosed him from the sleigh."

"And it 's lucky my husband likes animals," said the woman, "or he 'd 've never got up, and so seen those traces hanging."

"But it 's luckiest of all that I had this," said Molly, caressing her revolver, "or he



"A LANTERN WAS POKED INTO THE OPENING, DAZZLING HER WITH ITS GLARE"

'd never have heard me from the cave."

And the woodsman nodded, saying: "I was just about to give up—'t was n't natural to expect to find anything in that smother. Then I heerd the shot!"

Utterly weary, unutterably thankful,

Molly went to bed. Beneath her pillow she put it, the gift of her friend, shining and beautiful.

"Some day may I do something for him!" she whispered.

The storm beat upon the cabin, that trembled in the fiercer blasts, but the boy was safe—the boy was safe! That was her last thought as she was borne into the land of dreams where the booming of the storm sounded like the roar of distant surf upon a desert island.



ON SECOND THOUGHT

ONCE upon a time a child (we' ll call her Rose Marie)
Started out to knit awhile beneath her favorite tree.
As she skipped down the garden path, she chanced to glance beside her,
And surely as you live, oh dear! there was a dreadful spider!
Of course she squealed a little bit—I 'd like to know who would n't,
Although a lady old enough to knit for soldiers should n't;
And then, why, Rose Marie just smiled and said, "How do you do?
I 'm so glad, Mrs. Spider, that you brought your knitting, too."

M. V. FABRY.

THE BOY VIGILANTES OF BELGIUM

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

CHAPTER XI

ON THE WAY TO GERMANY

THERE were nearly a score of boys surrounded by the guard of soldiers, some older and others younger than Bob and Egmont; but they were mostly strong, husky chaps, and not a few of them belonged to the Vigilantes. They recognized Bob and his cousin and saw that they stood in the same place as themselves. They apparently gave up all hope of release, becoming visibly depressed and down-hearted.

Bob was anxious to keep up their spirits. It was a part of the creed of his organization. Instead of showing the fear that clutched at his own heart, he smiled and nodded recognition of his companions as if the whole thing was in the nature of a lark.

When the last house of the street had been searched, and the last boy of age rounded up, the commander gave the order to march, and the procession moved forward.

Their destination proved to be a fine old mansion which the Germans used for military headquarters and a temporary prison. A cordon of soldiers was thrown around it, and the windows were barred by iron gratings, so escape was out of the question. The windows, too, opened on a courtyard, where two sentries paced silently night and day, while a third guarded the entrance to it. All the prisoners were hustled into a large room that had been the banquet-hall of the former owner, and locked in. They were not overcrowded, so large was the room, but there were no beds or couches. The hard floor furnished all the sleeping accommodations they could expect.

As the door closed behind them Bob turned and faced the prisoners.

"How many of you are Vigilantes?" he asked in a quiet voice. "Raise your hands."

About half of them responded. The others looked blank and puzzled. They had never heard of the Vigilantes.

"All right, Vigilantes," he said, addressing those who had raised their hands. "Now we 're going to initiate every one here who will take the oath. Each Vigilante explain to his nearest companion what the organization is. Then all who want to join can come in. We must stand together, or we 'll fall separately. Now, Egmont and Albert and Ernest, get busy!"

At the end of half an hour Bob spoke to them all again, keeping his voice low so as not to attract the attention of the guard outside. "Now we 'll take the oath," he said. "All who wish to join raise their hands."

Up went hands from every side.

"Those who do not care to join raise their hands now," he added, after a pause.

Not a hand went up. Bob smiled with satisfaction.

"That 's good! Now we understand one another. We 're going to stick together and act as one when the moment comes. Now let each one step forward and take the oath separately."

It was not so impressive a ceremony as some they had witnessed, but it had an even deeper significance and solemnity. Every face was serious. Bob, surrounded by those who had already been admitted as members, made each applicant hold up his right hand and repeat the oath after him. Then, tapping him on the right shoulder, he pronounced the words:

"I greet you as a Boy Vigilante of Belgium. May you always prove true to your companions and to your country."

The other members in turn grasped the hand of each new comrade and gave him the secret grip. When this ceremony was over, Bob motioned for silence.

"Now listen carefully," he whispered. "No boy is to think of himself alone. We act together. If there 's a chance to es-

cape, we must pass the word around, and all must take advantage of it. If the opportunity comes to regain our liberty, we must scatter immediately, and then make for the Holland or French border, alone or in couples."

He paused a minute, and then asked: "How many know the way? Those who are not familiar with the different routes should learn about them from those who know them. If you get lost, give the countersign, 'Vigilantes,' to any boy on the way. He may direct you."

There followed a long consultation and buzz of youthful voices as Egmont and Bob and the others who possessed the necessary information explained the different ways to reach the border.

"When shall we get away?" eagerly asked one of the new members of the organization.

"I don't know," replied Bob. "All depends upon the future. But if the time comes, I 'll give the word. If I should whisper 'Vigilantes,' that will be the signal to break away—all at once!"

Bob, in spite of his efforts to cheer his companions, was himself much depressed. He hardly slept a wink, and tossed restlessly on his hard bed. All through the night he lay awake, thinking of the dreadful situation they were facing and trying in vain to plan some method of escape before it was too late.

Meanwhile, silence brooded over the sleeping city. No sounds disturbed the quiet except the footsteps of the sentries.

It was still dark when the guard opened the door and came in to awaken the prisoners. One by one they were aroused from the stupor of slumber. Why they should be disturbed in their sleep in the middle of the night was a mystery to them. But they had no choice except to obey the orders of their captors.

They were formed in line and then marched out into the open air, flanked on either side by soldiers. Through the silent, deserted streets of Brussels they tramped, until their destination suddenly dawned upon all. The Gare du Nord was directly ahead of them.

"They 're going to put us on the train before it 's light," Bob whispered in dismay. "They don't want to let the people see us go."

They were halted before a box-car attached to the end of a long train, and ordered to enter it. The floor was strewn with musty straw, with no other signs of comfort visible. Bob once more set the example. He walked briskly across the gang-plank, with Egmont close behind him. It seemed that his boast that they could never deport him to Germany had been an idle one, and even Egmont began to lose faith in his leadership.

As the train started, Bob threw himself down in a corner and pretended to sleep; but he could hardly force his eyes to close. Events had moved too swiftly for him. Although he would not admit it to the others, he felt discouraged and a little frightened. Once outside of Brussels, their chances of escaping would diminish rapidly. It would not take many hours to reach the border and enter Germany.

The train was moving slowly, as if feeling its way cautiously through the semi-gloom of early morning. A heavy mist hung over the landscape, obscuring all objects more effectually than the darkness. Gradually the train increased its speed, and with it came a corresponding drop in Bob's hopes.

It was when their last hope seemed gone, and they were submitting to the inevitable, that a sudden grinding of brakes, followed by a series of violent joltings and a crash that knocked every one to his knees, half-stunned, startled them.

Before they could recover their senses, the box-car began a queer, acrobatic feat; the forward end reared up in the air and attempted to climb over the flat-car in front. Then, as if unable to accomplish this, it lurched sideways, and hung in mid-air for a second before it whirled over and began a plunge into space.

It was a wreck! It flashed across their minds in an instant—and a railroad wreck is always a terrible thing! It meant death and suffering to many. Pinned in their box-car, what chance had they to escape!

The falling car came to a sudden stop a moment later with a crash that smashed in the sides and wrecked the roof. Bob got a bad blow on one arm, but otherwise he was unhurt. He looked up and saw daylight over him—their prison had been miraculously opened for them! With a realization of what this meant, he sprang to his feet.

"Vigilantes!" he cried. "Now is the time! Scatter in all directions, and make for the border!"

At first his call was not answered, and a fearful shudder passed through him. Had they all been killed in the accident? A head was raised near him, then another and another. The prisoners had simply been stunned by the fall, and not killed.

"Quick, get out before the guards come!" Bob urged.

There was a simultaneous response to the call this time. Like rats escaping from a sinking ship, they crawled out of the ruins and disappeared in the misty gloom. Some limped, but none seemed so badly injured that he could not run. As the last boy disappeared, Bob jumped out just as the guards came running toward the rear of the train. There was no time to look for any of his companions. He simply ducked and ran for cover.

CHAPTER XII

THE FLIGHT

THE accident had occurred on an embankment running through a swamp, and most of the cars had fallen to the bottom, where a small brook was so chocked that its waters were already backing up and spreading into a miniature lake. As Bob sprang out of the derailed box-car he found himself, after a few steps, among the dark shadows of the swamp, which were made more impenetrable by the heavy mist. Pursuit was almost impossible.

The guards and trainmen were so shaken by the accident that in their excitement they gave little thought to their youthful prisoners until it was too late. When they hurried to what had been the rear end of the train, they found nothing but a demolished box-car with no one in it.

By that time all the boys were safely hiding in the depths of the swamp. Bob had pushed steadily on, the fear of pursuit warning him not to rest or look around. A mile or more from the wreck, he stopped long enough to get his breath. The thickets were so dense that concealment was easy.

"I 'm safe for the present," he murmured; "and I guess the others are, too. I wonder which way Egmont went."

He had been disappointed in not finding his cousin waiting for him when he left the wreck, but he remembered that the order had been to scatter if the opportunity came for escape. Perhaps one of the others had gone with Egmont, and the two would travel together toward the border. Bob hoped so, but nevertheless he felt a little lonely and wished his cousin had waited for him.

"They can't find us in this swamp," he mused, "not unless they have bloodhounds."

But Bob knew that the Germans could be very thorough in their search if they wanted to find escaped prisoners and he began to doubt if it were the safest place, after all. "They will take it for granted we 'll hide in the swamp," he reasoned, "and look for us there first. The safest plan is to get out of it on the opposite side, and find other shelter."

When he had reached this conclusion, he cautiously resumed his journey, and by daybreak Bob came out on the farther side of the swamp. A farm-house was a short distance away, and near by was a field of ripening grain. This seemed to offer him the safest refuge for the day that was upon him.

He made his way to the very center of the field, and there threw himself down to rest.

Fortunately, the young wheat had headed out enough to furnish some nourishment and Bob began eating the grains with genuine relish. They seemed partially to satisfy both his hunger and his

thirst, and then, pulling his cap over his eyes to shield them from the sun, he fell asleep.

It was nearly sunset when he finally woke with a start, and sat up in bewildered surprise.

Then, as memory returned, he dropped back and stretched himself, and once more helped himself to a meal, afterward filling his pockets with the raw grain. By that time the sun was down, and twilight was spreading over the land.

"I must begin the real trip now to the front," he said, rising to his feet.

The train had carried him in the opposite direction from his destination, and he figured it would take the whole night to get around to where he and Egmont had expected to start on their trip to the western front. Taking the setting sun as his guide, and, after that, a particular star which he located in the heavens, he began traveling northwest, first skirting the swamp until he came out upon the railroad, then crossing this and following a small country road that led in the direction of Strombeek.

The train had been on the way to Louvain, and there was another railroad, running to Malines, which he would have to cross before he came to the canal. Once across both railroad and canal, he felt safer and reasonably sure of his direction. Bob was quite familiar with the country, for he had ridden over the roads many times in his grandfather's car, and even in the dark he recognized various landmarks.

He trudged along doggedly, making good time in the early part of the night, but as time wore on he began to grow faint and tired. He was desperately hungry in spite of the wheat he chewed on his way.

Day was again breaking when he realized that he must find a place of concealment. A barn loomed through the dusk not far away, and he decided to hide there until night. He had nearly reached it when he was startled by a voice directly behind him, saying:

"What do you want here?"

Bob wheeled around, ready to run if escape was possible. But the owner of the voice was not a German soldier, as he feared, but a poorly clad farmer-boy a year or two younger than himself.

"What do you want here?" the boy repeated, watching him closely.

Bob's face relaxed, and he tried to smile, but made a rather poor attempt at it.

"Nothing," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "Can you tell me which direction to take for Strombeek?"

"Yes, you 'll find the road across the fields," the boy replied, pointing in the direction. Then, looking suspiciously at his torn and muddy clothes, he asked, "Have you been traveling all night?"

Bob nodded. "Yes, and I 'm dead tired."

"It is n't far to Strombeek, if that 's where you 're going."

Bob laughed a little nervously. "I don't know whether I 'm going there or not," he said unthinkingly. "The fact is, I don't think I 've got strength enough. I believe I 'll look around for a resting-place and sleep for a while."

The other's face broke into a smile. "I thought so," he said, wagging his head. "You were going to hide in the barn."

"Perhaps I was," replied Bob, good-naturedly. "But I would leave everything as I found it."

He took a handful of the raw grain from his pocket and held it out in his palm. "See," he said, "this is my breakfast."

"You 're hungry!" ejaculated the boy.

"Who is n't, in Belgium?" was the retort.

An expression of sadness swept across the other's face. "Yes, I know," he replied. "But," his face lighting up with sympathy, "maybe I can get some bread for you, and some fruit. Come in the barn and wait."

Bob was so grateful for this promised assistance that he grasped one of the boy's hands.

"But first tell me one thing," the boy interrupted, holding his hand, "did you ever hear of the Boy Vigilantes?"

Bob's heart almost leaped into his

mouth at this surprising question. He had never once thought to use the magic word that he had cautioned the other members to employ whenever they met a Belgian boy, and here one was challenging him.

"Vigilantes!" he exclaimed. "Are you one of them? Then—then——"

He gave the boy the secret grip, and nearly shouted for joy when it was returned. Here was an unexpected friend where he had least expected to find one.

"I thought you were one," the boy said. "You 're the third one that has passed this way. I gave them food, but they did n't stop here."

The meaning of the boy's words suddenly dawned upon Bob. Others of the escaped prisoners had found their way to the farm-house!

"Tell me about them," he urged.

"First come into the barn. I can tell you everything there. Somebody might see us, now that it 's getting light."

Bob followed him, and for several minutes he forgot his weariness and hunger in listening to the boy's description of the different fugitives he had aided. In the midst of it Bob broke out jubilantly: "That 's my cousin, Egmont d'Anethan!"

"Count d'Anethan's grandson?" the boy asked, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Yes, and I 'm another—his American grandson!" Bob laughed.

The boy was so impressed by having helped a member of the family so well known in Belgium that he was unable to speak for a minute, and he was aroused from his stupor only when Bob added:

"I shall never forget this—neither will Egmont. When this war 's over we 'll meet you again if you 'll tell me your name."

"Gaston Thaux."

"Well, Gaston, I 'll owe you for a day's lodgings, and—and——"

"Oh, I forgot! You 're hungry. I 'll be back at once."

He bolted through the barn door, leaving Bob alone to contemplate his good luck in finding a safe hiding-place and a breakfast.

Gaston Thaux proved a good provider, and he watched with eager eyes



"LIKE RATS ESCAPING FROM A SINKING SHIP, THEY DISAPPEARED IN THE MISTY GLOOM"

as Bob stowed away a substantial breakfast. Then he left him, promising to return toward night with his supper.

When Bob awoke it was beginning to grow dark, and Gaston was standing over him.

"Why—have I slept all day?" Bob murmured, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes, it is night. Here 's your supper."

While he ate this, Bob talked with Gaston, and learned much from him of the roads and by-paths across the country. He wished to avoid towns and villages, and Gaston mapped out a route by which he could go around Strombeek and reach Alost without loss of time.

"At Alost the *Boches* are on the lookout," the boy warned. "They are many. Keep away from there."

Bob thanked him for all he had done for him and promised to follow his directions. The boy accompanied him a few miles on his way to see that he understood the route. When the time came to separate, Bob turned to him.

"Gaston," he said, "I shall always remember you. Some day this cruel war will be over, and then the world will know how much the boys of Belgium have done for their country." Then, after a warm clasp of his hand, Bob turned and trudged on alone, keeping strictly to the route described by his friend. It was not a dark night, and with the aid of the moon he made rapid progress, following the country roads and skirting the villages in short cuts across fields and woods.

The element of adventure made his progress somewhat exciting. At one time he stumbled upon a party of men approaching from the opposite direction, and barely had time to duck into the bushes to escape detection. At another, he nearly ran straight into a German sentry, stationed at a cross-roads.

He passed over a railroad leading north from Brussels, and then, with clear, open country ahead, he made more rapid progress.

When he crossed the second railroad, he came to a wood that offered him shelter for the coming day. It was getting well toward morning, and he would have to be on the lookout for a hiding-place before it got light. Tramping through the woods to the opposite side, he found himself unexpectedly at the edge of a stream of water of considerable depth and some two hundred feet wide, and sat down to rest.

On the opposite embankment the wooded shore stretched back in a high bluff. There would be equally good hiding-places there. He glanced back of him, and then across once more.

"Egmont would go on," he reasoned, "and I ought to do the same. It will be an hour yet before daylight."

He rose from his seat and waded out into the stream. A few yards from the shore the water was up to his waist. After that the bottom dipped sharply downward. A few more steps would carry him beyond his depth.

He splashed the water over his face and head, when suddenly, without warning, a sharp, challenging command directly back of him sent the blood racing through his veins. He knew that guttural challenge—some German sentry had either seen him or heard his splashing.

CHAPTER XIII

A DASH FOR FREEDOM

Bob remained perfectly still, his eyes watching the shore back of him. A light flashed in the bushes, and again the challenge came. Had he been seen?

Unable to answer this question, he ducked down and waited. The crashing of footsteps through the bushes told Bob that his enemy was approaching. In a few moments it would be too late to act. Either he had to surrender, or make a break for liberty at once.

Bob chose the latter course. Taking the chance that the soldier had not seen him yet, but had been attracted by the noise he had made, he settled down in the water and began swimming silently toward midstream.

There was the danger that the clearer light on the surface of the river would

expose him to view, and to lessen this he kept his head well down, submerging completely at times and swimming under water.

He had just come up to the surface after one of these prolonged dives, when he was startled by a flash behind him and the crash of a rifle. The bullet did not strike anywhere near him, but Bob immediately ducked again and swam under water until he could no longer hold his breath.

When he came to the surface, he found the opposite shore within a few yards of him. He had crossed the stream, and the shadows of the bank ahead were already shielding him from view!

But his escape from the sentry did not mean he was out of danger. The report of the rifle would, perhaps, summon help and arouse sentries on both sides of the river, so when his feet touched bottom, Bob waded toward the shore with the utmost caution.

Everything was quiet on both sides of the stream, and Bob took fresh courage at his miraculous escape. He began wading faster, and had reached dry ground, when suddenly a German soldier stepped out of the bushes with fixed bayonet.

It was a bitter situation for the boy. After all his efforts, he had run straight into the enemy's hands. He had not been so clever as he thought. The *Boches* had outwitted him. This thought angered and disgusted Bob, and the hot blood of mortification sprang into his cheeks.

He advanced silently at the command of the sentry, who seemed to be alone on the edge of the stream.

It was not yet day, and the shadows obscured the opposite shore. Bob noted that the bushes were thick all around him, and back of them the big woods sloped up to the bluff. With half a chance he could get into the woods and hide until another night.

Discovering that his prisoner was a half-grown boy, the German sentry relaxed some of his vigilance. He grinned, and playfully prodded Bob in the ribs with the point of his bayonet. "Where do you go in the dark?" he asked in German. "Swimming rivers at night is *verboten.*"

Bob made no reply. To all appearances he was too frightened to speak.

"Little river rat, ain't you?" the sentry added. "Very cold bathing at night."

He chuckled at his own words. His rifle came down to the ground, the butt of it resting on the soft earth. He raised a hand to wipe his forehead. Bob noticed that the hand holding the rifle had relaxed. A smart blow would knock it away. Could he do it, and then, before the soldier could recover his fallen weapon escape into the bushes?

The thought had hardly taken possession of the boy's mind before he put it into execution. Taking the soldier entirely by surprise, he swept one hand downward, and with a quick, violent push sent the rifle spinning from its owner. The German made an ineffectual grab for it, missed it, and with an oath began searching for it in the darkness.

But by that time Bob was a dozen feet away, racing for the shelter of the bushes with the speed and agility of a deer. He leaped the first clump of bushes, dodged around the next, and then began an amazing zigzag course through the others. The shot from the rifle, which he knew would come at any moment, had to be guarded against.

When it did come, breaking the stillness of the gray morning, Bob was nowhere near the place where the bullet plowed its way. He was far to the right. With more caution than speed, now, he wormed his way deeper into the thicket, hoping to gain the woods before the German could locate him.

A hundred yards from the edge of the woods he saw a stone building. It looked like the ruins of an old house, and the big trees surrounding it cast deeper shadows over it. Bob decided it might offer a safer hiding-place than the woods.

Looking around, to make sure no eyes were watching, he made a dash for it, crouching low and picking his way carefully. With a sigh of relief, he reached the nearest tree without mishap. He

stood for a moment under it to get his breath and make observations. There was no one in sight.

But if there was no one following him from the woods, he was not so fortunate in other respects. The battered door of the stone house suddenly opened, and Bob, to his dismay and terror, saw a uniformed German soldier standing in the entrance, gazing in the direction of the woods. He made some remark, and was answered by another voice inside.

Bob trembled like a leaf, and crouched close to the big trunk of the tree. Nothing but this friendly shelter stood between him and capture. It seemed to his vivid imagination that his body trembled so that it shook the branches of the tree. He gulped and swallowed, for fear his presence had already been discovered.

Finally, the waiting German muttered something under his breath, and strode out of the house, closing the door behind him. He walked straight for the woods, as if expecting to meet some one.

Bob watched him until he was nearly out of sight.

Now was his time, before the soldier returned. But which way could he go? There was another man in the house, and the first one had a full view of the open fields beyond. He could not cross them or return to the woods without exposing himself. In his quandary, Bob happened to glance upward. The great spreading branches of the tree behind which he stood were dense with foliage.

"It 's my only hope," the boy breathed, as he measured the distance between the ground and the thick branches overhead.

He began climbing the trunk of the tree, working his way upward slowly and cautiously. Any unnecessary shaking of the tree might alarm the soldier inside the house. When he reached the first branch, he stopped to get breath and listen. Evidently he had not been heard.

After that it was comparatively easy for him to climb from branch to branch, and when he reached the protection of the thicker leafage, he gave a sigh of relief. To make his concealment perfect, he climbed still higher, until there was a dense screen of leaves between him and the ground. Directly beneath him was the stone house, part of the roof of which had caved in. Bob could see right through this into the interior.

The second German was sprawled out on a rude bed made of an army blanket spread over a bunch of straw. Apparently he had not yet finished his sleep, for he was snoring rhythmically. Bob could have dropped a stone on his upturned face, and the thought of the sleeper's astonishment at such a surprise amused him so that he smiled in spite of his weariness and fright.

(To be continued)

THE TWO LITTLE BEARS

By PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

My grandmother once used to tell
(Perhaps yours has told you as well?)
That in every home round,
Where children are found,
Two little bears also should dwell.

"Bears?" some one cries; "Oh, dear me!
I 'm as 'fraid of a bear as can be.
A dog or a cat—
But a bear! none of that!"
But, now listen a moment and see.

When Molly on teasing is bent,
Bear with her, and soon she 'll repent.
If angry with Jack,
For-bear; don't talk back.
(For that is what grandmother meant.)

Dear little "Bear" and "For-bear"!
Your home with them will you not share?
For quarrels and spite
Will sink out of sight,
If these little bruins are there.



THE LITTLEST ELF ORDERS AN EASTER FROCK

PAUL—A SOLDIER OF FRANCE

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

I WAS walking along a beautiful road in France, and that part of France where even the barns and sheds have beautiful tiled roofs of weather-beaten red or grey. And as I walked I wondered for the thousandth time at the wonderful little farms, with cool white farm-houses, so neat and clean, and with the land simply bursting with bountiful crops. Never in the United States had I seen such little farms producing such a heavy mass of vegetation. And yet all those rows of vegetables were in lines so straight and close that one would think they had been laid by an engineer!

I paused before a diminutive farm of this kind, where, in about four acres, many kinds of vegetables were growing thickly, and yet in a remarkably neat array, and I wondered, for such planting and such order would need an immense amount of labor and care—and yet all the sturdy farmers were away in the army, striving to drive the cruel enemy out of their beautiful France! And yet this farm was surely a man's job—and just then I saw Paul.

Turning to go on my way, I beheld near at hand, and leaning on a strong stick, a fine-looking, golden-haired lad of thirteen, with square shoulders and a look of wiry strength. He was looking at me seriously from a pair of frank blue eyes. He took a step or two, and I saw that he limped a little, bearing his weight on his stick.

"Are you from the army?" I asked, without a smile, "and are you home to recover from your wound?"

He half thought I meant it, and held his head proudly. Then his serious face flashed into a broad grin!

"No, M'sieu', not a soldier, and not from the army!" said he.

"But your wounded leg!" I exclaimed, pointing at it accusingly.

And then, little by little, with diplomatic urgings and encouragement, I managed to get this story from him. Certainly he was a soldier of France—only he did n't realize it!

The enemy had killed his father last winter. And of a truth I had seen over the neat barn door, on a little wooden sign, these words painted:

"Paul Desmond —tué par l'ennemi"

that is to say, "Paul Desmond —killed by the enemy!" And it had seemed very pathetic to me to read over the door of the barn the name of the brave farmer who had gone away and had given his life so that the free nations of the world might yet remain free!



PAUL DESMOND

So little Paul was left, and his mother, who was not very strong, and his little sister—a regular rosebud of a small girl, all smiles, dimples, and rosy cheeks, as I found. But farms must not cease to grow all they can, even though the farmer had gone away! Therefore Paul—little Paul, that is—did it himself, with what labor I could well imagine, especially in the spring, planting so carefully and thickly, and perhaps replanting early vegetables from boxes into the beds. And then the constant weeding, and, no doubt, the watering during dry spells! I dare say there were many, many nights when a small back ached from the constant bending over! But Paul was no weakling, and his thin shirt and loose yellow-white trousers did not disguise a very wiry and sturdy frame! But it was all very amazing, such a fine farm and such a small boy!

"But your leg!" I insisted, "what has happened to it?"

Well, it seemed that a neighbor, a very good woman, was getting in some hay, and of course he went to help, and fell off the hay-rick, and almost broke his leg. And what good fortune it was that everything was planted and up and the weeds cleared out! And what good fortune he had still a week or two before some of his vegetables would be ripe! It was wonderful good fortune that he had almost—but not quite!—broken his leg at just the right time, and that he would be able to look after his vegetables and to take what the good little mother did not need and sell it to the American soldiers!

Indeed, to hear him talk, you would have thought that getting a very bad sprain and very painful injury was a piece of good fortune instead of bad.

"And what," I asked, "do you think of the American soldiers?"

He grinned and wagged his head from side to side.

"Les soldats americanes?" said he; "truly, they are very big, and very brave, and very, very funny!"

Meanwhile, he had hobbled to his gate, and there the little rosebud of a barefoot sister met him, and they stood, hand in hand, smiling at me in a most friendly fashion.

"I asked if you were a soldier of France," said I to him, "and you said 'no.' But, surely, when a boy, a boy of thirteen, plants and grows such a beautiful little farm when all the world is so hungry—well, that is being a soldier, and so, little brother, I salute you!"

So I gave him a salute, American fashion, and he stiffened up, proud and pleased, and in return gave me a salute, French fashion, beaming with pleasure.

And after I had passed far down the road, I looked back and saw him salute me once more—a mighty fine, sturdy little soldier of France!



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

PROGRESS AT PARIS

When the Preliminary Peace Congress decided to make the League of Nations its first business, to be completed before taking up the Peace Treaty, it effected a revolution in international relations. If the treaty had been put ahead of everything else, there would have been wrangling for the prizes of influence and possessions—and then and there the seeds of a later and still more terrible war would have been planted.

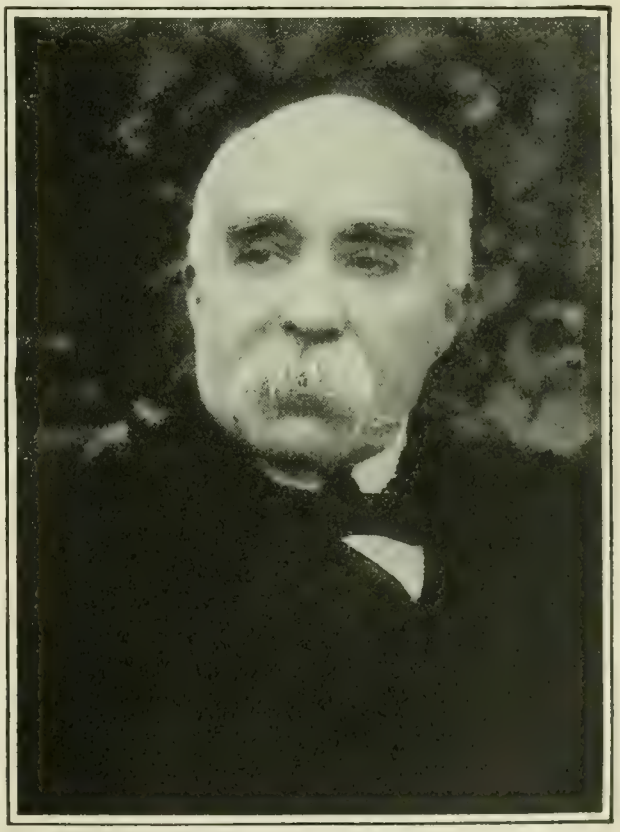
The plan adopted was thought to be the wisest possible. With Germany defeated and disarmed, the Allies were able to work not merely for immediate peace, but for the prevention of future wars.

Representatives of Greece, Italy, the Czecho-Slovaks, and other nations, old and new, laid their claims before the Supreme Council. The newly liberated small nations were told that the association of the Great Powers would enforce peace among them, if necessary, and that those which made the least trouble would gain the best terms in the final settlement. Five new states were planned: Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Greater Rumania, and Greater Greece.

It was decided that there should be no international standing army and navy, but that the nations would support each other with their military and financial resources, and by means of commercial alliances, against any nation that might attempt such a campaign of aggression as led to the destruction of the German Empire.

After receiving from President Wilson's committee the draft of a "covenant" for a League of Nations, the conference postponed further action on this vitally important matter until the President's return from his "visit" to America in late February and early March.

On February 19 Premier Clemenceau was shot and painfully wounded by an anarchist who called him "an enemy of mankind." The brave old "Tiger" of



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PREMIER GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

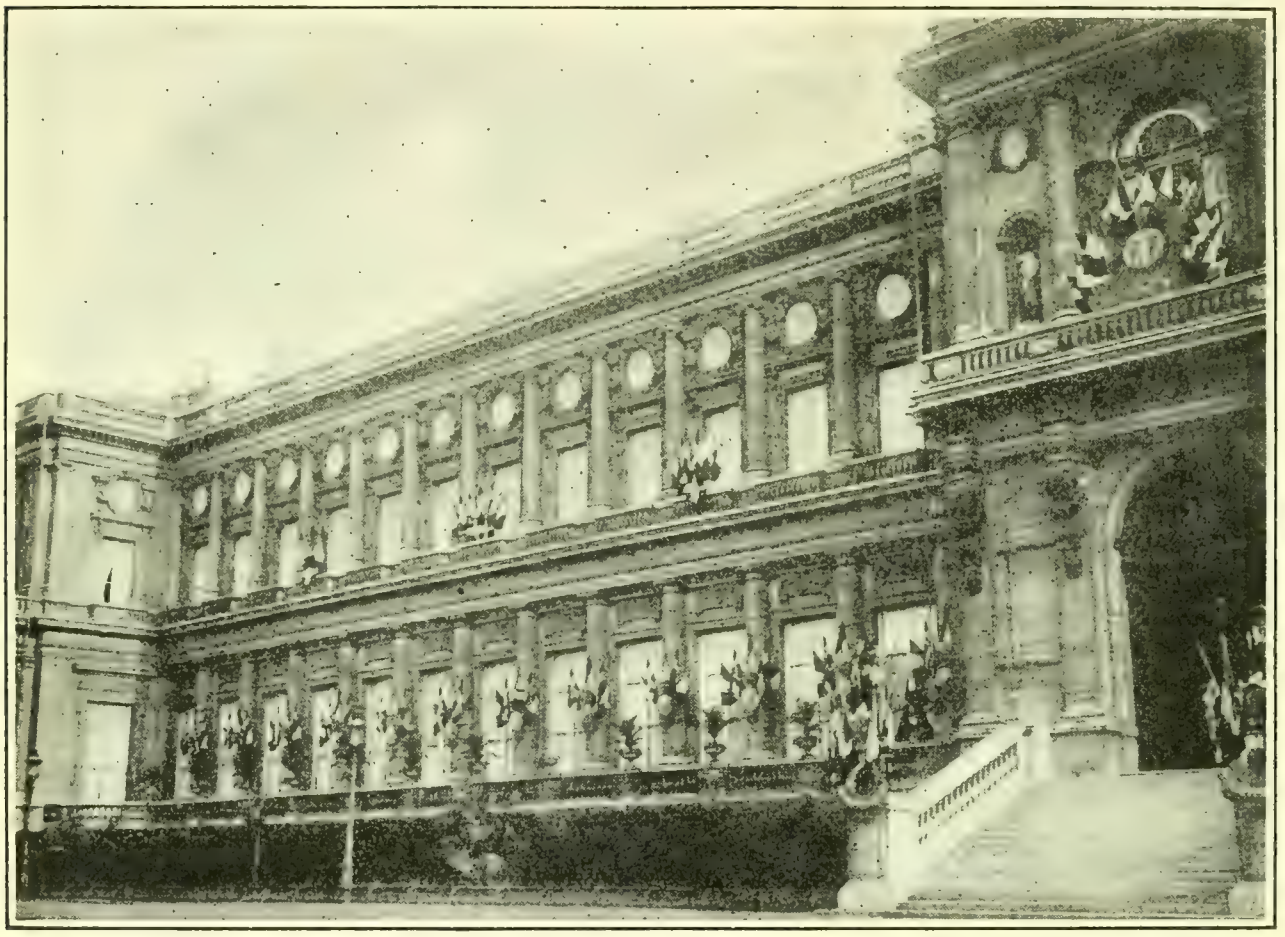
France stood it like a soldier—"I dodged bigger ones than that at the front," he is reported to have said—and by his modesty and his courage won anew the admiration of the friends of freedom.

THE PROPOSED COVENANT OF THE NATIONS

THE document which President Wilson read before the Peace Conference in full session on the fourteenth day of February, 1919, was called a covenant, not a constitution. It was the first definite step toward the adoption of a constitution and a body of laws.

A covenant is an "understanding" and an agreement. It expresses a common purpose, and commits each party to a certain policy of conduct to be followed in its relations with the other party or parties. Once committed to such an agreement, the nations would naturally proceed to the drawing up and enactment of a code of laws designed to give the general agreement application to every problem or dispute that might arise.

The covenant proposed by President Wilson's committee of the "preliminary" Peace Conference put the nations that might sign it in the position of equal partners. In effect, it may be said to have provided for a continuation of the Alliance of the Powers; though it must be noted that it extended the purposes of the alliance far beyond its original object of saving the world from German aggression. But it did not propose what some people wished for, namely, the creation of a government to stand in the same relation to the governments of the member-states that our Federal Government at Washington has toward our state Governments, controlling their relations with each other for the good of the Union.



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THE PALAIS D'ORSAY, WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS BEING HELD

Compressing into a few lines of type the substance of the twenty-six articles of the proposed covenant, it may be said that this important document urged, as a means to preservation of peace, the establishment of an assembly of delegates from the member-states, with machinery for directing the relations of member-states with each other and with non-member nations in all matters affecting the peace and freedom of the world. A study of the document showed



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THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION IN PARIS

that the core of it was the endeavor to prevent secret acts that might lead to war, and that the means of prevention was publicity and open discussion.

The proposal of the covenant left many matters of vital importance still unsettled; but it gave the discussion definite form and direction. The conference had rendered service of the utmost value by directing its deliberations into this channel instead of indulging in a scramble for new power and territory by the representatives of the governments involved.

GERMANY'S EDUCATION IN DEMOCRACY BEGINS

Count von Bernstorff spoke, early in February, about Germany's interest in the Twentieth Century Reformation. Germany, he said, was in favor of a League of Nations based upon President Wilson's Fourteen Points. Imperialism must be ended; all economic barriers must be removed. Germans had no interest in Russia, except to have Germany protected from invasion from the east. Germany was prepared to pay for damage done in Belgium—so far as it could be proved to have been the result of German aggression! East Prussia must not be given to Poland. The Germans were not guilty of causing the war—though they had, he admitted, made some "mistakes."

Now, that utterance of Von Bernstorff's, deep and crafty in its intention, was characteristically sly, and characteristically stupid. It represented the plotting of the Junkers, the class that dragged Germany into the war, and lost the war for Germany by underestimating the spirit and the strength of America. It is the class that has already begun plotting for renewal of this war or preparations for a later war; that is hoping to win for Germany, defeated in the field, a victory in trade and commerce,



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FRIEDRICH EBERT, PRESIDENT OF GERMANY

But fortunately, while these people were going their foolish and dangerous way, the German people as a whole was learning its painful lesson. The National Assembly met, with Dr. Eduard David, a leader of the Social-Democratic party, as its president, and with a number of women among its members. It adopted a constitution, and elected as President of Germany Herr Friedrich Ebert, a former harness-maker, socialist leader, and head of the temporary government that came into power after the flight of the defeated kaiser.

When the term of the armistice expired, and Germany had to choose between renewal and rejection of the more severe terms imposed by the Allies, the Cabinet—so it was reported—was in favor of refusing to sign; but the political leaders finally overcame this mad purpose, and the armistice was renewed. Germany agreed to suspend operations against the Poles, and to give up a large part of the province of Posen.

It is said that the representatives of the German people listened "in agonized silence" while the head of the German armistice delegation read the "humiliating" document. Americans wasted no sympathy upon these victims of national defiance of the rest of the world's welfare. Germany, they thought, should have justice—but only at the fair price of full atonement for her sins. These had been immeasurably great. Payment for their consequences, to the nations that had whipped the international bully, should be in proportion. Germany must work out her own salvation.

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN

TWELVE weeks after his departure from New York, President Wilson landed at Boston—and it was a great day for the Hub! Party politics was forgotten for a few hours, and Massachusetts, acting for the nation, gave him a rousing welcome.

There had been so much confusion and conflict of ideas here at home, in private talk, newspaper report, and public discussion, that the country was eager to hear from Mr. Wilson, its chief representative at the Peace Conference. So his speech at Mechanics' Hall, in Boston, was read the next morning in every town and city in all the States.

The President brought a wonderful report of Europe's feeling toward America. He spoke of the respect for American ideals. He declared that "there is no nation in Europe that suspects the motives



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PRESIDENT WILSON ARRIVING AT MECHANICS' HALL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

of the United States." He told how the Allies had been moved by the way our soldiers fought, "acting" the ideals which the nation held. America, he said, is regarded as the friend of humanity, standing not for political ambitions, but for peace and freedom.

"And now," he asked, "do you realize that this confidence we have established throughout the world imposes a burden on us?—if you choose to call it a burden. It is one of those burdens which any nation might be proud to carry. Any man who resists the present tides that run in the world will find himself thrown upon a shore so high and barren that it will seem as if he had been separated from his human kind forever." Without taking up in detail the matters involved in the formation of a League of Nations, the President expressed very clearly his belief as to the need of it when he said that peace made in the old way could not last, and that the nations which stand for democratic liberty must unite their forces for its maintenance.

Those who heard Woodrow Wilson in Boston, did not feel any less ready to listen to honest and intelligent criticism of the work our American delegates have been doing in the Peace Conference. And during his week's stay in this country very vigorous objections to the League stipulations, as published, were voiced in Congress and the newspaper press. The President spoke again in advocacy of his plans on March 4th, and sailed for France the next morning. It is too early, as yet, even to attempt any detailed forecast of the League covenant in its final form.

THROUGH THE WATCH-TOWER'S TELESCOPE

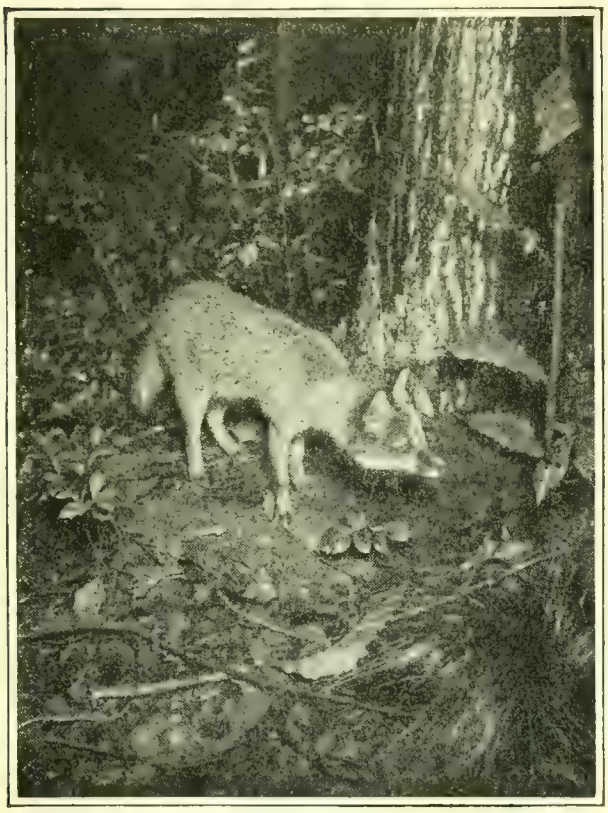
In the February Watch Tower we quoted "the words of General Pershing, as he stood before the statue of the great Frenchman, 'Lafayette, we are here.'" A friend of St. Nicholas reminds us that the words were spoken in the Picpus cemetery at Lafayette's grave, which is covered by a flat slab—the statue being elsewhere. Some of our Latin scholars please translate *"lapsus calami"*; also, *"peccavimus."*

The letter of correction adds: "The man who said 'France came to us when America fought for her independence. We have not forgotten. Lafayette, we are here,' was not General Pershing, but another American officer, who spoke 'in the name of General Pershing and ten million conscripts.'"

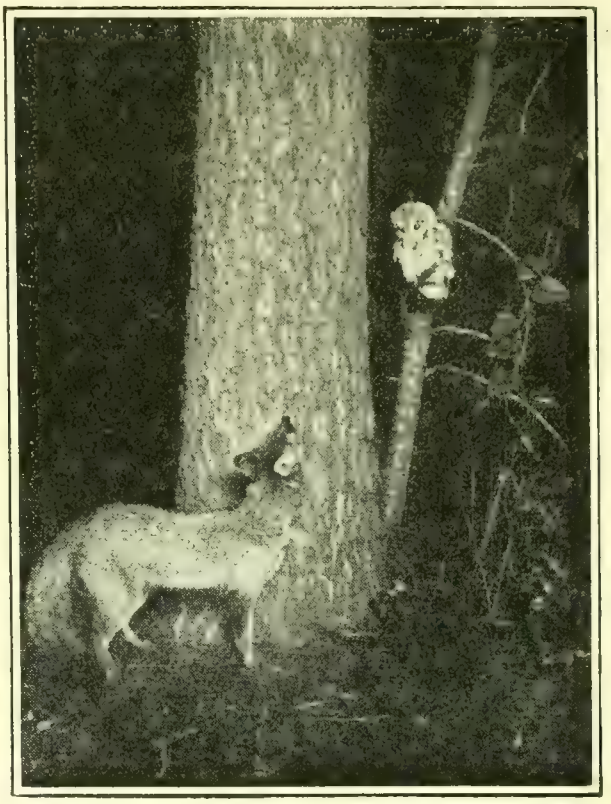
An editorial article in the New York "Evening Post" says: "'When General Pershing stood at the tomb of Lafayette and said, "Lafayette, we are here,"'—so begins a sentence from President Wilson's speech before the French Chamber. Thus is given the decisive authority of a President who is also an historian to what may possibly be a complete historical untruth. The earliest reports of the famous phrase did not put it in Pershing's mouth. In a speech by Georges Leygues, published in France early in 1918, it is stated that Colonel Stanton, standing at the tomb in the Picpus cemetery, uttered the words."

We do not like to make mistakes. We try to be correct. But we do not pretend to be infallible, and we are sincerely glad to be corrected by our friends when we fall into error. In this instance, however, we are not quite so much interested in the authorship of the phrase as in the fact of its utterance. The words were those of America to France; and as America and France stand side by side in peace as they did in war, we trust there may be everlasting evidence of the truth of our statement: "It will be long before those words cease to echo in French hearts."

An Ithaca, New York, boy won first honors in the Boy Scout W. S. S. campaign by selling $77,165.25 worth of War Stamps and Thrift Stamps in 1918. A splendid record of service! Boys who could not match these remarkable figures will not begrudge this chap his brilliant achievement, any more than he would wish to have credit withheld from the rest of the 250,000 fellows who made total sales amounting to $42,227,260.50. Everybody worked, and the result was magnificent.



Photographed by H. T. Middleton



Central News Service

MR. GRAY FOX TAKES HIS OWN PICTURE

DOWN in the pine-scented barrens of southern New Jersey, where bloom the laurel and the huckleberry, the camera man found the den of a gray fox and decided to try his luck at obtaining a flash-light photograph of Reynard. So he set up his camera and flash-gun, running a thread from the trigger of the gun along the ground to the trunk of a near-by tree. As the thread crossed the path used by the fox on his way to and from his den, it was reasonable to hope that Mr. Fox would trip the string in passing, set off the flash, and so present a portrait of himself to his friend, the naturalist photographer. And, sure enough, obliging Mr. Fox set off the flash on two different occasions. The first picture shows him in an inquiring mood; the second just as he has stopped for a midnight chat with his friend Screecher.

MY PETS

(*See* LETTER BOX, *page* 574)

I HAVE some very queer pets. They are not like the pets that boys and girls in America have. They are some tiny silkworms.

Last year the moths laid the eggs. I have twenty silkworms this year. Each egg is as large as a pinhead. The silkworms stay in the eggs from May to March. When they are first hatched they look like a piece of black thread about an eighth of an inch long. Then I have to go and get some mulberry-leaves. I have to be very careful when I lift them up to put them on the leaves, or I should kill them. I have to get leaves morning, noon, and night.

Then they begin to grow and grow. I have to be very busy these days getting fresh leaves, as they will not eat them if they are dry or withered. They will raise their heads up and wave them about if

they want fresh leaves. They are greedy, and you can just hear them crunch, crunch as they eat. They eat just along the side of the leaves. The leaves have to be wiped carefully before they are given to the silkworms.

One day what do you suppose I found a little silkworm doing? He was taking off his skin. Under it was a brand-new skin. They do this several times, and it was great fun seeing them do it. Don't you wish you could get a new suit of clothes so easily? They all did this, so I could see them doing it quite often.

When they are full-grown they are about as long and fat as the finger next to your thumb. They are then white and have sixteen legs, and nine black spots on each side through which they breathe.

When they are ready to spin they have red spots on their backs, and I could almost see through them. When I went to see them, one of them lifted his head up and something like thread came out of it. It was silk. I put him in a corner, and he spun a cocoon. I put some paper over a bowl, and put some silkworms on it. They began to look for a place to spin a cocoon, but, as they could not find one, they began walking back and forth. I had some spin cocoons and some spin mats.

The first thing a silkworm does, when he is going to spin a cocoon, is to weave a network of silk threads. Inside of this he makes the cocoon, the shape of which is oval. At first we can see him spinning away inside the cocoon. After awhile the silk gets so thick that you can't see him spinning unless you hold it up to the light. He lifts his head up to get the silk out, and pounds it down with his feet. After awhile he stops, and all is quiet, for he is ready for a long sleep.

The silkworms on the mats go back and forth, back and forth, and round and round the edges of the mats. It is such fun to see them. As they spin they keep getting shorter and shorter and slower and slower. At last they stop, and I put them in a box. About two days later I go to see them and find that they have become little brown things without any legs and looking like a shelled peanut with the brown skin on.

In about a week the moths begin to come out. And now how quickly they do come out! They are white, with little tan stripes. They have four wings.

After the moths have rested awhile they begin laying eggs. Each moth lays several hundred. At first the eggs are yellow and then they turn purple. After the moths are done laying eggs they die.

JAMES LAWRENCE FORD.

A BIG CRAB

WE are indebted to one of our young readers, Austin Rhone Clapp, living on Ocean Island in the Central Pacific, for the interesting photograph of a cocoanut-crab which we reproduce herewith.

These crustaceans are the largest of the land crabs, with powerful pincer-claws.



THE COCOANUT-CRAB

They live in long burrows, neatly lined with cocoanut-fiber, in which they remain during the daytime coming out only at night to feed on the cocoanuts, usually those that have fallen on the ground, though it will sometimes climb the trees for them. Some scientists doubt this, but one high authority declares that they have actually been photographed when doing so.

To get at the contents of the nut, the crab first tears away the fiber overlying the "eyes" (those three spots at one end of the nut) and then hammers away at them with its claws until a hole is made, when it extracts the kernel by means of the smaller pincers.



THE SOUTH END OF BELLEAU WOOD, SHOWING THE WHEAT-FIELD

"DADDY PAT'S" LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO HIS LITTLE SON

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANK E. EVANS,
Of The 6th Marines

France.

Dear Little Townie:

Daddy promised to write you all about the first real battle the Marines got into with the wicked old *Boches,* for that 's what they all call the Germans, except lots of times the Marines just call them "Fritz" or "Heinie"—not because they like them, but they always like to make up their own nicknames. And the *Boches* call the Marines "Devil Dogs," because they fight so hard. Well, after we got out of the trucks and stretched our legs and got into the line behind the Frenchers, Daddy went out to the edge of a pretty woods with the colonel to look at the battle-field. It did n't look like one then, but when we left there, five weeks later, it was a famous battle-field, full of dead Heinies and Fritzes. And there were lots of little wooden crosses where we buried the brave Marines who were killed. It was a beautiful June day, just a wonderful day for a wedding, and such nice thick woods, that seemed made for picnics, as far as you could see, and all between the woods were green fields of wheat with big patches of red poppies, bright and red as blood, like the poppies Daddy sent you in the letter to Mother. And don't you hope that most of the brave Marines who were killed in those pretty woods died a little happier thinking, just for a teeny second, of the green fields and red poppies before the angels took them to Heaven? I think they must have been French angels, for the brave Marines died for France, and soldiers always go straight to Heaven when they die in battle.

And we could see for miles away back where the Germans were; but all the Frenchers were hidden in the woods, and you could only see white puffs over the woods where the shells were bursting. And in the woods back of us was Major Sibley's battalion, digging little trenches. Pretty soon we saw some Germans moving toward us away off, and afterward we found out they marched nine miles that day, driving the Frenchers back toward us. You see, they were making a big drive, and taking pretty little French

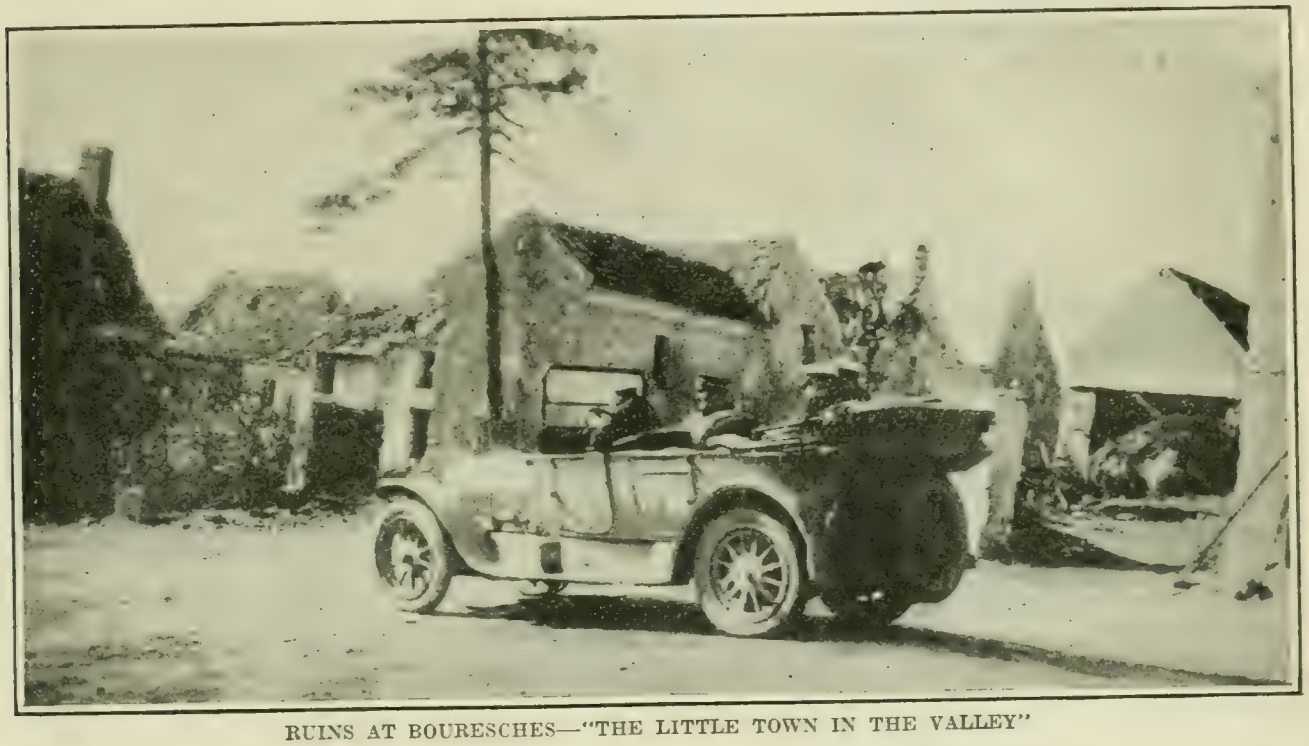
towns, and they were coming straight at us to march to Paris. But old square-headed Fritz only knew that the poor French soldiers were all worn out, fighting night and day for beautiful France, and he did n't know that the Marine Brigade blocked the road to Paris behind the poor, tired Frenchers. And he did n't know that the general had sent an order to the Marines to hold the line at all costs, and not to let the Germans make a dent even as tiny as an inch in that long line that was over six miles long. Pretty soon we could see the Frenchers crawling back through the wheat-fields, and the German shells getting nearer; and then the big German balloons going up, so we left the edge of the woods and went back on a path half a mile to the little village behind. And just half an hour later—*Bang! Crash! Bluie!* went some German shells in the edge of the woods. because they were moving their big guns nearer. So we made our headquarters in a two-story stone house in an orchard at the edge of the little town, which was called Châtel. And all day and all night the Marines were digging in and saying, "Come on, old Fritz, and we 'll pump you full of lead!" and the Frenchers were falling back, fighting all the time. And they had orders from General Foch to fall back through the Marines, and we had orders from him to hold the line, no matter how many *Boches* came. And that night a French battalion came by our house, and then they got new orders to go right back and drive the Germans out of the woods. And you would have felt so sorry if you could have seen them. They sat down along the road and just fell asleep while their major gave them those terrible orders. And then he sang out, "Forward, my children, for France!" and they got up and went back into those dark woods. But all the next day they came back, carrying their wounded. And the guns were roaring, and we knew it was up to the Marines. And it was just five o'clock in the evening when old Fritz tried to drive us back, too. And then he got his good—right in his old fat neck! Daddy heard an awful racket up on the left of our long line where Fritz wanted to take a hill. So he got up in the attic where a window was, and he saw the battle. And he thought it was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen; but he knew a few days later that it was only a side-show to the big circus. The Marines were firing their rifles and machine-guns so fast that you could n't count the bullets; and pretty soon, right across a wheat-field that was green as a park, came the Germans. They were in long, thin columns, and on they came, just as though they were parading, and it looked as though nothing in the world could stop those gray devils. But all the Marines were aiming right at them, and you know they 're some shooters. And then the artillery began firing, and you could see pretty white balls of smoke and the flashes of fire. First they were too high or too low, and on came those columns like giant snakes. And Daddy would clench his fists, and then—here came the beautiful picture—a French aëroplane sailed right over them and signaled back to the 75's; and in just a minute those gray columns were just covered with the white puffs where the shrapnel was bursting, and you could n't see the columns for the nice white puffs. And the pretty green field was dotted white, just as though some fairy princess had waved a golden wand and white daisies as big as your hat had grown there like magic. And under each daisy was a dead Fritz. But still the gray lines tried to move ahead, and up would shoot the long row of daisies. And when the fairy princess waved her golden wand the third time and the daisies blew away in the wind, Daddy could see the dirty gray columns stop, and then break, and the ripples in the green wheat where the Germans were running like big gray field-mice into the woods on the side, or anywhere to get away from that terrible fire of shrapnel and rifle and machine-gun bullets. And the French aëroplane circled overhead like a happy bird; and Daddy thought the French pilot would loop the loop to celebrate, but he did n't; but he signaled down to the Marines, "Bravo!" and then away

he flew to General Foch. And the very next day General Pershing sent the Marines a message that they had been the first troops to stop the Germans dead in their big drive, and the first that had not given an inch. And that day Daddy's regiment had every company but one in the line, and only one single company in back to fill up a hole in the line; and yet the old kaiser could n't make an inch; and you know that 's going some!

And then some Americans came, and we made a shorter line and we kept Deado Hughes' battalion out. And then came the biggest day in all the hundred and forty-two years that the Marines have been fighting for old Uncle Sam—the sixth of June. And next year on the sixth of June we 'll have a big picnic, no matter whether we 're in Chevy Chase or China or the Tropics, and you can have a whole quart of chocolate ice-cream to yourself, and you and pretty Mother and Joe and Aunt Estelle will have a big celebration, because that day, the French said, we saved Paris, because we chased old Fritz all over the woods and drove him back after we 'd held him for five days and nights.

It was just five o'clock again when old Sibley's battalion went over the top, with Tommy Holcomb's right after him. The colonel got the orders first, but it was only ten minutes of five when the orders got to the Marines in their trenches. "Let 's go, fellows!" was all they said, just as though they 'd been doing it every evening at five o'clock. So away they went across the green fields with their red poppies. And away they went in thin waves, just as though it was a drill. And they 'd been dreaming about going over the top for a year, so they knew just how it was done. Right ahead of them were some woods called Bois de Belleau, just packed full of the best soldiers the kaiser had, and just packed with machine-guns; and off to the right in a little valley two miles away, across open wheat-fields, was a town called Bouresches that the *Boches* had taken from the French. So away went old Sib and across the fields, and then the *Boches* opened up a terrible fire on his battalion. The big shells were bursting with a noise that sounded as though they were made of steel thunder, and the shrapnel was just hailing bullets over the wheat, and out of the woods the machine-gun bullets were flying like mad hornets. But the Marines just grinned and called to each other, "Get 'em, boys!" And old Sib would sing out, just as though it were a drill, "Steady on the left there! Steady on the left!" And pretty soon, although some of them got hit and fell, and died there among the red poppies of France, three thousand miles from their daddies, the rest made the woods. And then two companies that belonged to Tommy Holcomb went over the top too, and across the green fields to take the little town in the valley away from Fritz. And all that night and for four long days and nights old Sib's Marines fought until nearly all the best troops the kaiser had were killed or captured. And it was the hardest fighting the Marines had ever had, because they were terrible, evil woods. I know no fairies ever lived in them, only bears and snakes and old witches. Oh, they were terrible! And old Fritz is brave enough, and he was n't going to give up those evil woods if he could help it. And right in back of the Marines were the sailor-hospital apprentices to take care of the wounded, and the band to carry them back, and the signal platoon to stretch telephone-wires. And the colonel went out to see that everything went right; and Daddy wanted to go, but he had to stay back at headquarters in a farm-house to send news back to the general. And pretty soon back came a great big Marine with 17 prisoners that a second lieutenant had captured, with two machine-guns; and he was grinning like an old cat, and said, "Major, the boys are going right through to Berlin!" And we lined up the prisoners, and they put up their hands as though we were going to shoot them. And then so many kept coming in we did n't pay any attention to them, but just sent them back to the general. And the telephone began working, and it was just getting dark when the message came that the colonel had been

shot. And then all the fun stopped, because we all loved him and wondered how we could ever get along without him. And all this time the Marines out in the woods were moving ahead, and the *Boches* had machine-guns all through it. It was full of ravines and little cliffs and rocks, and the Marines could n't see them, and they 'd have to charge with the bayonet and fight hand-to-hand, just as the old pirates did, and the artillery could n't help them. But a little after nine o'clock, old Sib got Daddy a message, by a brave runner, that he had got to the far end of the woods, where the general had ordered him, and he had surrounded all the machine-guns that the Marines had not captured. And off on the right, one of Tommy Holcomb's companies had gone to capture the little town in the valley. And the captain of the company was Captain Duncan, and every body, all the officers and men, called him "Old Dunk," because he wore glasses and was quiet and a sort of daddy to them all. And, of course, the *Boches* in the town and back of the railroad tracks could see him coming, and they were firing at him with lots of machine-guns and artillery until there were just thousands of bullets between him and the town. But Old Dunk went right ahead, smoking an old pipe and swinging a little cane. And one of his young lieutenants got a bullet in the shoulder, and his face was white as this paper; and another young lieutenant had both arms broken by bullets; but they kept right on going. And nearly all the men got hit, and then Old Dunk. And they tried to carry him, two of them, into a little woods, and a big shell killed all three. So it looked as though the little town could n't be taken;



RUINS AT BOURESCHES—"THE LITTLE TOWN IN THE VALLEY"

but a big lieutenant named Robertson jumped up ahead and yelled, "Come on, boys! Let 's go!" And they just jumped through those bullets and captured the town and killed all the *Boches* in it! When Daddy turned in at two in the morning the regiment had done everything the general had ordered. And before he went to bed we got a big truck loaded with rations and bullets. And Daddy told Billy Moore to take it out to the little town; and he was n't a bit sure he 'd ever see him again or that the truck would ever get out. But away he went, and they fired bullets and shells all the way at it! but it got there and back, and General Pershing sent a medal to Billy Moore for doing it.

And just after Daddy got to bed, with all his clothes on, the *Boches* made a big attack on the little town and got within thirty feet of it; but the Marines licked them good. And the next day and the

next day and the next day old Sib's Marines charged the machine-guns they had surrounded, and stuck bayonets in them, and threw grenades at them. And at night the *Boches* would sneak more machine-guns in. And the last day every officer in one of his brave companies was wounded, and old Sib and his adjutant took the poor old company themselves and started a charge. And when the Marines saw what he was doing, they forgot all about their officers and chums who had been killed and wounded, and all about the cold nights out in those witch woods without blankets, and all about how tired and hungry and thirsty they were. They just gripped their guns, and when old Sib yelled, "Charge!" they just went up the hill in those evil woods; and the *Boches* threw bombs at them and fired their machine-guns until they were so hot you could have cooked eggs on them. But the brave Marines kept going, and they got right up to the machine-guns and just settled every Fritz. But they were so tired they could hardly stand. So that night they got a good sleep and forgot all their troubles, and before it got light they all crept back to the edge of the woods. And then 200 cannons just fired every shell they had into the evil woods for an hour. And the *Boches* crept into their little trenches and into caves and behind rocks and trees. And the shells got nearly all of them, and when the last cannon went *"Bang!"* away went Deado Hughes' fine battalion of Marines, 1000 of them, over the top and into the woods; and they killed all the rest, except a lot on top of a cliff where they had a dozen machine-guns. And Deado sent a Marine back to Daddy with a message for the general, and it said, "The artillery has blown the Bois de Belleau into mince-meat." And it had, because it had cut down big trees and split rocks and knocked machine-guns higher than the birds' nests. And then Deado called a captain, and the captain took his company, and away he went up the cliff and captured all the machine-guns. And when Daddy went out there, it was a queer sight, because the woods looked just as though they were naked, where the shells had ripped them. And there were lots of dead Fritzes all curled up, and their old tin hats full of holes. And what do you think the Marines looked like? Lots of them had torn pants and coats, but they all had had a shave and were grinning and just taking life easy, and were not paying much attention to the German shells that would every once in a while come rushing over with a big long swish, just like cloth when it tears, and then go *"Bang!"* and you 'd hear the pieces rattle down through the trees. But, of course, when it got real bad, they 'd lie flat in their little holes that were just long enough to lie in, and over the top they 'd lay big branches and rocks.

And every day the *Boches* would try to get back the little village, and Tommy Holcomb's Marines would say, "No you don't, old Fritz!" And they did n't. And they found a nice cow out there; and every time the cow came around, they 'd grab her and milk her; and some chickens laid eggs for them; and every night the little old Ford car that Daddy got for the 6th and that Mother sold to the general for a dollar would go bumping and rattling out over the road to them with hot food and bullets. And they had a fine time. And at night the old Fritzes would fire hundreds of cannons at the woods and charge into them, and the Marines would lick the life out of them every time. And they took so many prisoners that you could n't count them. And one day they saw a *Boche* machine-gun sticking up in the air and they charged at it; and a big Marine got there first, and there was only one Fritz left. He was going to stick his bayonet right through him, but Fritz threw up his hands and yelled: "Say, don't get so rough, old top! Cut it out! All I want is to get back to Chicago. Can't you see the way my gun's pointing up in the air?" So they made him a prisoner.

Old Deado got gassed, and they sent him to the hospital, and now he 's all right. And don't you remember the first time you went swimming at Quantico, and you had to go swimming in his bathing-suit? He 's

a funny man and keeps the Marines laughing at the comical things he says; but if he told his Marines to take the Brooklyn Bridge down and make all-day suckers out instead of Bois de Belleau. And he got gassed, too; and after he got back he got hit in the neck by a bullet. But he 's just as hard as nails, and he 's all right now.



AMERICAN MARINES MARCHING THROUGH A CAMOUFLAGED FRENCH VILLAGE TAKEN FROM THE GERMANS

of it or rice pudding, they 'd do it, and all the cops in New York and Brooklyn could n't stop them.

This is an awful long letter for a little boy, but pretty Mother will help spell it out, if you 're a good boy and climb in her lap and once in a while wrinkle up your funny little nose and laugh and say, "Muvver, is n't Daddy a funny man?" And if you get scared about the woods, or feel just terrible about the brave Marines that got killed, just cuddle up close and remember that now the woods are nice and quiet again, and the farmers are cutting the wheat, and the pretty red poppies are all over the places where brave Marines are.

And the Frenchers have even changed the name, and now it 's called "The American Marines Woods." You know, it was funny, but the big lieutenant who captured the little village did n't like the French name, so he called it "Double O,"

But the kaiser was awful mad about losing those woods and the little village, and he 'd send his best soldiers to take them and shoot big cannon at it and send aëroplanes over; and they 'd fire machine-guns down into the woods. And after a while he found it was the Marines who had licked him and saved Paris, and then he told his generals, "Well, there 's no use being mad, because it 's the Marines, and we never could lick those old leather-necks." But when the other American soldiers heard the Marines had saved beautiful Paris and licked the kaiser's old goose-steppers, they said to their colonels, "Well, if the Marines can do it, we can too, Colonel." And that 's the reason they 're all licking them now. So you can see it was a great battle. So good night, Sonny, and be a fine brave little Marine, and Mother will be very proud of you and love you a great big lot, and so will your old

DADDY PAT.

THE END

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HAPPY." BY BERTHA BATES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



"HAPPY." BY SARA WILLEY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE twenty-six prize-winners of this month are to be congratulated upon the joyous fact that by "Taking a Chance" they won a fine "Victory" in a League competition (to which several young rhymers have contributed with "A *Song* of Victory"); and so many admirable photographs and drawings were left "At the Door" by the postman that the Editor was "Happy" to make room for two little prints at the upper corners of this page, and thus let them form "A Heading for April."

There! Please note that this is not an exercise in "Puzzle-making," but an attempt to crowd all the subjects assigned for this month's competition into a single sentence—which, it must be frankly admitted, is much too long and contains too many commonplace puns.

And now, with this apology for a bit of April fooling, let us turn to a serious prefatory word about the work of our clever young Leaguers by announcing that this month's budget was of truly excellent quality, and gladdened us no less by its variety than by its high average of merit. You will find fact and fancy well set forth in prose as well as verse, and single contributions in each field that contain delightful touches of humor. Several of the drawings are deserving of high commendation; and from the gleeful kiddies who flank this Introduction, to the timely sketches on our final page, the pictorial exhibit is pervaded by the cheery spirit of youth that fills the hearts and minds of our zealous LEAGUE boys and girls.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 229.

(In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

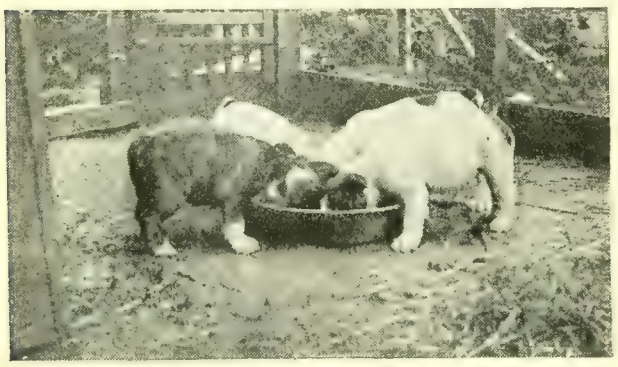
PROSE. Gold Badges, **Janet Newkirk** (age 14), New York; **Margaret Harvey** (age 15), Minnesota. Silver Badges, **Charles G. Bennett** (age 12), Vermont; **Marjorie R. Edwards** (age 16), Massachusetts.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Helen L. Rummons,** (age 12), Nebraska; **Marian L. Hopkins** (age 13), New York. Silver Badges, **Ruth Nicoud** (age 17), Wisconsin; **Cicely C. Browne** (age 12), North Carolina; **Katrina E. Hincks** (age 10), Connecticut.

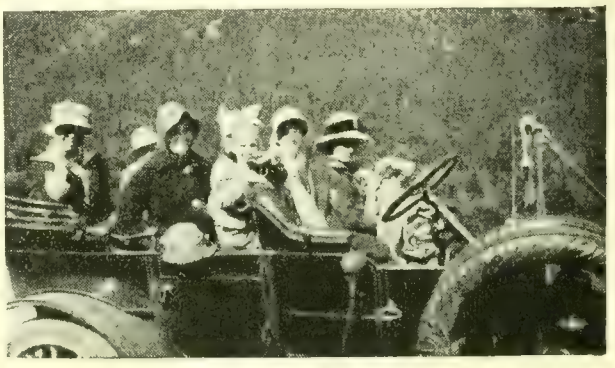
DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **M. Melicent Watts** (age 17), District Columbia. Silver Badges, **Walter B. Adams** (age 15), North Dakota; **Charlotte Ewing** (age 15), Missouri; **Peggy Whitehead** (age 11), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Gertrude Nott** (age 13), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Bertha Bates** (age 14), Maine; **Sara Willey** (age 12), Colorado; **Franklin Boyer** (age 14), Missouri; **Crosby Brown** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **A. Louise Campion** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Katherine Hamilton** (age 14), Connecticut; **Robert G. Webster** (age 12), North Dakota; **Elizabeth L. Brown** (age 15), New Hampshire; **Rhoda Berrien** (age 14), New Jersey; **Rosa Vipond** (age 15), Virginia. **Theresa E. Clarkson** (age 11), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badge, **Katherine Harris** (age 16), Iowa.



BY FRANKLIN BOYER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELEANOR SMITH, AGE 10.

"HAPPY"

A SONG OF VICTORY

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October,* 1917)

The gray hosts of winter encamped on the world,
And shouted their challenge aloud.
There was no one who dared that grim foe to defy,
For the world it was trembling and cowed.

"Oh, we 've prisoned the brook with a wall hard as steel,
And driven the birdlings away!
Come answer, who dares, our challenge so bold;
Oh, say! Who will fight us to-day?"

With their spear, the north wind, they had killed flower and tree;
And the world it was silent and still;
But a radiant maiden with tresses of gold
Came tripping so soft o'er the hill.

She breathed on the trees which were thought to be dead;
And behold! now they trembled and sighed;
And soon they were gay with fresh, green leaves again,
In the wealth of their beauty and pride.

She called to the brook, and once more it was free,
At the voice of the maiden so fair.
She challenged the host, and it melted away
Like a bubble that bursts in the air.

The birdlings came back from the far, sunny South,
And the murmuring brook and the tree
Both joined in the song that they sang on the way—
The song of fair Spring's victory.

TAKING A CHANCE

BY CHARLES GARDNER BENNETT (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Napoleon Bonaparte. These two words ring through French history—the name of a great French general who so nearly conquered the world; a man of great ambition. When Louis Napoleon, nephew of Napoleon I, proclaimed himself Emperor of France, it was easy to be seen that he, too, had ambitions of his own. At last he was defeated at Sedan by King William of Prussia, who was at this time, on French soil, crowned Emperor of the German Empire. When Napoleon III came before Emperor William to present his sword, the emperor refused it, with a rude sentence.

With Napoleon at that time was a young French lieutenant, who was broken-hearted at the defeat of France. He worked and studied hard in French military schools, and during many years of service in the French army was promoted many times until he became a general.

In the summer of 1914, Emperor William II waged war against France, England, and other countries of Europe. He thought he would be another Napoleon and conquer the world. When it looked as if Emperor William would win, the French army officer was made the commander-in-chief of all of the allied armies, including the forces of the United States army then in the field. He was General Ferdinand Foch, soon to become a marshal of France, and he defeated the big German army. Every one will agree that Emperor William II of Germany was "taking a chance" to try to get the best of such a noble Frenchman as Foch.

A SONG OF VICTORY

BY CHARLOTTE I. ROOT (AGE 13)

Out through the still air of departing night,
There came to us the soft strains of a song;
A song of peace, a song of victory,
That victory for which we strove so long.

A song of victory! The cloud had passed
That hovered o'er us viciously before,
And we rejoiced to hear that message sweet
That brightened every home from shore to shore.

With outstretched hand we welcome back our lads
Who nobly fought that justice might prevail.
And we thank God, whose strong, protecting love
Brought forth this glorious victory we hail.



"AT THE DOOR." BY M. MELICENT WATTS, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1914.)

TAKING A CHANCE

(A True Story)

BY MARJORIE R. EDWARDS (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

On the shore of one of the bays in Nova Scotia live a fisherman and his wife. In the winter time the bay freezes over strong enough to hold a horse and wagon, but in the spring, when the ice is breaking up, it is very dangerous.

One evening, toward the end of March, the fisherman and his wife wanted to go to one of the islands about a mile from shore to a hooking party. The weather was beginning to get warmer, but the ice seemed strong, so they went.

They got there all right, but when it was time to go home, the ice had all broken up into cakes. What should they do? They had to get home

to their children; it was impossible to take a boat, as it would be crushed to pieces. They *must* cross.

Luckily, it was full moon. Otherwise, they could never have reached the other shore.

Each of them got a long stick to pull the ice-cakes together. Then they started to jump from cake to cake; and if one was too far away to jump to, they pulled it nearer with the stick. If you did not jump onto the middle of the cake, it was certain death.

Finally, after what seemed to them ages, they came to the shore and felt their feet on firm ground once more. The next morning, when they looked out of the window, all the ice had gone. It had been blown out to sea by an east wind.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY WALTER B. ADAMS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

TAKING A CHANCE

BY JANET NEWKIRK (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December*, 1917)

"ARE you sure it 's real coral?" Mrs. Blank asked the deferential little shopkeeper.

"What would you, Madame? See," and he rubbed one of the beads with his thumb, so that the pink showed through, for the whole necklace was blackened with age.

"How much is it?" asked Mrs. Blank, hesitatingly, for the glimpse of pink showing through the black was a strange shade, not at all like any coral she had ever seen. Still, she did not know much about such things, and the little man kept insisting that it was genuine.

"Only three francs, Madame," he answered.

"Well, if that 's all, I might as well take a chance on it, for I will have no more time to shop, and I *did* want one," she said to herself. So she bought it, followed to the door by the smiling and bowing little man, who still assured her that it was real, and that "you could n't get a better one anywhere, Madame."

When she arrived in New York, Mrs. Blank brought the trinket to a leading jewelry firm to be cleaned, and forgot all about it until she went to call for it. She asked if it was done and the clerk very politely and graciously asked her to go with him to the office of one of the heads of the company, who wished to see her. Much surprised, she followed the clerk into an office, where a gentleman rose from his desk to meet her. He begged her to be seated and dismissed the clerk.

"Two days ago, Madam, you brought here a necklace to be cleaned. We would like to buy it, if you are willing. Will you accept two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it?" Seeing Mrs. Blank gasp, he picked up something from his desk and handed it to her. It was a necklace of perfect pink pearls, and on the gold clasp was engraved, "FROM RALEIGH TO HIS QUEEN."

VICTORY

BY RUTH NICOUD (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHEN the world was wrapped in the shadow
Of war, desolation, and fright;
And when peace seemed vague and distant,
And the future looked black as night;
When the armies of wrong were advancing,
And pressing on every side,
America answered the call for help,
And rushed to stem the tide.

At Château-Thierry, the Yankees
Met and defeated the foe;
And, day by day advancing,
Forward we watched them go—
Till one glad day, the gladdest
The world has ever known,
The clouds of darkness vanished,
And the sun of victory shone.

But now that the war is over,
Our thoughts turn back to the slain;
Those thousands of valiant soldiers
Who have not died in vain.
They made the greatest sacrifice,
And fought the battle well;
In the hour of joy and victory,
We remember the lads who fell.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY CHARLOTTE EWING, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

TAKING A CHANCE

BY MARION L. WALLACE (AGE 15)

HAROLD GRAY was an aviator. He had enlisted in the aviation corps when war broke out between the United States and Germany. He had been sent to France to try his luck at downing the German 'planes.

His captain had told him to keep cool, steady,



BY CROSBY BROWN, JR., AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY A. LOUISE CAMPION, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY KATHERINE HAMILTON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ROBERT G. WEBSTER, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH L. BROWN, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY RHODA BERRIEN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"HAPPY"

and alert for some weakness in his opponent when he was engaged in battle.

Harold had been sent out on patrol duty to see if there were any aëroplanes in the vicinity of the district where the American lines were located. As he skimmed through the air he thought of how he would manœuvre around a 'plane if he should come to combat with it. Just then, in the distance, he saw one rapidly approaching. On its wings were black crosses, denoting that it belonged to Germany.

Harold pointed the nose of his machine toward it and made his engine work its hardest. He fired the gun on it at the German 'plane, but did not seem to hit it. He sailed under the machine and over it, firing all the time. The German was also working his machine-gun rapidly. As his was the larger, he had the advantage. But hot-headed Harold did not think of this, and he was far from cool, as his captain had told him to be. He fought that machine until it fell to earth with a crash.

Harold then calmly turned his machine back to its home district and brought it to earth. His captain said that he had done a gallant deed, but he had been reckless, since the enemy machine was so much larger it was a wonder he was not killed.

But Harold did n't care for this, as he had gained honor and fame.

THE SONG OF VICTORY

BY MARIAN L. HOPKINS (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October,* 1918)

LISTEN, O Nations, and hark ye well
To the song I sing, to the words I tell,
For I am Victory, Mother of Peace.
I lead the just cause, I make wars to cease.
That the right ever triumphs over the wrong
Is my great war-cry, is my battle-song:
Listen, O Nations, and hark ye well
To the song I sing, to the words I tell:

The Lord hath ordained that I should be
With those who love justice and liberty,
Who fight for the cause of freedom and right,
And not for the rule of oppression and might—
Not with them who uphold autocracy,
But with those who stand for democracy.

Ye have won a cruel and bitter fight;
The Hun has surrendered and taken flight;
Forget not, O Nations, that ye have won
By the hand of God, and what He has done.

Ye have all suffered much, ye all have bled;
For the sake of your valiant, immortal dead,
The Hun must pay! 'T was he sowed the seed;
Make him reap now the harvest of his deed,
That those who died the world to save,
Died not in vain when everything they gave.



"HAPPY." BY THERESA E. CLARKSON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

TAKING A CHANCE

BY EMILY ASHE SMITH (AGE 11)

BARBARA HANSON heaved a long sigh as she stepped into the automobile waiting to take her to the boat.

She was going to join her father on the good ship *Liberty*, which was in New York Harbor, and it would be only a few hours till it sailed abroad. She had been detained by an aunt who, staying with them at their country home, had fallen ill a few days before Barbara was to go. Leaving her aunt in the best of hands and much better, Barbara drove off in state. As it was rather a long drive, and having none too much time, the driver went at rather a fast rate.

As they were going around a curve on a place in the road known as the Narrows, Barbara saw with horror a lad approaching on a bicycle on the outside of the curve. There was no room for them to move over, as there was a high cliff on their side and a precipice on the boy's side. There was no help for it—the bicycle had to go over, and, as they watched, it disappeared.

The driver stopped the car and they sprang out and looked over the edge. When what should they see but the boy hanging on with all his might to a small tree, with his feet on a projecting ledge. The driver leaned over and got a firm grasp of the boy's arm, and pulled him up with all possible haste. Barbara thrust some money into his hand to pay for his bicycle, and they hurriedly drove off again. And Barbara reached her boat just in time, but, as she walked up the gang-plank, she heard the colored driver mutter, "We-all sho' did take some chances!"

THE VICTORY

(Something that often happens at home)

BY CICELY C. BROWNE (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHILE Puss lay sleeping 'neath the stove,
All curled up in a ball,
A naughty, frisky, playful pup
Came dancing down the hall.

He crossed the room, and tiptoed up,
And, with a sudden snap,
He gave poor unsuspecting Puss
A nip that spoiled her nap.

But Puss turned round on both hind feet,
And, with a little hump,
She gave that pup two quick hard slaps,
That simply made him jump.

She then sat down and with a purr
She watched him sneak away,
And curling up, said, "That 's, at least,
"*One* victory to-day!"

TAKING A CHANCE

(Founded upon an incident of years ago)

RETOLD BY MADELINE GIRVAN (AGE 9)

ONE day, as I was looking out of the window, I saw the smallpox wagon stop at one of the houses on our street. I watched and saw the man get out and go into the house. Just then the little girl that lived on the other side of the street ran across and, jumping up on the step of the wagon, opened the door and looked in at all the people who were sick.

In a minute the man came out of the house with a new patient, and the child ran off home.

Afterward she told me that she had just wanted to see how smallpox looked, but I thought that she had taken a very great chance.



"HAPPY." BY FRANCES RUDE, AGE 15

TAKING A CHANCE

BY LAVINA SKEER (AGE 15)

The tulip bulbs down under the earth were getting excited, because it was so warm and it had been warm so long. "I think we 'd better start to grow and give our beauty to the world. It is so nice and warm, and we have had such lovely rains. Let 's take a chance. It must be about the first of February, but I guess we 're going to have an early spring." So the tulip bulbs began to push their little green stalks up through the ground.



"HAPPY." BY DOROTHY H. POWERS, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

The little tiny buds on the lilac bushes began to think it was time to burst out and cover the branches with pretty green leaves. So, before long, little green leaves were seen on the lilac bushes.

Two robins were sitting on a bough somewhere in the southern part of Kentucky. "It seems terribly hot here! Let 's fly toward the north, to a more comfortable climate," chirped one of the robins. So the robins began to fly toward the north, and, as it was warm in the north, they stayed and began to build their nests.

Such was the state of things when naughty Jack Frost thought he would play some of his tricks. So one day it grew cloudy, and the cold north wind began to blow. And Jack Frost painted beautiful pictures on the windows and covered the new little flowers and leaves with his icy-cold paints.

How the flowers wished that they had not taken a chance to show their beauty so soon! The robins flew hurriedly to the south!

A SONG OF VICTORY

BY KATRINA E. HINCKS (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

The world has been in awful chaos;
All the nations fierce did fight.
Some to gain the spoils of battle,
Some upholding still the right.

Through the darkness of the conflict
There has been one little gleam
Of the hope that soon o'er nations
Peace would shed its lustrous beam.

Through the weary months of waiting,
Never did that bright sun rise
But the murky clouds of battle,
Overshadowed clearer skies.

Now at last the dawn is breaking,
Now at last has fled the night,
Hand in hand come Peace and Freedom,
Filling all the world with light.

Ring the bells, ye joyful people!
Right is conqueror of Wrong!
Countless thousands, long in bondage,
Swell the glorious triumph song.



"HAPPY" BY GERTRUDE NOTT, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1919)

VICTORY

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

Weariness of body is a simple thing,
One with clear water, fragrant winds, brown earth;
A noble element of natural life.
Let the limbs ache if but the mind drink deep
From the Pierian spring of inward health
And rise refreshed from the unrippled pool
To greater service on a golden morrow.
But weariness of soul—oh, hemlock cup!
With subtle poison dulling radiant faith
Till honor's standard drags in shameful dust
And the shrugged shoulder mock at everything.
What though I lack in all men call success?
Limb-weary, earn my bread with hardened hands?
If my soul's fire burn high and pure, unquenched
By envy's bitter rain, then have I won
The laureled crown of truest victory!



"HAPPY". BY LUCILE FRYMOYER, AGE 14



"HAPPY." BY ROSA VIPOND, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

TAKING A CHANCE

BY MARGARET HARVEY (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July,* 1918)

"THANKS. These are better cigarettes than I've tasted for some time. A match? Yes. These *are* good cigarettes. Reminds me of Dan's. Did I ever tell you? No?

"Well, a few of us went on a little raiding party to surprise Fritz, but we were the surprised ones. Waylaid in a shell-hole, most of us managed to escape; but when we got back and counted noses, we found that a man, Dorington by name, was missing. Dan was fussing about a big box of cigarettes he 'd just got from home; he said he must have lost them back in the shell-hole. Then the sergeant asked where Dorington was.

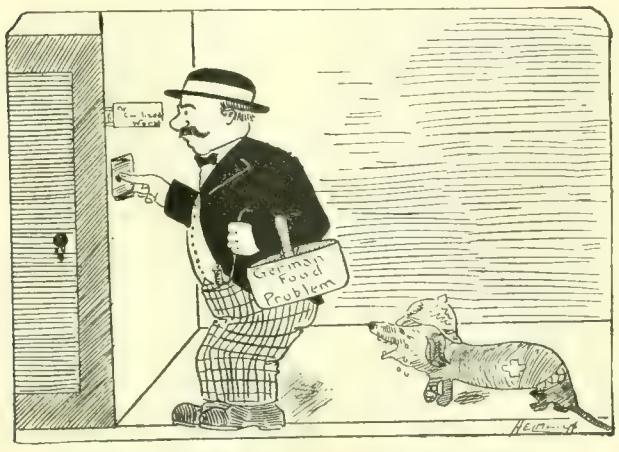
" 'Dorington? He must have been the man who was hit alongside of me. Tried to haul him in, but he said he could come in himself,' said Dan. 'Think I 'll go out to get him.'

"It seemed funny that he should take such a chance for Dorington, whom he 'd never liked; besides, the Huns probably had him. But Dan *would* go.

"Every time a sniper popped, we thought of Dan; it seemed years while he was out there. Finally he wiggled slowly back, Dorington in tow, and a satisfied grin on his face, though he himself was wounded in both legs.

"Before the stretcher-bearers lifted them into place I heard Dorington say, 'It was awfully good of you to come out for me, Dan.'

" 'You! Holy Smoke! You?' And Dan pulled a package out of his pocket. '*You!* Why, I came out to get my cigarettes!' "



"AT THE DOOR." BY DAVID HEIMLICH, AGE 15

VICTORY

(To King Albert of Belgium)

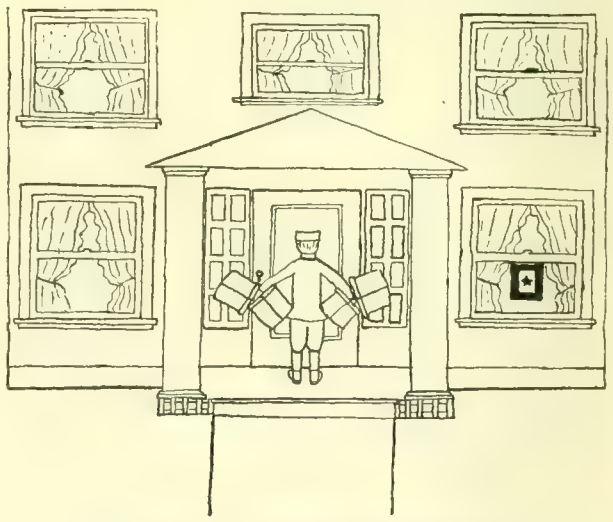
BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

THE long, gray, dreadful hordes of cruelty and hate pressed on,
Forcing your valiant soldiers to their glorious retreat;
They crushed your brave and gallant little land with blood-stained feet,
But now—like fearful ghosts of some dark, awful night—are gone.

They came upon your soil a great, grim tidal-wave of Might;
But far above their reach your country's dauntless spirit gleamed:
A flashing, burning torch of Courage, Faith, and Hope it beamed,
Shining, through all the somber hours of war, for Truth and Right.

Now Victory has come, and Peace, to every war-wrecked land,
You won another victory, noble, far-famed and great:
Your people's love! O honored King, return now, for they wait
To start their lives anew, beneath the guidance of your hand.



"AT THE DOOR." BY PEGGY WHITEHEAD, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Lois Bolles
Mary Williams
Leonore P. Gidding
Margaret P. Standart
Jean Moir

VERSE

Anne Fitzgerald
Dorothy P. Deahy
A. Maxwell Stiles
Ruth Hayward
Kathryn A. Lyon
Caroline A. Rankin

DRAWINGS

Eleanor Moran
Laura Marsh
Keith Hepburn
Claire Richardson

PHOTOGRAPHS

Katherine B. Hyde
Harriett Todd
Harriet Pratt
Marjorie Cohen
Helen Bradburn
Mary L. Love
Elsie Talbot
Natalie M. Burggraf
Elizabeth Babtiste
Isabelle Midgley
Sylvia Dow
Elizabeth D. Bunting
Ruth Schlaberg
Charles H. Wheeler III.
Margaret Olmsted

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Barbara A. Andrews
Morton V. Plumb
Marion Blake
Peggy Hall
Benjamin Krautzer
Clara W. Ham
Nathan Helm
Dorothy Eckard
Anna Wiestling
Edith S. Wood
Jean McIntosh
Marjorie Lang
Lilia Tuckerman
Mildred MacCutcheon
Lenora F. Glen
Gerrish Thurber
Dorothy Stephenson
Mary C. Lowe
Worthen Bradley
Roberta G. Richardson
Victor Sanberg
Katharine Tod
J. Asher



"A HEADING FOR APRIL."
BY VINCENT JENKINS,
AGE 14.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Eva Curtis
Rachel Hack
Dorothy Warren
Elizabeth Miller
Mildred Van Bussum
William D. Ramsey
Frances Ullmann
Catharine Simonson
Clementine Miller
Rosamond H. Peirce
Marjorie O. Hutchinson
Frances Higley
Pauline Moncrief
Julia E. Sarles
Clare A. Mulvey
Ruth L. Davidson
Mary C. Thompson
Geraldine E. Marchal
Robert Bennett
Geanevieve Haugen
Sarah McFadden
Nathalie Williams
Florence E. Ireland
Jean Stanton
Jane B. Bradley
Louis Wengrowsky
Mildred Augustine
Millicent Milligan
Antoinette S. Dreier
Alberta Day
Gerald H. Cirby
Kathryn L. Steinert
Ruth Gardner
Duane Squires
Marion Tommers
Edith Greenwood
Margaret Durick
Silvia Wunderlich
Mignon Rittenhouse
Violet L. Daniel
Elsa D. Moore
Jean Lichty
Charles Le Roy
Betty Miller
Karl Gasslander
Abraham Just
Mary A. Ball
Oliven Leach
Emily M. Weeks
May W. Wilson
Marjorie Bardin
Caroline M. Forry
Jere Mickel
Birkbeck Wilson
Barry Bingham
Louise Van Loon
Jeanette D. Thurston
Violet Knight
Sylvia Santom
Ethel Gladstone
Katherine Colgrove

DRAWINGS

Mary Joyce
Isabella W. Walsh
Lucy H. Moore
Janet Blossom
Selma Moskowitz



"AT THE DOOR."
BY ELLEN I. COOK,
AGE 13.

VERSE

Helen G. Davies
Henry A. Bettman
Margaret Humphrey
Ruth P. Fuller
Louise Parker
Helen Kieffer
Marion W. Smith
Katharine H. Yost
Helen A. Murphy
Marion Cleveland
Charlotte I. Dutch
Jack Steiss
Agnes F. Pfohl
Katherine Winship
Kathleen von Gontard
Ruth Dewberry
Sarah E. Nusbaum
Eleanor Walters
Dirce A. Simons
George Simons
Dan Butterly
Emily W. Lewis
Alice M. Sargent
Suzanne Parker
Beth M. Irwin
Kate E. Williams
Helen R. Hebbard
Charles E. Lucke, Jr.
Amy L. Lamborn
Elisabeth N. Wood
Dorothy V. Bosch
James C. Perkins, Jr.

PUZZLES

Janet Scott
Edward F. Dana
Mary Catherine Hamilton
Jane Patton
Junia Bright
Catherine Sweeney
Frances E. Duncan
Hortense A. Doyle
Jared French
Grace C. Koehler
Peggy Small
Arthur Hersey
Charlotte Reynolds
Gwenfread E. Allen
Barbara Alexander
Emily Pendleton
Russell Rose
Janet Streich
Katherine Kridel
Leslie Tompkins
Lorena D. Ramsey
Erene Kugeler
Catherine Kincheloe
Betty McKenna
John M. Young

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 234

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 234 will close **April 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **April 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Beneath the Stars."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Famous Sea-fight."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "A Quiet Scene."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Waiting," or a heading for **August.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS, Ensign H. H. R. Spofford, of the United States Navy, has called our attention to a misstatement of fact in the article on the okapi, printed in our January number. It was there stated that the American Museum of Natural History, of New York City, possessed the only stuffed specimen of the animal in this country, whereas the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, popularly known as the Agassiz Museum, has owned one and had it on exhibition for eight or ten years—a specimen, moreover, which was brought out of Africa by the original discoverer of the okapi, Sir Harry Johnson, F. R. G. S.

THE following letter accompanied the entertaining description of rearing silkworms which we print on page 558 of this number. We are sure it will add to the interest and pleasure of our young readers to know that this clever sketch was written for them from a distant land by one of their own number.

FOOCHOW, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy who lives in Foochow. While I was in America I saw some old copies of ST. NICHOLAS and I decided that when I was older I would take it. I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. This year I happened to get a book of old copies of ST. NICHOLAS. I had such fun reading it. My father has ordered ST. NICHOLAS for us through an agent of yours in Shanghai. My sister and I have been saving our money for it.

I have written a little story which I hope you will put in ST. NICHOLAS. It is true, and I wrote it myself. In the old copies of ST. NICHOLAS that I have read, I did not see any stories about silkworms.

Your friend,

JAMES LAWRENCE FORD.

CALEDONIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want you to know, dear magazine, how much I love you. I think your stories—well, in fact, all your contents—are *wonderful!* It seems as if I can hardly wait until the next number comes.

I am going to tell you about a trophy train which came here during the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign. We had a big parade in which the band, Boy Scouts, Home Defense, Red Cross, D. A. R., and school-children all took part. The school-children carried Liberty Loan banners and posters, bunting and flags. The train came very soon after we reached the station.

On the train were two French soldiers, three American soldiers, about four sailors and several men who spoke on the Liberty Loan.

One of the French soldiers had been in the service of his country for eighteen years. He wore three medals, two of which he won in the African wars, and the third he won at the battle of the Marne. He had been wounded three times. The Foreign Legion, to which he belonged, had been decorated thirteen times. The other French soldier also belonged to the Foreign Legion. He wore a medal which he won at the battle of the Marne.

One American soldier had been wounded in the left side. He wore in a ring the bullet which wounded him. Another had been wounded in the leg, making it considerably shorter than the other. The third was a chaplain who was about to go to France.

After the speeches were over we were allowed to go through the train. There were all kinds of relics captured from the Germans such as cannon, machine-guns, helmets, hand-grenades, rifles, and shells. Then there were a few things belonging to the Allies—machine-guns, shells, a pack that a French soldier carries on his back, etc. It was all very interesting, indeed.

A good part of Caledonia's quota for the Liberty Loan was raised at the train.

The other morning an airplane flew over the town. Several have been over, but that is the first one I have happened to see.

Thanking you, oh so much, for the many, many happy hours you have given me, I remain,

Your most devoted reader,

HARRIET L. WELLMAN (age 14).

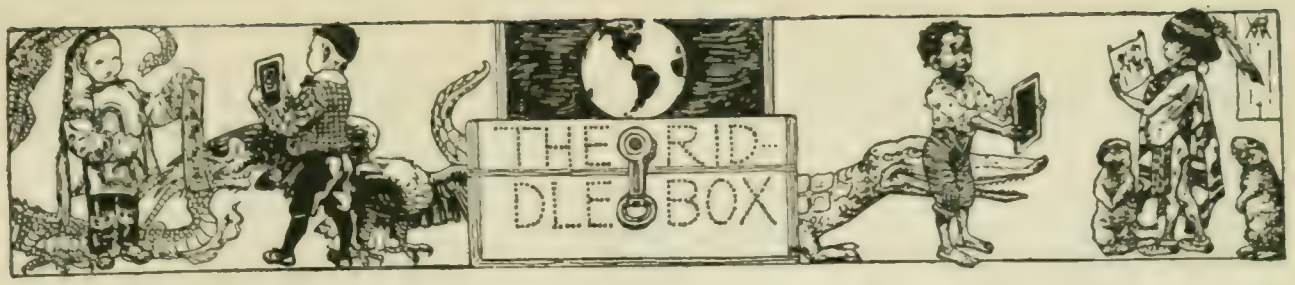
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, at York Harbor, Maine, we lived in a very old house, over two hundred and fifty years old. It was once an old tavern which stood on the road to Portsmouth. The house has been remodeled, but there are still some things that are now as they were in the original house: the paneled wainscoting, the old paneled doors, the wide-planked floors, and the Indian shutters. In my bedroom the planks on the floor were eighteen inches wide; the Indian shutters in another room were heavy wooden panels which slide out from the wall into the window-frame. These heavy shutters were used for protection in case of an attack by the Indians.

In the village there is an old jail which was built in 1653. You can still see the old, gloomy dungeons, and the only light that shines in is by a square cut out of the wall, and there are sharp iron teeth all around it, so the prisoners could not escape.

I have a Java sparrow which is very beautiful. We call him Java. He has a blue-gray back and a long narrow skull-cap, which is like black silk, and a tail of black silk also; he has a white collar, but it looks as if he had got it a size too small, because it does not quite meet in the back or the front; and the rose-colored beak that he has looks very pretty with the gray and white and black.

Sincerely yours,

HANNAH LEE SHERMAN.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

Anagram Word-square. 1. Have. 2. Anon. 3. Void. 4. Ends.

Diamond. Centrals, England. 1. E. 2. One. 3. Magic. 4. England. 5. Crane. 6. Ant. 7. D.

Novel Double Acrostic. Primals, Jefferson; third row, Bonaparte. Cross-words: 1. Jabber. 2. Egoism. 3. Fennel. 4. Flavor. 5. Empire. 6. Reason. 7. Strait. 8. Outwit. 9. Needle.

Pi. Now are the winds about us in their glee,
Tossing the slender tree;
Whirling the sands about his furious car,
March cometh from afar;
Breaks the sealed magic of old winter's dreams
And rends his glassy streams;
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
Their fetters from the lakes,
And with a power by queenly Spring supplied,
Wakens the slumbering tide.

Illustrated Remainders. 1. B-eagle. B-ear. 3. B-ladder. 4. B-lame. 5. B-light. 6. B-lock. 7. B-lizzard. 8. B-rook. 9. B-ruin. 10. B-ox. 11. B-oar. 12. B-ring.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Patrick; finals, Ireland. Cross-words: 1. Paoli. 2. Amoor. 3. Tepee. 4. Repel. 5. India. 6. Clean. 7. Knead.

Broken Words. 1. Cabbage. 2. Monarch. 3. Red Admiral. 4. Black Swallowtail. 5. Viceroy. 6. Painted Lady. 7. Tiger Swallowtail.

A Queer Kettle of Fish. 1. Sunfish. 2. Sole. 3. Swordfish. 4. Sawfish. 5. Perch. 6. Goldfish. 7. Kingfish. 8. Pike. 9. Flying-fish. 10. Dogfish. 11. Catfish. 12. Billfish or Jackfish.

Diagonal. Australia. Cross-words: 1. Annapolis. 2. Guatemala. 3. Nashville. 4. Amsterdam. 5. Liverpool. 6. Rio Grande. 7. Jerusalem. 8. Abyssinia. 9. Argentina.

Connected Squares and Diamonds. I. 1. Tapir. 2. Alone. 3. Poles. 4. Inert. 5. Rests. II. 1. S. 2. Spa. 3. Spile. 4. Ale. 5. E. III. 1. Crest. 2. Ruler. 3. Elude. 4. Sedan. 5. Trend. IV. 1. S. 2. Rue 3. Sucre. 4. Ern. 5. E. V. 1. Spent. 2. Purer. 3. Erase. 4. Nests. 5. Tress. VI. 1. E. 2. Era. 3. Erode. 4. Ado. 5. E. VII. 1. Alert. 2. Levee. 3. Evade. 4. Redan. 5. Teens. VIII. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Evoke. 4. Eke. 5. E. IX. 1. Smelt. 2. Melee. 3. Elver. 4. Leeds. 5. Terse.

To Our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddlebox, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the January Number were duly received from Barbara Beardsley—Margaret Rowe—Margaret Trautwein—John D. Hayden—Mary Catherine Hamilton—Elizabeth M. Heiss—Gwenfread E. Allen—Alice Louise Bluim—"Allil and Adi"—Helen H. McIver—Florence S. Carter—Katie Bowen Whaley.

Answers to Puzzles in the January Number were duly received from Helen A. Moulton, 9—Catherine Coombs, 9—Marion F. Rust, 9—Marion Wormser, 9—Margaret Noyes, 9—Morton Milsner, 9—Louise E. Alden, 9—Alice Poulin, 9—Ethel Wilson, 9—Angus E. Cameron, 9—Priscilla A. Hatch, 9—Mildred F. Gardiner, 9—Louis Kronenberger, Jr., 9—Grace Gladwin, 8—Helen de G. McLellan, 7—Charlotte Haynes, 7—Julian Phelps, 6—S. Anna's Girls, 6—Lucy W. Pickett, 6—Mary Ball Copeland, 6—Florence English, 5—Edward H. Sutton, 4—Ena Houswich, 4—Marguerite Hadlock, 4—Elizabeth Kirkwood, 4—Frances Lay, 4—Hortense A. Doyle, 3—Catherine Vincent, 3—Mary V. Zantzinger, 3—J. M. Reed, 2—E. Hubert, 2—S. Emery, 2—K. Kridel, 2. One answer, M. Naftal—R. Garnsey—C. Kouwenhoven—P. J. Shepherd—C. Cadwallader—M. Dwyer—J. F. Nelson, 3rd—D. M. Frank—W. C. Nelson—J. De Mott—E. R. Joseph—D. Borncamp—M. Courvoisier—V. Brown—H. A. Blair—M. Chapman—H. Barratt—J. P. Palmer—M. C. Roach—E. King—K. E. McGunnigle—M. Bickerstaff—S. Shiras—K. L. New—J. F. Steele.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A tree growing in Java. 2. Bearing. 3. A body of men armed for war. 4. The principal river of the lower world.

Samuel H. Ordway, Jr. (age 13), *League Member.*

A LITERARY PUZZLE

.	29	20	8	48	14	
.	.	30	16	.	11	
34	13	4	.	.	49	
6	.	.	19	21	.	
36	2	15	41	.	26	
39	32	.	25	5	.	
23	12	40	.	42	37	
.	35	17	10	.	24	
.	7	45	28	.	47	
33	46	22	31	3	.	
9	.	.	.	43	38	
18	1	27	.	.	44	

Cross-words: 1. One of the United States. 2. Nimble. 3. A large city in the British Isles. 4. To put in a hive. 5. A dog trained to catch rats. 6. Commands. 7. Nothing. 8. A fine fish. 9. Models of excellence. 10. Visions in sleep. 11. A symbol. 12. A division among the people of a church.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the title of a spirited poem, and the fifth row of letters will spell the name of the famous author; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 9 will spell his birthplace; from 10 to 15, the title of another poem; from 16 to 26, a novel by this author; from 27 to 33, his college; from 34 to 42, a college in which he taught; from 43 to 49, the name of one of his famous friends.

Charles B. Johnson (age 11), *League Member.*

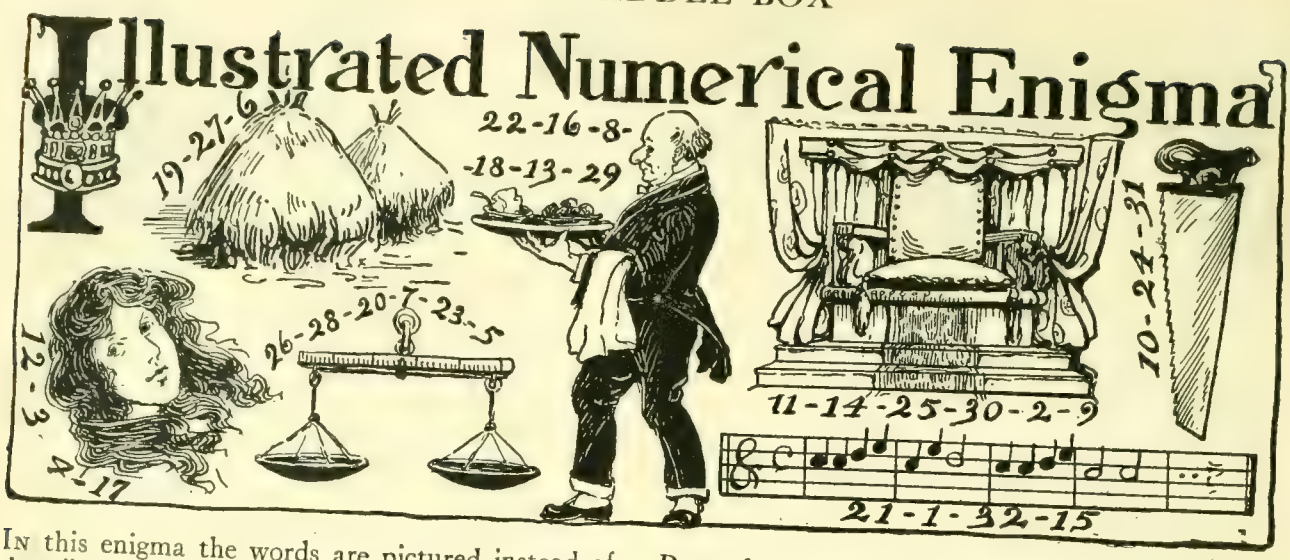
PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a famous message. What is the message, and by whom was it sent?

Cross-words: 1. Empty. 2. A number. 3. To irritate. 4. To invite earnestly. 5. A rich fabric. 6. To disclose. 7. A coin. 8. To kindle. 9. A musical instrument. 10. To design. 11. A vegetable. 12. To devise.

Jessie L. Metcalf (age 14), *League Member.*

Illustrated Numerical Enigma



In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-two letters, is a familiar quotation from Shakespeare.

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper right-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter, will spell the name of one of the characters in a book by Charles Dickens.

Cross-words: 1. Liveliness. 2. Exceeded. 3. Shortened. 4. Diminishing. 5. Predicts. 6. An old-fashioned covering for furniture. 7. Painting on freshly plastered walls. 8. To hint. 9. A story handed down from father to son.

Mary B. Copeland (age 12), *League Member.*

TRIANGLE

. . . . . Cross-words: 1. Serving boys. 2. Very old. 3. To obtain. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In Constantinople.

. . . .

. . .

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Mary H. M. Morrison (age 11).

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *yarn* to *sock* in six moves.
2. Change *sofa* to *desk* in seven moves.
3. Change *bush* to *vine* in six moves.
4. Change *wild* to *tame* in six moves.
5. Change *arm* to *leg* in six moves.

C. Bill (age 13), *League Member.*

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS

I. All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the surname of a musical composer, and another row of letters will spell the name of one of his operas, produced in 1860.

Cross-words: 1. To promenade. 2. To project. 3. A nobleman. 4. To lie at ease. 5. Sour. 6. A staff. 7. Always.

II. The initials will spell a curious animal; the final letters are all the same.

Cross-words: 1. To mitigate. 2. Prepared. 3. A feminine name. 4. The church of a monastery. 5. A common flower. 6. To lay within. 7. Part of a passage enlarged to form a room. 8. Abounding in foliage. 9. Curiously.

Renée G. F. and Armand D., *League Members.*

DIAMONDS

I. 1. In brine. 2. A vehicle. 3. An Indian viceroy. 4. A morass. 5. In brine.

II. 1. In brine. 2. Epoch. 3. A Scotch king. 4. Deed. 5. In brine.

V. Sargent and D. Wood.

A MILITARY KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1 G	2 A	3 G	4 N	5 C	6 F
7 D	8 I	9 H	10 I	11 O	12 H
13 I	14 A	15 R	16 H	17 P	18 E
19 Z	20 F	21 E	22 S	23 R	24 E
25 J	26 O	27 F	28 A	29 L	30 N
31 Y	32 B	33 T	34 E	35 L	36 B
37 N	38 T	39 G	40 B	41 Y	42 L
43 G	44 N	45 I	46 G	47 U	48 L
49 S	50 R	51 L	52 I	53 A	54 R
55 N	56 O	57 A	58 W	59 L	60 D

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been made correctly, the names of ten well-known allied generals of the great war may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

Katharine Harris (age 16).

The Carey Printing Co. Inc.
New York